

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts

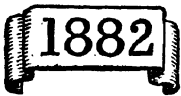


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1882



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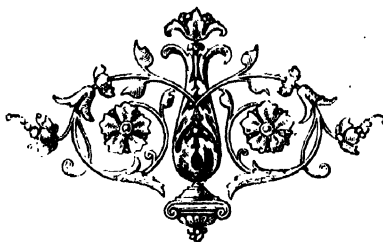
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VALENTINE STRANGE

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY, AUTHOR OF 'A LIFE'S ATONEMENT,' 'JOSEPH'S COAT,' &c.

CHAPTER I.—HIRAM SEARCH.

A DUSTY, hilly road wound up and down, here in broad light, there in deep shadow. It was a sweltering English summer day, and there was no wind; but a dry quiver was in the air at times, as though the parched earth panted. The birds chirped in feeble enjoyment of the drowsy heat, and the grasshopper shrilled incessantly from cool and tangled grasses. A lame traveller came toiling up a stiffish slope in the lane, bearing a bundle on his shoulder. The bundle, which was bare and scanty, was slung on a walking-stick with a crook at the end of it. Arrived at the top of the slope, the lame traveller sat down in shadow on a smooth table of rock which cropped out beneath an elder-bush. He was lank in build, and sallow in complexion. His nose and his beard were each long and pointed, his cheekbones were prominent, his cheeks sunken, and his eyes as bright as a hawk's. The stone on which he sat was in an English lane, and a true English landscape smiled and dozed around him; but he, though dressed in a commonplace English costume, was evidently foreign to the scene. In age he might have been anything from five-and-twenty to five-and-thirty.

The seat he had taken being a low one, and his figure tall and gaunt, his knees were ungracefully prominent. He sat in an attitude of great fatigue, his head drooping, and his arms hanging loose at his sides. After a time, he shook off this broken look, and began to explore his waistcoat pockets with an aspect of anxiety. A smile crossed his features; and between finger and thumb he drew out a very little bit of twist tobacco. This he shredded with an enormous pocket-knife, and packed carefully into the bowl of a well-blacked clay-pipe. Then, with a

renewed look of anxiety, he made another search in his waistcoat pockets; and again he smiled as he drew forth a single lucifer-match. Balancing this between his finger and thumb, and regarding it as though it were in some sort a curiosity, he opened his lips and broke into speech.

'I dew not think,' he said, in slow distinct and nasal tones, 'as there was ever anybody in my fam'ly as was gifted with mi-racklous powers. The professed spiritualist is not an animal I feel called upon to admire. But if I am not an unwillin' medium, there never was, an' never will be, sech a phenomenon on the face of the universal globe. There ain't a breath of air stirrin' at this minute; but this is the last lucifer-match I have, an' I've on'y got to strike it to raise some gentle zephyr that'll just come round the one corner that ain't guarded an' blow it out. Now, that's a remarkable fact, an' illustraytive of my general luck. An' if anybody was to be here, an' I was to bet on the zephyr, the atmosphere would lie in dead stillness till this match had burned clean through, an' then most likely it'd blow a tornado just to rile me.' He spoke with a look and voice of weary gravity. 'This old country ain't so thick crowded as I used to fancy; or if it is, it's my luck that drives the people off any road I happen to be travellin'. If this lucifer don't strike, or if it blows out, or the pipe won't draw, I shan't see a human creetur' for ten mile. If by any chance I get a light, I shall probly find a boxful on the road, immediately after. Ay, ay. Things re'ly air contrairy.'

He made grimly elaborate preparations for lighting the match. He took off his broad-brimmed

felt hat, laid it above his knees, and drew himself back upon the stone until the hat and his legs made a little cave of safety for the lucifer. Then he rubbed the end of the match gently on a bit of roughened stone, and smiled to see the flame. He gave an anticipatory pull at his pipe, smiled again, bent above the light, and pulled gently till flame and tobacco just kissed each other. Then came disaster.

If the weary traveller had turned his head, he might have seen through the parted boughs of the elder-bush a sun-tanned healthy face with a pair of honest gray eyes alive with fun. A young man clad in a suit of dark tweed lay with his elbows on the grass, with his chin supported on his hands. The band of his hat was stuck full of flies, and a disjointed fishing-rod lay on the grass beside him. The strap of his creel pulling tightly at his shoulder, seemed to indicate prosperity in sport. Close to his sun-tanned cheek were the hairy face, black muzzle, and glittering eye of a broken-haired terrier. The dog's hind-legs quivered with readiness to obey an expected order, and his black nose wrinkled and his eyes glittered as if he understood the coming mischief. At the critical second recorded, the young man slightly raised his head and gave an almost imperceptible wave of the right hand. With a bark and a leap the terrier flew through the hedge, and lighting on the traveller's shoulders for the fraction of a second, bounded over his head, twisted himself round and barked himself backward along the dusty road, recoiling at each explosion like a canine cannon. The traveller dropped the extinguished match and reached out in sudden anger for a stone. Before his hand had secured the missile, he drew it back again. 'Tain't no use throwin' stones at Destiny,' he said resignedly. 'I might ha' been prepared for it. I'd rather it had been the gentle zephyr, though, because then I might ha' took credit for bein' a prophet. But even that consolation'd be tew much for a man like me to look for.'

The unseen auditor was grave, as if his jest had failed. There was even a slight look of shame upon his face.

'I meant to ha' made that smoke do for dinner,' soliloquised the traveller mournfully. He turned to one side and untied the lean bundle. 'Ridicalous small sum of money twopence is, ain't it? An' a ridiculous small amount o' bread an' cheese it buys. Wal, Hiram, you've played the prodigal; an' I reckon you'll ha' to come down to the swine-husks yet. Hand 'em in at once; I'm game for 'em. I'm holler enough to be ready to fill up with nigh a'most anythin'.—Hello! Air you hungry?'

This query was addressed to the dog, who finding himself in safety, had at first sat down to bark in comfort; and now seeing the bundle open, crossed over to the traveller with something of the air of a friend dropping in casually to dine. The man broke off a small—a very small piece of bread and offered it. The terrier walked round it, sniffed at it, winked at it with both eyes, then gravely seating himself in the dust, yawned and looked into space with a mighty pretence of not having seen the proffered bread at all, and of being there quite accidentally for some altogether different end.

'No,' said the traveller, deliberately masticating

the rejected morsel; 'you air *not* hungry. When you air, you'll know better'n turn your nose up at dry bread. An' I'll tell you what 'tis, my ca-nine friend, I hope you never may be. Hunger's a real cruel thing for man or beast to suffer—a real cruel thing it is. If you'd the brains to have the heart, you'd be nigh on cryin' to see a citizen of the Great Republic takin' his last meal with a hunderd an' fifty mile afore him, an' blank starvation at the end of it.—Goin', are you? Wal, good-bye. I s'pose my conversation's kind o' dull to a prosperous dog like you.'

The dog saw what the traveller did not see; he saw his master rise noiselessly behind the hedge and slouch along beside it with wary footsteps; and he followed. The young man shook a warning finger at the terrier; and he, comprehending the sign, went quietly in his master's train. By-and-by the young man, being out of earshot of the lame traveller, began to run; and the dog still kept at his heels. Reaching a stile, the master halted there, and kneeling in the grass, beckoned the dog to him. Then detaching a joint of the fishing-rod from the bundle, he motioned the terrier to take it. 'Home, at once!' he said with a warning finger raised once more. With a wag of the tail, the dog took the slender joint between his teeth and trotted gravely towards a lofty white house which stood upon the slope of a hill a mile away. The dog's master sat down upon the stile, and drawing from his pocket a well-stocked cigar-case, he began to smoke. The cigar-case bore a monogram and a crest; and its owner, though plainly attired, looked like an English gentleman from head to heel. His broad shoulders and deep chest gave indications of physical strength and soundness, and his tanned cheeks were ruddy with health. His face was not remarkably handsome, but he was good-looking enough to pass in a crowd; and his bronzed hand swept now and again over a moustache which gave character and manliness to his countenance. The carriage of his head was perhaps a trifle haughty; but he was an only son, and was accustomed to having his own way. That circumstance may have helped to decide the fashion in which he should carry his head on his shoulders. His figure was almost perfect in its combination of strength and grace; and there was that exquisitely clean and healthy look about him which is the especial attribute of the well-bred British man. When the lame traveller, having finished his scanty meal, came limping down the lane with the lean bundle still over his shoulder, he caught sight of the figure a hundred yards away, and scanned him with keen eyes.

'Old country,' he said to himself voicelessly, 'boasts of a likely-lookin' sort o' people. Clean grit all through, some on 'em, an' lots of it, but no lumber. Now, that's a lord o' the sile, I reckon. Looks born to order other folks around while he slides along easy.' Then he caught sight of the cigar. 'Guess, I'll come on him for a light,' he said; and his lank hand sought the pocket in which his pipe reposed. 'No,' he continued in an irresolute voice; 'can't ventur' on that bit o' consolation yet. I shall ha' to keep that for supper; but I may as well get a light, though.' He limped on with one gaunt arm jerking at his side, and with his scanty bundle

held on the crooked stick over his shoulder. 'No,' he said again as he drew nearer; 'I can't afford to have the weight of a fusee on my mind for the next three hours; I should have it cryin' out at me every step, an' I should be fightin' not to smoke all the way. I've got to keep that pipe for supper. It's all the supper I shall have, an' that's a fact.' Drawing near the stranger, he flung him a 'Good afternoon,' which sounded discourteous and aggressive.

'Good afternoon,' said the stranger in a round cheery voice. 'Going on to Brierham?'

'If that's the next town on this road,' said the lame traveller, 'I'm goin' there.'

'Yes,' said the young Englishman, rising and walking into the dusty road; 'it's the next town.'

'Can you tell me how fur 'tis?' asked the traveller.

'About nine miles,' returned the other. 'If you are willing to earn a few shillings, I will ask you to take a note for me.'

'I guess,' responded the lame traveller, 'I'm game to do a good deal for half a dollar.'

'Hard-up?' asked the young man carelessly.

It was not insolently meant; but the other fired at it. He cooled again, or restrained himself, and answered: 'I am willin' to sell any service I can render to anybody who can pay me.'

'Wait a minute, then,' said the stranger; and drawing a note-book from his breast-pocket, he wrote a few lines upon one of its pages, pencilling the letters with apparently minute care. Then tearing out the leaf, he folded it, and wrote an address upon it. 'Ask for Mr Valentine Strange at the Manor House. Anybody will direct you. And this will pay you for your trouble.' He drew out a purse as he spoke, and made a feint of being disappointed as he looked into it. 'I've nothing but gold,' he said. 'Well, there you are. You don't earn half a sovereign so easily every day, I suppose?'

The traveller took the coin, and answered simply: 'If you'll say how much of this I am to keep, I'll hand over the balance at the other end.'

'Oh,' said the other carelessly, 'keep the lot.'

'Wal,' said the traveller, pocketing the coin with unchanged visage, 'I s'pose you can afford it. It's the first wind o' good fortune as has blowed my way for many's a day, an' that's a fact. I can't give you a permanent address to write to just at present; but if ever you happen to be in want of a good turn, you've on'y got to find me, an' I'll spend my last dollar to serve you.'

'That's very good of you,' said the young Englishman, with a twinkle in his eyes. 'You're an American, I think?'

'Yes,' said the traveller, drawling on the word; and added 'Sir,' as though that were an after-thought not of respect, but of added affirmation.

'There are not many Americans who think it worth while to try their fortunes in the old country.'

'No,' said the lame traveller with great dryness. 'They air a sensible people, as a rule.'

The other laughed.

'You don't seem to be favourably impressed with England?'

'It's fairish,' said the traveller, 'what there is of it. But I'll say this about your country, mister—it's the wust country in the hull globe to be poor in.'

'Have you been poor in many countries?' asked the gentleman lightly.

'A few,' said the traveller grimly. 'It might be—I don't know as it will be—but it might be satisfactory to you to know'—

'You'll deliver the note, won't you?' said the Englishman, half turning away.

'Wait a minute, mister. It might be satisfactory to you to know that you're the man that's turned my fortune. You might like to know it, if you hear o' me again. An' if ever you get in a real corner, you might do worse than ask Providence to furnish a mo-men'try interview with Hiram Search. That's me. I ain't a lot to look at; but if ever you're cornered, you ask to see me.'

'You are really very good,' said the Englishman with a satire too grave for the other's comprehension.—'You won't forget the note, will you? Good afternoon.'

They parted, and went their separate ways; the Englishman sauntering blithely with rod and well-filled creel; the American limping stolidly under a burden which, pitifully light as it was, seemed almost too heavy for him. A score of times as he went, Hiram Search drew out the half-sovereign from his pocket, and having gazed at it, returned it. A hundred times he felt carefully with thumb and finger, to make sure that it had not been spirited away.

'I'll make a stroke with you, my beauty,' said Hiram, standing still to contemplate the coin; after which he put the half-sovereign back into his pocket, and went on, with one gaunt leg limping and one gaunt arm jerking until again the desire to realise the possession of good fortune came upon him. Then the coin came out once more, and Hiram stood still to admire it. 'It's like the fairy's tent Uncle Josh used to read to us about out of *Arabian Nights*. You kin pack it in a nutshell, an' it'll spread into board an' lodgin' over a hunderd an' fifty mile. Money's a great idea. Saves kerryin' about a house along with you. It's plaster for a sore foot, an' food to your empty stomach, an' comfort all over. I could fight a wagin-load o' such fellers as I was an hour ago. When I think o' that poor creetur' settin' down to his last hunk o' bread a mile or tew back, I feel like a manumitted nigger lookin' at a mean white, an' longin' to kick him out o' pure contempt.'

With this jubilant statement, Hiram put the coin away finally, and jerked along until, bent nearly double with fatigue and pain, he reached the town, and inquired for the Manor House. It was a mile beyond the town, said the man he questioned. Hiram groaned in spirit; but he buckled loyally to his task, and went on. Evening was merging slowly into night; but a street lamp shed its rays upon a stone column beside a gateway, and on the column he read in graven letters, 'The Manor House.' He passed through the gateway into darkness, and walked painfully along a gravelled drive. 'To see how lonely an' re-tired the big folks live in this small island,' said Hiram contemplatively, 'you might think as hull prairies could

be had for askin'.' The drive was nearly a quarter of a mile in length; but the lame traveller went pluckily along it, and at last halted before a grim-looking old house of dark stone. There was not a light visible; and Hiram searched for the bell-handle in some misgiving lest the place should prove empty. The peal he rang sounded solitary and funereal, but it brought an immediate answer. The footman looked down on Hiram Search and his bundle with one glance of swift disdain, and closed the door in his face. Hiram took the bell-handle in his lean fingers and pulled as though he were sounding an alarm of fire.

The footman returned indignant. 'Wotter yer a-makin' that row for?' he demanded.

It sounded like a foreign tongue to the American. Hiram looked, and beheld the scoff and scorn of his own people—a flunkey. He had never before seen one so near at hand. The footman was a gorgeous creature, crimson plush and silk stocking as to his lower man, sky-blue and white powdered in his higher parts. He planted a trim shoe, with a bulbous ankle and a slim calf above it, on the doorstep, and surveyed the poor traveller with an ineffable lordly disdain.

'When you re-quire to know what a man wants,' said Hiram gravely, 'it's a roundabout way to shut the door on him. You should find out first, an' shut the door after.'

'I can't stend 'eah all night,' returned the footman with such an assumption of the fine-gentleman accent as he could compass. 'Wottah yah want?'

'Young man,' said Hiram severely, 'your clothes air tew many for you. You are not Lord-Justice an' Chief Gold-stick in Waitin'—yet.'

'Wotter yer want?' cried the footman, angrily relapsing into the tone of his native Hammer-smith.

'I dew not want a po-lite male help,' returned Hiram with aggravating slowness of nasal delivery; 'an' when I dew—if ever I dew—this is not the store I shall apply at.'—The footman gazed into the darkness over Hiram's head, and stood there as if impervious to the sharpest shaft of satire.—'Take that in to your master, you—you gilded menial!' quoth the lame traveller, as he produced the note.

'Hany hanswer?' asked the gilded menial with sublime contempt. He hoped inwardly that this queer person might be a begging letter-writer, and that it might be his own happy lot to see him off the premises.

'Ask your master, you po-maytum'd slave!' returned the messenger. Hiram's republican gorge arose at the mere notion of a flunkey. He knew that there was no great probability of an answer being intrusted to his keeping; but it was something for the free citizen of an enlightened republic to triumph over this remnant of the enslaved ages in a darkened monarchical realm, even so far as to make him come to the door again.

'Wait there,' said the footman in his lordliest tones. He made as if to close the door; but the lame traveller thrust in his bundle.

'Shut that door again afore you've done my arrand, you poor clothes-hoss,' said Hiram, 'an' I'll ring the bell off the handle.'

'Hoskins,' said a voice from the hall, 'what's the matter there?'

'Pusson with a note, sir,' said the footman, with a sudden change of tone.

Hiram looked round the figure of the footman, and saw standing in the hall a gentleman who carried a billiard cue in his hand. He had discarded coat and waistcoat, and stood in a spotless white shirt, with one brilliant stud sparkling in the breast of it. Close-cut, well-groomed hair, with a reddish tinge in it; eyebrows and moustache a shade darker; forehead high and smooth; outline of the face an almost perfect oval. Eyes large, dark-gray, and luminous. Nose, mouth, and chin a trifle womanish, but finely modelled. These details the lame traveller's hawk-like eyes took in at a single glance.

'Gentleman,' said Hiram to himself. 'British breed. Strength, delicacy, an' stayin' power.' These criticisms related to physique only. Hiram made no pretence to an ability to read character in that off-hand fashion; but he was an intense and therefore a ready admirer of British physical development.

'Pusson with a note, sir,' said the footman.

'For whom?' asked the gentleman.

'Valentine Strange, Es-quire,' said Hiram from the darkness.

'Come in,' said the gentleman; and Hiram entered, limping and jerking in his gait, dusty and worn out with travel.—'Where is the note? Who sends it?'

'Your po-lite menial has the note,' slinging his bundle to his shoulder again.

The footman had hastily seized a salver and placed the little missive upon it.

The gentleman took the note, opened it, surveying Hiram Search the while, then read it a little slowly and with a puzzled look. Having read it, he glanced at Hiram with an inquiring smile, glanced through the note again, and looked once more at Hiram. The note was in English, but written in Greek characters, and ran thus:

DEAR VAL—I have nothing to say; but I wanted to give the queer fish who carries this something to do to excuse charity. Let me know if you receive it.—Yours, GERARD LUMBY.

'Come this way,' said Valentine Strange; and Hiram, limping and jerking gauntly, followed into a billiard-room. There sat a diminutive man with a bald head, smoking a cigar, which looked too large for him. The diminutive man looked up and glanced from one to the other. Hiram, with his bundle hung on its stick over his shoulder, returned his regard. The diminutive man had a merry face, which looked at once old and young. Either he was not yet old enough to have grown a beard or was clean shaven—a matter not easily decided at a cursory glance. His head shone like a billiard ball, and below the baldness lay the slightest ring of light hair, which he smoothed with his right hand as he surveyed Hiram, and then looked inquiringly at Strange.

'Where did you get this note?' asked the master of the house.

'Somewheer 'bout five hunderd mile back, countin' by a lame man's measure,' responded Hiram. 'You might call it ten.'

'When did you get it?'

'This afternoon,' Hiram answered, 'four hours ago.'

'You look tired,' said his interlocutor.

'Appearances,' returned Hiram, 'air not always deceptive.' His long face was pallid with fatigue and hunger. He could scarcely draw himself upright to assert his manhood.

'Where are you going?'

'London,' he answered briefly.

'Were you paid for bringing this note?' Strange asked.

'I was so,' returned the messenger.

'What are you? Have you a trade?'

'Compositor, Clerk, Auctioneer, Smith, Builder, Cabinet-maker. I ain't partickler.'

'It seems not. You're an American, of course?'

'I am so,' said Hiram.

'Well,' said Strange, regarding him with a comic seriousness, 'this is a very important document indeed. Had it been intrusted to careless hands, I dare scarcely guess what terrible consequences might have come about. You have proved a trusty messenger, and you deserve to be rewarded. There's an extra half-crown for you.'

Hiram solemnly pouched the coin, and spoke in turn. 'Look here, mister. If you don't mind, I want to ask a question. Who wrote that note?'

'Why do you want to know?' asked Strange.

'Wal,' said Hiram, shifting his bundle and lifting his lame foot to ease it, 'so fur as I know, I ain't superstitious, but I dew believe in luck. The man that wrote that note brought the first streak of luck I've had sence I landed in this country. Now, you've widened the streak—not much; but you've widened it, an' I'm thankful for it. From this out, I'm bound to prosper. Things like this don't happen for nothin', I guess. Now, I want to know the name o' the man that did me this good turn. If it's all the same to you, mister, I should like to know it.'

'There you are,' said Strange, laughing mischievously. He laid the note on the edge of the billiard-table, and pointed with his little finger to the signature, which, like the rest of the brief epistle, was in Greek characters. To his surprise, the gaunt Yankee leaning over it evinced no dismay or wonder, but spelled it out with a rugged finger, following it letter by letter.

'Gerard Lumby,' he said quietly to himself, and repeated the name once or twice—'Gerard Lumby. Thank you, mister. I shan't forget.'

'Ali!' said Strange, still smiling, 'you read Greek, do you? Did you master the contents of this important state document by the way?'

'There's your coin, Colonel,' said Hiram, throwing the half-crown on to the green cloth of the table. His sallow features flushed and his keen eyes glittered with anger. He drew himself to his full height, and wheeling round, he walked from the room without a limp. 'Here, you flunkey!' he called out in the hall, 'let me out o' this, d'y'e hear?'

The majestic Hoskins strolled slowly to the door and opened it.

'You an' your master,' said the indignant Hiram, pausing in the doorway, 'air a pair.'

The flunkey smiled, thinking his own wounded honour avenged.

'I was allays inclined to wonder, up till now, how it come about that a man an' a Britisher could bear to have sech a creetur' as a flunkey foolin' round at all. But I guess there's a spice of the flunkey in the Britisher himself, when all's told, an' mebbe that's the reason.'

Hoskins slammed the door upon his heels and retired with dignity. Valentine Strange took up the coin from the billiard-cloth, and threw it away at angry random. It passed through the doorway of the room, struck a door opposite, and rolled with a clear silver tinkle down the mosaic floor of the hall. Strange laughed constrainedly.

'I think,' said the bald-headed man, removing his cigar to make way for the observation—'I think the Yankee scored.'

REMINISCENCES OF SOME SEVERE WINTERS.

THOUGH last winter was a remarkable one, and one of the most austere, in our temperate latitude, within the experience of the present generation, it is far from being unprecedented, even during the present century. Several times during the last eighty or ninety years, we have been snowed up and be-frozen to an extent quite equal to, or even exceeding in severity, the winter of 1880-81, as some of the following reminiscences will show.

In 1837, as some of our readers may perhaps remember, there was an unusually heavy fall of snow over the whole of the United Kingdom, but the effects of which appear to have been most keenly felt in England. In former days, a snow-block was perhaps less inconvenient than at the present time, inasmuch as the travelling public was much more limited; but, on the other hand, those who did venture a journey were considerably more exposed to privations than travellers nowadays. In the early part of the year above named, the mail-coach system was completely deranged; and communication between different parts of the country was for a time at a standstill. About the middle of January, in the midland counties of England, and particularly on the borders of Northampton and Warwick, the snow lay at a great depth. In some parts, the drifts exceeded twenty feet in height; and tracks of roads, or traces of coaches or travellers, were not discernible. The Cambridge coach on its way to the Metropolis on Thursday morning the 20th of January, stuck fast in a hollow part of the road, and remained in that situation, passengers, mails, and all, with the snow drifting overhead, until the following day, when it was released by the aid of fourteen horses. Nor is this a solitary instance. Coaches were, in nearly all parts of the south country, overtaken in a similar manner, and in many cases abandoned in the wreaths. At St Albans, where several coaches were completely engulfed, passengers were under the necessity of fighting their way on foot to the nearest shelter; those of the more stalwart sex carrying the ladies.

A distinguishing feature of the storm of 1837 was the prevalence of a virulent influenza, which raged epidemically in nearly all parts of England

and Scotland. Whole families were attacked; and though the malady was not looked upon as being attended with great danger, not a few cases ended fatally. In London, the conduct of business was impeded by a great number of persons being incapacitated for their every-day occupations; and not only so, but its immediate effects on trade were considerable. Butchers, bakers, and provision merchants, in general complained loudly of a wholesale falling away in customers' appetites. Medical practitioners and apothecaries were, of course, proportionally busy; while hosiers were at their wits' end to meet the demand for flannels and mufflers. Nor did the epidemic confine its ravages to this country; it extended to the continent. In Berlin, forty thousand persons were said to be affected with it; and in France, where the doctors termed it *La Grippe*, its consequences were even more serious than in England.

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the hardships entailed on the poor were much more distressing. It is highly pleasing, however, to find a thread of philanthropy running a continuous course throughout the narrative of these inclement seasons. The nobility and gentry of eighty or a hundred years ago would seem to have vied with each other in acts of humanity towards the suffering poor. In hard times, nearly all the towns and hamlets of Scotland were recipients, in a greater or less degree, of good round sums, to be distributed among the needy, in coals, meal, or other necessities to comfort and existence. But it must be kept in view that in those days the donors lived more at home than they do now; and in many respects, the two extremities of the social scale were more in sympathy with each other.

ANCIENT EUROPEAN SAVAGES.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

Not very many years ago, it would have drawn a smile of contemptuous incredulity from people of education to have suggested even the possibility of a race of savages having once inhabited all continental Europe and Great Britain. Our earliest informant on the condition of the northern nations some sixty years before Christ was Cæsar, and he certainly describes no savages; though, in comparison with the advanced civilisation of Rome, they were no doubt, as he styled them, 'barbarians' in the sense which the word has acquired amongst us. They were acquainted with the use of metals, and had attained to a knowledge of the arts of life far superior to anything which we associate in our minds with the lower races. Moreover, before five centuries had elapsed, these same barbarians had made great progress in the destruction of that empire which vainly expended its strength against them, and had founded a new one, whose civilising power was destined to become the most remarkable in the history of the world. They may have quaffed the blood of the enemy from a cup made of a human skull, and stained themselves blue with 'woad;' but their social organisation and laws—the heritage of the race to this day—must have been the result of centuries of an intellectual growth nowhere approached by savages. Even when Cæsar hurled his armoured legions against men who fought almost naked, the latter could have taught the corrupt capital of that vast empire many a lesson in the domestic virtues and in moral conduct.

Such were the inhabitants of Northern Europe at the moment when history first introduces them to us. The climate was substantially the same as that prevailing now, and the animals and vegetation have undergone little change since that time. In their traditions, there was no sign of any race anterior to themselves, nor of the strange animals and unfamiliar vegetation which we now know to have existed ages before, from the shores of the Arctic Ocean almost to the Mediterranean.

The discovery so far back as 1797 of flint implements associated with remains of fossil elephants, &c., in gravel beds at Hoxne, in Suffolk, raised at least a strong presumption that a race unknown to history had occupied the European area. Up to forty years ago, similar discoveries in limestone caverns, fissures, and rock shelters had strengthened this position greatly; but to those only who were capable of estimating the evidence at its true value, did it amount to conviction. The facts were repeatedly denied, though the remains were publicly exhibited in attestation; and the most absurd theories were formed to explain them away. The stone implements were 'thunderbolts;' the colossal bones were those of the giants of Scandinavian mythology; and so forth! But the comparative anatomists proved beyond question the animal ownership of the huge bones; and the so-called 'thunderbolts' proclaimed their origin as the work of man, by their exact likeness to the stone weapons manufactured by existing savages. The science of Prehistoric Archæology may then be said to have made a fair start. It was known what to look for, and in what places that which was sought was likely to be found. Many workers entered the field; and a mass of valuable and interesting data rapidly accumulated, from which it became possible to reproduce the substantial features of that rude and primitive life, and to picture the struggles of an ancient people to maintain themselves against ferocious animals with the most primitive weapons, in a climate almost arctic in severity.

Although, in view of the large area to be examined, a very small portion only of the earth's surface has been explored, the students of anthropology and archæology have arrived at definite and well-founded conclusions with regard to the antiquity of man everywhere. In the neighbourhood of London, for instance, where investigation has been prosecuted with the utmost industry and persistence, numbers of flint implements have been turned up from the gravels in various localities. Among these are many examples so abraded by rolling that they would seem to have been subjected to the action of a river before being deposited in their present position; while others are stained by colouring matter, usually iron, which does not occur in the beds where they are found. Hence, in all probability they have been re-deposited from still older beds. Similar implements have been discovered in a number of places both in the United Kingdom and on the continent, indicative not only of man's presence, but of a rude stage of civilisation spread over a very wide field.

Wherever the great centres of modern civilisation have been explored, the fact is revealed of the universal prevalence of a 'stone age' anterior to that of metal. The Pyramid builders little suspected that there lay, deep beneath

the foundations of their cities, weapons fabricated by a people who raised neither monuments nor permanent dwellings. How astonished would have been the Homeric heroes, 'the mail-clad Argives,' in all their splendid panoply of war, could they have known what Dr Schliemann—digging there to unearth the far-famed city of Troy—discovered on the very spot where Greeks and Trojans met in that memorable struggle! Troy, itself founded on the ruins of a still more ancient city, is the product of modern times, in comparison with the unwritten history disclosed in the stone weapons which the great German archæologist dug up from beneath those blackened ruins. So far distant is Homer from our time, that we have no certain knowledge of him. Allowing, however, that he wrote ten centuries before the Christian era, he nevertheless knew nothing of the men who fought with stone battle-axes ages prior to his well-armed Greeks, with their metal shields, their swords and spears, their engines of war. Who among the denizens of the 'cloud-capped towers' of Ilium could have pointed to even a faint tradition of that primitive people who once had occupied the very site where then stood the proud city?

Not only in the Old but in the New World is there abundance of evidence, all pointing to the habitation of the earth by man at a period so remote that the oldest records of mankind engraven upon stone are silent about him. It was reserved for the penetrating intelligence of the nineteenth century to discover and interpret signs which had escaped the attention of all former generations.

The most important relics have hitherto been found in natural caverns in limestone rocks—a formation peculiarly liable to be excavated by running water. These occur in various parts of the world, and owing to the shelter they afford, have often been selected as abodes by man and animals. In a cold climate, the cavern is a ready-made house to which man would resort from absolute necessity, if he had not attained the art of building. Consequently, we find that mostly all the known European caves have been inhabited from time to time down to a comparatively recent date. The Briton or Gaul fleeing from his Roman pursuer, and the proscribed Royalist hiding from Cromwell's relentless soldiers, has each in turn sought a caverned refuge; or the smuggler has stored away his brandy kegs where the cave-lion once made his lair. But little did these cave-seekers dream of the wonderful story that could be told by the brown earth beneath their feet, where lay entombed the bones and tools which belonged to a race who had seen elephants with enormous tusks browsing in English valleys, and the rhinoceros wallowing in the mud of the Thames; and whose ears must have been greeted by the roaring of the mighty sabretoothed lion.

Whatever scepticism may have existed in the public mind with regard to the existence of man in prehistoric times, it was completely dispelled by the investigations, in 1865, of Messrs Christy

and Lartet and Dr Falconer into the contents of the caverns in the valley of the river Vézère, in the department of the Dordogne, France; and it may be well to explain here, to those who are not familiar with the subject, the general character of these and similar limestone caverns. The rock, having been excavated probably by the agency of water, presents an irregular series of chambers, containing earth washed in by rain or river, fragments of rock detached from the roof, and a crystalline kind of limestone called stalagmite, which often forms a compact flooring, from a few inches to several feet thick, so hard, that it can only be broken up by pickaxes or blasted by gunpowder. Small fissures in the mass of rock overhead give access to water, which contains carbonic acid, derived from the atmosphere, and from decomposing vegetable matter in the surface soil. The carbonic acid possessing the property of dissolving limestone, the water carries with it minute quantities of carbonate of lime; and as it trickles or drips through the roof and falls upon the floor of the cave, leaves, after evaporation, a deposit which constitutes the stalagmite. This is usually an extremely slow process; so that a few inches may represent centuries. It will therefore be obvious that whatever may be found *beneath* an unbroken flooring of such material, has lain there undisturbed ever since its introduction into the cavern. And this is precisely the situation in which we find the bones of man, and animals which no longer exist, together with the flint and horn weapons used by the savage hunters.

At intervals of some miles along the course of the Vézère are numerous caverns, at heights varying from eighty feet to a short distance above the present flood-mark of the river. All of them contain a dark soil, with fragments of fresh-water shells and plants, and other characteristics of river mud, so that at one time the waters of the Vézère must have flowed into them during the autumn and winter floods. We thus arrive at the conclusion, that the river has cut its way through the valley of limestone rock to a depth of eighty feet, since the highest of the caverns was inhabited by a race of human beings whose remains lie in the earthy deposit. There are very distinct evidences of the occupation of this valley by people in progressive stages of advancement, if we interpret the facts correctly. Assuming, as the excavation of the valley seems to warrant, that the highest of the caves represent tenancy by the earliest inhabitants, those nearer to the present river level will indicate the succession in time of their various occupants.

In correspondence with this view, based on careful examination of all the circumstances, it is possible to divide the caverns into four groups, from highest level downwards: No. 1, Le Moustier; No. 2, Cromagnon; No. 3, Upper Laugerie and Gorge d'Enfer; No. 4, Lower Laugerie, Les Eyzies, and La Madeleine. In number one, we have only the rudest and most massive stone weapons, designed for the largest game. In number two, the weapons are better made, and there are light horn dart points, with which small quadrupeds and birds may have been killed. Further improvement is seen in number three, where the admirably proportioned flint arrow and lance points, and highly finished darts

and needles manufactured from reindeer horn, betoken not only more skillful workmanship, but greater proficiency in the arts of life. In number four, the increasing preponderance of bone weapons over those formed of stone, the finely worked and barbed lance and harpoon points, indicate a race in whom intelligence had taken the place of mere force; and the struggle for existence had consequently become less severe. Only in the last two groups do we find any fish-bones. These are very numerous; they are exclusively those of the salmon, and large fish such as would be easily secured by the harpoon in a manner akin to 'leistering' in the present day. But the inhabitants of the fourth group have left us still more convincing proof of their superiority to their predecessors, in the figures of animals which they carved out of solid reindeer horn and mammoth ivory, or cut with their flint knives on portions of those materials. Besides other animals, there are the mammoth, reindeer, glutton, auroch, horse, ibex, fishes, &c.; and last, but by no means least, a sculptured bust of a woman has been found, and a picture of another standing beside a horse, cut in reindeer horn—probably amongst the oldest representations of the human form in existence. The bold and vigorous execution of these is such as to command our admiration.

Keen observers of wild animals were these savage huntsmen; for see how accurately they have delineated the uncouth body, great carved tusks, and long mane of the mammoth, on a slab of ivory from his own tusk; just as we know the gigantic animal from the specimens, with the flesh still adherent, which have been washed out of their frozen tomb in Siberia. Not less faithfully have these huntsmen exhibited the graceful forms of four or five reindeer, seemingly engaged in mortal combat, cut neatly with a sharp flint point upon a slab of slate. All the figures are in profile, without the least attempt at perspective, exactly in the usual manner of savages of our own time, and like the tentative efforts of our own children. No doubt the carvings of mammoth and reindeer are more ambitious flights of genius, though they are far inferior in execution to the incised figures. This, however, might have been a consequence of the object for which they were designed, namely, to serve as dagger handles, the remainder of the horn being worked into a sharp polished point.

Were there nothing in these caverns, besides these primitive works of art, to assure us of the coexistence of their inhabitants with the animals they figured, and with which, on their hunting excursions, they must have become thoroughly familiar, the evidence would have been conclusive enough; but here are also bones and teeth of those animals mingled with the charcoal and general refuse of many a feast.

It would be impossible to enumerate within the limits of these papers all the articles of workmanship found in these ancient abodes of the mammoth hunters, indicative of their rude life and surroundings; but it would be scarcely chivalrous to omit some notice of the feminine members of the community, who even in those prehistoric times delighted in articles of personal adornment. Thus, the daughters of the chiefs arrayed themselves in necklaces made of animals'

teeth, bored and strung upon sinews or strips of skin; and the art of tattooing, which in the nineteenth century is represented among our fair dames by the rouge-box and brush, was practised by the ladies of the Vézère. Those little pieces of red ochre, whereon the marks of the flint knife may still be seen, were doubtless scraped to form a paste, with which the beauties of that far-distant time tinged their cheeks and lips, in preparation for dance, banquet, or nuptial ceremony.

The men naturally passed most of their time in the chase. That valuable animal the reindeer—in all probability domesticated—furnished almost everything requisite for their comfort. Its skin became their clothing, secured with strips of hide or sinews, drawn through the material with needles made from splinters of bone, and drilled with a sharp flint point. The antlers of the deer were carefully cut into lengths, the 'snags' or points being worked into dart, arrow, and harpoon heads, fixed in cleft sticks and bound with sinews. The 'beam,' or thick, straight part of the horn, was turned to account in various ways. Pieces several inches in length are ornamented with figures of animals, and drilled, possibly for suspension round the neck; and these are believed to have been insignia of rank or *badges* of command. There is an interesting little relic, probably belonging to a chief, forming a whistle, a toe-bone of the reindeer perforated by a hole which goes to the middle of the bone; and upon this primitive instrument one can at this day reproduce the shrill sound with which the ancient huntsman was doubtless wont to call his followers to his side.

The life of these later cave-dwellers was more refined than that of the Moustier savages, who employed only massive stone weapons, and supplied their feasts chiefly with the flesh of the horse. To their slovenly and uncleanly habits we owe our insight into their domestic arrangements. As the long bones of the animals were cracked for the purpose of extracting the marrow, they were thrown aside anywhere on the floor of the cave, among the dirt and ashes accumulated from their fireplaces; and thus weapons and implements became lost in the general refuse.

Among people who dwell in a fertile valley—its fertility being indicated by the abundance of herbivorous game—we should expect at least some rude knowledge of agriculture; but there are neither mortars for pounding grain—with one extremely doubtful exception—nor any implement which could be used in tilling the earth. They were equally ignorant of the art of making pottery or of spinning; and their stone weapons remained unpolished, just as they were hewn out of the parent material.

The actual human remains consist of some half-dozen individuals of different ages, whose bones represent a well-developed race, strong and tall, not at all inferior in anatomical character to good examples of existing savages. One female skull has over the forehead a terrible fracture, clean cut with a massive stone axe, which must have penetrated deep into the brain. What ages have elapsed since that cowardly slaughter of a woman took place! Though the mammoth had passed utterly out of existence before the dawn of history, there

risers up before us now, so long after that fatal blow was dealt, the silent witness to passions which in all subsequent ages have still prevailed.

In any attempt we may make to estimate the lapse of time between the occupation of the Moustier and Madeleine caverns, we are restricted to the physical data alone; for the life of man was passed in that valley during a geological age with animals which are now extinct. Whatever period may be assigned to the action of the river while excavating the valley to so great a depth, from the Moustier to the Madeleine, as to leave even the latter beyond the reach of floods, it must be a matter of speculation resting on the rate of wear and tear suffered by the limestone rock, of which we possess no actual measure. Many geologists would consider a quarter of an inch annually an extravagantly large estimate of denudation; which, however, if we accepted it, would give the Moustier people an antiquity of more than three thousand eight hundred years. Be this as it may, our conception of the lapse of time may be brought to a closer comparison with human chronology in the case of the most recent cave, the Madeleine. The mammoth, as we have seen, was still a common animal in the south of France, together with the reindeer, when man dwelt in that cavern. Since this last of the series of caves was inhabited, the river has cut its channel only a few feet deeper, and those few feet evidently represent the time which is covered by authentic history; for we find no mention of the mammoth in any chronology, however far-reaching it may claim to be, though that remarkable animal was widely distributed over Europe and Asia; and the presumption amounts to a certainty that it became extinct in Southern Europe long before it disappeared from Northern Asia. Yet not the faintest trace of it appears in mythology or tradition, where, assuredly, its memory would have been preserved, had not an immense interval separated the mammoth period from the utmost confines of that epoch when man began to record events. The earliest history of Southern Europe is, in fact, inscribed upon those pieces of ivory, slate, and horn, by a race of savages who erected no monuments, built no houses, and had not even the most primitive conception of written language. In the era of the Madeleine cave-dwellers, the mammoth was still plentiful; the reindeer and glutton had not retreated to the Arctic regions; man had not learned to polish his stone weapons, and was ignorant of the art of making the roughest pottery.

We may be unable to count the passage of time by centuries; but those few feet of excavating work done by the river since it last flooded the cave, present a chronological record in which the extinction of the mammoth would be by no means the earliest event. But from this cave, so comparatively recently invaded by the river, we must look up to the Moustier, so far above it, and endeavour to realise the vast interval of time represented by the gradual erosion of that limestone rock by the Vézère to a depth of eighty feet, subsequent to the last deposit of river-mud upon the *human* and animal relics which it contained. Whatever duration we may assign to this, it is beyond question that a race

of men, who must rank as savages, dwelt in the valley throughout the whole period embraced by this great change in its physical formation, and while the animal life of the country differed totally from that which prevailed in even the earliest historical times.

CONCERNING SEA STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

AN innate love of adventure and enterprise is the peculiar characteristic of the Englishman; his intimacy from childhood with the sea and all that relates to it, being well calculated to foster and develop this feeling. It is thus hardly to be wondered at that so large a proportion of the rising generation, hearing and reading, as they do, so much of the pleasures and romance of the sea, should be led to direct their aspirations thitherward. The great mysterious ocean possesses for most boys a peculiar and irresistible charm, which fills them with an enthusiasm on all things nautical, that nothing short of actual experience can damp. This enthusiasm would be very proper and commendable were it due to a just conception of the subject, and free from those misleading notions which invariably accompany it—mainly attributable to an implicit reliance on the statements of story-books. A boy dwells with delight on the fictions formed from the rude and imperfect ideas of popular tale-writers, who, by distorting facts and manufacturing adventure, invest 'life on the ocean wave' with a romance as absurd as it is artificial.

The writer who draws inaccurate pictures of ship-life, so long as he provides plenty of highly coloured adventures, seems to enjoy a strange immunity from adverse criticism, and is left to indulge unchallenged in the wildest vagaries of his imagination; indeed, the more exaggerated and fanciful his romances, the better they appear to be received. Fallacies and one-sided statements may be largely dealt in; the betrayal of ignorance, which results from the blundering use of technicalities and manifest inability to reproduce the sailor's manners of speech and modes of thought, is unnoticed in the extravagance of the narrative in which it occurs. In fact, a great deal of what passes for sound and pure literature, proves, when judged impartially, to be little better than pure trash. The absurd practice, for instance, which prevails of crowding more surprising episodes into a single chapter than fall to the lot of a real sailor in a lifetime, is far from satisfactory, and decidedly reprehensible. The works which emanate from the worthiest sources often offend most in this respect, the best work being naturally expected from the most valued writer; as a rule, however, the more he is esteemed, the more an author strives to fill his books with revolting scenes and bloodthirsty rencounters, the morbid character of which cannot be sufficiently decried; and their inventor, by overstepping the wide bounds accorded to writers of his class, is really entitled to no higher reputation than that of a successful adventure-monger.

The position occupied by story-writers, as recognised caterers for the young, is one of great responsibility, and the utmost care should be exercised in avoiding its abuse and in discharging faithfully

the trust pertaining to it. A reform in our juvenile literature is urgently needed. In place of a style so ultra-romantic as that which prevails, we want one pure, rational, and instructive. As at present, many writers engage to describe the sailor's life who are in no way fitted for the task, and whose experience has never been gained but in the unoperative capacity of passenger or amateur. The entertaining works of such practical men as Marryat and Chamier, though far from being faithful representations of life aboard ship, are at least free from absolute misrepresentation, and are not characterised by the free-and-easy treatment the subject receives at the hands of our present authors. The injurious and unhealthy effect of many of our story-books upon the youthful mind is unquestionable.

The deluded youngster with his head full of adventure and sight-seeing in foreign lands, invariably thinks of becoming a sailor. He longs to partake in the deeds of daring of which he reads such glowing accounts; to enjoy life on the 'free, open sea,' where boys are taught to splice, stow sails, mount rigging, listen to yarns, and have a good time generally! But when once actively employed, he soon begins to marvel at the eagerness with which he voluntarily exchanged the comforts of the shore for the miseries of the restless deep. In place of the 'freedom' he seeks, he but too frequently finds a sailor's the most monotonous life imaginable; his only change being the romance to be got out of severe and not unfrequently dangerous labour.

It will be interesting to touch upon some of the chief points regarding which erroneous notions prevail, and which uninstructed book-makers are sedulous in propagating. A popular idea—derived perhaps from seeing sailors when paid off—is that Jack is allowed to take his pleasure ashore, much as he pleases. In reality, he often makes long voyages, and remains, sometimes for weeks, in foreign ports, getting no nearer than a mile or two from the land. The pleasures of the shore are forbidden him, and he must content himself with a distant view of what he has travelled so far to reach. I have known a sailor who had been for two months at Pensacola, Florida, during which time his foot never went over the ship's side. This is no extraordinary case. Boys sometimes get ashore for an hour in the boats, but are expected to stay at the landing-place. If a lad asks leave of an officer, he will probably be told that 'boys come to sea to work, not to go galavantiing ashore.' Liberty for a short time is occasionally granted at the end of a long passage; but this is usually spent in drinking-shops of the worst description, or in other debaucheries, for the beauties of nature soon fail to charm one in whose breast toil and hardship leave little room for sentiment. This is Jack's reward for 'the romance which renders his lot a delightful one.' As a matter of fact, his life is very uneventful; his hardships severe and prosaic; his pleasures few and depraved.

The dirty, menial jobs to which sailors are put would disgust many who study the clean, ideal tars of the story-books, in which their privations and degradations are glossed over. A few facts may illustrate this. In the first place, sailors wash themselves at comparatively rare intervals, and occasionally three or more in the same water. As

a boy, I have myself stood abaft the windlass, hauling back the chain-cable when thickly plastered with mud and filth; I have balanced myself on the combings of a hatchway, and pushed off baskets of coal as they were hoisted from the hold, being well smothered in dust the while; I have groped about in a dirty lazarette amongst greasy paraffin cans and paint-pots; I have been roused from my warm berth in the middle of the night, after a hard day's toil, to face rain, wind, and cold. Of course, it may be very *romantic* to fumble one's way aloft, wet through, and with hands devoid of feeling; or the calls of duty may lead to the cheerful compliance of the sailor as he bends by the hour over an evil-smelling grease-pot beneath the glare of a tropical sun, or stands about decks encased in stiff and clammy oilskins, picking oakum; though to some people such might rather be suggestive of the discipline to which convicts are subjected. As to sailors' food, one could wish that those who in their writings systematically ignore the subject, had to acquire a sense of its importance by practical experience; for this would do much to convince them of their profound ignorance as to the realities of the hard lot they so complacently extol.

The gaudy frippery a sailor wears in pictures naturally takes a boy's eye. A good seaman, however, needs no ornaments to recommend him; he can maintain his reputation equally well in a red shirt or a tarry frock.

Dana, in his *Two Years before the Mast*, gives a graphic account of his own experiences. He says that no one, however great his ability as an amateur, can have any idea of the drudgery of a nautical life unless he has sailed before the mast and experienced it all himself—a remark in which intelligent men invariably concur. Whatever romance the sea may possess is not to be enhanced by the effusions of outsiders—the best of whom fail in depicting its realities.

There are sailors and sailors, and men of worth and probity are to be met with afloat; but the general effect of many others of their class cannot be considered as altogether conducive to the interests of virtue or morality. In placing a boy aboard ship, a serious consideration should be that to do so is to subject him to an ordeal such as most people would shrink from ashore. The pernicious habits a youth acquires at sea will often act to his serious detriment through life, impairing his moral character to a deplorable extent. He moreover has to contend with these evil influences at a time when he is least able to do so, and when his mind is particularly susceptible to impressions; and he soon finds himself indulging in what he was formerly accustomed to regard with horror.

Practically, the inducements offered are not such as would be likely to incline the prudent to select 'the sea' for a profession, the possible advantages to be gained compensating but inadequately for the years of labour and privation needed for their attainment. The supply of good hands of all ranks in the merchant service generally far exceeds the demand; so much so, that experienced and qualified officers find great difficulty in obtaining berths, and are often to be met with serving in subordinate capacities aboard ship. For a lad of moderate ability, with no prospects and but little

ambition in life, the sea of course is just the thing; but sober experience will infallibly convince him that Dr Johnson hit the mark far nearer than is generally supposed in his famous and much ridiculed saying, that 'no man having contrivance enough to get himself into a prison would go to sea.'

These remarks are the result of actual experience, and it is hoped may prove useful in correcting some false notions respecting life aboard ship, as well as in exposing the meretricious character of the literature provided for juveniles; though here we would take occasion to remark that sea stories are but too often written by compliant authors to order of their publishers, whose aim seems to be to inspire youth with inflated notions of what is termed the romantic side of the picture. The would-be tar will always do well to remember, that though life as a passenger may be pleasant enough, life as a sailor is about the hardest, most thankless, and most menial which a youngster can betake himself to.

THE STORY OF AN OLD COAT.

IN TEN EPISODES.

I.

OF course, there was a time when the coat was new. We shall go farther back even than that, and speak of a period when it had no existence, ere ever the idea took possession of the narrow brain of stingy old James Gelsworthy to invest five pounds of his beloved money in a warm garment, of excellent quality, wherewith to protect his lean carcase from the chills of December. It was December in Cribble Street, Mile End, London, E., as well as in Curzon Street, Mayfair, W. Around the mansions of the wealthy and refined, the cruel, snow-laden blast howled in impotent fury, because it could not shake the massive doors or make the heavy, tightly-fitting windows rattle. When it discovered a stray chink, and contrived to sneak through insidiously, thick curtains barred its way, rich carpets checked it, blazing fires warmed it, an equable temperature absorbed it. The bitter herald of a hard winter had to content itself with screaming viciously outside: 'I'm here, and I won't go away. I'll not leave you for months—for months. I'll bring bronchitis, and inflammation, and death to some of you yet. You shan't escape me, with all your tricks.—Whoof! Puff!'

Then the wealthy and refined smiled confidently in their comfortable apartments. They were prepared for the siege.

Far otherwise was it with the poor and vulgar. They shrank and shivered at the fearful menace, for they knew it was no idle threat. The wind-fiend is their savage enemy. He rejoices at their defenceless condition, their miserable dwellings, their meagre food, their scanty fuel, their insufficient clothing. He comes to kill; he tells them so, as he whistles through their chattering teeth. And he never jokes.

The two rows of rickety tenements known as Cribble Street, Mile End, were let out to the poor and vulgar, in suites, generally comprising one room and a cupboard for each family, irrespective of size. At No. 12, a certain back-

chamber—without a cupboard—was occupied by a man, a wife, and a very wee morsel of humanity. The man was young—only three-and-twenty. His name was Mark Roper. The woman was also young—some nineteen years, perhaps—and she was called Pattie. The wee morsel was still younger, being but three days old, and having no name yet decided upon. But they thought of calling her Pattie also—at least Mark did.

Mark Roper's misfortunes may be summed up with terrible simplicity. He was out of work, and had been so for the past six months, in consequence of a strike, which he had no hand in originating, and with which he totally disagreed. During that time, the neat little cottage at Stratford had been given up; the furniture had disappeared bit by bit, the pawnshop had swallowed up their blankets and counterpanes and warm clothing. At present, the room in Cribble Street, whither they had fled as the cheapest refuge upon earth, except the work-house, contained only two chairs, a table, some articles of crockery, and a mattress on the floor, upon which the young wife lay with her first-born folded lovingly in her arms. The parish doctor had attended her; the parish dispensary had provided medicine; the parish overseer had allowed a little oatmeal and a little port-wine—quite as a favour—to help to get up her strength. So she ought to have been grateful, poor thing! Well, and so she was—grateful to God that her husband loved her, and that her child lived.

'Mark! I can't eat any more now. Finish up this basin of gruel for me while it's hot. Do, dear,' she said coaxingly.

'Not I. I can't abide it—I hate it!' he replied, trying to look nauseated by the very idea.

She raised herself upon one elbow. 'You have had nothing but a saveloy all day, Mark; and if you don't swallow this, I'll not taste another drop you make for me—there!'

'But, dear, I don't like it.'

'It's a story. You do. You shall! Finish it at once, or you'll make me ill talking about it. Go on now.'

He took a few spoonfuls, and pretended to drain the basin; but his wife was too sharp-eyed. She watched him closely, and never relaxed her vigilance until the whole was consumed.

'Now I'm satisfied,' she said, sinking back upon the bolster.—'Where is uncle's letter? What time did he say he would come? Six o'clock, wasn't it?'

'Yes, dear.'

'It's nearly that now—don't you think so? Uncle will do something for us. I'm sure he will, when he sees baby. Look at her. Isn't she an angel! Such large brown eyes, just like yours! She's the image of you, Mark.'

'Your uncle may help you, but not me,' returned Mark gloomily.

'He can't help me without you, love—that's one comfort.'

'He'll try it on, though. I know he'll try it on,' muttered Mark, as he walked to the stove and placed four small knobs of coal, with great care, between the bars. But Pattie did not catch the words, because she was listening to a footstep on the landing outside. Then the door

was opened abruptly, and her uncle, James Gelsworthy, walked into the room.

'Phew! Here's a pigsty!—Hope you're satisfied, girl?' was the old man's greeting to his niece.

'It wasn't a pigsty I took her to first,' broke in Mark, with a flash of indignation.

'You shut up, Mark Roper. You're a fool, and you'll never be anything else,' said Gelsworthy, waving him away contemptuously. 'You married Pattie in spite of me. You ran away with her, and thought you were mighty clever, no doubt. But you shan't have much of my money—you shan't.'

'Uncle! dear uncle!' exclaimed Pattie, 'you must help us—you really must, if only for baby's sake. See what a beauty she is! She smiles at you already.'

'O yes. She's all right. I don't mind her, nor I don't mind you; and I'll act straight by the pair of you, if you do what I want.'

'What is that?'

'Why, look here, Pattie. You must just bring your kid, and come back to live with me like you used to, before you took up with that penniless scamp against my will.'

'And what is he to do?'

'Do! Work—emigrate—go to Australy—go to Canady! Anywhere, so long as he keeps out of our way. I don't mind stumping up the coin to pack him off.'

'You want—to—separate—me—and—Mark?' she inquired very slowly, fixing her eyes sternly upon his face.

'Jes so,' said the old rascal, unabashed by the glance; 'that's it. He can't keep you, and I can. If he likes to hook it, I'll help him to keep hisself; not otherwise.'

'Mark!' cried Pattie, sitting bolt upright upon the mattress, as a burning flush mounted to her thin cheeks, and her trembling finger pointed to the door—'Mark! Turn that man out!'

'You ungrateful, disobedient hussy!' cried Gelsworthy in a passion. 'After all I've done for you! Brought you up from a child, fed, and clothed you, beggar's brat that you were!'

That was the last they ever saw of Uncle Gelsworthy, alive.

II.

I suppose it was the keen north-easter and the driving sleet, in the teeth of which James Gelsworthy had to fight his way home that evening, that made him think what a very threadbare, thin, and comfortless overcoat he had on. And seeing that he had worn it now for some ten winters, and had originally procured it second-hand, his reflections upon the subject are not surprising. Anyhow, the following morning, as he gazed from his window at the unabated inclemency of the weather, and turned his eyes upon the dilapidated garment, hanging from a nail in his bedroom door, he settled it definitely in his mind when he muttered: 'That's what I'll do; I'll have a coat made a-purpose.' So he went to a tailor's, and overhauled his entire stock of piece-goods before he finally hit upon a cloth to his taste. It was a heavy, closely woven, waterproofed, drab-coloured texture, of the best quality; similar to that worn by grooms

in livery in first-class establishments. Then he gave minute instructions as to the shape, the size, the pockets, the buttons, all according to his own notions of what a coat ought to be, without any regard to the 'prevailing fashions,' which the tailor vainly sought to bring under his notice.

When the coat was finished and sent home, he took it back to have an inner lining stitched in, because it was not warm enough; and afterwards, he took it back again to get another lining added, because the first was not strong enough. 'I'm not a-going to pay for a concern that'll wear out in a month,' he explained.

By this time, the tailor and his journeymen were thoroughly sick of that coat, and distinctly refused to make any further additions or alterations whatever.

James Gelsworthy was extremely proud of this new item to his limited wardrobe. He wore it on every possible opportunity. He turned it to account by knocking off fires in February, and keeping it on in the house, for the sake of its more economical warmth. He used it as a second counterpane thrown over his bed at night. This last fact was discovered in March by his landlady, who, not having seen anything of him for two days, became alarmed on the third, and caused the door of his room to be burst open. They found him lying upon his bed, still, and peaceful, and cold, with the favourite coat resting across his limbs. James Gelsworthy was dead.

Over the mantelshelf was a bit of paper, fastened with pins; and upon it a few words written in a shaky but legible hand: 'In case of my death, the furniture and other things belonging to me in my two rooms, I give to my niece **PATTIE ROPER**, 12 Cribble Street, Mile End. There ain't no money, only just enough to bury me. I drew it all out and disposed of it months ago. Signed by me, **JAMES GELS-WORTHY.**'

III.

The 'furniture and things' were a real god-send to Mark and Pattie.

'I'll tell you what we'll do,' said the husband. 'We'll sell the lot. I'll give over looking after odd jobs, and we'll get an assisted passage to Melbourne. I've heard as how there's heaps more chance for a poor man in Australy.'

'I'm willing to go anywhere,' answered Pattie, 'so long as we can only manage to stick together.'

The real and personal estate of old Gelsworthy produced about twenty-five pounds in cash—truly a blessing to the extremely impecunious, as any one will know who ever had the bad fortune to stand in urgent want of a similar amount, and the good fortune to come into it unexpectedly just in the hour of need. The last thing disposed of was the heavy drab overcoat, by private treaty with Mr Isaac Solomons, dealer in anything.

'Well, what do you want for it?' inquired Mr Solomons, after having turned it over several times and regarded it suspiciously, as though it were an infected garment.

'Suppose we say thirty bob?' suggested Mark tentatively.

'There's no harm in saying thirty quid, so long as nobody parts with the coin. No, my man; that there coat ain't no use to me—it's too ugly; and my customers is mostly fashion-able inclined.'

'But it's worth something. Look at the quality!'

'Quality! What's quality nowadays? Nothing. It's cut that's wanted; and there ain't no cut about that there, not a ha'porth.'

'What will you give? Come!'

'If I were to speculate fifteen bob on it, I should lose. Shtrike me! I should lose. No; 'pon my honour, I can't do it!'

'Well, fork over. It's no good to me—it don't fit.'

'It ain't much good to anybody, as I can see,' grumbled the Jew. But for all that, he 'forked over' the fifteen shillings immediately; and the coat became the property of Mr Solomons.

IV.

If you had watched Mr Solomons transacting business in his own shop, you would have wondered how, in the name of all the common laws of finance, he contrived to keep clear of the bankruptcy court. Continually to be selling goods without a profit is generally supposed to bring about very unsatisfactory results. But to part with them at an appalling loss—to have them literally wrenched from you by a greedy public, heartlessly taking advantage of the perpetual slackness of trade—ought to culminate in disaster, speedy and complete. And yet Mr Solomons was not submerged. He contrived in some fashion to keep his head above water, and his shoulders too, in spite of the terrible sacrifices he solemnly professed to make every hour of the day. Perhaps it was but a grim joke, a melancholy satire, when he ticketed the coat acquired from Mark for fifteen shillings, as a 'Tremendous bargain—only two pounds ten shillings.'

'Cost me three pounds—s'help me! if I never speak another word!' he exclaimed to the pale and patient faced young woman who stopped to inspect it.

'It would just fit father nicely,' she said, more to herself than to the Jew. 'And very warm and comfortable; but rather a funny shape, isn't it?'

'Funny shape! Why, it's one of Poole's latest styles, made expressly for a markies, who only wore it three times, and then got tired of it.'

'What is the lowest you will take?'

'Lowest! Well, if I'll touch a farden less than two-ten; not if the Prince of Wales was to go down on his bended knees! Ten bob is enough to drop over one article—rather!'

'I am unable to spare more than two pounds; in fact, I have no more with me. If you cannot accept that, I must go without.'

'Lose a pound! lose a whole pound! Oh, shtrike me, I can't, I can't! What with one and another of you, I shall be driven to the work-house,' cried Mr Solomons pathetically.

'Well, then, good-day, sir. I must try and find something that will do, elsewhere.'

'Don't go. Say two-five—make it as light

as you can for me—say two-five!' he pleaded, seizing her by the hem of her mantle.

'Impossible! I tell you, I have only two pounds.'

Solomons groaned, as in anguish of spirit. 'Give us your money!' he said desperately. 'I must try and make it up some other way, I suppose.'

So the young woman carried away her 'tremendous bargain.'

V.

The father reclined in an arm-chair by the fire, smoking a too highly seasoned brier-root pipe. The daughter sat at a small table by the window, colouring photographs. The father's face was of that shrunken, bloated type, frequently observable in drunkards when their usual supply of alcohol has, for some reason or other, been cut off. His eyes were heavy, expressionless, and leaden; his lower lip was pendulous; his chin was unshaven; his hands were dirty. The daughter was graceful and pretty. Her features were delicate; her complexion pale; her expression sweet, sad, and patient. What did it matter to her gin-swilling parent that she worked for him, tended his wants, nursed him when he was ill, was robbed by him when he was well—struggled, laboured, fought to save him both soul and body! Was it not her duty! He was her father! What did it matter to him that her young life was wrecked, her future rendered hopeless, the one love of her girlhood crushed and blighted by his miserable being! That was a simple necessity. He had brought her up to the idea—to hold him over and above all earthly considerations. Was he not her father! The man who had won her whole heart was noble and worthy; yet she would not marry him. The home she might have made a smiling paradise, would never be formed. Well, the sacrifice was required. Somebody must reap the benefit of her existence; and was he not her father!

'That's a wretched ugly thing, that topcoat,' he grumbled from his easy-chair.

'But it fits you, papa. It is nearly new, and above all, it is thoroughly warm and well made. Those are the principal points, with your liability to rheumatism and gout.'

'That's right—fling my misfortunes in my face! Remind me of my ill-health—of my pain and suffering. It's like you! Don't let me forget them, not on any account.'

'O papa!'

'There, don't begin to cry and whimper. I suppose you mean well, and are a good girl, after all.—Got any money, Madge?'

'Not much,' she faltered, trembling.

'I haven't had a drain worth speaking about for more than a week. You have kept me on short allowance long enough, I think, Madge.'

'But see how ill you have been, papa. You know the doctor said you were to drink scarcely anything.'

'Confound the doctor! What does he know about it? Besides, I'm well again now—well as ever. I really must run out and get three pen'orth. Lend us sixpence, Madge.' He always said 'lend.' By no chance did he ever employ the word 'give' in pecuniary negotiations.

After many promises and much whining and persuasion, he wormed the coveted sixpence from his daughter's slender purse. She knew he had no other money, and that it would be impossible for him to hurt himself on that amount.

'I'll try this overcoat for the first time,' he said, as he put it on. 'Yes; you are right; it is very comfortable, and will last me for ages. I'm not hard to please in matters of dress.'

'Do come back to tea, papa,' were her parting words at the door. 'The weather is very rough, and you are not yet strong enough to stay out late. Do come back to tea.'

'Of course, of course! How far do you think I can travel with sixpence—a paltry sixpence?' he inquired sarcastically.

Between two and three o'clock in the morning, he staggered home drenched with rain, and alas! intoxicated.

Madge was accustomed to the spectacle. In silence and without reproach she led him to his room. Suddenly she missed his coat. It was the old story. He had pawned it. She asked him for the ticket, and found that it also was sold for a mere song. The coat she had worked so hard to pay for!

The poor grief-stricken girl, in the retirement of her own room, threw herself by her bedside, and wept in anguish to that other Father who has promised how, one day, He will surely wipe away all tears from the eyes of those that mourn.

VI.

The individual who bought the 'duplicate' from the drunken old man, probably lost or forgot it altogether, as the coat remained undisturbed in the storeroom of Messrs Bate and Grindwell, pawnbrokers, for over the statutory twelve months. It then became an 'unredeemed pledge,' and as such was labelled, hung up, and dangled before the public as a remarkable proof of the manner in which the disinterested vendors were prepared to forego all personal profit for the general weal. The coat was fingered and thumbed and twitched, and tried on and turned over by some dozens of persons, before one Shortmiles, a cabman, took a fancy to it, and eventually became its owner. And now it began to see service. He wore it hard, did Shortmiles. What with snow and rain and frost and sunshine, its original colour grew many shades deeper. Beer stained it, tobacco-smoke impregnated it, cold pork greased it. It saw a great deal of outdoor life in London, and acquired an impudent, reckless appearance. Its big bone buttons seemed to stare in awful astonishment at those mean persons who presumed to offer its master less than double his legal fare. When Shortmiles tossed a coin in the palm of his hand, and inquired of a victim: 'What d'yer call *this*? What's *this* for?' the big bone buttons seemed ready to burst from their places with surprise, indignation, and reproach. The victim could imagine them saying: 'Ay, what *do* yer call it? What *is* it for? *That's* what *we* want to know. Yah—shabby!'

It happened one day that Shortmiles, feeling himself insulted by the remarks of a rival cabman anent the symmetry and attractiveness of his features individually and collectively, including

a definite opinion respecting the lowest market value of his face if put up to auction by a cheap Jack in the neighbourhood of the New Cut, leaped from his vehicle and challenged his tormentor to personal combat. The gauntlet was at once picked up, and the battle began.

How furiously it raged—how women screamed, 'Shame! why don't you part 'em!' and men replied, 'Get out! why don't you leave 'em alone!'—how a stately policeman, with slow and measured step, approached the scene, forced his way through the crowd, and said: 'Now then, stop this 'ere; show us your badges, both on yer'—how the two combatants were summoned before the magistrate, and fined—and how they ultimately shook hands and swore eternal friendship: are not all these things matters of trifling concern, in comparison with the following fact? When Shortmiles was preparing for the duel, he took off his coat, folded it carefully, and placed it under the box-seat of his cab. Of this he was certain. After the struggle, when he returned to his post, the coat was gone. Of this he was also positive; and he never set eyes upon it again.

'OVER THE WAY.'

No fresh, young beauty, laughing-eyed,
Who reckons lovers by the score,
But just a sweet old maid, who died
While I was yet in pinafore.

She lived upon the shady side
Of that old-fashioned country street;
A spreading chestnut greenly tried
To screen the door of her retreat.

A tiny garden, trim and square;
A snowy flight of steps above;
And sweet suggestions in the air,
Of all the flowers the poets love.

Within the trellised porch there hung
A parrot in a burnished cage—
A foolish bird, whose mooking tongue
Burlesqued the piping tones of age.

A branching apple-tree o'erspread
A rickety old garden seat;
No apples sure were e'er so red!
Or since have tasted half as sweet!

In Memory's enchanted land,
I see the gentle spinster yet,
With watering-pot in mittened hand,
Gaze proudly at her mignonette.

And when the Spring had grown to June,
She'd sit beneath the apple-tree,
And dream away the afternoon,
With some quaint-volume on her knee—

A gray-robed vision of repose,
A pleasant thought in Quaker guise;
For truly she was one of those
Who carry heaven in their eyes.

GEORGE WARRINGTON.

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HIS LORDSHIP'S PRIVILEGE.

THE TRIAL OF A PEER.

FOR the first time in the annals of our jurisprudence of the present century, the High Court of Parliament was in 1841 convened entirely as a judicial assembly, and sat on the 16th of February to try a remarkable and interesting case. The Court consisted of the peers of the realm in full parliament assembled as triors, assisted by the Chief Justices and the judges. The President was the Lord High Steward of the kingdom, Lord Denman, specially appointed under Her Majesty's royal sign-manual; the prisoner was Lord Cardigan, a peer of the realm, the charge against him being a true bill of indictment for felony. The case was notable in several respects, and presents some points of curious interest. It was the first indictment under the statute to repress duelling, which statute made duelling a felonious crime in principals and accessories, even though no loss of life should happen. It was the first time in this century that a peer had been arraigned for felony, sixty-four years having elapsed since a previous case. It was the last occasion on which a peer of the realm could claim his privilege to avoid the punishment to be awarded for his criminality. Its curious result, too, illustrated in a marked degree the inexorable rule of the law of evidence as then administered, that the proof should not be at variance with the indictment, a result which could not occur now, as the law was subsequently altered, to obviate such technical objections. The Court happily has not sat since; and the case furnishes the solitary instance of its functions having been exercised in modern times.

Public interest was so much exercised by the approaching trial, that at one time it was rumoured the Court would sit, as it had previously done, in open Westminster Hall, which alone could accommodate all those persons desiring to be present; but it was resolved to fit up the Painted Chamber, in which the peers had met

since the destruction by fire of the old House of Parliament; and this was done at considerable expense. The benches, galleries, and floor were covered with crimson cloth, and the walls draped with crimson hangings; the spaces were allotted out for the high officers of state, the peers, the counsel learned in the law, the officials; and so far as the limits would allow, for strangers, of whom the greater part were ladies. None was admitted to the trial except by ticket of the Lord Great Chamberlain, who some days previously issued his official notification of the dress to be worn. A similar notice was issued to the peers themselves. The House of Peers had appointed a special Committee to search for precedents of the ceremonial to be observed, though Her Majesty the Queen had signified her intention not to be present.

On the day of trial, the scene in the Painted Chamber was a most magnificent and imposing one. The peers were gorgeously robed, wearing the collars of their respective orders and their decorations; the single exception being the noble prisoner, who was in plain dress, pursuant to the order of the House. The judges in their scarlet and ermine gowns, with their chains and collars of office and their quaint caps; counsel in their full-dress wigs; and the peeresses in splendid toilettes, formed a gathering picturesque and imposing. We collect from the lengthy entries in the Lords' Journals that the stately ceremonial was strictly in accordance with the precedents recorded in the earlier authorities; and indeed we find the courtly observances had followed the elaborate ritual compiled by Lancaster Herald in an old and similar case.

Shortly before eleven o'clock A.M., the Lord Speaker, in his stately official robes, entered the House, preceded by the Purse-bearer with the purse, the Serjeant with the mace, the Gentleman-Usher of the Black Rod with the Lord High Steward's staff of office, and Garter King-at-Arms bearing his sceptre—all in procession.

The proceedings were opened by prayers being read. The roll of peers was then called over

by the Clerk-assistant of Parliament, beginning with the junior Baron. The Clerk of the Crown in Chancery, making three reverences to Lord Denman, knelt, and then presented to His Lordship on the woollack the Commission under the Great Seal appointing His Lordship Lord High Steward; by whom it was handed to the Deputy-Clerk of the Crown in the Queen's Bench, who had made the like reverences, and received it kneeling. After proclamation for silence, he read the commission at the table, all the Lords and other persons standing up uncovered by order. The Lord High Steward then rose, and making obeisance to the Throne, took his seat in the chair of state provided for him on the uppermost step but one of the Throne; Garter King-at-Arms and the Gentleman-Usher of the Black Rod, with profound obeisances to His Grace, took their places on the right of the Lord High Steward; and both holding the white staff, presented it, on their knees, to His Grace.

Proclamation for silence was again made by the Serjeant-at-Arms; and the Deputy-Clerk of the Crown proceeded to read the Queen's writ of certiorari, the return thereto, and the bill of indictment against the accused. The Yeoman-Usher of the Black Rod was then commanded to call in James Thomas, Earl of Cardigan, to appear at the bar for the discharge of his bail. His Lordship immediately entered; and advancing to the bar, made three reverences, one to His Grace the Lord High Steward, and one to the peers on each side; who returned his salute. He then knelt, until the Lord High Steward acquainted him he might rise; and His Lordship was thereupon ordered into the custody of Black Rod, who conducted him within the bar, where he remained standing, while His Grace informed him of the nature of the charge preferred against him.

The noble prisoner was then arraigned in due form by the Deputy-Clerk of the Crown, who asked of him: 'How say you, James Thomas, Earl of Cardigan, are you guilty or not?' To which he replied in a firm voice: 'Not guilty, my lords!'

The Clerk. How will you be tried, my lord?

The Earl. By God and my peers!

The Clerk. God send Your Lordship a good deliverance.

All persons summoned to give evidence were then commanded to present themselves; and His Grace the Lord High Steward removed his position from the steps of the Throne to a large table below it, preceded by Garter, Black Rod, and the Purse-bearer; the Serjeant-at-Arms standing at the lower end of the table. Ushered in with that stately pomp and heraldic formality essential to judicial proceedings involving the honour of the peerage, this remarkable trial began.

To the uninitiated, it may seem that the ordinary criminal courts of the country presided over by Her Majesty's judges were sufficiently able to try the indictment charged on the noble prisoner, without the attendant pomp and magnificence; but they had no jurisdiction to try my lord. The famous twenty-ninth chapter of the Great Charter, and the statute first Edward VI. cap. 12, sec. 14, declare an effect that any of the nobility must be tried by the nobility

who are their equals; and this law is again repeated in a subsequent statute. As a peer of the realm, therefore, 'His Lordship's privilege' was claimed for him to be tried by his peers; and the indictment which had been found against him by the grand-jury at the Old Bailey was removed accordingly, by writ of certiorari, into the House of Peers.

The crime alleged in the indictment against the Earl was feloniously shooting, with intent to kill and murder, one Harvey Garnett Phipps Tuckett. We shall see how the sworn facts established this charge, framed in so dangerous a shape, against my lord.

On the afternoon of the 12th September 1840, two carriages quickly approached Wimbledon Common from opposite directions. On reaching an appointed spot, the carriages stopped, and from one of them alighted the Earl of Cardigan, Lieutenant-colonel 11th Hussars—he who so gallantly distinguished himself subsequently in the memorable charge of the Six Hundred at Balaklava—attended by Captain Douglas. From the other, Captain Harvey Tuckett, late of the same regiment, accompanied by his second, Captain Wainewright. Sir James Anderson, the eminent physician, was also present.

Into the causes of the quarrel, we will not enter, though the public mind was much exercised by them at the time; it is sufficient to say the dispute arose out of regimental differences, in which the noble Earl felt himself affronted by Captain Tuckett, and demanded satisfaction of him.

The preliminaries arranged and distances measured, the Earl of Cardigan and Captain Tuckett confronted each other with loaded pistols. A pistol-case with the Earl's name and arms, was found upon the ground afterwards. Their first exchange of shots was ineffectual; at the second attempt, however, Captain Tuckett fell, wounded by the shot delivered by his antagonist. A neighbouring miller, with his wife and son, had witnessed the occurrence; and the former being a constable, took the Earl into custody with the smoking pistol still in his hand. Captain Tuckett was removed by Sir James Anderson, he first delivering a card, inscribed 'Captain Harvey Tuckett,' to the constable. The Earl admitted to the police that he had fought a duel, and had hit his man, but not dangerously. These were the simple and plain facts proved. They seemed only too plain and convincing; for the Earl, it was said, shortly before the trial began, had executed a deed of gift in favour of a relation of all his lands and effects, to avoid the forfeiture thereof to the Crown, which then would have happened on his conviction as a felon; a forfeiture which, by the way, was abolished afterwards by statute on the 4th of July 1870.

The crime was clearly against the statute, and there was no attempt to hide the fact of the Earl's criminality; he himself had even admitted it. What, then, could be his defence?

We should state that neither Captain Tuckett, who had recovered, nor his second, nor Captain Douglas, the Earl's second, tendered evidence; for the very sufficient reason, that they would have convicted themselves out of their own mouths of a like offence against the statute. Sir James Anderson, too, though called as a

witness for the prosecution, declined, for a similar reason, to answer any question relating to the occurrence he had witnessed, having been cautioned by the Lord High Steward that he need not do so to his own incrimination.

The evidence was closed for the prosecution; but it was apparent that the counsel for the Crown were in a dilemma. The evidence pointed clearly to the shooting by the Earl of Captain Harvey Tuckett, whereas the indictment alleged the crime against him of shooting one Harvey Garnett Phipps Tuckett. The identity of the two persons had not been proved with the particularity then required by the inexorable law of evidence; the flaw was that technically called a variance. Here, then, was an unexpected loop-hole for escape, which was seized immediately by the noble prisoner's astute counsel, Sir W. Follett. He took the objection at once. It was insisted in reply by the Attorney-general—afterwards Lord Campbell—for the Crown, that surely it was unnecessary to produce and prove the prosecutor's baptismal certificate! On the other hand, it was contended that if strict proof of identity were not required, a man might be executed for the murder of a person whom he never saw. An elaborate and learned argument ensued there and then on the whole point. Strangers were ordered to withdraw, including the noble prisoner; and the House proceeded to deliberate upon the case, the spiritual lords withdrawing by leave, according to custom.

When the doors were again opened, the Lord High Steward was questioning each peer separately, beginning with the junior Baron; and he proceeded through the long list of Viscounts, Earls, Marquises, and Dukes in the following form: 'Thomas Lord Monteaule of Brandon. How says your lordship? Is James Thomas, Earl of Cardigan, guilty of this felony whereof he stands indicted, or not?' Whereupon each peer rose in his turn, and placing his right hand upon his breast, said: 'Not guilty, upon my honour.'

When the question was put to the Duke of Cleveland, His Grace said, with emphasis: 'Not guilty, *legally*, upon my honour.' The last peer called was the Duke of Cambridge.

Their lordships, including the Lord High Steward himself, had unanimously resolved that the Earl was not guilty of the crime alleged.

The Serjeant-at-Arms then said: 'Yeoman Usher, call in James Thomas, Earl of Cardigan;' and His Lordship was placed *outside* the bar.

Thereupon, the Lord High Steward addressing him, said: 'James Thomas, Earl of Cardigan, you have been indicted for a felony, for which you have been tried by your peers; and I have the satisfaction of informing you, you have been found not guilty by a unanimous sentence; and you are discharged.'

The Earl of Cardigan at once bowed and retired. His remarkable trial was at an end.

Proclamation was made to dissolve the Commission; and His Grace the Lord High Steward, standing in front of the Throne, received his white staff again from the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod; he held it in both hands, and broke it in two, thus dissolving the Commission. The Lord High Steward's office was thereupon vacant; and my lords immediately adjourned.

Captain Douglas, the Earl's second, was after-

wards acquitted on the same grounds, on a similar indictment as an accessory, at the Old Bailey.

But though the prosecution of the Earl was abortive, the case yet bore some fruitful result; for attention had been drawn by it to a remarkable personal privilege which was still available for His Lordship, though it had been dormant very many years. It was rumoured amongst the lawyers, that if the Earl had been convicted, he would claim the benefit of the peerage, to avoid his punishment, transportation for life; and this new phase in the case heightened the extreme interest felt in the trial.

'His Lordship's privilege' in this respect was somewhat similar to the benefit of clergy, which had been previously abolished in the year 1827, and which ancient right enabled those *who could read* to claim, under certain conditions, immunity from the legal punishment for their offences. The benefit of peerage arose out of the statute first Edward VI. cap. 12, sec. 13, which gave immunity to peers and peeresses, on their conviction for felony, though they *could not read*—not an uncommon fact in the sixteenth century; and it appears by the old reported cases, that on the privilege being claimed, a peer was instantly discharged by the Court from punishment upon payment of his fees. He could, however, claim this privilege of the statute but once only. Its effect was simply to set aside punishment; as a convicted felon, his lands, goods, and chattels were still forfeited to the Crown. But the statute seventh and eighth George IV. cap. 28, abolishing benefit of clergy, did not mention in terms the *benefit of peerage*; and the point, it was said, was arguable that a peer was not deprived of it. The rumours respecting this privilege soon reached the ears of the Lord Chancellor, Lord Cottenham, who shortly afterwards introduced a Bill repealing the old Act of Edward VI., and declaring once and for all, that on conviction for felony, every peer shall be liable to the same punishment for felony as any other of Her Majesty's subjects, notwithstanding any law or usage to the contrary; and this Bill passed into the statute-book on the 21st June 1841, as the fourth and fifth Victoria, cap. 22.

A laudable result certainly, that the Lords and Peers of Parliament, of their free-will and motive, should have unanimously deprived themselves of one of their ancient personal privileges!

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER II.—'THE BLIND BOW-BOY'S BUTT-SHAFT.'

ON the western coast of England, there is a narrow bay which is bounded on each side by a headland of igneous rock. The smaller and more northerly headland is locally known as Daffin Head; and the larger headland on the southern side of the bay is called Welbeck Head. For some half mile, Welbeck Head runs gently up from the mainland, its grass growing sparser, and its prehistoric old bones declaring themselves more plainly, until you come upon broken rocks with no other covering than lichen, and then go on by paths which increase in difficulty for another half mile. There, suddenly, you reach a bit of seeming fairyland—Welbeck Hollow. A carpet of green turf, soft and fine, is belted by trees;

and above the topmost branches rise the veritable bones of old earth, lichen-spotted and hoary with rain and sunshine—the rain and the sunshine of thousands of years. In the centre of the grassy space is one great isolated rock; the tombstone, as the country legends tell, of a beautiful young Princess buried there by a cruel magician. The perennial tears of the beautiful Princess flow from the southern side of this vast boulder in a sparkling stream, which brawls inland for a mile, and then returning, ends its brief life in salt waters.

Beyond the Hollow, the Head grows precipitate and even terrible. It is tall enough to bathe its hoary forehead now and then in storm, and can push a bare defiant scalp at the very thunders. It rises like a wall on the seaward side, and overhangs a little, as though it threatened to tumble headlong. Nervous tourists keep clear of its edge; and even strong-headed people, tempted to lie prone there and venture one look sheer down to the wrinkled sea, have confessed to something of a thrill of fear.

On its southerly side the Head has neither terrors nor splendours. It slopes quietly to the mainland meadows, and bears on its wide bosom a pleasant park and a quiet country mansion. This quiet country mansion is called 'Lumby Hall'; and men, women, and children bearing the name of Lumby have lived there almost from time immemorial. The Lumbies were always a solid household, reverencing the wisdom of our ancestors, and believing blood to be thicker than water. They were a quiet and inoffensive people; but they were known to be hard and implacable in enmity. If you had a Lumby for a friend—all the Lumbies were proud of this, and made it an honourable tradition, to be maintained at all hazards—you had a friend who would stick by you like a brother. But if you had a Lumby for an enemy—the Lumbies were proud of this also, and made an honourable tradition of it—you had to face an enemy not to be appeased or conciliated; a man relentless, unreasoning, who hated you root and branch, you and yours to the ninety-ninth relationship.

The elder Lumby had inherited this nature, and had transmitted it to his son. They both took a pride in it, and were pleased to think that it was English. That was old Lumby's sacred shibboleth. If the *Standard*—he was a staunch Conservative—told him that a thing was un-English, he voted against it in the House of Commons, in whose collective wisdom he furnished a unit. He liked good old English sports and pastimes; and without having a grain of vulgar cruelty in his nature, he would have welcomed the return of cock-shying and bull-baiting, simply because those sports were old-fashioned, and had once been popular in this island. He mourned over the gradual evanishment of the good old English penal laws; he drank unwittingly much good old English port. That, he believed, had a continental origin, and it was one of the few things he did not disdain on that account. He was not in the direct line of the good old, county house whose name he bore, but had inherited the estates from a childless uncle. The city Lumbies, of whom he was the head, had always been a little despised by the county Lumbies; but the county Lumbies

had died out, and the city branch ruled in their stead. Mr Lumby had gradually released himself from the toils of labour; and though he would not accept the position of a sleeping-partner, he had exercised of late years but little supervision over the doings of the firm, and was not much more than its nominal head, except that he drew the lion's share of its profits.

Gerard Lumby the younger, with whom this history has much to do, was cut by nature on the lines of the paternal pattern; but the world being thirty years older when he came into it than it had been at his father's birth, his social and political conservatisms were of a milder type. He walked homeward with the Yankee's odd-sounding name in his mind, and smiled to think of the quaint earnestness with which the fellow had promised help in any day of need. Taking the way by the lane, the youth whistled as he went, out of mere jollity and youth. By-and-by he was met by an open carriage, drawn by two handsome chestnuts, driven by a fat coachman, of rubicund countenance, who wore an exceedingly crisp and curly wig. The lane was so confined, that Gerard had either to retreat, or to mount a bank on one side or another. He chose the readier alternative; and laying his disjointed rod on the grass, he leaped upon the mound, caught a sturdy overhanging ash-branch, and waited for the carriage to go by. From this height of vantage, he saw that it had one occupant, a lady, who carried a sun-shade, and carried it in such a position that her face was hidden.

Now, Gerard knew, or supposed he knew, everybody who kept a carriage within ten miles; but this equipage was strange to him. A thing of that sort is matter of interest in the country, and he wondered who the lady might be. She, while yet a dozen yards away, saw from beneath her sunshade one of Gerard's feet swinging clear of the mound, in readiness to drop when the carriage should have passed; and coming out of the pretty silken shelter to see to whom the foot belonged, herself became visible. The average of beauty in these favoured islands is high, and Gerard had seen pretty faces in plenty. People who live in the west of England need not travel far to look for feminine charms; but Gerard had never seen anything to approach this new vision. She was charmingly dressed, but somewhat quaintly, and she wore a profusion of lace. So much Gerard could have told you, and no more, for he was as ignorant of millinery as I am. Her face was beautiful, and not with any merely common type of loveliness, but with that soft yet haughty splendour which belongs alone to some few Englishwomen, and is at once loftier and more charming than any form the Greeks have left us. Millais might have painted it, and made himself twice immortal; but no mere marble could have carried more than half its charm.

The lady at a guess might be twenty. Gerard was five-and-twenty. The unknown beauty shot one shaft at him in passing, and sent it barbed with a smile. A queenly little inclination of the head acknowledged the trouble the passing carriage gave him. Off came Gerard's hat in a moment, leaving his crisp curled hair and

frank forehead open to the view. With one foot planted on the grassy bank, and the other swinging loose, the strong brown left hand stretched freely out to grasp the bough—the attitude was as graceful as that of Mercury new lighted. The young lady's eyes regarded him with demure admiration for a second, and then she hid herself with her sunshade, and the sun seemed shaded from Gerard's eyes.

It is very natural for young men of five-and-twenty to fall in love; and it is in accordance with the decrees of Nature that some of them should do it suddenly, without prescience, premonition, or warning, and indeed in barefaced defiance of all likelihood. The ways of falling in love are as various as the natures of men and women. Some, of the critical, cautious, and unimaginative sort, are inclined to set down love at first sight as a figment of the poet's and the novelist's invention. But there is an actual moment of time—if it could only be caught—at which anything has its beginning; and though I, for one, have not much faith in the raptures of passion which take rise at a single glance, I nevertheless have seen enough of love and lovers to believe that even one glance may slay all chances of bachelorhood and spinsterhood in a pair of youthful lives. Here it was not two but one that fell, and even he did not now begin to guess that he was wounded.

Our youthful Gerard was not much of a hand at the poets and fictionists; and being hit with 'the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft,' took to wondering what was the matter. Had he been given to verse-making, he might have gone home to write a sonnet about his vision, and so have fanned love's little flame into a premature fire, which should have died for want of fuel. As it was, he took up his rod, and sauntered along the lane with the beautiful face before him, not consciously or intentionally recalling it, yet renewing his passing glimpse of it again and again, almost as if by actual sight. The queenly head just bent a little, the lovely face smiling, the violet eyes turned upwards, still holding him in sight while the head bowed—My poor Gerard, you are a smitten man. And who amongst us, from whose 'topmost head the thickset hazel dies,' would not have changed places with you, if it were but for a month or two, an hour or two, a mere five minutes, to be young again, and once again in love?

So Gerard strolled home, and the beautiful face bore him company. The broken-haired terrier hailed him with a voice of joy, and careered about him in wild circles; but meeting with no response to outspoken affection, followed disconsolately at a distance with his moist tail between his legs. Through the gates, with their crumbling pillars of gray stone bearing the Lumby arms, along the shady avenue, and across the trim-kept lawn, the beautiful face bore Gerard company. He sat down, and smoked a pipe in its society; but feeling, somehow, a little restless, he arose, and with no definite idea of action, strolled round to the stables.

'Gerard!' cried a pleasant girlish voice; and the young man turning, saw a pretty sight—a young lady, namely, of some eighteen years, fresh and bright and happy, with a face in which innocence and piquancy charmingly blended.

'Well, Milly?' said Gerard.

'We have had visitors this afternoon whilst you were away,' she said. 'Guess who they were.'

'Who were they?' asked Gerard languidly, trying to get up a show of interest.

'Guess,' she said.

Gerard, with his hands in his pockets, his hat drooping over one eye, and his pipe stuck in one corner of his mouth, looked like a protest against intellectual effort. But he responded gallantly to the challenge. 'Val Strange?'

'No.'

'Then I give it up,' said lazy Gerard.

'Guess again.'

'Milly,' said Gerard appealingly, 'don't you think it's too hot for guesswork? Who was it?'

'Our new neighbours,' said Milly, nodding gaily. 'Mr Jolly and his daughter. And, O Gerard, I think she's the most beautiful girl I ever saw! And she wore such lovely lace!'—Gerard flushed a little.—'And Mr Jolly,' pursued Milly with great vivacity, 'is a little man, with a face like a Normandy pippin—brown and shrivelled, you know. And they're going to give a big dinner and a ball, and we're all invited!'

'Great news, eh, Milly?' said Gerard.

'And,' said Milly, in breathless pursuit of her theme, 'they have such a coachman, Gerard, in such a wig, and a wonderful port-wine face like an old-fashioned vintner; and I'm so sorry you missed them, for they have only been gone an hour.'

Gerard had begun to put things together. Yet what had he to blush for? 'I met a young lady in a carriage just now,' he said; 'but she was alone.'

'Oh,' said Milly, 'Mr Jolly came on horseback. He is an old friend of the Mortons, and has gone to Daffin Head to see the General.'

'M—m,' said Gerard, blushing again, through all his assumption of indifference. 'Carriage I met was a landau. Pair of chestnuts, very handsome horses. Very fat coachman. Rather a pretty girl inside.'

'O Gerard!' cried Milly, 'what a shame to call her "rather pretty." She's beautiful. I never saw anybody half so lovely, even in a picture.'

'Perhaps,' said Gerard, making much pretence of cleaning the stem of his pipe with a stalk of grass—'perhaps I saw some other young woman.'

'"Young woman" indeed! Why, you know everybody else for miles.'—Ladies fire those quaint conversational double-shots at times. 'And I'm sure if I were a man, I should have fallen in love with her at first sight.'

'But being a young woman,' said Gerard, repeating the obnoxious phrase, 'your notions of manly conduct are not valuable.'

'Perhaps not,' said Milly. 'But I wish you had been here to meet them.'

'I shall see them at the feed,' said Gerard, still very busy with his pipe, and turning more than half away from Milly. What had he to blush for? It made him almost angry with himself that he should be so foolish.

'All you Oxford men are vulgar,' said Milly with decision. 'You speak of a dinner as though

you were horses. You call a ball "a hop," and you talk of money as "rhino" and the "stumpy." I wouldn't talk slang, if I were a man.'

'But being a young woman,' said Gerard, repeating himself, 'your notions of manly conduct are not valuable.'

'And, O Gerard!' exclaimed the young lady, 'it's my first ball; and will you practise the *deux temps* with me?'

'As much as you like,' said Gerard.

'Thank you,' said Milly. 'That is kind. The ball is this day six weeks; and I am to wear'—Then the young lady drove into millinery detail; and Gerard having conquered the imaginary obstacle in his pipe, recovered composure, and listened with a good-humoured smile, understanding nothing.

'And very nice you'll look in it,' he said; 'and I wish you lots of partners.'

'Aunt is going to return the visit this day week,' said Milly. 'I am going as well.'

'All right,' said Gerard.—'I say, Milly! I'm going up to town next week. There are jewellers in town. Who knows? I might find a bracelet, or a necklace, or a pair of earrings, or something of that kind. Eh?'

'O Gerard,' cried Milly, 'you are kind!'

'Not a word about it now,' said Gerard in grave badinage. 'The governor might stop my allowance if he heard of such extravagance. Mum's the word!'

Milly nodded with a grave face and sparkling eyes; and Gerard, with an answering nod of the head, strolled on to the stables. When he was alone again, the beautiful face came back to him, and he sauntered on solemnly, thinking of the coming dinner and the ball, and wondering with a surprising interest whether the young lady would remember him. He was absent-minded and silent through the quiet family dinner that evening, though Cupid's butt-shaft did not yet so rankle in him as to spoil his appetite. His mother, a sedate lady of six-and-forty, large and matronly, with honest gray eyes like Gerard's own, remarked his preoccupied looks; but his appetite appeased her fears. Mr Lumby senior was nursing his first gout, and was free from the toils of the House of Commons for the remainder of the session. He drank mineral waters at dinner; and though he looked with longing eyes at the decanters and the claret jug, he suppressed himself like a hero. Between Gerard's preoccupation and his sire's grievance at the mineral waters, the table was very silent.

'Father,' said Gerard suddenly, 'I think I shall ride over and see Val Strange to-night.'

'Why?' asked the elder briefly.

'Rupert is getting a little thick about the legs,' said Gerard, referring to his favourite horse. 'And it's just the night for a quiet ride. I left a portmanteau and dressing-case there, so that there's no need to take anything with me.'

'All right, my lad,' said Lumby senior heartily. 'Come back to-morrow.'

'Of course,' said Gerard; and having kissed his father and mother, he went his way. The good-night kiss in this old-fashioned household was a habit carried on between father and son from Gerard's childhood, and was always followed by a solemn shake-hands. Gerard did not kiss

his pretty little second-cousin, though perhaps you and I might have chosen Milly's lips in preference to those of Lumby senior. But possibly Milly might have resented us.

The blind boy's butt-shaft rankled, though ever so little. That curious longing for solitude, that almost unconscious desire to be alone with fancy, which assails the least imaginative of men under Love's earliest influences, was upon him. He started briskly enough; and Rupert's pace would have overtaken the halting Hiram's steps before the gates of the Manor House were reached; but Gerard had not gone far, when he suffered his half-formed dreams to run away with him. The reins dropped loose on the horse's neck. The swift trot became a leisurely walk. The shadows gathered closer, flowing on from the east in dim pursuit of the descending sun, and Gerard was in the narrow lane again waiting for the carriage to go by, and looking down for one brief second, a thousand times recalled, into a pair of wonderful violet eyes, that smiled and then were hidden.

But at this period of its existence, Love has its impatience, its little bursts of temper, and its sudden longings for swift motion, as well as its liking for dreams. Rupert, not being in his master's confidence, was astonished at the sudden dig of the spur; but after one angry curvet, he laid himself out for speed, and dashed along the level high-road at a rattling pace. He drew rein at the town, and went through its dimly lighted main street at a sufficiently sober pace; but he made Rupert lay himself out again along the stretch of road between town and Manor House, and had so roused the blood of the thoroughbred by this last spin, that he had as much as he could do to hold him in hand when he reached the darkened avenue.

'Look yere!' said a voice from the darkness. 'Say which side o' the way you want to hev, an' I'll take the other.'

'Is that you again?' asked Gerard, recognising the voice.

'Good-evenin', Colonel,' said Hiram, recognising Gerard in turn.

'You have delivered the letter? Or are you going now?'

'I hev been thar,' said Hiram, reminiscent of Dr Watts's hymns; 'but I cannot say I still would go.'

'Why not?' said Gerard. 'What's the matter?'

'Wal, Colonel,' returned Hiram, 'Mr Strange's flunkey is a deal too over-cooked for my taste.'

'What is the matter with him?' asked Gerard.

'If you're goin' thar,' returned Hiram, 'you can make inquiries into the natur' of his complaint yourself. An' it's like master like man, up thar, Colonel. I reckon, though, as you're another sort from that kind, an' I wish you good luck, sir, an' piles of it. Good-night.'

'Good-night,' said Gerard, and rode on.

Hoskins answered the bell in wrath, being persuaded that the tramp had returned. 'Well, now, what is it?' he demanded, opening the door and confronting the visitor with an air of lofty scorn. Then beholding Gerard, to whom he was indebted for countless tips, he abased himself inwardly, and made excuses. 'I beg your parding, sir,' said Hoskins with much humility; 'but there have been a very trying party ringing

at the bell, sir, on'y this minute, an' I fancied, sir, as 'ow 'e'd come back again. Beg parding, I'm sure, sir.—Mr Strange is in the billiard-room, sir. Shall I 'old the 'oss, sir?—Send him round to the stables? Yes, sir.'

Gerard entered the house, and made his way to the billiard-room. 'My American friend has been raising a shindy here,' he said to himself as he walked up the hall. Strange was making a stroke as Gerard entered the billiard-room, and there was a look half of vexation and half of comedy on his face. Hearing Gerard's step, he turned, and met him with a pleasant smile. 'Things were quiet at home,' said Gerard, 'and I felt inclined for a ride. I met my Yankee in the avenue; I suppose he delivered the note? Queer fish, isn't he?'

'Rather,' said Strange, looking half vexed again.—'Lumby, the man in the arm-chair is Reginald Jolly.—Rags, this is Gerard Lumby. You've heard me speak of him often.'

'Many a time,' said the little man.—'We're going to be neighbours, I believe.'

'I believe so,' said Gerard; and fell to wondering whether this could be the father or the brother of the young lady he had seen in the lane. Then remembering Milly's description of Jolly père as a little man with a face like a Normandy pippin—brown and shrivelled, he decided that this was not the father. The little man was bald enough to have been a grandfather; but his face was curiously young, and his age was a thing bewilderingly uncertain.

'I like your Yankee, Mr Lumby,' said the bald-headed little man, apparently unconscious of Gerard's scrutiny.

'I don't,' said Strange.

'What has he been doing?' asked Gerard. 'He doesn't seem to have agreed with Hoskins either.'

'Oh,' said Strange lightly, pausing on a stroke, 'he did a little high-comedy pretence of wounded feeling, and threw down a half-crown I gave him.'

'Pretence?' said the bald-headed man. 'Not a bit of it. He was real enough.' Hiram's defender then told the story, with a ludicrously close imitation both of the American and of Strange. 'Why should he throw half-crowns away?' asked the narrator. 'He hasn't many of 'em, I'll be bound. No, no, Val. The man was hurt, and he let out with a facer.—You know he was hurt, Strange, and you're sorry you said it. Come now; you know you are.'

'Rubbish!' said Strange.

But the little man insisted. 'Come now, Strange; you know you are.'

'Well, then,' said Strange, 'I am.—Will you have a game, Lumby?'

Gerard consented; and as the game went on, they fell to talk of other matters. It came out incidentally that the bald-headed man had been at Oxford during Gerard's last term there. 'He can't be younger than I am,' said the puzzled Gerard to himself. He began to fish delicately for an answer to his puzzle. 'We had a call this afternoon,' he said, 'from Mr Jolly and your'—He paused for the bald-headed man to fill up the blank.

'Grand-daughter,' said the bald-headed man.

This fairly staggered Gerard. 'I was away from home,' he began rather helplessly, when

Strange broke in with a shout of laughter. The little man smiled with cheerful self-approval, and took a drink.

'How old do you think he is?' cried Strange.

'Treat me respectfully, if you please,' said the little man with an air of dignity. 'I am one-and-twenty. I have arrived at man's estate.—It is a common fallacy, Mr Lumby,' he continued, rising, and addressing Gerard with much solemnity, 'that I am bald. This is not baldness,' laying his hand on the top of his shining head. 'It is forehead, sir; forehead.' Then he sat down again, and smiled in renewed self-approval. 'The lady,' he continued, 'who called this afternoon at Lumby Hall, was my sister Constance.'

Gerard went on with the game; and the little man resumed his big cigar. 'Constance,' said Gerard inwardly. 'A pretty name.' He liked it so well that he repeated it to himself. He thought the violet eyes looked faithful. 'Constance—constancy.' What nonsense was this? Why should the face so haunt his memory? Why should the name so cling to him? The three young men sat late together, and Gerard was dull and lively by curious fits and starts. He went to sleep remembering the violet eyes, and he dreamed of them.

ANCIENT EUROPEAN SAVAGES.

PART II.

THE celebrated caverns at Bruniquel, in the south of France, tell the same story in almost every particular as those of the Vézère. We have the bones and skulls of human beings imbedded in the stalagmite—of which, by the way, there is a large mass in the geological collection at South Kensington containing these poor remains of our predecessors. There we may see the identical bony cases of the brains whose intelligence was equal to the combat with and victory over the huge elephantine mammoth, with such rough weapons as could be fashioned from a flint stone by prolonged labour and no little skill. They also were no mean artists. With their flint knives they carved the figures of the reindeer and mammoth on long pieces of the horn and tusks of those animals; but always with an eye to utility as well as ornament; for the remainder of the material was worked to a sharp point, intended to be used as a dagger, the carved figure being that part grasped by the hand. They, too, ornamented pieces of reindeer horn with boldly drawn figures of horses; but there is no such thing to be found as a polished implement. Over these relics had accumulated a bed of stalagmite no less than five feet in thickness, which had remained untouched for ages, until it was broken up by French archaeologists.

Switzerland also affords evidences of a mammoth period and contemporary savages. In 1874, Herr Conrad Merk undertook to make a thorough exploration of a cavern in the Jura limestone at Kesslerloch near Schaffhausen, which had not been suspected to contain anything but some mould and the ashes of fires and rubbish left by wandering gipsies who occasionally used it. When the surface earth was removed, however, a stalagmite floor was laid bare, and beneath

this were found the now well-known signs of human occupation. This subsoil consisted of loam mixed with charcoal, and a great quantity of bones, evidently the result of long-continued feasting. About a ton and a half of the remains of mammoth, rhinoceros, reindeer, glutton, and other animals were collected, besides rough flint implements and bone weapons of the same type as those from the French caves. Every one of the large bones had been broken to get at the marrow. Round the numerous cooking-places were arranged flat slabs of stone, on which we may suppose the inhabitants sat during the day and slept by night, to avoid the damp floor. The ladies adorned themselves with tastefully made ornaments, earrings carved in bone, horn, and other substances, with shells and teeth drilled for a like purpose. If they pierced their ears, the operation must have been performed with a sharp splinter of bone, a method calculated to inflict considerable pain. But it is almost needless to observe that neither civilised people nor savages shrink from positive torture, when the object to be attained is that of enhancing their personal charms in accordance with the fashion of the time. The toilet was supplied with 'rouge' in the form of red peroxide of iron ground upon stone slabs, whose surfaces retain as fresh as ever the stain of this material, of which several lumps lay near them.

To the Kesslerloch people we must accord a very high place as artists, if not the highest among cave-men. Almost every animal familiar to them appears to have been made the subject of portraiture either by sculpture or by engraving. Thus, they embellished the handles of their short swords or daggers with figures of the horse, musk-ox, reindeer, &c. Particularly good is the drawing of a horse; and still more characteristic that of a reindeer grazing beside a river or lake, which, it seems, the draftsman has endeavoured to represent by a series of strong lines under its feet, crossed by others intended for grass or rushes. Efforts of this kind, far as they may fall short of our standard of art, betoken aspirations and an intelligence which we cannot but respect, when exhibited by a race whose time must have been fully engaged in providing the mere necessities of life. To the archaeologist, these figures have another significance. He sees in them the incontrovertible evidence of man's co-existence with animals which became extinct long before language had come to be expressed in its rudest and most primitive symbolical or written forms.

Although we in Great Britain cannot produce remains of equal interest with those on the continent, the caverns of Derbyshire, Yorkshire, and especially Devonshire, bear emphatic testimony to the presence of a people on the same level with respect to the arts, and familiar with the same animals. To Mr William Pengelly we owe the investigation of the Devonshire caverns and the description of their contents. He worked at this task with the utmost patience and industry for eight years, averaging five hours a day. Every shovelful of earth was carefully sifted, and each object as it was discovered was labelled with a number corresponding to a reference to its exact position in the deposits, that there should be no possible mistake about its com-

parative antiquity. So conspicuous an example of enthusiasm in the cause of science, and of conscientious pursuit of knowledge for its own sake, has rarely been given to the world. The conclusions arrived at have, consequently, a value in relation to archaeological research which it would be difficult to over-estimate. The accompanying table shows at a glance a sectional view of Kent's Cavern, Torquay, with the nature of its deposits, and the relics found in or beneath them, in the order of their succession from the surface downwards.

Black Mould.	Bones of existing Animals and Man; Bronze Articles and Pottery. The Romano-British Era.
Granular Stalagmite, averaging twenty inches thick. Black Band of Charred Wood and Bones. Soft Cave Earth.	Human Jaw. Implements of Bone and Stone. Bones of Rhinoceros, Mammoth, Reindeer, Great Elk, Grizzly Bear, Sabre-toothed Lion, and Hyæna. Bone Bodkin, Pin, and Harpoon.
Crystalline Stalagmite, averaging about three feet thick. Breccia.*	Bones of Cave-bear almost exclusively, and worked flints.

The solid bed of Limestone Rock.

The human jaw imbedded in the lower portion of the upper stalagmite floor is undoubtedly contemporary with the mammoth, &c. The cave, once flooded by the stream which ran through the valley, is now some seventy feet above the reach of water. It seems certain, then, that that amount of excavation has been done since the place was resorted to for shelter by the mammoth hunters. Generation after generation of men in all probability used it while this mass of material was accumulating; for even below the *lowest* stalagmite flooring are the works of their hands—namely, worked flints. From a consideration of these facts, we derive only a vague idea of the lapse of time, though at the same time they impress us with a sense of its vastness. Some nineteen centuries ago the Romans found these valleys in precisely the condition they present now. Between the metal and stone ages there is a great chasm of time, which history has done nothing to bridge. We can only regard with wonder the signs of the action of natural forces, whereby valleys have been scooped out, and races of animals mysteriously extinguished, without the ability to apply to these events any of our measures of time.

The south-west of England wears a totally different aspect to-day from that which it presented to our savage predecessors. Not only have the valleys been excavated from seventy to one hundred feet, but the waters of the ocean now sweep over forests which in these old days flourished on the shores of Cornwall. This we learn from an examination of the strata

* Breccia, namely angular fragments of limestone rock cemented by an enveloping paste.

penetrated by mining shafts. At Carnon and Pentuan the shafts passed through strata in which were submerged forests, with the stumps of trees standing erect in the soil where they grew, implying a large subsidence of the shores in this district. The uppermost twenty feet of the soil at Pentuan consists of river sand and gravel, with sea-sand just below it extending for fifteen feet, and containing the bones of whales, marine shells, &c. Deeper still is a forest bed with the bones of deer and oxen and human skulls; and deepest of all, another forest, nearly sixty feet from the surface, with oyster-shells attached to the tree-stumps. These conditions clearly indicate an extremely gradual movement of subsidence. First the old land surface must have subsided without disturbing the position of the trees. Then the sea washed over it, accumulating a great mass of sand; and, with another geological change, twenty feet of mud, &c. was laid upon the spot by a river. We cannot possibly picture to ourselves the character of the country as seen by those old-world folks who once gazed upon Cornish scenery; and since then, some thirty-five feet of material has been piled above their last resting-place. The coastline, the disposition of hill and valley, and the direction of the streams, must have been so completely changed, that a map of the past physical geography of the locality would present features at total variance with its appearance to-day. Could those ancient savage inhabitants of Devonshire and Cornwall revisit the scenes once so familiar to them, they would find themselves in a strange country, bereft of many a landmark with which they had been acquainted.

We need only refer to the Yorkshire and Derbyshire caverns to remark, that the association of man with extinct animal forms is equally clearly made out there, as elsewhere. Whether British savages were as competent artists as those of the Vézère and Kesslerloch, there are as yet few opportunities of judging. The roughly etched outline of the head and fore-quarters of a horse, from Robin Hood's Cave, Derbyshire—the only considerable known attempt at pictorial illustration—does not convey a favourable impression of early British art.

This brief survey of the discoveries in European caverns admits of some very definite conclusions. It has been found convenient, in accordance with the facts, to give a distinctive title to one of these early periods of human existence—namely, the 'Mammoth Period.' It presents identical characteristics in all localities, and denotes the universal presence of the elephantine monster, usually of the reindeer and cave-bear, and sometimes of the rhinoceros, sabretoothed lion, and glutton, associated with the works of man. All the weapons and implements are rough-hewn. There is a 'family likeness' in these, and in the bone weapons, which indicate a uniform level of intelligence and similar conditions of life. The efforts in art attain much the same standard, and both the tools and materials employed were alike; moreover, animals familiar to the designer, but unknown to us in the flesh, are portrayed. Finally, there is no pottery, no sign of spinning or weaving, and not a solitary implement which could be used for agricultural purposes. So far as their

bones enable a judgment to be formed, the mammoth hunters were not inferior in physical powers or cranial capacity to many existing wild races—with one or two exceptions. The celebrated Neanderthal skull does, however, exhibit most remarkably the characters of an extremely low human type.

The next period in unwritten European history which we have to consider differs very materially from the former. After the extinction of the mammoth and his companions, there is every reason to believe a marked change took place in the climate, though no doubt this was brought about by slow degrees, and might have extended over as many centuries as all the dynasties of China. The people who succeeded the cave-dwellers were not only far advanced, comparatively speaking, in the arts, but they lived in artificial dwellings, and had exchanged the rude habits of the hunter for pastoral and agricultural pursuits. Contemporary with, or perhaps anterior to these last, were the 'midden-makers,' whom we know only by certain large refuse heaps termed 'kitchen-middens,' abounding in Scandinavia, and found also in Scotland and more remote parts of the world. Every one who is acquainted with the country districts of these civilised British Isles has seen a midden on a small scale outside many a cottage door. That heap of cinders and rubbish, if carefully sifted and examined, would reveal with tolerable certainty the villager's condition in life. We should learn from the fragments of bone, and possibly from the shells of whelks and periwinkles, what he ate; and scraps of broken crockery, a rusty knife-blade, and such trifles would let us into the secret of the *ménage*. The midden-making habit will indeed never be eradicated. It survives everywhere in the form of the dust-bin, the highest civilised expression of an ancient institution; and it would surely reappear in its pristine nastiness before the door of every house in the alleys of our great cities, if their inhabitants were left to their own devices. Thanks, however, to the uncleanly practice, we learn from these great middens, composed of mussel, oyster-shells, &c., with here and there a scrap of rough pottery and a more or less polished stone implement, that large village communities established themselves on the shores of the Baltic Sea, and probably dwelt in mud huts. An indolent, but by no means unintelligent race this would seem to have been, secure in their freedom from the attacks of large carnivorous animals; while the climate permitted them to pass much of their time in temporary habitations, or even in the open air. There can be no doubt that since these mounds were raised on its shores, the bed of the Baltic Sea has undergone a very considerable alteration; and a greater volume of fresh water now enters it than when the midden-makers feasted on the oyster, cockle, mussel, and periwinkle. Nature herself has left us unimpeachable testimony to this. All the shells in the mounds are of full growth; indicative of thoroughly salt ocean water, in which only can these molluscs attain their complete development; whereas the shells of the same species living in those waters now reach but a third of the natural size, owing to the admixture of fresh water. The Baltic, then, either has not at present so free a communi-

cation with the ocean, or the volume of fresh water delivered into it is very much greater. Whichever alternative we accept, some efficient geological cause has evidently brought about conditions of existence for these shell-fish so unfavourable to them as almost to lead to their extinction; and this, we know, is an extremely slow process.

The last and in all respects the most advanced of European savages were the 'lake-men.' They are even entitled to rank as barbarians who have travelled some distance on the road towards civilisation. The discovery of the singular lake-dwellings or villages in Switzerland, led to the search for them elsewhere, with the result that the habitations of these people were found in lakes or estuaries in France, Austria, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland. In principle of construction they differ little, though there is some variety of shape, the usual form being rectangular, while in some cases it is circular. They were in effect wooden huts with walls of 'wattle' or interlaced boughs, plastered with clay, and thatched with reeds and rushes. For the sake, probably, of security, they were raised on piles in the shallower parts of the lake, and sometimes connected with the shore by a causeway, built in the same fashion as the platform on which the hut itself stood, with transverse beams laid across the piles. The piles consisted usually of round poles, sharpened to a point by burning or by chopping with a stone axe, and driven into the soft bed of the lake. Great skill was exhibited in more than one example by the mortise and tenon work employed in joining the timbers; but the cross-poles were more commonly laid on the ends of the piles, and kept in place by wooden pegs. Little else but the ruins of these structures remain in the bed of the lakes to tell us the history of their inhabitants—a history, nevertheless, clearly enough established by the numerous relics to be found on the sites of the dwellings.

We have now left the age of rough and unpolished weapons far behind, together with the strange animals of the mammoth period, and have entered upon a new era of progress—an era marked by the existence of polished implements. Much of the people's time must have been passed in fishing, as testified by the bone hooks and nets made of hempen cord, though agricultural and pastoral occupations seem to have engaged their attention even more fully. Not only do the bones and horns assure us of the domestication of the ox, sheep, goat, and pig; but the refuse of these animals shows conclusively that they were herded on the causeways, or in pens near the edge of the water, while the faithful dog guarded the flocks of these primitive farmers.

Simple as the domestic life of the lake-dwellers was, there were in it some of the leading elements of civilisation. The common use of pottery, the woven fabrics, sometimes embroidered with tasteful designs, and the hearths composed of slabs of stone, present to our minds a picture of household comfort, with suggestions even of refinement. The men tended the fields of wheat and barley, and stored the grain in their huts, leaving to the women the task of pounding it in stone querns, and preparing cakes, of which portions resembling the Scottish 'bannock' have been

found among the ruins of their homes. The 'crannoges' of the British Isles differed from the Swiss lake-dwellings in some particulars of construction, and must have been inhabited at a period when the use of metals had already become known. Inasmuch as about two hundred of these lake settlements have been explored in Switzerland alone—and almost all belong to the 'neolithic' or later stone age, of polished weapons, &c.—it is evident that that country was fairly well populated. The social intercourse, division of labour, and industrial pursuits of such communities separate them by a long interval from the primitive mammoth hunters. Here, at all events, were the outlines of civilisation. That one important step had been taken—the cultivation of the earth—whence all the permanent advancement of the human race has sprung all over the globe.

It might be supposed, then, that it would be possible to connect these people with the history of Europe; but there is no warrant for bringing them within its range. Caesar, our earliest informant on the condition of this part of the world, makes no mention in his description of Helvetia, as he named Switzerland, of these remarkable dwellings, which could not have escaped the observation of his soldiery, and certainly would not have been left unnoticed by so careful a writer. Had such an omission been possible, however, Tacitus, writing about a century later from the most complete sources of information, would have supplied it. In fact, these settlements had disappeared at least fifty years B.C., and probably very much earlier than that. The men conquered by the Roman legions were well acquainted with the use of metals, and lived in twelve towns and four hundred villages upon the land. They were either the descendants of the lake-dwellers, or a race who had invaded the country and supplanted them. In any case, we are compelled to admit no insignificant lapse of time for the change of habit, and that advance in material progress, which had been attained when we first obtain a glimpse of the Helvetii in Caesar's pages.

Notwithstanding the evidence philology presents of the Caucasian origin of the Teutonic races, and of a great movement of immigration into Western Europe, some remnants of the lake-dwellers—themselves possibly descendants of the cave-men—may have survived, and have become absorbed into the Aryan stream of population. In that event, the most powerful and intelligent nations of the modern world would have in their veins an admixture of the blood of those men, whose condition, when their lake settlements flourished, was in no respect superior to, and in all essentials identical with that of the existing lake-dwellers of the Philippine Islands and New Guinea.

THE STORY OF AN OLD COAT.

IN TEN EPISODES.

VII.

A CERTAIN loathsome lodging-house, situated in a back slum, whither we must now repair, was nothing else but a nest of thieves—wretched, ill-clad, hungry thieves; outcasts from the more sturdy and bolder ranks of crime; despised by the clever burglar who took his fifty or hundred

pounds worth of 'swag' at a haul; ignored and disowned by the dashing swell-mobman or the accomplished pickpocket. These poor creatures were only stall-lifters and area-sneaks—men, women, and children who were willing to risk the terrible punishments of the law for sixpence. A number of them were assembled in an underground back kitchen, discussing the good and bad luck of the day. They separated themselves into little groups of twos and threes, and established temporary partnerships on the basis of uniting their pilferings and 'going whacks' in the profit.

Presently the door opened, and a man with a detestably cunning expression of face, and having a stumpy horse-whip in his hand, entered the room.

'Well, my lads and lasses, how are you all getting along?' he said. 'I was just driving round this way, so I thought I'd give you a look in. Got anything in my line to-day?' He walked round, and rapidly inspected the various little piles of articles presided over by the respective 'firms.'

'You're a-picking,' grumbled one lean and tattered *chevalier d'industrie*; 'and it ain't fair.'

'I allus pick, and pays extry for it—yer know I do,' replied the dealer. 'I on'y wants boots and clothes—nothing else ain't no good to me; not at a gift.'

Having selected sundry odds and ends; and having paid for them, after considerable haggling, out of a big bag of silver and copper, he stuffed his purchases pell-mell into a canvas sack and carried them off. At the top of the street he mounted a clumsy cart, drawn by a melancholy pony in a decline. A drive of about an hour and a half took him to the other end of London, where his destination was a dingy shop with the announcement—'Marine Stores—Wardrobes bought and sold.'

With the assistance of his 'old woman' and his 'two gals,' the contents of the canvas sack were re-examined and appraised. Among other things, it contained the coat that Shortmiles had lost a few hours before.

Some days later, a stout and comfortable-looking old gentleman, with benevolent blue eyes and an amiable double-chin, stepped cheerfully into the 'Stores,' followed by a thin man, whose more than shabby exterior and general appearance of extreme depression proclaimed that he was very hard down on his luck.

'Have you got such a thing as a strong warm topcoat?' inquired the stout gentleman.

'A topcoat?' said the dealer suspiciously. 'What sort of a coat do you mean? Do you want to buy one, hey?'

'Of course, I do. Do you think I shall ask you to make me a present of one? I want a coat that will fit this man here. Anything that's warm and tidy will suit.'

'Oh, werry well; then I think I can show you just the harticle you'll like;' and the wary dealer, feeling he was safe, produced the garment whose adventures it is our business to trace.

In the end, the stout gentleman paid for it, and the thin man wore it, an arrangement which was mutually satisfactory.

'Now, Reeves,' observed the former, as they

quitted the shop, 'you said you could get a good job at once, if you only had your tools out of pledge and a coat to cover you. Here is the money for the tools—fifteen shillings. Take them. And may God prosper you, my man; may God prosper you!'

Two big tears coursed slowly down the rough cheeks of the mechanic, as he grasped for a moment the extended hand of his benefactor. 'I'll never forget this, sir—never!' he murmured in a broken voice. 'It ain't for the likes of me to ask your name and who you are; nor yet to offer to pay you back when better times come to me—as they will now, as they will now. But you've saved me from worse than death this night, sir. Believe me, I never raised my finger to take what didn't belong to me afore. It was only want and desperation that ever gave the devil a chance to put it in my head. I shall get work now, thanks to you; and I'll be an honest man still, as I always have been.'

'Yes, yes; of course you will,' said the old gentleman, nodding his head in friendly assent, while his kind mild blue eyes glistened moistly under the gas-lamp. 'And look here, Reeves; if ever you get better off, and come across a poor man in want of a little help, you help him, Reeves, d'ye see—you help him!'

VIII.

The blessing which the good Samaritan had invoked upon the man he had saved from disgrace and misery, came down upon him. Reeves prospered. Bit by bit, his cottage grew into a cosy home, that he loved more and more every day; his children became plump and rosy-cheeked; and his wife bright-eyed and happy. But in all this new-born prosperity, the grateful mechanic never forgot his true friend's parting injunction to be tender to others in distress. It will only be necessary to mention one occasion upon which he succeeded in imitating, very closely, the sublime example of magnanimous charity that had been his own salvation.

Reeves was returning from work. It was rather late; and what few people were about were hurrying out of the blinding sleet and piercing blast as fast as their legs could carry them, and that was at no remarkable speed, on account of the atmospheric opposition they encountered. At one moment, the wind suddenly increased to the fury of a hurricane, and compelled Reeves to seek temporary shelter in a friendly doorway. He was not alone there. Some one else had adopted the principle of 'any port in a storm.' It was a man—gaunt, hollow-cheeked, ill-clad, shivering, and miserable.

'What a fearful night—ain't it?' observed Reeves, in a gentle voice.

'S'pose it is. I don't care; it's all the same to me,' returned the man hoarsely.

'I don't want to be rude,' continued Reeves, in the same tones of sympathy, 'but you seem to be hard up. I've been in the same case myself, and I can pity you. I'm only a working man, and I know what hard times mean.'

'It ain't that alone what's the matter with me, mate; although you're right, so far. It would puzzle anybody to be wuss off than I am just now. But it's sorer that's a-killing me,

more than want. I'm a-dying, mate, that's what I am.'

'Come, come; don't talk like that; you'll feel better after a good supper and a comfortable night's rest. And I've got a bob or two as will pay for them.'

'You're a man—a true brick! It does a chap good to speak to the like of you. I thought the breed had died out. But it ain't suppers and nights' rests what'll give me back my wife. I want my wife! I've been hunting for her high and low all over London, from one end to the other, for the last six months. And I can't find her. I can't come across her nohow. O Mary, Mary! why did you run away from us?—why did you leave me and the children when we was so fond of you. You know we was! Why did you go?' He leant his forehead against the rough bricks, and wailed forth the agony of his breaking heart, unconsciously. Presently, he drew himself up and shook his emaciated fist in fierce rage. 'Curses!' he cried—'a million black, bitter curses on the man as 'ticed her from me! If I had him by the throat now—so, like that—I'd tear him limb from limb!'

For some time Reeves said nothing. He felt he was in the presence of a trouble which no words of his could assuage. But by-and-by, when the poor fellow's passion had spent itself, he ventured: 'Look 'e here, friend. You'll find your wife one day, either on earth or in heaven. God pardons such weak, misguided creatures as she; and if you should never meet her *here*, you will *there*, depend on it. You don't know how she has suffered; you don't know how she has repented; you don't know how her fault may have been blotted out and her sins forgiven. Mate, I sha'n't say anything more about it, because I can't help you in that matter. But I can do so in another. When I get home, I shall find a bright cheerful fire, plenty to eat and drink, and a warm change of clothes. You won't have such luck as that. The togs you've got on now wouldn't be much use to you in summer, let alone such a night as this. I'm going to leave you my overcoat—that's what I'm going to do. It ain't elegant; but it will stand a thundering lot of wear yet; and it's warm and waterproof. Here, catch hold of it,' continued Reeves, divesting himself of the garment, and throwing it over the man's shoulders. 'Don't mind me. I can buy another to-morrow, thank God. You'll find three or four bob in the left side-pocket; get yourself a glass of something hot, a jolly good supper, and a clean shake-down.—No thanks, old chap; I'm not used to 'em. Good-bye, and good luck to you. I'm off!' Suiting the action to the word, Reeves darted out of the doorway, and quickly disappeared from view down an adjoining street.

A quarter of an hour later, the recipient of the generous mechanic's bounty was recruiting his exhausted frame with half a pork pie, and a pint of hot ale strongly flavoured with ginger. While he was disposing of this, to him, delicious fare, his eyes rested upon a ten-days-old newspaper, that chanced to lie on the bar of the public-house in which he stood. All at once a gray, ashy hue overspread his face; the knife slipped from his trembling grasp; with shaking fingers he seized the paper, and gazed at one

short paragraph with such an expression of horror and despair, that the barman on the other side was startled, and said: 'What's the matter? Are yer ill?'

'Read that for me,' replied the man wildly. 'I can't see—I feel as if I were going blind. Read that.'

The barman took the journal and read at the place indicated: '*Found Drowned*.—The body of a woman, aged about thirty, and evidently belonging to the poorer classes, was yesterday taken out of the Thames, near Woolwich. She had on an old cloth jacket, much worn; common black alpaca dress; jean petticoat; coloured stockings; and buttoned boots, rather dilapidated. Is marked with a small scar over the right eyebrow. In the pocket were found a leather purse containing fourpence in coppers, and a bit of card that had evidently been written upon, although the words "Joe" and "forgive" were alone legible. The body had suffered from long immersion. It was taken to the mortuary.'

'Thank you,' said the man mechanically, passing his hand over his clammy brow.

'It don't mean trouble to you, I hope?' asked the barman feelingly.

'I'm Joe,' replied the other, as he staggered to the door and left the house.

He walked on and on, quite heedless of the mingled rain and snow, that blew in gusty torrents from every point of the compass. Other pedestrians might grumble bitterly, or swear savagely, at finding themselves out in such uncharitable weather. This man could scarcely have told whether it was mid-summer or mid-winter. He didn't care. All weathers were the same to him now. It was late when he found himself on Westminster Bridge; and it was quite deserted. Deliberately he climbed one of the centre buttresses and stood outside the parapet, gazing into the dark abyss beneath. Then he took off the coat which Reeves had given him a few hours before, folded it up tightly, and flung it back on to the bridge. 'I won't waste that,' he muttered. 'Some other poor un may pick it up and be glad of it. That kind-hearted chap said as how I should one day meet Mary on earth or in heaven. I know where to find her now; but it isn't *here*.' He crouched down, and then suddenly sprang forward. The gloom swallowed him up. The waters closed for ever over him.

IX.

The coat experienced a few rapid and uneventful changes of ownership, after this, in the way of being bartered and sold 'in the trade.' Within a week, it became the property of a gentleman who never saw it, or even knew of its existence. The gentleman had a large house at Notting Hill, employed men-servants and maid-servants, owned horses and carriages, used massive silver plate at his six o'clock dinner, and was treated with marked respect by his bankers in Lombard Street. He also had an extensive warehouse in the city, where he carried on a highly remunerative business as an 'exporter of second-hand wearing apparel.' He was a big merchant. His books showed many thousand pounds a year net profit. But his grandfather had tramped

the streets of London with three or four hats on the top of his head, and a sack slung over his shoulder, as he sang out 'Ole clo'!' at regular intervals, like the minute-gun at sea. There were people who could recollect it.—Strange, that there always should be people whose memories are so terribly distinct upon any subject we most particularly wish to relegate to oblivion. The gentleman of Notting Hill disliked any reference to the 'founder of the firm.' He felt strangely ashamed of his ancestor, dead and gone. There is a mighty difference, thought he, between walking about to pick up a few shabby garments here and there, and buying them wholesale by hundreds and thousands, to be packed in heavy bales, 'marked and numbered as per margin,' and shipped to the uttermost ends of the earth!

X.

We are now going across the sea, on the lightning wings of fancy. We want to look up some old friends of ours and find out how they are getting on. It will be recollected that Mark Roper, with his wife Pattie and their baby, emigrated to Australia, there to court that better fortune which had persistently refused to smile upon them in the 'land of their birth. Three years have passed since they first set foot upon the shores of the new country with a capital consisting of a very small amount of money and a very large amount of pluck. The latter has stood them in good stead, as it will anybody who only makes up his mind to rely upon it steadily. Pluck is one of the best substitutes for more substantial property that a man can possess. Mark found it so. At first, he had a very rough, uphill battle to fight. Circumstances let him have one or two powerful slaps 'straight from the shoulder,' just to try what metal he was made of. He always gave forth the true ring and came up smiling. Then circumstances turned round in a friendly manner, patted him approvingly upon the back, and said: 'You'll do!' And he did do, as well as he could wish, and far better than he expected. He has thrown over his original trade long ago, and is part owner of a small sheep-run 'up country.' His home—surrounded by a large and well-cultivated garden—is a cottage built of logs and corrugated zinc; rather rough to look at outside; but exceedingly bright and cosy, if we give a peep at the interior, as we shall take the liberty of doing.

Pattie is there, busily preparing a supper of unusual abundance. She expects her husband home to-night, after an absence of six days. He has been to Melbourne, where he will endeavour to pick up two or three steady young fellows to work on the 'run,' as their stock is increasing, and more help is required. Very different does the young wife look now, compared with when we saw her stretched upon the pallet in Cribble Street, Mile End, sipping the parish gruel. She has changed into a comely, blooming woman, with a glow of health and contentment upon her face most pleasant to behold. 'Baby' Pattie sits on a high chair at the table, watching her mother's culinary operations with great intentness, and trying to dip her little fingers into everything within her reach. In the corner is a cradle,

where a pretty boy of twelve months reposes quietly, with his great blue eyes wide open, staring at the ceiling, and exhibiting a perfectly philosophic indifference to the rattle of plates, pots, and pans, mingled with the incessant chatter of his sister.

By-and-by, the wife's attentive ear caught the sound of wheels. She flew to the door, and saw a wagon, drawn by a pair of strong horses, rapidly approaching. Directly she appeared, the man who was driving gave the reins in charge of another, leaped to the ground, and ran to meet her. It was Mark Roper. He caught her in his arms and kissed her. To see this happy pair, you would have thought they had been parted for years instead of for days. They loved each other as fervently as ever.

When the wagon drew up near the door, Mark introduced the two young men he had engaged at Melbourne; and then they proceeded to unpack and carry into the dwelling a number of tools, implements, bundles, and parcels—the last named containing household comforts and necessities, such as people supply themselves with in quantities, when they live nearly two hundred miles away from the principal town, to which they can only pay very occasional visits. After a gigantic supper had been disposed of, the two new 'helps,' weary with their long journey, retired to rest; and Mark and his wife settled themselves down for a quiet chat upon affairs in general, particularly their own.

'What a lot of clothes you have brought!' said Pattie, as she examined a motley heap of garments before her.

'Yes,' observed Mark. 'We shall want them all. The fresh hands have plenty of rough work before them, and will wear them out soon enough, I warrant.'

'Here is a great ugly heavy coat. Whom do you intend this for?'

'Oh, that—they threw it in cheap, so I took it. It will serve somebody a turn in the rainy season.'

'The lining wants coming out; it is all going to pieces,' she remarked, taking up her scissors and snipping away at some loose rags.—'Hullo! What's this!'

'What's what?' inquired Mark, over the tankard he was lifting to his lips.

'This! There is another lining underneath, and something stitched inside it.'

'Rip it open, then, my dear.'

No sooner said than done. In another moment Pattie drew forth a thin oil-skin envelope and laid it on the table.

'What's in that, I wonder?' cried Mark, holding it up to the light. 'Paper of some kind, I can see. Slit it open gently with a knife, girl. Don't tear anything. Be careful.'

'It's bank-notes!' exclaimed Pattie, pale with excitement. 'Look! One, two, three, four, five.'

'By Jove! so they are. Five Bank of England notes for—for— Why, Pattie, they're for a thousand pounds apiece!' The rustling wealth shook in his trembling hand as he spoke.

'And here is something else, Mark—a bit of paper with writing upon it. What does it all mean?'

'Read it,' said her husband.

Thus it ran: 'Whoever finds this money—five thousand pounds—may keep it. I give it to them freely. It's all mine, and got honestly. (Signed) JAMES GELSWORTHY.'

'Uncle's money!' cried Pattie, gasping with astonishment.

'And your uncle's coat!' added Mark in the same tone. 'I remember it well now, torn and dirty as it is. I might have known it by the buttons. To think—only to think that it should have come back to us again, when I sold the whole concern more than three years ago for fifteen shillings!'

THE ROARING GAME.

CURLING is now such a general winter game, that most of our readers must be more or less familiar with it. For the sake of the uninitiated, we would, however, explain—as indeed we have explained on former occasions; see, for instance, *The Rival Lairds—Chambers's Journal*, April 27, 1878—that it is a game played with stones on the ice, somewhat in the same manner as bowling is played on the green. It is played either on a natural loch, or on ponds specially prepared for the purpose. Each stone is shaped like a cheese, and smoothly polished on the under side, with a handle on the upper side. They vary in weight, according to the strength and fancy of the player, from thirty to fifty pounds. The game is generally played with four on each side; each player being furnished with two stones, and a besom for sweeping the ice, and thus accelerating the progress of the stones in their passage up the rink towards a mark called the tee. A stone is played alternately on each side. The piece of ice on which a game is played is called the rink. At each end there is a central mark, named the 'tee,' with concentric rings around it, for convenience of determining shots. Towards the tee at each end the stones are alternately played, as in ordinary bowling on a lawn, and the stone nearest the tee counts a shot gained, or, if several stones belonging to one side lie nearest the tee, these count for the side.

The player, in order to insure a steady grip for his feet, delivers his stone from a notch made in the ice, or from a piece of sheet-iron termed the 'cramp,' generally forty yards distant from the tee towards which he is playing. At the head of each side there is a 'skip,' who gives directions to his players, and plays after the other three men on his side have delivered their stones. Besides the skip and the one who is playing, there are other two on the same side in the game, who, if required, sweep, as we have already indicated, in front of the stone, to accelerate its progress towards the tee.

There are many points in the game, such as drawing, guarding, striking, and wicking, which require very great skill, and which only curlers can appreciate. The game may be played either for a certain specified time, or until one side gains a certain specified number of shots. While eight players are all that are required for one rink, curling clubs generally have many rinks engaged at one time. Many parishes have their parish clubs, and play matches or bonspiels against each other. Medals are generally played for annually by the members of each club, and

friendly contests are engaged in by rival clubs and districts; while in Scotland the great curling event is the match between the north and south, under the auspices of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club.

When a black frost has been keen for two or three nights, the curling pond becomes the great centre of attraction. The natural loch, as a rule, forms ice most free from bias. Keen curlers can scarcely restrain themselves till the ice is in perfect order, and often snatch scratch games on ice that is insecure, lest the frost should prove fickle. When the ice has become sufficiently strong, in many districts all other duties and occupations are forsaken, and every one who can handle a stone and a besom, repairs to the curling-pond. With eager anxiety the morning dawn is watched. By many, a hurried breakfast is made, so eager are they for play. The scene, the gathering, and the enthusiasm are such as can be seen nowhere else,

When hill and valley, dale and doon,
Ring wi' the social band.

The rinks are soon made, as a rule parallel to each other, forty yards in length. When the tees, the rings, the hacks, and other necessary marks have been made, the rinks are swept from end to end, and play begins. Cautiously, and with less of demonstration, the first few ends are played, till enthusiasm warms up, and banter and more noisy demonstration are awakened.

There are certain expressions and phrases that are common to the whole curling fraternity; but each district has some peculiar phraseology of its own; and almost every club has one or more members who are noted for their ready wit and appropriate mirth-stirring remarks. A bonspiel is a source of rarest enjoyment to keen curlers, and is scarcely less interesting or amusing to spectators who understand the game. While the game is, in more senses than one, proverbially a slippery one, yet this only adds to its interest. But here, as in all things else, skill and knowledge will, as a rule, bring success. A most pleasant characteristic of curling is, that betting has never to any great extent been associated with it. The main stakes, if any, are coals or meal for the poor, or beef and greens for victors and vanquished.

Until within the last few years curling was an essentially Scottish pastime. As far as can be ascertained, the first mention of the game is made by Camden in his *Britannia*, published in 1607. When speaking of the island of Copinsha, he says that there are 'found on it plenty of excellent stones for the game called curling.' As this notice shows that the game must then have been somewhat widely known, we may safely conclude that in the sixteenth century, if not prior to that era, it must have been practised in Scotland. The game might very naturally take its rise among masons. When they gathered for their work, and found that the frost prevented them, they might naturally amuse themselves by throwing or rolling stones along the ice to some object. They would at first select some stones naturally adapted for the purpose; then by-and-by they would shape and polish them. Masons, in many instances, are still the keenest as well as the best curlers. This may arise partly from the fact,

that in frosty weather, when their normal work is impracticable, they have more leisure for practising the game, and partly from the training of the eye and hand which their daily occupation gives to them.

The old name for curling is *Kuyting*, and in all probability the game at first was more like quoiting on the ice. Some old stones that still exist seem to favour this view, both from their size and shape, and from having a niche for the finger and thumb. These would seem to have been thrown rather than skimmed along the ice. In the Carse of Gowrie there is a model of a curling-stone in silver, which tradition says was given by James IV., himself a keen curler. As far as we know, the oldest curling-stone is one found at Dunblane, bearing date 1551. Now, James IV. was killed at Flodden in 1513, thirty-eight years before that date. Another old stone was found in a wall near Torphichen, bearing date 1611. During the past year, when taking down 'Maggie Osborne's House' in Ayr, the workmen came upon a very old stone, a huge oval piece of granite, with a hole for the handle, and polished by friction on the ice. This stone may have been in the wall for several centuries.

As might naturally be expected, the stones of olden times were of rather a rude character, and quite innocent of that modern invention of double soles—the one 'keen,' and the other 'dour.' Specimens still exist of the 'three-neuked' stones, formed like a cocked hat. Some old stones seem to have been rare runners and rare wearers. Almost every club has some specimen or some traditions of its old curling-stones and its old mighty curlers. Some families are quite noted for their curling prowess; and occasionally a rink, composed of the members of one family, have proved the most formidable to meet. The present generation must regard itself as but a degenerate race when it hears or reads of the weights of the stones which its forefathers played. In the Lochmaben Club there is a very ancient stone called the 'Hen,' about seventy pounds' weight, of rather an uncouth appearance. She was reputed to have had a kind of instinct by which she would get on to the *tee*; and having got there, she at once 'clocked,'* and almost refused to be moved. It is reported that on one occasion a very strong player was in the act of throwing a stone of about seventy pounds' weight, when the skip countermanded his orders; and while waiting for new directions, simply held his stone at arm's-length in the air, and then played it to the mark. In the possession of the Cupar-Angus Club we read of stones, 'Black Meg,' sixty-six pounds; 'Fluke,' seventy-two pounds; 'Cog,' eighty pounds; 'Suwaroff,' eighty-four pounds; and while these were allowed to be played, there was one prohibited, 'The Saut Backet,' one hundred and sixteen pounds—a clocking hen, indeed! There must have been 'giants in those days.'

As every good curler is aware, there is a great art in the delivery of the stone; and every player, to be successful, must learn to stand naturally in delivering it, so that the stone may leave the hand without any friction or 'hanging.' Any one who begins by soling his stone well, will

almost to a certainty become a good player. The player should invariably keep his eye on the besom or object for which he is playing, and not look at his feet, or stone, when delivering it, or he will certainly make many mistakes and misses.

Good curlers are well aware of the effect which the turn of the wrist—for the purpose of giving a rotatory as well as a forward motion to the stone—at the moment of delivery, exerts upon the running of the stone; and they use 'out-turn' or 'in-turn,' according to the necessities of the game. This at first is a little perplexing, but it is soon learned. It should be done entirely by the wrist, and not by twisting the whole arm. Unless a stone has a turn given to it when it leaves the hand, it will almost certainly assume one, and it will be a mere matter of accident which turn it will take, and thereby deviate from its true aim. As the stone rotates, there is a certain amount of friction that takes it more and more to the side, in the direction in which it is rotating. And when the stone is played, allowance has to be made for this by the skip, who, when he gives his directions, makes the player 'borrow' so much ice. By this twist of the wrist, biases in the ice can also be very much overcome; and the player who with either turn can calculate aright, will often thus take shots that would otherwise be impossible.

In a keen game, every player feels as if the game depended on each shot that he plays. The Lead is one of the most important positions in the game, and should, if possible, be intrusted to an old and steady player. Sweeping is a most essential part of the game; and good sweepers are invaluable. They should be entirely at the word and command of the skip. He alone is in a position to judge as to when and where sweeping is necessary. A sweeper has no right to think for himself on that matter; he is there to sweep, not to judge. In nine cases out of ten, the skip will be the best judge, if he is fit for his position. The post of skip is, of course, by far the most important one. A skip must not only be a good player, but have a great knowledge of the game; he must be of quick, ready, and comprehensive observation, fertile in resources, sound in judgment, and be possessed of the confidence of his men. Each end will vary, and he will require, accordingly, to vary his tactics and directions. A skip should invariably place his broom on the very spot at which he wishes the player to aim, as it greatly aids the eye. He also requires considerable knowledge of human nature to enable him to keep his men always in good playing humour. There is also demanded from him a close observation of the run of the different stones, that he may vary his directions accordingly. He should, as a rule, be able to judge and determine for himself what is the best play; but he should not be offended by his third player now and again directing his attention to something that may have escaped his observation. But as little as possible should the sweepers be round the *tee*; their position is half-way down the rink, ready to sweep.

Among the most scientific curlers, what is known as the cautious game is followed in preference to the 'loud' or striking game. Curling is not a game of merely muscular strength, but a game of skill and science. Stones beyond the

* In Scotland, a hen sitting upon eggs is said to be clocking.

tee in the early part of the game, seldom count in the end. The quiet game affords the greatest scope for displaying first-rate skill. In three cases out of four, a tee-length shot will accomplish what is but too often missed by a running shot. In these cases, the tee-length shot will be in the rings, and may be of much use as a side shot, whereas the running shots will be spent. Young players, more especially, require to be taught that this cautious style of game is in the end the winning play. True curlers, above all things, wish to cultivate good fellowship and good feeling on the ice. Let no curler ever try, by rudeness, or unmannerly word or act, to irritate or disconcert a player. Let all be fair and honourable. Let every man preserve his own self-respect, and give like respect to others. But let every curler be keen to win his game, as if life or death hung upon the issue. Any one who joins the game in this form and spirit, will get health to body, mind, and heart, in one of the noblest, manliest, and most exciting outdoor games that the world has ever known.

Curling has within recent times greatly extended, and is now very general over the whole of Scotland, as may be learned from the *Annual* of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club. While there are many that have not joined its ranks, that Society, as we write, includes about five hundred and fifty Clubs; four hundred and twenty of which are in Scotland, twenty-five in England, three in Ireland, ninety-two in Canada and the United States, two in New Zealand, one in Russia, and one in Norway. The admirable rules which the Royal Caledonian Club have adopted, are now generally recognised by all curlers.

Although curlers are familiar with the game in their own country, there are many who are not aware of the somewhat altered conditions under which it is played in Canada. The Dominion offers facilities for curling which Scotland does not possess, and Scotchmen have carried their game with them to their adopted land. With four months of steady frost each season, there is abundant opportunity for practising the game. Young Canadians are, in many instances, making it the Dominion winter game. Owing to the intensity of the frost, as well as the amount of snow that falls, the game has, as a rule, to be played under cover; and when daylight fails, gas is turned on, and the game proceeds as merrily as ever! In certain places, long sheds, used as stores in summer, are taken advantage of for this purpose. One Club, during a season, actually curled up-stairs, while a new rink was being built! A huge granary was hired, and flooded with three or four inches of water; and it was doubly a roaring game, the floor acting as a sounding-board. Some of the Clubs have now splendid buildings, with cloak-rooms, lunch-rooms, and every convenience and comfort. They are built long enough, and wide enough, for two rinks, separated from each other by a passage between. The floor is made level and water-tight. Water to the depth of three or four inches is run on with a hose. Two nights of keen frost are sufficient to make it one solid mass, presenting a beautiful, level, unbiassed sheet of ice. When this gets a little worn by play, or becomes accidentally 'twisted' by severe frost, it is

flooded anew at night with another inch of water, and is in the morning again ready for use. The cold is so intense as occasionally to register thirty or forty degrees below zero. During the winter there is seldom more than one thaw, and that only for two or three days about New Year. 'Tramps,' or steeled cramps attached to the player's feet to grip the ice, are not permitted; and no one is allowed to play without overshoes, so that no speck or flaw shall mar the ice-board. Strange to say, the more intense the frost is, the more 'dour' and dull does the ice become!

There are now, among the Canadians, many curlers who would be formidable opponents even to our crack rinks in this country. They think little of travelling five hundred miles to play a spiel. And true curlers from this country, representing our National Club, would find from the Curling Brithers of Canada a welcome such as only curlers can give to enthusiasts in the Roaring Game.

'54.

A TALE OF THE BALTIC.

We were cruising in the Baltic in glorious Fifty-four,
The Rooshians' whereabouts so strong to know,
When one night, in wind an' sleet, we parted from the fleet,

An' daylight found us right amongst the foe.

The Rooshians down upon us bore;

They were thrice our strength, an' more;

But our Cap'n, as he came on deck, says he:

'You but be firm an' true, an' I'll surely pull you through,

An' soon we'll have the lubbers on our lee;

Boys, hurrah!

An' soon we'll have the lubbers on our lee.'

Then we sent throughout the vessel a loud an' ringing cheer,

An' a shout that made her very timbers thrill;

For says we, the skipper's right, there's nothing for 't but fight;

So let us up an' at 'em with a will!

An' if the chance of war should fate

Our transfer from to-day must date

To that station chaplain calls Eternity.

In Freedom's lap we'll die; with our latest breath we'll cry—

We're Britons, an' we'll never captives be;

Boys, hurrah!

We're Britons, an' we'll never captives be.

So we tackled them three Rooshians, alone upon the sea—

(Ay, you landsmen well may wonder how 'twas done);

An' we fought them, tooth an' nail, till they one by one turned tail—

My eye! you should ha' seen the lubbers run!

Then the Cap'n cries: 'Pipe hands to prog,

An', boas'n, just pass up the grog!'

Then filling up a bumper glass, says he:

'Here 's, comrades, great an' small, a health to one an' all,

An' confusion to the lubbers on our lee;

Boys, hurrah!

An' confusion to the lubbers on our lee.'

JEX MILLER.

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THE SMALL FOLK'S POSTBAG.

THERE is no sweeter greeting than a letter from a little child, a genuine juvenile letter, unprompted and uncorrected; full of mistakes, perhaps, but full also of simplicity—the very fragrance of childhood. Unfortunately, few such letters add their light weight to the load of Her Majesty's postmen; seldom the weak unsteady writing of small hands comes to any of our doors demanding quick entrance by the loud official knock. It is surely one of the big busy world's mistakes, that the small folks send so few genuine letters and get so few; they and the postbag are strangers—comparatively.

But in carrying other people's letters, they have a very intimate acquaintance with the post-office. Have we not seen a living Tower of Babel, built of ragged little ones, swaying about near the pillar-box, while the top hand aimed a letter at the slit? The poorer children always carry the family correspondence, in one or two journeys a month, to the office or pillar; but the little people who know more about pothooks and hangers, and have more materials at hand, have far less to do in any way with letters. Boys and girls at boarding-schools certainly do write home; but the letters seldom can be called their own. They are not, indeed, tutored by the Complete Letter Writers, which recommended to former generations a pattern letter from an accomplished young prig at school to an awful personage at home—a Paterfamilias of formal tastes and awe-inspiring character. Tom has not to grapple with a book of pattern epistles in the letter-writing hour at his school-room desk; but he is chilled by the knowledge that Mr M'Quilter presiding yonder, will supply him gratis with punctuation by-and-by; and when the whole pile of letters is finished on the master's desk, and Tom recognises his own by that sputter in the top corner, he will watch during five agonised minutes, reading his letter anew in the facial contractions of M'Quilter, the hums and haws and lurking smiles; and Tom will have guarded beforehand that those irritating

smiles shall be few, and that there shall be no reckless vent given to comicality, lest it might be gravely read aloud as a warning example of the absurd.

Poor Tom! he had sufficient warning in that way once. Did not M'Quilter read out a certain unlucky letter—hurriedly written, honestly desirous of telling news at home, but somewhat confused by flowing freedom, innocent of punctuation?—that letter in which Tom wrote a summary of events: the death of Bess the mare; the visit of the Colonel, and the jolly good 'tip' he gave before leaving; the surprise of the boys that the old horse went off so suddenly; the coming 'exam.'—its toughness and hard cramming; the decease, through over-feeding, of the guinea-pigs that he hoped Kitty would have from him at Christmas, and like them; and the alarming news, that a bad attack of gout and the mange were shared in some indistinct manner between Old Pluto and Dr Smithers. Alas! poor Tom, the Tommishness has departed out of his letters since then, under the too keen consciousness of the future spectacles and pencil, and cold judgment by the rules of art. His letter now might belong to that staid and studious Jenkins, or to anybody else; and he is even censured for the sputter on the corner, till he cuts a hole in it with his scraping penknife, and then is detected in having imprinted upon it that human seal, of which it is said no two can be alike—the imprint of the thumb; and finally he copies his letter all over again, less Tommish than ever, but a credit to the school of Smithers.

Tom's sister is at the College for Young Ladies, one of the fashionable 'gardens of girls,' where young ladies of ten and eleven begin their college life, and walk out two and two—'schools' in general being somewhat behind the age now, and beneath the level of learning for 'exams.' and 'matrics.' Tom's sister writes her weekly letter too, wins the golden opinion of Miss Spraitlace, and is even amongst the advanced pupils, who are rewarded for their trustworthy conduct, and still more for their sound judgment about straight lines and

commas, by being allowed to despatch letters to their parents without any supervision. But the advanced pupils put in their letters nothing that they would have omitted if the letters were addressed to 'Dear Mamma and Everybody Else.' Little Miss Ethel takes by nature more pleasure in a careful letter than Tom ever would. Ethel has the feminine instinct of neatness and grace. If Matilda-Jane, diving under the table after a pen, jerks her elbow—especially when the letter has progressed faultlessly over that second page that was not so nice to write on—a fearful scene of recrimination ensues; and Ethel will quarrel and weep over a blot, such as Tom, by the licking and swallowing process, would change in a moment into a faint purple moon in a damp atmosphere. If no accidents occur, Ethel's letter is a triumph of the Straitlace teaching. It is evenly written in even lines from 'My dear Mamma' down to 'Your affectionate daughter.' Miss Straitlace approves of 'affectionate daughters,' as more elegant than 'loving children'—what Mamma thinks is another thing; but Ethel knows that especially in correspondence elegance and style are to rule supreme, if she hopes to write in after-life 'a lady's letter.'

Ethel's epistle studiously shows the 'lady's letter' characteristics—except the precious postscript. Miss Straitlace is known to consider postscripts the mark of a mind wanting in order and method, particularly if they have not 'P.S.' prefixed, and properly punctuated. Ethel knows all about punctuation; her commas are like a cruel scattering of her own fair little eyelashes. She knows all about grammar, and succeeds in not writing a single sentence as she would have spoken it. She knows all about the dignity of letter-writing; and there is nothing frivolous about this epistle, written in the finest succession of points, with a confusing family likeness between the 'ns' and the 'us,' and the most scrupulous regard to crossings, dots, and elegant tails. Shut it up, Ethel, fold it mathematically straight, and direct it with practised confidence that the envelope is not upside-down! You are proficient in the *writing* of a school letter; but no one has cared to teach you what the letter itself should be.

Neat and legible letters, of course, the little ones should be taught to write; because legibility—the distinct forming of every word—is a better quality than any mere uniformity or prettiness of writing, and because an ugly careless letter is almost a slight to the person who is to read it. But before all else, it should be impressed upon young letter-writers that they are to write down exactly what they would like to say; that the letter that reads like talk is the best letter; and the formal one that never would have been spoken is the worst. When the children learn to speak faultlessly, and pick up in time the conversational habit of orderly sequence of ideas, their letters will naturally become perfect in wording and arrangement, but will still be a faithful transmission of the *vivd-voce* speech of the writers. If this common-sense principle of teaching letter-writing were introduced, there would be a new and immense pleasure added to the life of all child-loving old folks; at some time or other, the children would find need of sending letters; and the prattle of the little ones, their fresh talk

breathing happy ignorance of all but their little world, where small cares, joys, and interests stand around them magnified—the very sound of their voices echoing out of the words they might have said—all this could be kept indelible and ever fresh; and in how many cases of distance, time, or sorrow, the old letters would become precious as gold!

It would also remove from children's minds much of the difficulty of learning to write letters. If the boys and girls are still too young to go to Dr Smithers' or Miss Straitlace's, a letter even to their loving and beloved Uncle John, is a labour approached with dread. They are shown where to begin, and after choosing a commonplace beginning about the pleasure of writing (!), or the safe receipt of the last letter, they beg to be 'set going just down the first page,' or to be told something to say. The beginning was easy; it was as fixed as a chess-opening; but facing three and a half blank pages, the brain-ransacking of the children is pitiful—and the pen-chewing, and the jealousy of the one that has first found something to say, and is going ahead. At last, they all 'go ahead,' and get their sheets turned inside-out for page two; during which process six-year-old Baby, who has been printing in pencil, questioned by Jack, reports about her sneezy cold, the picnic to-morrow, the pigeons, Tabby's kittens, the settlement of the monkey's name as Pongo, and Mab learning music. And Jack bursts out in a fury, that he has written every bit the same thing, only beginning with the picnic, and ending with the kittens and the cold; while Mab, with equal resentment towards both, as if they were marauders in possession of her exclusive property, complains: 'That's the very thing I've got—my music, and the picnic and Pongo, and all the rest of it down to Baby's cold! Uncle can't read the same thing over three times, you stupid Jack! Baby, begin again with something else to say.' Then, probably, some peacemaker interposes, issues new writing-paper, and divides the universal topics into three separate lists: Baby is to keep her own 'sneezy cold and the kittens,' and Mab her own music and the pigeons, and the picnic; Jack may have the picnic too, and Pongo; but they are all to say a great deal more about the items of news. After this there is peace, until they become stranded again, and don't know what to put next.

The whole letter, which Uncle John will receive as a spontaneous greeting, written 'with great pleasure,' is in reality a dreary, prolonged effort; and yet, if Uncle John were there, Mab, Jack, and Baby would hug him to pieces with genuine welcome, and make his head ache with three lively versions of information, all given irrepressibly and at once. Do let the peacemaker that hit on the plan of dividing the news fairly, explain to the children that they are to send their hugging welcome in words freely to weary, work-tired Uncle John, and that they are then just to think what they would say if they were talking, and say it that minute in the first words that come. This, and this alone, is teaching children to write the letters that are worth getting. The handwriting, the spelling, the neatness of the whole, are only the externals, important in their way, but not so important as the substance, the soul of the letter. As other teaching progresses, the writing and the spelling

will come right; but children's letters will not be a pleasure to the senders and the receivers, until the first lessons in letter-writing are the unfettering of child-nature, rather than the fettering of it by art and rule.

But when they write letters, children expect to be answered. Writing letters to little ones is like speaking to them; it is one of the arts the heart teaches. And though we write to them without the inspiration of seeing their bright expressive faces, we have another inspiration in knowing that a letter is a rare delight to a child; it is read over time after time; it is laid by and kept, if it has come from a loving hand.

It is remarkable that some of the most learned and brilliant minds have left, among their weighty and witty published correspondence, the most charming letters to children. Charles Dickens took the trouble to write a long tissue of jokes to a boy who wrote to him about the justice that ought to be done to the good and bad characters in *Nicholas Nickleby*. Sydney Smith, on getting a letter over-weight from a grandchild, sent an answer beginning: 'Oh, you little wretch! your letter cost me fourpence,' and promising that he would pull all the plums out of her puddings, steal her dolls' clothes, give her no currant jelly with her rice, and kiss her till she could not see out of her eyes. Another time, when he was writing to a boy who was recovering from illness, he put an element of boyish interest into his congratulations, by saying that the surgeon was skilful, and he would soon be well; and adding, that in the Trojan War the Greek surgeons used cheese and wine for their ointments, and in Henry VIII.'s time cobbler's wax and rust of iron were used—'so you see it is some advantage to live in Berkeley Square in the year 1837.' Again, he found something pleasant to write to a little friend who was going away to Boulogne: 'Lucy, dear child, mind your arithmetic. You know, in the first sum of yours I ever saw, there was a mistake. You carried two (as a cab is licensed to do), and you ought, dear Lucy, to have carried but one. Is this a trifle? What would life be without arithmetic, but a scene of horrors? You are going to Boulogne, the city of debts, peopled by men who never understood arithmetic.' But the prettiest part of this letter is its beginning, where he advises Lucy not to tear her frock any more, but to be like her mother, 'frank, loyal, affectionate, simple, honest; and then integrity or laceration of frock is of little import.'

One of the best letter-writers that ever covered paper with talk, was Jeffrey of the *Edinburgh Review*; and his correspondence contains gems of letter-writing to his grandchildren, those 'imps of the third generation,' whom he called the light of his eyes, and the love of his heart. We shall close our plea for a better kind of attention to the small folk's postbag, by giving an example of one of his delightful letters, written from his charming summer retreat of Craigcrook, near Edinburgh: 'MY SONCY NANCY!—I love you very much, and think very often of your dimples and your pimples, and your funny little plays, and all your pretty ways; and I send you my blessing, and I wish I were kissing, your sweet rosy lips, or your fat finger tips; and that you were near, so that I could hear, your stammering

words, from a mouthful of curds, and a great purple tongue (as broad as it's long); and see your round eyes, open wide with surprise, and your wondering look, to find yourself at Craigcrook! To-morrow is Maggie's birthday.' Then he tells about the bonfire and the merry-making that is to be; about the garden full of flowers; Frankie's new wheelbarrow, with which he does a great deal of work, and some mischief now and then; the good health of all the dogs—Foxey, Froggy, Neddy, Jacky, and Dover, and their present separate appropriation by himself, Tarley (little Charlotte), Frankie, and Granny. Next he sends the donkey's compliments, and hints that the donkey believes he is sending them to a near relation. 'Frankie,' who is described as hammering in the corner to flatten the carpet, is reported to be 'very good and really too pretty for a boy, though I think his two eyebrows are growing into one—stretching and meeting each other above his nose! But he has not near so many freckles as Tarley—who has a very fine crop of them—which she and I encourage as much as we can. I hope you and Maggie will lay in a stock of them, as I think no little girl can be pretty without them in summer.' So the letter winds on, past the pea-hens who are suspected of laying somewhere in secret; the papacook who pretends to know nothing about them, and does not care a farthing; the slow kitchen-garden; and the hope that the grandchild will come to Craigcrook with a lapful of green peas—until at last the 'loving Grandpa' comes to the end of his sheet, with 'Bless you ever and ever, my dear dimply Pussy.'

Does not this letter descend most winningly to the level of the young eyes it was meant for? Soncy Nancy! How applicable, doubtless, to his little Scottish grandchild. Dimply Pussy, a woman grown; perhaps lived to be a grandma, with dimply pussies of her own to love. Are not its home-pictures bright with nature, with life, love, and innocence? And may not a letter to a child be a thing worth doing well?

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER III.—'I LIKE THE PRIMROSE WAY,' SAID STRANGE.

AFTER breakfast next morning, Strange and his guests were enjoying the day's first cigar.

'I want you two men to come home with me, and let me introduce you to my governor and my sister,' said Reginald Jelly.

This invitation jumped with Gerard's desires, and his cheek coloured with pleasure, unmarked by his companions. 'What do you say, Val?' he asked with as great an assumption of indifference as he could wear.

'I'm very sorry,' said Strange; 'but I can't come.—I didn't tell you of my last bargain, did I, Lumby?'

'No. What is it?'

'I've bought a yacht, a beautiful thing, that sails I don't know how many knots an hour; and I'm going to sail round the world in her "from China to Peru." What do you say to coming along, eh?'

'Val's a noble sailor,' said Reginald. 'To my personal knowledge, he has crossed the British Channel several times; and I believe, but I'm not quite certain, that he has been to the Isle of Man.'

'Ireland, you depreciatory ruffian! Rotterdam! Antwerp! Lots of places!'

'Yes,' said Reginald; 'you're a mighty seaman.'

'Ah, well,' said Strange; 'I'm a better sailor than you are.'

'I don't believe it,' the little man returned. 'You suffered more than I did, when we crossed to Calais together last summer.'

'Well,' said Strange, reclining luxuriously in an arm-chair and puffing a cloud of smoke towards the ceiling, 'I like to face a difficulty. I like to battle with something that gets me down and rolls upon me, to begin with. The sea has always beaten me until now, and I'm resolved to become an accomplished seaman.'

'He'll provision himself for a year,' said Reginald, 'and he'll start for Pekin or Pernambuco; and before he has been out a day, he'll feel unwell, and order himself to be put in at the nearest port. I'll wager half-a-crown that he never gets a hundred miles from British shores. I'd offer more; but I can't afford it.'

'I am resolved on making a voyage round the world,' said Strange, laughing good-humouredly. 'Will you come, Gerard?'

'Eh?' said Gerard, waking up, at the sound of his own name, from a dream of the violet eyes.

'You're dull this morning,' cried Val cheerily. 'Wake up, man. I'm going on a voyage round the world. Will you come with me?'

'No; thank you,' said Gerard; 'sailing's dull—duller than I am.'

'Thought you'd jump at the chance,' said Val. 'I know you're a first-rate yachtsman.'

'I got tired of it,' said Gerard in reply, and lapsed into his day-dream.

'You'll get tired of it too,' said Reginald, turning anew upon Strange.

'Don't be too sure of that,' he replied. 'You only know one side of me. There's a good deal of the Spartan in my constitution. I find hard-ship pleasant. I like a rough-and-tumble life. I should revel in a campaign.'

'You'd pretty soon revel out of it,' said the little man with some disdain. 'Call yourself a Spartan, you Sybarite? Rough-and-tumble? Gammon!'

'Pooh!' said Val, a shade less good-humouredly than before. 'You don't know me, my good fellow.'

'Don't I?' returned the sceptic. 'Who went out of training for the College Eight on the very first day, and was caught by me in the act of smoking whilst brewing cider-cup?'

'Very good cup it was too,' said Val, striving to propitiate his critic.

But the little man arose, and stood over him sternly. 'Who always went headlong for the Newdegate, and wrote twenty lines, and then chucked it? Who came back from his last lounge in Brussels, and—'

'Never mind more instances,' said Strange. 'I admit them all. I don't care to live by line and rule. I don't want to be hampered by

restrictions. As for the training, I never believed in the system. I should have pulled as well after a cigar and a glass of cider-cup, as I could have done without them.' He laughed with renewed good-humour. 'But you must needs come prowling round, like the tyrannical dwarf you are, to see what I was doing. It was you who ordered me out of training, not I who went out of it.'

'I ordered you out of the boat,' said the little man, still standing over him. 'A precious cosun I should have been, if I hadn't.'

'I don't believe in training,' said Strange, with much decision. 'We overdo it, and go stale.'

'You never overdid it,' said his late coxswain severely. 'You are an idler by nature, plus circumstance. You are disgustingly rich, and that fact fosters your natural proneness to self-indulgence. You wallow in gold and purple and fine linen. Your feet are set for ever in the Primrose Way.'

'I like the Primrose Way,' said Strange. 'I am fond of primroses.'

'Many there be,' quoted the coxswain with an unbending air, 'who go the Primrose Way to —'

'Say the workhouse,' pleaded Val languidly. 'I know! Regy, my boy, you're perpetually preaching. You're too energetic and too shamelessly and outspokenly good, for me. Now, look at me. I am athletic by stealth, and blush to find it fame. I cover up my good works. I don't brag of them.'

'You are a lotus-eater and a Sybarite,' said the little man severely. 'And you crown your offences with a crown of aggravation, when you come and crow over a hardy son of the soil like me, and call yourself a Spartan.'

'I am a Spartan,' said Strange lightly. 'I'll do this voyage and something more.'

'Who is going with you?' asked Gerard, waking up again.

'Gilbert. You remember Gilbert at Oriel? First-rate man for the commissariat.'

'Ah,' said Reginald, relighting his cigar, and looking round at Strange with an expression most comically like that of a parrot bent on mischief; 'he's another Sybarite. Wanted to train on truffles and Heidseck's monopole!'

'Did he?' said Strange, laughing. 'The good old Billy. It was like him. Well, he has the complete control of the commissariat department, and *carte-blanche* to lay in what he likes. He has found a wonderful cook, a sort of nautical Soyer; and he's invented a capital wine-case to swing on—I forget what the things are called; but the wine doesn't get shaken in any sort of weather.'

'It's a very Spartan sort of expedition altogether,' said the critic. 'I hope you've a piano on board!'

'Of course,' said Strange. 'A crate of books. Cards, backgammon, chess, everything in that way we could think of. Because, you see,' he continued with a chastened air, 'there's a good deal of tedium in living aboard a yacht; and since I am rather a man of action than otherwise, I'm likely to find it dull.'

'Poor Spartan!' said Reginald, with a comic crackling laugh.

'There is no form of humour so cheap as the catchword,' said Val sententiously. Then the two laughed together, and Gerard came out of a new day-dream.

'I suppose,' said Gerard, 'you remember that you are engaged to run up to town with me, next week?'

'No. Am I?' asked Val, sitting up with an air of apology. 'So I am. I'm really sorry, Lumby; but I'm afraid I can't keep Gilbert waiting. You'll excuse me, won't you?'

'Certainly, if you wish it,' said Gerard, a little ungraciously.

'I'll write, and put Gilbert off for a week, if you like?' said Val with a penitent look.

'No,' said Gerard heartily, forgetting his momentary pique. 'Don't do anything of the sort, for me. I don't know that I've any special reason for going, after all.'

'It's curious,' said Strange, sinking back into his arm-chair again—'it's very curious that I should have forgotten that engagement. If there's a thing I'm careful to do, it is to remember an engagement.'

At this moment, Hoskins entered with a telegram, which he handed to his master. 'Excuse me,' said Strange; and opening the missive, he laid down his cigar and read it.

'Dear me!' he said, rising. 'Here's poor Gilbert wiring to me to say that we made arrangements to sail yesterday. I thought it was Thursday; and the day turns out to have been Tuesday. I was going down this afternoon to join him.—Well now,' turning upon the gleeful Reginald, who was chuckling at this practical illustration. 'What is there to laugh at?'

'Nothing in the world,' the little man responded. 'Pack up at once; wire to Gilbert; and start by the next train.'

'I'm afraid I must,' said Val, a little ruefully.—'Hoskins! Find out the first train for Bristol.'

'Yes, sir,' said Hoskins, and departed.

'Have you made any arrangements to reduce your establishment, while you sail round the world?' asked Reginald.

'O no,' said Strange. 'The voyage round the world is not an enterprise to be undertaken without experience. We shall make preliminary voyages, and get gradually inured to the work.'

'You can catch a train in an hour and a half from now,' said Reginald. 'Off you go; and we'll ride with you to the station; and then'—bowing solemnly to Gerard—'perhaps Mr Lumby will do me the honour to come and lunch with me at home?'

'Very happy,' said Gerard, rather clumsily. His heart began to beat with some irregularity, and he was conscious of a curious restraint.

Val, having made his moan about the breaking up of a pleasant lounge, and having enlarged on the disagreeableness of railway travelling in the summer-time, went off to superintend his packing; and in due time the three started; Strange lolling in an open carriage, surrounded by sundry portmanteaus, and his companions riding on each side of him. Arrived at the station, the Spartan-minded mariner fortified himself for the journey, which was to last an hour and a half, by the purchase of all the daily and the

comic papers; and parted from his friends in a sudden burst of high spirits and alacrity.

Gerard and his new acquaintance rode away together leisurely. The young fellow was in a singular tumult, and had before this begun to suspect the truth concerning himself. Yet the truth, to a man so little sentimental, seemed absurd and laughable. To have seen a girl for a second or two, and to be thrown into a flutter by it for four-and-twenty hours, and to find the rout of sense and senses growing completer even then, was an experience which would have seemed ridiculously improbable in any man's case to Gerard; and that it should happen to him, made him ashamed of himself. We can read with equanimity of the folly even of sages; but that we should ourselves be vulnerable, though we make no especial claim to wisdom, is startling to discover. This stalwart young Briton had indulged in no flirtations—had never played with the grand passion—had spoken despitefully of it—bragged a little in his secret heart that he was not a lady's man; and believed himself, when he thought about the matter at all, to be cut out for a comfortable bachelorhood.

IS THE INTERIOR OF THE EARTH MOLTEN OR SOLID?

THE question of the condition of the earth's interior, like that of the plurality of worlds, is one which does not submit itself to the process of direct and tangible experiment, hence any knowledge that is to be derived on the subject is mainly inferential. We cannot descend to the central core of the globe, any more than we can ascend to Mars or Jupiter, and are therefore constrained, in dealing with either question, to content ourselves with such outlying phenomena as are within our reach, and to argue from the little that is known to the much that is unknown.

The original condition of the globe, previous to its assuming its present shape and dimensions, cannot be certainly known; but there are indications that it was at the first in a comparatively soft or plastic condition, as is attested by its present shape. A body of this plastic nature, rotating rapidly on its axis, would, in consequence of the centrifugal force caused by the motion of rotation, have a tendency to bulge out at the equator, and to contract itself at the poles, thus losing its strictly spherical form, and becoming orange-shaped. This indeed is the shape which the earth has assumed, and hence may be taken as supporting the theory that its material was originally in a pliable condition.

But while the earth was in this state of plasticity, and gradually assuming its present shape and configuration, a cooling process was at the same time going on, tending to solidify the mass. As we know from analogy, the earth would begin to cool first at its surface—that is, the heat of the exterior parts would be lost by radiation or diffusion into the surrounding medium. The portion so cooled would gradually undergo a hardening process, till in course of time a crust was formed round the whole exterior of the globe. Two questions, therefore,

are suggested in this relation: Did this process of cooling continue till the whole mass of the earth to its very centre was hardened and solidified? or, Did it stop short at a certain distance below the surface, thus forming an inclosing crust around the uncooled molten mass of the interior, like the rind of an orange round its juicy pulp?

Various theories have been from time to time advanced as to the interior condition of the globe, many of them of a purely fanciful character. The great astronomer Kepler, for instance, in seeking to account for the ebb and flow of the ocean-tides, depicted the earth as a living monster, the *earth-animal*, whose whale-like mode of breathing occasioned the rise and fall of the ocean in recurring periods of sleeping and waking, dependent on solar time. He even, in his flights of fancy, attributed to this earth-animal the possession of a soul, having the faculties of memory and imagination. Another great astronomer, Halley, was opposed to the idea of the globe being solid, 'regarding it as more worthy of the Creator that the earth, like a house of several stories, should be inhabited both without and within.' For light, too, in the hollow sphere, he thought provision might in some measure be contrived. So recently, indeed, as within the last hundred and fifty years, equally singular notions have been entertained regarding the earth's interior. Sir John Leslie, like Halley, conceived the nucleus of the world to be a hollow sphere, but thought it filled, not with inhabitants, but with an assumed 'imponderable matter, having an enormous force of expansion.' Other scientists by degrees peopled this hollow sphere with plants and animals—two small subterranean planets, named Pluto and Proserpine, being supposed to shed over this central world their dim and mysterious light. Others supposed that the central air was rendered self-luminous by compression, and hence the two planets were not required. A certain Captain Symmes, who lived in the present century, was strongly convinced of the truth of Leslie's theory. He held that near the North Pole, whence the polar light emanates, was an enormous opening, through which a descent might be made into the hollow sphere, and sent frequent and pressing invitations to A. von Humboldt and Sir Humphry Davy to undertake this subterranean expedition! But these imaginative conceptions must one and all be set aside, and the subject treated on more prosaic though not less interesting lines.

The first question, then, that occurs to one who thinks of the character of the earth's interior, is, What is the weight of the earth—is it comparatively light or comparatively heavy? This question has been answered; and though the answers given, as the results of separate and independent forms of experiment, are not all precisely alike, yet they so closely approximate to each other, that they may be said to constitute among them something like an authoritative reply. The density of the earth is found to be as nearly as possible five and a half times as great as that of water—that is, our globe is equal in weight to five and a half globes of the same size composed of water. But as the average or mean density of the rocks composing the crust of the earth is only

two and a half times greater than that of water, it must follow that the layers of material of which the mass of the earth's unknown interior is composed must be of much greater density than the rocks at the surface. Moreover, that density may be supposed to increase by compression the nearer we approach the centre. Were the internal materials of the same nature as those at the surface, they would at the depth of a few miles be so compressed—supposing such extent of compression possible—as to give a much greater mean density to the whole mass than the ascertained facts will admit of. For instance, it has been calculated that water at the depth of three hundred and sixty-two miles would be as heavy as quicksilver. Now, this metal at the surface of the earth is fourteen times heavier than water; therefore, water at the depth of three hundred and sixty-two miles would be rendered by compression fourteen times more dense than it is in its normal condition. Following the same line of calculation, marble would, at the centre of the earth, be one hundred and nineteen times more dense than it is at the surface. Professor Judd, however, in his recent work on *Volcanoes*, expresses the opinion that the ascribing of such almost unlimited compressibility to solid substances can be supported neither by experiment nor by analogy; as various considerations point to the probability that solid bodies yield to pressure *up to a certain limit and no farther*, and that when this limit is reached an increase in pressure is no longer attended with a reduction in bulk.

It was in view of the difficulties which attended this enormous compression of the ordinary materials found at the earth's surface, that physicists had recourse to the theory that the interior of the globe was a mass of molten matter surrounded by a solid crust. This theory commended itself to Fourier and Humboldt; and after their time, had come to be accepted almost as an ascertained truth. Among other arguments advanced in support of the theory, was the fact, of which there cannot be any doubt, that a high temperature exists in the earth's crust at some depth from the surface. The borings that have been made and the shafts sunk in connection with mining operations, prove that a more or less regular increase of temperature takes place as we penetrate downwards, the average rate of increase being about one degree Fahrenheit for every fifty or sixty feet in depth, although the rate of increase varies very much as between different localities. From the data thus obtained, Professor Judd has calculated that, supposing the heat to go on increasing in the above ratio, there will be found, at a depth of nine thousand feet, a temperature of two hundred and twelve degrees Fahrenheit—sufficient to boil water at the earth's surface; while at a depth of twenty-eight miles the temperature will be high enough to melt cast-iron, and at thirty-four miles to fuse platinum.

'So marked,' says the last-named scientist, 'is this steady increase of temperature as we go downwards, that it has been seriously proposed to make very deep borings in order to obtain supplies of warm water for heating our towns. Arago and Walferdin suggested this method for

warming the Jardin des Plantes at Paris; and now that such important improvements have been devised in carrying borings to enormous depths, the time may not be far distant when we shall draw extensively upon these supplies of subterranean heat. At the present time, the city of Buda-Pesth is extensively supplied with hot water from an underground source. Should our coal supply ever fail, it may be well to remember that we have these inexhaustible supplies of heat everywhere beneath our feet.

But while the author we have just quoted admits the existence of this increasing temperature within a limited depth from the earth's surface, he yet thinks it would not be safe to infer, as some have done, that at a distance of forty or fifty miles from the surface the materials composing our globe are in a state of actual fusion, as both theory and experiment indicate that under increased pressure a greater degree of heat is required to melt solid bodies. Even water, for instance, in that curious apparatus known by the name of Papin's digester, is retained by high pressure in a liquid condition at a temperature far above the boiling-point, which temperature, but for this pressure, would have entirely converted the liquid into steam; and, should the strong vessel which contains this super-heated liquid be fractured, the water immediately flashes into steam.

But there is still another class of phenomena that bear upon the question of the earth's interior—namely, the phenomena of volcanic action. The study of the materials ejected from volcanic vents proves that even at very moderate depths there exist substances differing greatly in density, as well as in chemical composition. The lightest lavas are more than twice, and the heaviest more than three times, the weight of water. And materials of even greater density have been ejected by volcanic action. In seeking, therefore, to account for the fact that these dense materials were ejected from the earth's interior in a more or less molten condition, a simple explanation was afforded by the supposition that our planet consisted of a fluid central mass inclosed in a solid shell or crust. This shell or crust was, in proportion to the mass of the earth, regarded as but a thin film of hardened material, through which the molten internal matter, from the expansion due to heat, or the disturbances occasioned by local displacements, occasionally forced an opening, pouring itself forth in streams of red-hot lava, and exhibiting all the other manifestations of volcanic action.

But geologists and astronomers have been led, as the result of a more careful and critical examination of the question, to doubt the hypothesis that the earth consists of a great fluid mass surrounded by a comparatively thin shell of solid materials. The general stability of the earth's crust seems to them to be irreconcilable with the supposition that, at no great depth from the surface, the whole mass of the globe is in a liquid condition. And if, as against this objection, it be supposed that the solid crust of the globe is several hundreds of miles in thickness, it is difficult, Professor Judd argues, to understand how the local centres of volcanic activity could be supplied from such deep-seated sources. Then again, if all igneous products were derived from

one central reservoir, we might fairly expect to find a much greater uniformity of character among those products than really exists. In some cases, indeed, materials of a totally different composition are ejected at the same time from closely adjoining volcanic districts. 'Whatever,' he goes on to say, 'may be the cause of volcanic action, it seems clear that it does not originate in a universal mass of liquefied material situated at no great depth from the earth's surface.' It is now very generally admitted, both by astronomers and physicists, that if the earth were not a rigid mass, its behaviour under the attractive influences of the surrounding members of the solar system would be very different from what is found to be the case, and the necessary rigidity would not be obtained were the greater mass of the earth fluid. 'That the earth,' continues Judd, 'is in a solid condition to a great depth from the surface, and possibly quite to the centre, is a conclusion concerning which there can be little doubt.'

Seeing, therefore, that this hypothesis sets aside the central subterranean fluidity from which all volcanic action was supposed to have emanated, an explanation of the phenomena of volcanoes and earthquakes must be sought in directions consistent with this theory of the earth's solidity. It is impossible to give in the space at command more than a brief note of the conclusions that have been arrived at in the attempt to settle this question. The first branch of the hypothesis advanced is, that the increase of heat with the depth does not extend to the whole mass of the earth; that some parts of the earth's interior are of a very different temperature from others; and that there are known to exist such chemical and mechanical agencies as are capable of producing high temperatures within the crust of the globe. The presence of water, and of other liquid and gaseous substances in a state of ever recurring admixture with the fused rock-masses, consequent upon these high temperatures, is believed to be the main cause of the violent displays of energy exhibited at volcanic centres. 'Volcanoes are usually situated near coast-lines, and if we imagine fissures to be produced by which sea-water finds access to masses of incandescent rock-materials, then we can regard volcanic outbursts as resulting from this meeting of water with rock-masses in a highly heated condition.'

There is, as may be expected from this hypothesis of the existence of zones of varying temperature at a moderate depth below the surface, an intimate connection between the phenomena of volcanoes and those of earthquakes. Earthquakes undoubtedly occur occasionally in districts that are not now the scene of volcanic action; 'but it is none the less certain that earthquakes as a rule take place in those areas which are the seats of volcanic action, and that great earthquake shocks precede and accompany volcanic outbursts. Sometimes, too, it has been noticed that the manifestation of activity at a volcanic centre is marked by the sudden decline of the earthquake tremors of the district around, as though a safety-valve had been opened at that part of the earth's surface.'

The powerful vibrations and tremors of the ground beneath our feet, which we call an earthquake, may therefore be nothing more than the

effects of the contact of water, as well as of certain gaseous bodies, with the incandescent rocks which form these strata or bands of high temperature; and the shock which follows may be due to the expanded and antagonistic elements thus brought together forcing for themselves a vent or passage through the less solid and less resisting of the surrounding or superincumbent strata. When the matter thus liberated finds its way to the surface, and discharges itself through the fissure which it has made in the earth, we call that which would otherwise have affected us as an earthquake, a volcano; so that these two remarkable manifestations of power in nature may be said to be twin forces, the product alike of fire and water under compression; the one force operating underground, and making the foundations of the earth to shake and tremble; the other force bursting a way for itself to the surface through the inclosing barriers of rock, and scattering destruction around it.

That this theory of earthquake shocks and volcanic outbursts is consistent with the cognate hypothesis of a solid and not a fluid globe, does not appear to admit of much doubt; and it may even be an element of satisfaction to timid folks to know that they do not, as hitherto supposed, live on what is merely a thin cooled crust over a mass of molten fire, but on a solid body, strong and rigid in all its parts.

A MYSTERIOUS DUEL IN 1770.

FROM AN OLD MANUSCRIPT.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

IN the summer of 1770, my father, General—then Colonel—Tolmers Brandon, was commanding an infantry regiment quartered at Portsmouth. During the summer of that year, having obtained a short leave of absence, my father determined to take a trip to the north, to see some of the beautiful scenery of Cumberland, and to my great joy, took me with him as his travelling companion. I was then between ten and eleven; but having been trained entirely under my father's eye, I was rather more advanced and manly, perhaps, than most boys of that age.

After travelling about Cumberland, we came upon a spot so especially beautiful, that the Colonel determined to halt for two or three days, although the only accommodation we could get was at a pretty little quiet inn, close to a village, on the top of a hill, about ten miles from Carlisle. How thoroughly well I remember it! A fine old elm grew on one side, under which was a horse-trough, and close by a tall post bearing the sign of the *King's Head*. His most gracious Majesty George III., though then only thirty-two years of age, was represented as a coarse middle-aged man, with a red bloated face, an enormous Roman nose, and a vast pigtail, and dressed in scarlet regimentals, a huge cocked-hat and plume, with his drawn sword 'sloped' over his right shoulder—in fact, as fierce and savage-looking an 'old' weather-beaten soldier as could be desired. But the simple villagers always considered this to be a very good portrait of their sovereign lord and king.

The high-road passed in front of the inn, and just beyond, turned sharply to the right, where

it entered the village. The little hostelry, though confined for space, was yet beautifully clean, comfortable, and well conducted. It possessed a very fine garden, from which the most enchanting views were obtained of mountain, lake, and valley. Part of it was arranged, and most carefully kept, as a bowling-green. This lay on one side of the house, and ran parallel with the high-road, from which it was only separated by a hedge. The best room was appropriated to my father; and I was accommodated in a small apartment next the kitchen, on the ground-floor, with a window opening upon the bowling-green.

The second night of our sojourn was unusually hot and close. We had retired early, according to my father's wont; but my room was so stuffy that I could not sleep, or even rest; and after tossing about most uncomfortably for a long period, I got up, and putting on a few clothes, threw open the window and stepped out on to the bowling-green. The night was exquisite; the full moon was shining in all her glorious splendour—it was in fact nearly as light as day. After walking about the garden, I returned to the bowling-green, and sat down in a pretty arbour covered with creeping plants. The air was soft and deliciously cool, and everything seemed to induce to calm enjoyment, which was enhanced by the profound stillness that reigned around, broken only by the murmur of a distant waterfall. Whilst thoroughly enjoying this beautiful scene, the village church clock struck one, and I fancied I heard the sound of wheels and horses' feet approaching. In a short time I saw a vehicle come in sight and pass slowly along the high-road; and as my arbour was on the opposite side of the green, I could readily observe, in the bright clear moonlight, that it was a large family coach—such as country squires often drove—drawn by two tall fat horses, and attended by coachman and footman in liveries and cocked-hats. It turned the corner before mentioned, to proceed through the village, as I supposed; not so, however, for it stopped immediately, and I heard the door open and the steps let down, and the sound of feet approaching the inn.

'Belated travellers,' thought I. 'It's little use your trying the *King's Head*, for we certainly can't take you in.'

But this was not the intention of the party. It was not the inn, but the inn garden which they required; for they all stopped at the end of the bowling-green farthest away from the house, where the hedge happened to be very loose and thin. One of the party instantly pushed himself through, and walking a few steps into the green, stood still and looked carefully round. From my having been brought up entirely amongst soldiers, all military uniforms were perfectly familiar to me; and I therefore instantly recognised the huge gold-laced three-cornered cocked-hat, scarlet cloak, jack-boots and spurs, and heavy sword worn by the intruder—who was an immensely tall and broad-chested man—as the uniform of an officer in one of His Majesty's regiments of heavy dragoons. I observed that he was a very handsome man, with aristocratic well-cut features, and seemed to be under thirty years of age.

Having completed his survey, he strode across

the green with that peculiar long swinging stride so common to cavalry-men, and went direct to the open window of my bedroom, and stood motionless for a few moments with his head bent down, apparently listening. Having satisfied himself, he returned to the gap, and said in a loud whisper, and a strong Irish accent: 'Sure, and they're all fast asleep; in with ye.' A second man now pushed through the hedge, dressed exactly like the first—clearly, another cavalry officer—and he was followed by two gentlemen wearing light-coloured coats and cocked-hats richly ornamented with silver, lace ruffles and white silk stockings; and each carried, according to the fashion of the day, light rapiers. Without uttering a single syllable, the whole party came forward, and the two last-mentioned gentlemen at once began to divest themselves of their hats, coats, and waistcoats; both then rolled up the shirt-sleeves of their right arms, and drawing their rapiers, were immediately placed by the two officers, their seconds, in position; and I now comprehended that the object of this untimely visit was evidently to fight a duel. The combatants, after saluting, at once threw themselves on guard, and the fight began in profound silence.

Although I was not yet eleven, I had been instructed and drilled in many military exercises, but more especially in fencing; so I was peculiarly interested in the scene now transpiring before me—the first fencing in real deadly earnest I had ever witnessed; and I was not slow in discovering that both the gentlemen were 'cunning masters of fence,' and thoroughly at home in the handling of their rapiers. The moon was so intensely bright that I could plainly see the faces of both. One was short and slightly built, but marvellously lithe and active. He was exceedingly dark and swarthy in complexion, his heavy thick black eyebrows almost meeting over the nose, contrasting strangely with his white powdered hair; and I somehow felt certain he was a foreigner. The other was taller and stouter, and not so active. He had a round full face, a very fair skin, a clear pink complexion, and was evidently a genuine Englishman.

The fight began by a succession of sharp rapid attacks on the part of the foreigner; which, however, the Englishman parried with consummate skill. For a long time this attack and defence went on, neither party obtaining the smallest advantage, and I rather fancied that the foreigner was getting exhausted, from the ceaseless and amazing activity displayed by him; whilst the Englishman did little else than guard and parry. A thick cloud suddenly obscured the moon, when the dark man exclaimed, in an unmistakable foreign accent: 'Holdt, holdt; ve can-not zee!' These few words, with those of the Irish officer already quoted, were all I heard uttered by any of the party throughout all that terrible time. Even during that fearful pause, whilst the combatants stood calm and still, almost like two statues, not a word was uttered; and when the cloud passed away, and the glorious moon again shed her calm and gentle light on this scene of deadly strife, at a sign from the seconds, the duel began again in profound silence, and was continued precisely as before, without wound or scratch to either party. During the whole of

the fight, the seconds remained near their principals, standing almost motionless, with their arms folded beneath their long red cloaks. At length the foreigner began apparently to lose his temper at being so continually foiled, and was working himself into a violent passion; whilst the Englishman continued to preserve his cool and calm bearing. After some cautious manœuvring, a furious and desperate attack by the foreigner now commenced. The lightning-like rapidity of his thrusts and his wondrous activity of foot, were amazing; but I felt certain he was exhausting his strength. I did not fail to observe, also, the ease and the little exertion with which his attacks were parried. When this had gone on for five or six minutes with but little pause, the foreigner, suddenly advancing a step—apparently to make doubly sure—delivered a tremendous thrust, which must have instantly ended the fight, had not the Englishman very dexterously turned the blade aside, and throwing his whole weight forward in one sudden and powerful lunge, under his adversary's guard, drove his rapier completely through his body, and with such extraordinary force, that two inches or more of the blade came out under his left shoulder. As the Englishman withdrew his sword with a jerk, the foreigner staggered forward a step, threw up his arms, and fell to the ground, dead. At this instant the village church clock struck two. Two o'clock in the morning of the 19th of July 1770, was a moment to be remembered by me to the last hour of my life.

The Englishman, as soon as he had sheathed his sword, cast one steady look at his fallen foe, and then turning, gathered up his clothes under his arm, and at once retreated through the gap in the hedge, followed by one of the officers; whilst the other—the tall one—knelt down by the prostrate form of the foreigner, first, apparently, to make sure that he was dead; and secondly, to search for something seemingly hidden inside the breast of his shirt. At length he pulled out what looked like some papers, tied with ribbon, which he thrust into his pocket, and hastily followed his companions, leaving the dead man just where he fell. Immediately afterwards, I heard the door of the carriage violently shut to; and the vehicle was rapidly driven away—not past the inn, but through the village.

All this time, I must honestly confess I was so deeply interested in what, according to the military teaching of that day, I considered a perfectly fair and honourable proceeding between two gentlemen, that I never, for a moment, thought I had any right or business to interfere or cause interruption by raising an alarm in the little inn. But as soon as the party had retired through the gap in the hedge, I rushed from my hiding-place in the arbour, and knelt down by the fallen duellist, to ascertain if he was really dead. He was lying on his back, with his arms out; and I could see, boy though I was, that he was indeed dead. I therefore ran back to the inn, and at once awoke my father, telling him in a few hasty words what had happened, and begging him to get up instantly. The Colonel, without a moment's delay, threw on his dressing-gown, and descended to the bowling-green; and after carefully examining the body, satisfied himself beyond doubt that the man was really dead.

We then roused the landlord; and ordering lights to be lit in the little coffee-room, which contained a large table, my father directed the hostler to go at once and fetch the nearest medical man and the constable of the village. Then with the assistance of the landlord, he carefully raised the corse, and carried it indoors, to await the arrival of the representatives of surgery and law; whilst I followed with the coat, vest, and hat of the deceased. The medical gentleman soon made his appearance; and after a regular and very careful examination, it was found that the poor fellow had been run completely through the heart, the sword coming out—as I had seen—at his back. The hemorrhage had been excessive, as a matter of course; his clothing was entirely saturated, and a large pool of blood remained in the garden. The deceased was slightly built, but of very good proportions. His face was singularly swarthy, with dark eyes and heavy black eyebrows, that gave altogether a hard and stern appearance to the features. His hair was fashionably dressed, powdered of course, and tied behind in a queue. We came to the conclusion that he was either Spanish or Portuguese, for the few words I had heard him speak clearly showed by his accent that he was not English.

When the constable arrived, my father proposed to search the pockets, to ascertain if possible the name of the deceased. First, a large silk purse was found, containing a considerable sum of money in gold and notes; next, a splendid gold watch, chain, and seals, one of which bore a crest with the initial 'G.' under it; and my father on opening the watch discovered it was French make, and bore the name of the most celebrated Paris manufacturer of that day. In the coat pocket were a gold snuff-box, also bearing the single initial 'G.' in brilliant on the lid within a wreath of myrtles beautifully enamelled; a heavy old-fashioned gold pencil-case; a small gold pouncet-box or vinaigrette, beautifully chased; a very fine cambric handkerchief; and a pair of white kid gloves. On each hand he wore a massive ring; that on his right set with diamonds, and the one on his left with rubies. His right hand, when he was lifted from the ground, still grasped an elegant silver-mounted rapier, such as was then usually carried by men of fashion. The weapon, like the watch, bore the name of a Paris maker. His linen was of the finest description, marked, like the snuff-box, with the initial 'G.'; and his lace cravat was secured by a brooch set with brilliants; whilst his knee and shoe-buckles were of elegant chased gold. The coat and breeches were of fine light-blue cloth, richly laced with silver; and his long waistcoat was of embroidered white satin. The large and jaunty cocked-hat was also laced with silver, and bore the name of a Paris hatter. This was all we could discover. Had he possessed a card-case or pocket-book, or papers of any sort, they must have been removed by the tall officer when he took what looked like a packet from the bosom of the dead man, as already related.

At the request of the constable, my father took charge of the valuables and clothing, and ordered that functionary to communicate with the nearest magistrate and the coroner as speedily as possible. So well were these orders carried out, that by eight o'clock in the morning the magistrate arrived. He was a fine genial man about fifty, a Colonel

of militia, an admirable specimen of a thorough English country gentleman. He received my father in the most courtly manner; and this curious incident of the mysterious encounter originated an acquaintance between them which ripened into a lasting lifelong friendship.

(End of Part I.)

THE DIFFERENCE OF A DOT.

DECEMBER and May, in the persons of Mr Josiah Blend and Miss Barbara Paul, were united some half-dozen years ago in the holy bonds of matrimony. People who knew them both were much amazed at the alliance; for the refined and lady-like Miss Paul—had she waited—might have had 'something' younger and handsomer than the venerable, ancient, and many-wrinkled Josiah.

Being a successful Glasgow merchant, the aged Josiah was rich; and naturally their acquaintances concluded that his money was the chief attraction. Perhaps it was. It is not for us to impute motives either good or bad; but there were not lacking prophets enough, even in the small circle of their personal friends, who ventured to foretell a short, sharp, and decisive marriage campaign, in which the young wife would punish the old man, and finally come out of the conflict, under the shelter of a 'judicial separation,' with spoils sufficient to maintain her in a competency for the remainder of her natural life.

They proved false prophets. Whether money was at the bottom of it or not, the pair lived as happily and as lovingly as any two lovers could hope to do. This was so till a certain year, when two different circumstances conspired to bring matters to such a crisis, that the judicial separation seemed inevitable.

Josiah was on the whole an inoffensive old fellow; but when his usually sluggish temper was once quickened into action, he was prone to let it carry him to such an extreme length, that no one could defend him. Barbara was patient to a fault, and tended him with a loving and faithful devotion admirable in one so young. The two unhappy causes which threatened for the time being to end their married life, were very dissimilar in themselves, though in the end they got somewhat mixed up. They were—Barbara's cousin Charlie Robinson, and a telegram.

'Barbara,' said the antique Josiah one morning at the breakfast-table, 'I wish that cousin of yours,—"Dear Charlie," as you call him—would not come here so often and monopolise so much of your time.'

'I do not think he does take up much of my time,' responded his wife, in a mildly surprised tone. 'But I do not see very well how I could prevent him coming, unless I shut the door in his face.'

'You might do worse!' growled Josiah; 'a great deal worse. I hate him, with his pretensions, his stuck-up airs, his general humbug. Why, I heard him call you his "dear Babs" last night, when he wanted you to sing with him!'

'You are not jealous?' laughed Barbara reproachfully; 'surely not. That is the name he called me by when we were children. But I'll tell him you dislike it, and no doubt he'll desist.'

'You would be better to tell him not to come at all, as his company is not wanted. I overheard him say last night to that empty-headed chum of his, that I was an old fossil! Worse still, he said: "That old fogey Blend has a pile of cash; but he is a miserable old skin-flint, and won't part with it." That was gratitude for you, after finishing a couple of bottles of my old Burgundy and smoking half-a-dozen of my finest cigars. He is an impudent scamp.'

'There surely must be some mistake,' urged his wife. 'Charlie would never say that.'

'He did, though,' retorted Josiah angrily; 'I'm quite certain. Better tell him never to come here again.'

'I would rather not, if it please you,' reasonably replied his wife; 'it would be very unnatural for me to do so.'

'You consider it more natural that I should be abused in my own house!' cried Josiah, now at a white-heat. 'Am I to understand you positively refuse to do so?'

'Well, I do not refuse,' replied Barbara, with considerable tact, going over and kissing him affectionately on the cheek—'I do not absolutely refuse; but I most respectfully decline!'

Josiah was forced to smile at his wife's equivocation, and resolved to do the thing himself. He did it neatly too. He wrote to Charlie, saying, that in future it would be esteemed a favour if at any time he intended calling, he would 'send intimation of his intention beforehand, to prevent disappointment.' Charlie took the hint, and did not call again.

A few months after this, Josiah caught a slight cold, and got otherwise out of sorts, so that the doctor ordered him to go down the Clyde, for change of air. It so fell out that Barbara's mother took seriously ill at the same time; and as Barbara was an only daughter, she had to remain at her mother's bedside, and permit her husband to go away alone, of course on the understanding, that when her mother got better, she would at once hasten to her goodman.

Josiah went to a certain town on the coast which we shall call L—, and engaged rooms with his old friend Mrs Meikle. During the first week, he did not improve, though Mrs Meikle was very attentive. Several letters passed between man and wife, so that Barbara was advised as to his condition, and not a little anxious about him; but her mother was still dangerously ill. Next week, her mother rallied, but Josiah got worse. At last he had a severe bilious attack, and was confined to bed, so that the presence of his wife was imperatively necessary. He instructed Mrs Meikle to telegraph for her; and this was the telegram which was delivered to his wife:

'MRS MEIKLE, L—, To MRS BLEND, Woodburn House, Glasgow.—Your husband is dead. Come down at once.'

Great consternation was the result. On the previous day, Mrs Blend had received a piteous note from Josiah, saying he was 'very ill,' and stating that he had been 'vomiting frequently,' and that his head was 'splitting;' so that she never questioned the accuracy of the telegram. Neither did her father, nor her cousin Charlie, who was sent for in the emergency. She was fearfully shocked at the unexpected intelligence,

and rendered well-nigh helpless; while the two men sagely shook their heads, and attempted to console her with some reflections on the liability of old age to sudden death, which were well meant, but unfortunately ineffective. Charlie undertook—as of course he was expected to do—all the arrangements in connection with the funeral. He went to the cemetery that afternoon, and ordered the grave to be opened in three days; he put the usual notices in the papers; issued the customary black-bordered announcements; went to the undertaker's, and ordered a handsome coffin to be taken down to L—, by the first train in the morning; and indeed, did everything necessary with his usual business-like promptitude and despatch. Then he went to the Telegraph Office, and forwarded this message:

'CHARLES ROBINSON, Woodburn House, Glasgow, To MRS MEIKLE, L—.—Telegram received. Mrs Blend very much grieved. Will be down by first train to-morrow. Do best you can till then.'

Mrs Meikle read the message to Josiah, who smiled sweetly at his wife's loving concern and wifely anxiety. It was very good of her to be 'much grieved,' and to ask Mrs Meikle to do all she could for him. Mrs Meikle noticed his pleased expression, and jocularly observed that he seemed to be getting better even with the thought of her coming down, and had no doubt that a sight of her would do him more good than all the medicine he had taken. In the morning, he felt so well that he got up; but his happy anticipations of his wife's arrival did not last long. Lifting the telegram, which Mrs Meikle had left lying on the table, he read it, and was horrified to discover—what Mrs Meikle had failed to read on the previous evening—that the message was not from his wife, but from the hated Charlie Robinson. The demon of jealousy took possession of his old soul, and dread suspicion set him on the rack of mental torture.

'Charlie Robinson at Woodburn House!' exclaimed he to himself. 'Has he actually been there all the time I have been away? I believe her mother's illness has been merely a blind; and yet the telegram says she is grieved, "very much grieved." Ay, ay, that must be because she has to come away from his delightful society. They will have had a fine time of it, calling one another "Dear Charlie" and "Dear Babs." Well, this is the last straw, and no mistake. I'll make both of them suffer, or my name's not Josiah.'

These and similar thoughts occupied the convalescent merchant fully till the arrival of the train.

That same morning, Mrs Blend and Charlie took their places in the train. Mrs Blend had spent a sleepless night, and had been regretting over and over again that she had not been permitted to see her husband in his last illness. She was dressed in deep mourning; her heart was very sad, and her mind was filled with 'thoughts too deep for words.' Her cousin, the merry and talkative Charlie, had tied a crape band upon his arm, and he too was sympathetically silent. The two undertaker's men and the coffin were also in the train. Charlie thought, and rightly too, that however well adapted the West Coast might be for supplying the necessaries of life, a coffin of a suitable size and material was not a thing that

could be obtained there on the shortest notice. That was his reason for taking one down with him, in order to bring the body up to town.

The four persons formed a melancholy procession to the house of Mrs Meikle. Barbara leaned heavily on Charlie's arm, while genuine tears of sorrow chased one another down her blanched cheeks; and the two men followed discreetly at a distance, with the coffin on their shoulders.

Mrs Meikle opened the door, and grasped both of them by the hand warmly, observing that it 'was a fine day;' but neither of them could reciprocate her greeting, and therefore sadly and silently shook hands. Without another word, Mrs Meikle showed them up-stairs, and they summoned all the courage at their command to enter the gloomy chamber of death. Charlie quietly and gently pushed the door open, and ushered in his cousin. She entered, and lifted her eyes to the bed; but it was vacant. Then she looked wildly about the room, and—there was her worthy husband in the flesh and in life, standing at the window in his dressing-gown, grimly looking down on the coffin which the two men had upon their shoulders at the gate below. With a fiercely angry glare he turned upon his wife. Her widow's weeds and the coffin showed there was some monstrously strange thing afoot. He was about to speak, when his wife uttered a piercing scream, and sank fainting to the floor.

The two men, heedless of the fallen Barbara, stared at each other for a moment; Josiah, with mingled hate, contempt, and jealousy; Charlie, with open-mouthed wonder and astonishment. Josiah's busy brain rapidly found a possible explanation. 'They intend,' thought he, 'in my weak and nervous condition, to kill me by the shock of viewing my own coffin, and the preparations they have made for my funeral.' But he felt strong and able to outwit them.

'What is the meaning of all this?' exclaimed the irate Josiah to the thunder-struck Charlie. 'Who is the coffin for? Eh?'

'It's all a mistake'—began Charlie, in a conciliatory tone.

'All a mistake, is it?' roared the infuriated old man, on whom contending passions and tumultuous thoughts were beginning to tell. 'All a mistake, is it?' repeated he, attempting to get within striking distance of Charlie. 'I should rather think it *was* a mistake that I am alive and—and—kicking.'

Charlie dodged round the table, to escape the blow which the fierce Josiah aimed at him with his foot. 'It is a mistake,' cried Charlie once more, across the table. 'The message'—

'Confound you and the message!' yelled the aged one, continuing the chase. 'Nothing would please you better than to see me in my grave. Get out of the room, you confounded whelp!'

Charlie got cool, as Josiah's fury increased. He was struck with the ridiculousness of running and dodging each other round the table; and then, when he thought of the coffin at the door, he could no longer suppress a fit of uncontrollable laughter. 'Hear me a moment,' gasped Charlie—with tears of laughter coursing down his cheeks—'one moment, Mr Blend, and I'll explain. It's really very ludicrous! That coffin down below makes me'—

'You would bury me alive, would you, and

laugh in my face, you vile scamp!' roared Josiah, picking up a carpet footstool and hurling it at Charlie's head, while the latter ducked, as the swirling footstool with projectile force swept the dressing-table clear of its ornaments.

'Out of my sight!' screamed Josiah, now fairly demented.

The young man still hesitated, hoping to explain; but Josiah seized the poker, and would have used it as a projectile, had not Charlie, still convulsed, fled precipitately down-stairs and out at the front door. When he got there, he requested the two men to carry the coffin back to the station; and afterwards adjourned with them to the only hotel in the place, to explain, and laugh immoderately at this most amusing misunderstanding.

Meanwhile, Josiah helped Mrs Meikle to put his unconscious wife to bed. Thereafter, he hurriedly donned his apparel, threw on his overcoat, and rushed off down-stairs.

'Where are you going?' inquired Mrs Meikle, who had sent for a doctor.

'Going? I'm going to my lawyer in Glasgow to get a divorce. I'll not stand tricks like these,' cried Josiah, as he angrily flung himself out and violently slammed the door behind him.

At the station, he got a *Herald*, where he read: 'On the 21st instant, suddenly, at L—, in the sixtieth year of his age, Mr Josiah Blend, much regretted.'

'Much regretted! m'hm,' muttered the old man sneeringly. 'A month or two would have seen the two cousins married. Oh, I see it all, I see it all!'

When he arrived in town, as he was crossing the streets on his way home, he met his old friend Mr Maxton. 'Dear me, is that you, Josiah? You are advertised as dead in to-day's papers.'

'Get out of my way, you old fool!' replied the reckless one, his temper in no degree improved by his journey up to town. So saying, he tore along the street, leaving Mr Maxton gazing after him in speechless amazement.

When he arrived at his house, the servant who opened the door nearly jumped out of her skin with fright; but Josiah pushed past her, and marched into the parlour, where a few male and female friends were assembled, presumably for the purpose of condoling with the widow upon her expected return to Glasgow. They received Josiah at first in silent astonishment; but immediately afterwards with a hearty cheer, which was the first thing to make him think an error had been made, and that there was no intention to kill him with fear. The shaking of hands and the subsequent explanations tended to cool down his wrath; and as the fever of excitement left him, he began to feel his weakness and physical prostration returning, and ultimately was compelled to accept the situation with the best grace possible under the circumstances.

When the telegram was shown to him, he went to the Postmaster to demand an explanation, an apology, and compensation for loss and damage.

'Look here!' said he. 'I was bad with a bilious attack, and got my landlady to send this telegram: "Your husband is *bad*; come down at once." One of your operators made it *dead*, and thereby caused a most frightful misunderstanding. I think you will admit,' said Josiah, with studied severity of

tone, 'there is a very great difference between being bad and being dead?'

'Yes; there is a great difference certainly,' replied the Postmaster pleasantly; 'and I'm glad the mistake is not the other way; for if you had been dead, instead of bad, I would not have been favoured with this visit.'

Josiah had not looked at the error in that light; but not wanting to acknowledge the Postmaster's urbanity too readily, he replied: 'That's all very well; but it does not explain one of the most stupid blunders I ever heard of. The clerk should be horsewhipped!'

'I am exceedingly sorry the mistake has been made; but if you will bear with me a moment, I'll explain. The difference between "bad" and "dead" is not very great in the telegraph alphabet; it is altogether in what is technically called *spacing*. According to the dot and dash system of telegraphy,' continued the Postmaster, who took pencil and paper to illustrate it, 'the word "bad" is thus written and spaced:

b — . . . a . — d — . .
the word "dead:"

d — . . e . a . — d — . .
being exactly the same number of beats or dots and dashes; and when telegraphed thus:

— — — . . bad,
and
— — — . . dead,

you will observe there is, after all, only the difference of a dot. I am glad, however, that the dot has turned out to be in your favour.'

'I am very much obliged to you,' said Josiah, 'for your lucid explanation. I pray you, however, to call the clerk's attention to the matter. Had I known it might have been an unconscious error, instead of a grossly careless one, I would not have troubled you. Good afternoon!'

With this explanation, Josiah was pacified and pleased. He restored Mrs Blend, on her return from the West Coast, to her former position as queen of his heart; but though he regrets his hasty violence, he has not yet quite conquered his aversion to Charlie Robinson.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

POPPING the question is in many instances a very simple and easy affair. Long intimacy and a tacit understanding have prepared the way and reduced to a minimum the difficulties of the situation. The proposal has been anticipated, and, to all intents and purposes, accepted, long before it is made; and the formal declaration is a source of neither embarrassment and anxiety on the one hand, nor surprise and indecision on the other. Even without these advantageous conditions, some men have no more difficulty about a proposal of marriage than they have about any ordinary business negotiation; just as, on the other hand, there are some who would be overwhelmed with bashfulness and confusion under the most favourable circumstances. At the same time that the former may appear too

matter-of-fact, and the latter conspicuously deficient in manly self-possession, the matter under consideration—whether on account of difference in wealth or degree, or fifty other probable motives of uncertainty—is often one of such delicacy that it would involve, for nineteen out of every twenty suitors, a very considerable amount of hesitation and doubt.

Irresolute swains should, however, bear in mind that 'faint heart never won fair lady,' and their reticence would surely be overcome if they reflected for a moment on Shakspeare's dictum:

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Constitutionally timid men might, if necessary, resort to some such expedient as that of the youth whose bashfulness would not admit of his proposing directly to the object of his affections, but who at length summoned up sufficient courage to lift the young lady's cat and say: 'Pussy, may I have your mistress?' To which the young lady very naturally and cleverly responded: 'Say yes, pussy.' Bashfulness on the part of lovers, and want of courage in connection with popping the momentous question, have formed the subject of many a story. Here is one.

A gentleman had long been paying attention to a young lady whom he was very anxious to marry, but to whom he had never ventured to declare his passion. When opportunity offered, his courage deserted him, and when he was resolved to speak, the fair one never could be found alone or disengaged. Driven to desperation, he one day succeeded in accomplishing his purpose in a somewhat remarkable manner, at a dinner-party. To most people, a dinner-party would hardly seem the most suitable occasion for overtures of this description, especially when, as in this instance, the lady is seated at the opposite side of the table from her admirer. The latter, however, was equal to the occasion. Tearing a leaf from his pocket-book, he wrote on it, under cover of the table: 'Will you be my wife? Write Yes or No at the foot of this.'

Calling a servant, he asked him in a whisper to take the slip—which, of course, was carefully folded and directed—to 'the lady in blue opposite.' The servant did as requested; and the gentleman, in an agony of suspense, watched him give it to the lady, and fixed his eyes, with badly disguised eagerness, to try and judge from her expression how the quaintly made offer was received. He had forgotten one thing—namely, that ladies seldom carry pencils about them at a dinner-party. The beloved one was, however, not to be baffled by so trifling an obstacle. After reading the note calmly, she turned to the servant and said: 'Tell the gentleman, Yes.' They were married in due course.

The difficulty of proposing to the young lady is not always the most serious one the suitor has to encounter. Popping the question to one's prospective mother-in-law, or 'asking papa,' is frequently the more arduous undertaking of the two. When Professor Aytoun was wooing Miss Wilson, daughter of Professor Wilson, the famous 'Christopher North,' he obtained the lady's con-

sent conditionally on that of her father being secured. This Aytoun was much too shy to ask, and he prevailed upon the young lady herself to conduct the necessary negotiations.

'We must deal tenderly with his feelings,' said glorious old Christopher. 'I'll write my reply on a slip of paper, and pin it to the back of your frock.'

'Papa's answer is on the back of my dress,' said Miss Jane as she entered the drawing-room. Turning her round, the delighted Professor read these words: 'With the author's compliments.'

The language in which a proposal ought to be made is a point which has exercised the minds of lovers more than most others connected with their suit. In plays and novels, as a rule the hero asks the heroine to be his wife in flowery and romantic expressions, even if he does not throw himself at her feet and indulge in a wild outburst of impassioned adoration. It is not too much to say that in real life proposals are seldom, if ever, made after this fashion; indeed, any young man who ventured to go through such a performance would be pretty sure to get laughed at for his pains. In Lord Beaconsfield's last novel, an eccentric old nobleman pops the question in the following matter-of-fact language: 'I wonder if anything would ever induce you to marry me?' This was evidently intended as a fresh illustration of Lord Montford's eccentricity; but it is really much nearer the terms in which the average man proposes, than is the average proposal of the novelist. The Americans, we know, carry everything to extremes, and we are told that the New York young men have reduced the formula of the critical proposition to a couple of words—'Let's consolidate.' Nothing, however, could be neater or more ingenious than the proposal of the Irishman, who thus addressed the rustic beauty upon whom he had set his affections: 'Biddy, darlint, they've been tellin' me there's too many of us in the world. Now, if you an' me get the praste to make us two wan, troth an' wouldn't there be wan the less?'

Different customs prevail in different countries in this as in other matters. A curious ceremony, for example, is associated with popping the question among the Samoyedes of Russia. When a young Samoyede desires to marry, and has come to an understanding with the damsel of his choice, he visits her father, and, with a short stick, taps him, and then the mother of the maiden, on the shoulder. He then demands the girl in marriage, and offers the father and mother a glass of vodka which he has brought with him. As a token of his good-will, the father drinks the vodka; he tells the young man he has no objection, but that he must ask the girl's consent. A few days later the young man comes again, this time accompanied by what servants he has, and provided with plenty of vodka. His retinue remain outside while he enters the room and seats himself by the side of his lady-love. The father hands the young man a glass of vodka; he drinks half, and hands the half-full glass, under his left arm, to the girl, who finishes the draught. The father then gives his daughter a glass of vodka, and she in like manner drinks half of it, and presents the remainder, with her left hand under her right arm, to her lover, who drains the

glass. After this, the father hands a piece of raw meat to the young man, who eats it, and then takes a piece from the floor, eats half, and presents the other half, under his left arm, to the girl to finish. She in turn takes a piece of meat from the floor, eats half, and hands the other half, under her right arm, to the young man to finish. This extraordinary ceremonial would appear to complete the transaction, and may be regarded as synonymous with our engagement. The feasting and other ritual necessary to ratify the contract generally take place soon or immediately afterwards.

The most fitting occasion for a proposal of marriage is another point to which lovers attach no little importance, and rightly so, for an inopportune suit would in all probability prove unsuccessful. The great aim should be to hit the tide which in the affairs of love, as in those of men, 'leads on to fortune.' A romantic situation or surroundings have generally been regarded as peculiarly appropriate to the proposition of the all-important question. There is on record at least one instance of a proposal having been made in a balloon while soaring up into the empyrean; and numerous engagements have no doubt been made under equally novel and romantic circumstances. The lover, however, who waits for an occasion of this kind may find himself forestalled by another who has wisely taken advantage of the first favourable opportunity. 'So you would not take me to be twenty?' said a young lady to her partner, while dancing the polka one evening. 'What would you take me for then?' 'For better, for worse,' replied he; and he was accepted. Here is another case in point. Riding home from the hounds after a certain famous county meet, a lady observed to her companion: 'Why should we not marry, Sir John?' 'Ah!' said Sir John, 'that is what I have often thought myself.' And married they were.

The latter anecdote recalls the controversy which has so often been waged as to whether it is competent for a lady to pop the question. Without entering into that question, even so far as the leap-year prerogative is concerned, we shall simply quote an interesting example, the heroine being no other than the wife of M. de Lesseps. This distinguished lady was at La Chesnaye, when all Europe was astir about the achievements of the Suez enterprise. One day, in the garden, she saw De Lesseps walking on a terrace. She plucked a rose, and going up to the widower, begged of him, for her sake, to wear it at dinner. He asked whether she did not mean it for his son. No; it was for himself. De Lesseps explained to her that he was on the wrong side of sixty, while she was not yet nineteen. That did not matter; what his age was had never occurred to her. She had only thought of his greatness and his goodness. In short, he was her *beau idéal*. How was it possible for a man reared on the sunny side of a Pyrenean mountain to reason down the feelings this confession aroused? Time was given to Mademoiselle de Praga to reflect, and she was made to understand that no friendship would be lost were she to change her mind after the banns had been published. The marriage, however, was celebrated contemporaneously with the Suez fêtes.

The Marquis of Lorne conversing recently on Canada as a field for emigration, observed to the present writer that young women who went out to that country would get an offer of marriage about every day. *Apropos* of this remark, we may cite the following brief anecdotes, which graphically illustrate the rapid progress that matrimonial negotiations make in real emigrant life.

'How did you manage to win her affections so quickly, Dan?' asked one settler of another. 'The recipe's worth knowing.'

'Oh, that's simple enough,' replied Dan. 'The first night I arrived at the lodging-house at Auckland, I found myself sitting next to a young woman at supper, who I soon found was one of the newly arrived emigrants. I looked her over, and saw a round, strong, cheery-looking lass, with a laughing face, and thought she'd do. I didn't know how to go foolin' around her to find a soft place, but just spoke a word or two with her, and when we come out into the passage, I gives her a squeeze and a kiss. Says she: "How dare you?" Says I: "I wants to marry you, my dear."—"Marry me!" says she, laughing. "Why, I don't know you." "No more do I you, my dear," says I; "so that makes it all fair and equal."—She didn't know how to put a stopper on that, so she only laughed and said she couldn't think of it. "Not think of it?" says I, artful like; "not when you've come all those thousands of miles for the purpose?"—"What do you mean?" says she, starting. "Come now," says I, "don't tell me. I knows what's what. When a man immigrationises, it's to get work; when a woman immigrationises, it's to get married. You may say so at once."—Well, she wriggled a bit; but we were spliced two days afterwards.'

One day, a widower from New York State appeared in Lansing, Michigan, on business. The same business carried him over to De Witt, eight miles away. When *en route*, he stopped at a log farmhouse to warm his cold fingers. He was warmly welcomed by the pioneer and his wife, both of whom were well up in years, and after some general talk, the woman asked: 'Am I right in thinking you are a widower?' 'Yes.'—'Did you come out here to find a wife?' 'Partly.'—'Did anybody tell you of our Susie?' 'No.'—'Well, we've got as bouncing a girl of twenty-two as you ever set eyes on. She's good-looking, healthy, and good-tempered, and I think she'll like your looks.' 'Where is she?'—'Over in the woods here, chopping down a coon-tree. Shall I blow the horn for her?' 'No; if you'll keep an eye on my horse, I'll find her.'—'Well, there's nothing stuck-up or affected about our Susie. She'll say Yes or No as soon as she looks you over. If you want her, don't be afraid to say so.'

The stranger heard the sound of her axe, and followed it. He found her just as the tree was ready to fall. She was a stout, good-looking girl, swinging her axe like a man; and in other two minutes he was saying: 'Susie, I'm a widower from New York State; I'm thirty-nine years old, have one child, own a good farm, and I want a wife. Will you go back home with me?'

She leaned on the axe, and looked at him for

half a minute, and then replied: 'Can't say for certain; just wait till I get these coons off my mind.' She sent the tree crashing to earth; and, with his help, killed five coons, which were stowed away in a hollow.

'Well, what do you say?' he asked, as the last coon stopped kicking. 'I'm yours,' was the reply; 'and by the time you get back from De Witt, I'll have these skins off the coons and tucked up, and be ready for the preacher.'

He returned to the house, told the old folks that he would bring the preacher back with him, and at dusk the twain were married. Hardly an hour had been wasted in courting, yet he took home one of the best girls in the State of Michigan.

Before a man makes a proposal of marriage, he ought to consider well the answer he is likely to receive, as well as how he is prepared to reply to certain queries which may be asked of him in return—such, for example, as that of the young lady who, though

Scarce for emotion could she speak,
Yet did she ask in accents meek,
'How much have you a year?'

In these days of Married Women's Property Bills, when the 'equality of the sexes' is so stoutly contended for in this and other respects, the lady takes a much more active share in the negotiation of such matters than in former days. However secure a woman may seek to make her position in the matrimonial firm, it is not often that she avows at the outset her intention to act as general manager throughout in the direction of affairs. This occurred, however, in the case of a boating friend of ours, who recently asked a pretty but somewhat strong-minded young lady to 'row in the same boat' with him for life. 'On one condition,' she promptly answered; 'and that is—I steer.'

For the benefit of rejected lovers, we shall in conclusion quote the following sage advice, which, with some modification in very exceptional cases, they would do well to follow: 'If a girl once refuses to marry you, don't make a noodle of yourself by hanging around her and persisting in your suit; for if you do cause her to relent, and she becomes your wife, you will never hear the last of your courting pertinacity as long as your wedded life lasts. The safest way, in nineteen cases out of twenty, is to take a girl at her word.'

A GOOD DIGESTION.

THE largest measure of human happiness, it has been truly said, results from a perfect digestion. In the race of life, a sufferer from dyspepsia (indigestion) is not only heavily burdened, but the infirmity of temper begotten by the ailment so overshadows and warps what may naturally be a fine disposition, that he oftentimes becomes a nuisance not only to himself, but also to his friends. A bad or indifferent digestion begets bad or indifferent work, for the simple reason that the sufferer is unable to work up to his own powers. Whether a man be poet or printer, statesman or stationer, he can never hope to make his mark in the world, or live comfortably

and happily, if he fail to properly digest his food.

We trust that the following hints—for which we are indebted to Mr Andrew W. Tuer, Editor of *The Paper and Printing Trades Journal*—supplementary to our paper in a recent issue (No. 927) on the subject of Dyspepsia, may not only be the means of bringing relief to the sufferer, but may rout the enemy altogether. The commonest and most distressing symptoms of indigestion are a sense of weight or oppression in the stomach after partaking of a—generally unenjoyed—meal, often followed by irritability of temper, depression of spirits, and a sense of general discomfort vaguely termed 'out of sorts.' An attack may last for days, or for weeks, or be so long continued as to become almost chronic. Medicine may give temporary relief, but that is all. The cause of the mischief, which may be taken to result from a fermentive process communicated to every meal almost as soon as swallowed, must be removed. An antiseptic must be looked for, that, while stopping or killing the ferment, will be harmless to the system; and we find it in glycerine, which was first mentioned in connection with indigestion about eighteen months ago by Doctors Sydney Ringer and William Murrell, in a joint article in *The Lancet*, wherein its use was recommended in cases of flatulence, acidity, and pyrosis. Glycerine is not only an antiseptic or ferment killer agreeable to take, but appears to possess the singular quality of passing through the digestive organs unchanged.

A drachm of glycerine mixed in half a wine-glass full of water is to be swallowed with, or immediately after each meal until the enemy takes to flight, which in an ordinary case will be in from one to two days, and in an obstinate one, perhaps a fortnight. Sooner or later, unless the predisposing causes are removed, another attack will follow, and the glycerine will have to be resumed.

'Predisposing causes' having been referred to, it must now be the endeavour to find out what they are, so that a perfect cure may be effected and the glycerine discarded altogether. One's own common-sense would suggest that food known to disagree should be avoided. Indigestion is often set up at the earliest, and to the dyspeptic, the lightest meal of the day, at which he probably confines himself to crisp toast buttered as soon as cold, bread-and-butter with a very lightly boiled egg, or a little fat bacon, the whole moistened with a little tea. In the word just used, 'moistened,' probably lies the 'predisposing cause.' The food, when only half chewed, is moistened with a sip of tea to expedite its departure to the stomach; but to insure its digestion, be it ever so simple, the food must be thoroughly masticated and receive during the process the necessary moisture from the saliva. Food should be swallowed without any extraneous aid in a liquid form, and ought never to be washed down. A sip of tea may be taken between the bites, but not when there is food in the mouth, of which a fair quantity ought to be disposed of before the tea is even thought of. The tea itself, by being slowly sipped, receives its share of the saliva, and is rendered more digestible. And this assertion is borne out by the fact, that many

persons who cannot digest milk when gulped or drunk down quickly, readily do so when it is slowly sipped.

The habit of taking one's breakfast in the manner recommended is so very easily acquired, that, after the first trial, no inconvenience will be felt; in fact, the food will be enjoyed, and the pleasure of the meal greatly increased. Indiscretions committed at the dinner-table are credited as the cause of many dyspeptic attacks; but probably more may be traced to the pernicious habit indicated and indulged in by so many persons at breakfast and tea.

A final hint as to the tea at breakfast. The epicurean method of making it, and that, we believe, practised by professional tea-tasters, is to put a single spoonful—let it be of the best and without any admixture of green—into a breakfast cup, which is filled up with boiling water, covered with a plate or saucer, and allowed to stand for three minutes only, when—after decanting into another cup, so as to dispose of the leaves, which will remain behind—the tea is made. Sugar is added to taste, and lastly milk—and very little, if any, of it. Tea made in this manner is not only most deliciously aromatic, but most digestible; for the bitter tannin, which is apt to harden—literally to tan—the food in the stomach, is left behind.

THE SHADOWED CROSS.

In wedded love our lives had twined
One year—one careless, golden year—
And then he died, my darling died;
And, for the joy that harboured there,
My heart was filled with dark despair.

I traced the haunts he loved the best
In dear, lost days—alas, so brief!
And Mem'ry's breathings, once so sweet,
But fanned the furnace of my grief:
They brought no tears to my relief.

At early dawn I sought his grave,
'Mid quaint-carved stones, o'ergrown with moss,
And lo! upon the hallowed mound—
In seeming emblem of my loss—
There fell the shadow of a Cross.

And, kneeling there in tearless woe,
Methought I heard my darling say:
'O love! thy grief a shadow is,
Which, as a dream, shall pass away,
Where shadows melt in cloudless day!'

Then found my anguish vent in tears,
Strange tears of heav'n-born peace, that shed
Around my soul a holy calm:
And when I rose, thus comforted,
The shadow from the grave had fled!

J. W. BROWN.

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OUR JUBILEE YEAR.

REMINISCENCES OF A LONG AND BUSY LIFE.

THE year 1882, now commenced, happens to be the JUBILEE year of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL. The first number having been issued on Saturday the 4th February 1832, the work, consequently, on the 4th February 1882, will have existed fifty years. Though an unusual, this is not an unprecedented fact in the history of periodical literature, and I am not disposed to make more of it than it is worth. I think, however, that I am fairly entitled to feel gratified at the singular success of a work which, relying on the support of no party or sect, nor on any species of artistic attraction, should have so long kept its ground, and that now, after a lapse of fifty years, should, judging by circulation, be more popular than it was in the early stages of its career. There is more than this literary and commercial success to be thankful for. It is that the hand which penned the Introductory article in the first number of the Journal in 1832, has been spared to write the present address. The varied circumstances of the case stir up so many strange recollections and considerations, that I may be excused for offering some remarks appropriate to the occasion.

The first idea that occurs in a very prolonged retrospect is the prodigious change that has taken place in the social conditions of the country. I feel as if living in a new world, yet with the wonted tokens of antiquity observable as of yore. Old notions and prejudices have silently passed away. The denser forms of ignorance have disappeared. Many pretentious bugbears have been exploded. Grievous indications of poverty in many quarters have been superseded by symptoms of individual and national prosperity. There used to be frequent uproars about the anticipated ruin of labour by the introduction of machinery. Although machinery has in almost all the industrial arts been freely introduced,

there is more employment of labour than ever. By the removal of taxes which pressed severely not only on the absolute necessities of life, but on many articles in common use, a great saving has been effected. All imported food was taxed; salt was taxed to more than thirty times its natural value; soap was taxed; leather was taxed; paper of all kinds was taxed; newspapers were taxed; candles were taxed; window-lights were taxed; spring-carts, such as are now largely used by tradesmen, were taxed; post-letters were taxed according to distance, so that some people could not afford to receive them. At one time, as I recollect, tea was sold at eight shillings a pound; and sugar was four times the price it now is. Through the removal of so many exactions, and from other causes, the humbler classes are now better paid for their labour, better fed, better clothed, and better housed; they are likewise much more thrifty, as is testified by the large deposits in the Savings-banks. Perhaps the most remarkable thing of all is the change as to facility of transit by sea and land through the agency of steam, while telegraphic communications are effected with the swiftness of lightning. Life may not be extended in point of years, but time is immensely economised, and a man may now do more than double what he could attempt to overtake fifty to sixty years since; this, indeed, may be called one of the prime factors in national advancement, which is seldom adverted to. I could refer to numerous meliorations that have occurred in the general political organisation without having provoked disturbance. Common-sense now dispassionately settles matters formerly left to the dominion of temper. Notwithstanding a thousand apprehensions, the envied fabric of British constitutional liberty remains unchanged—only, I think, materially strengthened, with

the grand old monarchy towering over all, and with its foundations securely anchored in the affections of the people.

Born in 1800, I am excluded from any remembrance of the great convulsion in France; but the surgings of that terrible affair were still everywhere visible. Bonaparte was a name of terror. The British Islands were a universal camp. Soldiers were seen, and the beating of drums was heard in all directions. A resolution to preserve the country from invasion, seemed to animate all hearts. The oldest of my distinct recollections as concerns public events was the Battle of Trafalgar, October 21, 1805, when I was over five years of age. At the firesides were heard congratulations on the victory, which at once settled Napoleon's projects of invasion; these tokens of joy, however, being saddened by the intelligence of the death of Nelson. It has been always something for me to say with a sense of satisfaction that I remember that great naval achievement, the Battle of Trafalgar.

I was not fated to receive more than a plain education in the place of my birth, a small country town in the south of Scotland. Matters there were still somewhat primitive. In the schools I passed through, there was not a map, nor a book on geography, or history, or science. The only instruction consisted of the three Rs, finishing off with a dose of Latin. It was a simple and cheap arrangement, diversified with boisterous outdoor exercises, and a certain amount of fighting, in which I was forced to take a part. My instruction in Latin came abruptly to a conclusion. Lieutenant Waters, in one of the old novels, says, with more energy than elegance, that he still bore the marks of 'Homo' on his person. I likewise have the honour of bearing similar evidences of my acquaintance with Homo. One day, not being quite prompt in answering a question in Latin grammar, my teacher, in one of his irascible moods (which were always distinguishable by his wearing a short bottle-green coat), lifted a ruler and inflicted a sharp blow on the top of my head, which almost deprived me of consciousness, and which, while leaving a small protuberance, is on occasions, after an interval of seventy years, still felt to be awkwardly painful. So much for my acquaintance with Homo. With every respect for his agency in mental culture, I shortly afterwards bade the academy good-bye; and so ended my classical education, or school education of any kind.

It was a miserable business; but after all, I have reason to think it was the best thing that could have happened. An over-cramming of classical learning might have sent me in a wrong direction. I had secured the means of self-instruction through books, and that was deemed sufficient. All depended on making a proper use of the means. My brother Robert, two years younger, more docile and meditative, took kindly to Homo, and continued to prosecute his studies in that

direction some time longer. Both, however, were alike anxious to make up for deficiencies by self-reliance. A little room we occupied was our college. Every spare hour, morning, noon, and night, was devoted to books. We went right through a circulating library, which the small town had the happiness to possess, besides devouring every book within the domestic circle. Light and heavy literature were equally acceptable. The object was to fill the mind with anything that was harmlessly amusing and instructive. At from ten to twelve years of age we had in a way digested much of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' and by this means alone we acquired a knowledge of the physical sciences, not a word of which could have been learned at school. Useful as it proved, such a method of rushing on from book to book is certainly not to be commended. Fortunately, we had good memories, with some sense of discrimination. Robert's memory was wonderful.

Like storms, which though appalling, are sometimes beneficial, misfortunes in ordinary life are occasionally blessings in disguise. A quiet home was suddenly plunged in tribulation. My father, a man of benevolent disposition, but with no great vigour of character, was ruined by inconsiderately, as a merchant, giving credit to a parcel of unprincipled French prisoners of war on parole. It was a clean sweep; and it would have been utterly disastrous, but for the interposition of my mother, a woman of singular nerve and resolution, by nature a lady, and whom circumstances made a heroine. There was nothing for it but to seek a new and more promising scene of operations. By a wise resolution, the family removed to Edinburgh in December 1813; thus quitting a locality where their lineage had existed in the modest position of small proprietors since the days of Robert Bruce. The wrench was sharp, but imperative. At this point, I feel it desirable for a moment to lay aside any consideration of the career pursued by Robert, my younger associate, and to confine myself to a personal narrative.

Anxious to be employed in some way connected with literature, I was, in May 1814, apprenticed for five years to a bookseller. He happened to be a relentless disciplinarian; but that perhaps was rather a good thing for a young fellow entering the world. As our family had soon occasion to remove to a situation a few miles from town, it was my luck to be consigned to the lodging of a decent but penurious widow, in which humble refuge I am to be supposed as endeavouring to live for some years, and to make both ends meet, lodgings and shoe-leather included, on a revenue of four shillings a week. It was a hard but somewhat droll scrimmage with semi-starvation; for, as concerns food, it was an attempt to live on threepence-halfpenny a day. Yet, it was done, and I never thought much about it. I was in the midst of a busy and enlightened community; and if I did at times feel hungry, I enjoyed a charming indulgence in the Pleasures of Hope. I was young, healthy, and resolute in perseverance. It was a most fortunate circumstance that nobody knew me, or cared any-

thing about me. Acquaintanceships would have been thralldom. Isolation was independence. I was, in short, left to fight the Battle of Life in my own way. Youths, generally, make a great mistake in the cultivation of acquaintances, who only embarrass them. The world at large is the true reliance. At intervals, I pursued educational matters in a small way. I made experiments in electricity with the aid of an apparatus which I managed to purchase from very limited savings. I likewise made a study of French, with which I was slightly familiar from recollecting the language of the French prisoners of war. On Sundays I carried a French New Testament in my pocket to church, and pored over its construction in relation to English.

At the time I entered on the busy world, there was much to exhilarate the youthful mind. The close of the French war was coincident with the commencement of the Waverley Novels. When 'Waverley,' in three volumes, was issued in 1814 by Constable, there was a great commotion in the trade; my being despatched for relays of copies, and carrying parcels of them to an eager class of customers, being one of my amusing facts to look back upon. There was a great mystery as to the authorship of this and the speedily succeeding fictions; but it in time fastened down on Walter Scott, whose bulky figure and good-natured countenance were familiar in the streets of Edinburgh. The great victory at Waterloo in 1815, when Bonaparte was done for at last, caused immense public rejoicings. It was the end of a frightful and protracted effort, that had loaded the country with an almost unendurable amount of taxation.

The outburst of the Waverley Novels was followed by various symptoms of mental awakenings in the Scottish capital. There were two striking indications of the kind, each the antipodes of the other. The *Scotsman* newspaper, in the Whig interest, sounded the death-knell of hundreds of vexatious abuses, and caused a prodigious sensation. Taking an interest in its projected appearance, I, in the enthusiasm of the moment, made a push to buy the first copy issued; but such was the crowd, I failed in the attempt; I, however, was able to secure the second copy that was handed out (January 25, 1817). The price was tenpence, owing to the limitation of advertisements, and the costly government stamp. Yet, the sale was immense. This is one of my pleasant retrospects. The *Scotsman*, in its modernised form and price, has long been the leading newspaper in Edinburgh. The other circumstance to be noted was the publication of *Blackwood's Magazine* by an enterprising bookseller of that name (April 1817). It drew around it a number of able literary supporters, Wilson, Lockhart, the Ettrick Shepherd, and others, whose *jeux-d'esprit* speedily gave the work a renown, which, with good management, has carried it on till the present day.

Having elsewhere* related some of the queer incidents in this period of my life, I pass on to a subject more immediately on hand. My apprenticeship came to a close in 1819, and with

five shillings in my pocket—to which sum my weekly wage had been latterly advanced—I was left to begin the struggle of independent exertion. I was fortunate in the moment when thrown on my own resources. A London bookseller, who had come to conduct a trade-sale in Edinburgh, sought my assistance to arrange his specimens. I willingly lent my aid; and this worthy person, understanding that I wanted to begin business, but had only five shillings of capital, gave me an excellent selection of books on credit to the value of ten pounds. Borrowing a truck for the occasion, I wheeled the books to a small place of business I had secured in Leith Walk; and there I exhibited my stock of books on a stall, which I constructed of wood bought with the five shillings. Again, fortune proved favourable. The books were speedily disposed of, and a fresh stock was ordered. A good start had been made. After discharging all my obligations, I had a few pounds over, and by following a rigorous system of thrift, things were decidedly looking up.

In the petty business I had begun, there was much idle time, particularly in wet weather. As a relief from ennui, and if possible to pick up a few shillings, I took to copying small pieces of poetry with a crow-pen, for albums, in a style resembling fine print. This answered so far; but it was slow work, with no prospect of permanent advantage. A brilliant idea shot up. I must have a press and types. There was the small drawback of having no practical knowledge of printing, and no money wherewith to buy a proper stock of materials. As for the knowledge, that hardly cost a thought. In casual visits to printing offices, I had seen types set, and impressions taken. There was surely no difficulty that a few days' experience could not overcome. Then, as regards money, I happened to have three pounds on hand. As if good luck was determined to follow me, a person offered to sell me a small hand-press, and a quantity of types sufficient for a beginning; price of the whole, including type-cases, only three pounds. The types were dreadfully old and worn. They had been employed for the last twenty years in printing a newspaper. The press could print only half a sheet at a time, and made a fearfully wheezing noise when the screw was brought to the pull. These were untoward circumstances that could not be helped, and had to be made the best of. I actually, with these poor appliances, began the business of a printer in addition to my small bookselling concern. After a little time overcoming every difficulty, I managed to execute an edition, small size, of the Songs of Robert Burns, with my own hands bound the copies in boards with a coloured wrapper, sold the whole off, and cleared eight pounds by the transaction. It was all found money; for the work had been done early in the morning, and during bad weather.

My next exploit was of a more ambitious description. It consisted of nothing less than trying to print a periodical, of which Robert was to act as editor. It was to come out fortnightly, and extend to sixteen octavo pages. The eight pounds realised by the success of my Burns, helped to purchase a new fount of letter for the occasion. The old jangling press was still to do duty. The name of the aspiring periodical

* *Memoir of Robert Chambers, with Autobiographic Reminiscences of W. Chambers, 10th Edition, 1878.*

was *The Kaleidoscope*, which went through a brief career of eight numbers, between the 6th October 1821 and 12th January 1822. The papers, mostly of a humorous character, were nearly all written by Robert. I was not able to do much in the way of writing. The setting of types, and the toil of working the press, besides other business duties, were enough, and more than enough, for, under the heavy labour, I considerably broke down in health, and was fain to give the whole thing up. After this, I for a time stuck to bookselling and to job printing. The larger class of letters required for hand-bills, such as 'Dog Lost,' I cut in wood with a penknife. I also printed some small pamphlets of the nature of chap-books, which I was occasionally able to pen. One of them was a History of the Gypsies.

From 1822 till 1832, much writing to little purpose; I was, however, gaining literary experience, and from having to write at short intervals in the course of business, I acquired a facility in letting down and taking up subjects abruptly which has proved useful through life. The works latterly undertaken and executed were the *Gazetteer of Scotland*, a tremendously heavy job—and the *Book of Scotland*, a volume which sketched the special legal institutes of the country; now deservedly forgotten and out of print. Robert had meanwhile taken honours with his pen. The *Traditions of Edinburgh*, a work of historic and antiquarian interest—which was the last of my feats in type-setting, and drawing impressions with the hand-press—was issued in 1824. It at once brought fame and pecuniary advantage. Walter Scott called on Robert to compliment him on the work, and assist him with suggestions. At this time, we had each separately removed to commodious central places in Edinburgh. The period was not a very agreeable one in which to live. In the reign of William IV., there were so many things to correct, that society was kept in constant perturbation. In the midst of political contentions, connected with the Reform Bill, came an alarming epidemic of Asiatic cholera.

Although the period was in various ways dismal, there were occasional gleams of a brighter day. Schools of Arts and Mechanics' Institutes sprang up through the influence of thoughtful individuals. The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge was founded. Above all, there sprang up a class of low-priced periodicals, mostly worthless and ephemeral, but being popular among the 'masses'—a word which had come into vogue—they answered the purpose of showing how the wind blew. Here, said I, pondering on the subject, is my chance. I have waited for years for a favourable gale, and it has come at last. Taking advantage of the growing taste for cheap literature, let me lead it, if possible, in a proper direction; let me endeavour to elevate and instruct, independently of mere passing amusement; and in particular, let me avoid political, sectarian, or any kind of controversial bias. The matter being important, I in the first place consulted Robert on the subject; but he declined to connect himself with the project, though he promised to help with occasional papers. No further time was lost in cogitation. In January 1832, I issued the prospectus of

the present *Journal*, and the first number appeared on Saturday the 4th of February. It contained an introductory article, written in a fevered state of feeling, as may be judged by the following passages.

'The principle by which I have been actuated is to take advantage of the universal appetite for instruction which at present exists; to supply to that appetite food of the best kind, in such forms and at such price as will suit the convenience of every man in the British dominions. Every Saturday, when the poorest labourer in the country draws his humble earnings, he shall have it in his power to purchase, with an insignificant portion of even that humble sum, a meal of healthful, useful, and agreeable mental instruction. Whether I succeed in my wishes, a brief space of time will determine. I throw myself on the good sense of my countrymen for support; all I seek is a fair field wherein to exercise my industry in their service.' I concluded by notifying the subjects which would receive particular attention.

On the 31st of March 1832, being about six weeks after the commencement of *Chambers's Journal*, appeared the first number of the *Penny Magazine* of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. It is learnt from Mr Charles Knight, its publisher, that the *Penny Magazine* was suggested to him on a morning in March, and that the Lord Chancellor (Brougham), who was waited on, cordially entered into the project, which was forthwith sanctioned by the Committee of the Society. The *Penny Magazine*, begun under such distinguished auspices, and which, as is understood, had a very large circulation, terminated unexpectedly in 1845; though not without having exerted, during its comparatively brief career, an influence, along with similar publications, in stimulating the growth of that cheap and wholesome literature which has latterly assumed such huge proportions.

High as were my expectations, the success of the *Journal* exceeded them. In a few days there was for Scotland the unprecedented sale of thirty thousand copies; and shortly afterwards, when copies were consigned to an agent in London for diffusion through England, the sale rose to fifty thousand, at which it long remained, with scarcely any advertising to give it publicity. Some years after this, the circulation exceeded eighty thousand. Robert's views having now considerably changed as regards the importance of the undertaking, he was admitted a partner at the fourteenth number; and from this time is dated the firm of W. & R. Chambers. The early success of *Chambers's Journal* was perhaps partly due to the fact, that at that time the price of newspapers was usually sevenpence, owing to the heavy stamp and advertisement duties. *Chambers's Journal* being free from these exactions, and being a sheet at the price of three-halfpence, while in point of size it was nearly as large as a newspaper, was accepted as a great bargain in reading. It found its way to nooks and corners of the country to which no such papers had ever penetrated, the instructive and entertaining nature of the articles making it a special favourite with young people. Even until the present time, I continue to receive communications from individuals embracing recollections of the vast pleasure with

which as boys they hailed the weekly appearance of the *Journal*. One or two of these may here be presented, as a curiosity.

The head-master of a large and important school in the neighbourhood of London writes as follows: 'You sowed the seeds of my advancement forty years ago. In a village in Cambridgeshire, there were five poor boys whose united weekly wages amounted to seven and sixpence; one of them had given him by a gentleman off the stage-coach a *Chambers's Journal*. The boy read it; and got four more to hear it read. I was one of them; and we agreed to take it weekly. But the difficulty was, how was it to be paid? for one shilling and sixpence a week would not afford literature. I was always presented with a halfpenny a week for the missionaries, and so were two others. The other two could not contribute; but as their share, they would walk seven miles to fetch it. For ten years we stuck together, and were able to do a great deal to educate ourselves. Now, mark the result. I am the head-master of a large and important free school; another was till lately the head-master of Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School at Bristol; another became a clergyman; the fourth is now a retired builder; and the fifth is one of the largest sheep-farmers in New Zealand.'

Another writer 'remembers how eagerly the *Journal* was read, in its early days, by all classes. At a country town seventeen miles from Edinburgh, a little band of young men used to walk out two or three miles on the road to intercept the carrier, and bring in the parcel of *Journals* consigned to the local bookseller for more immediate distribution. It was too slow work for these impatient spirits to wait delivery of the parcel in the usual course of carrier-work. Going home on the Saturdays, dozens of young men might be seen reading their copy of *Chambers's* by the way.'

The year that saw the beginning of *Chambers's Journal* brought gloom over the literary world. After an unavailing search for health in the south of Europe, Sir Walter Scott returned to Abbotsford in the course of the summer—to die. The scene was gently closed on the 21st September 1832. The funeral of this illustrious Scotchman was appointed to take place on Wednesday the 26th. Out of regard for Scott, Robert could not remain absent; and in a vehicle procured for the purpose, I accompanied him to the funeral. We felt as if taking a part in an historical pageant, amid scenery for ever embalmed by ballad and legend. The spectacle presented at the final solemnity—the large concourse of mourners clustered under the trees near the ruins of the Abbey of Dryburgh, the sonorous reading of the funeral service amidst the silent crowd, and the gloomy atmosphere overhead—is one never to be obliterated from remembrance.

The impetus given by the success of the *Journal*, and the prospects that immediately ensued, had the effect of expanding a small, into a large business establishment. We never for a moment entertained a notion of transferring the publication of the *Journal* to any publisher outside. From past experiences, that was a species of assistance not required; neither did we need to employ the capital of others to

carry on the undertaking; husbanding the profits that accrued, that was enough for all purposes. From the outset, the rule was laid down never to give bills, but to pay for paper and everything else in ready-money; and after fifty years, that remains the governing principle of the firm, with at the same time a rigorous abstinence from speculations apart from our own business. There, in a few words, is the secret of the now large and prosperous concern of W. & R. Chambers. From the first, there was no time lost in financial scheming, nor in any distraction of the mind to matters of a foreign character; all was concentrated in advancing the single object in view. There was no playing with Fortune, nor frittering away time with frivolities and personal indulgences. Providence had carved out a career suitable to our faculties and instincts; and that career has been strictly followed—namely, that of endeavouring to instruct and harmlessly entertain through the agency of the press. Any other course of conduct would probably have been attended, as in the case of hundreds of similar adventures, by shipwreck and lamentation. Young men of ambitious views are apparently too much in the habit of treating their assigned work in the world as if it were a bit of passing amusement. It is, on the contrary, to be viewed as a matter of earnest and very serious concern.

I shall not expatiate on the number of works small and great, designed to promote the cause of popular instruction, in which we have been from first to last engaged; it is sufficient to say that the whole have been of a character designed to impart useful knowledge in a familiar and agreeable form, and if possible, to cultivate the moral and intellectual faculties of the people. They have, in reality, been a method of educating through the medium of print. Political topics have been studiously avoided, or more properly left to the acknowledged organs of public opinion. So, likewise, matters of a religious nature have been resigned to their appropriate exponents; while no less care has been exercised to exclude subjects or references calculated to wound sentiments of delicacy or propriety. The aim throughout has been to be original and concise, without being coarse and abrupt. Our operations in literary production have not been narrowed to a country or district, but have borne reference to the English-speaking race all over the globe; the consequence being that they are perhaps as well known in the United States and in the colonies as at our own doors. Our more laborious and crowning efforts in the cause of cheap and instructive literature have consisted in the execution of several series of school treatises; and also that now pretty well-known digest, *Chambers's Encyclopædia, a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People*, 10 vols. 8vo, of which the sale has been, and continues to be, very considerable.

It need hardly be explained that alike in editing *Chambers's Journal*, and in preparing the various works here indicated, we have been much indebted to a large body of contributors, and particularly to a succession of able literary assistants. The following names are worthy of being specially mentioned: Mr W. H. Wills, Mr

Leitch Ritchie, and Mr James Payn, as having been acting editors of the *Journal*; and Dr Andrew Findlater, as the erudite acting editor of *Chambers's Encyclopædia*. Nor can our gratitude be withheld from those who have aided in conducting the business portions of the concern; I would more especially refer to Mr William Inglis, ever accurate, true, and faithful in presiding over the accounting department for the long period of fifty years, and who is now happily a member of the firm. Last, not least, thanks are due to the hundreds of skilful artisans, who, by good conduct, have helped to promote the stability of the firm. Here it may be incidentally mentioned that the agency set on foot in London at the commencement of the *Journal*, was, for sufficient reasons, eventually withdrawn, and in its stead a branch of the business was established in Paternoster Row, which has proved in all respects successful.

While thankful for having got over the difficulties that oppressed my early morning, the prosperity of later times has been sadly clouded by the loss of friends and acquaintances, a host so numerous as to make me feel almost as if left alone in society. In my experience, life is liable to be exceedingly imbittered by contentions, which are, after all, speculative and exclusively of private concern, or to be sweetened by an opposite course of conduct. The following is a reminiscence in point. A few years after I began the *Journal*, a Roman Catholic nunnery was set up in a pretty and salubrious suburb of Edinburgh. It was a thing with which the public at large had nothing to do. The ladies who had chosen this retreat under their religious guides, were quiet, well behaved, and unobtrusive. Nevertheless, in the vehemence of sectarian dislike, their windows were broken nightly by persons unknown, under apparently no restraint from the police. The circumstance was so disgraceful, that, by a letter in the newspapers, I called the attention of the city authorities to the outrage, and it was immediately stopped. Shortly afterwards, I was unexpectedly waited upon by Bishop Gillies, a gentleman and scholar connected with the Roman Catholic body, who came to thank me for what he was pleased to call the great service I had performed. This led to a long and agreeable intimacy, both in this country and on the continent. Gillies, now deceased, is one of my pleasant recollections. I mention the fact to show how, by a little act of kindness in the spirit of Christian charity, and costing nothing, one may do much to sweeten his passage through life.

Of other acquaintances which grew up around me, recollection embraces dear old George Thomson, the well-known correspondent of Burns, and grandfather of Mrs Charles Dickens; Lord Murray, a judge in the Court of Session, noted for his affability and his delightful literary parties; Dr Andrew Combe, the author of some admirable works on Physiology in relation to the Preservation of Health; Sir Adam Ferguson, the early acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott; Dr John Hill Burton; Mr James Simpson; and Mr Charles Maclaren, the amiable and accomplished editor of the *Scotsman*, with whom I had the pleasure of making an excursion among the extinct volcanoes of Auvergne, and of visiting

with him Gergovia, near Clermont, the desolate mountain site of what had been a fortified city, heroically defended by a tribe of Gauls against the overpowering conquest of Julius Cæsar with his Roman legionaries.

With the view of procuring distinct knowledge respecting the system of elementary education in the Netherlands, which was reputed to be singularly unsectarian, yet satisfactory to all parties, I made a deliberate tour through that country in 1838, everywhere visiting schools in my route, and bringing away a stock of information on the subject, which was published on my return home. It is gratifying for me to know that the system of elementary education now introduced into Great Britain, appears to possess some of the important qualities which I found in full operation in the schools of Holland.

Looking back to this period, I have reminiscences of an acquaintanceship with Lord Kinnaird, whom I had the pleasure of visiting, by invitation, on two separate occasions at his beautiful residence, Rossie Priory, in the Carse of Gowrie. At these visits, I met choice parties of noble and scientific persons, from whose conversation much was to be learned and appreciated. On one of these occasions, the principal scientific guest was Sir David Brewster, under whose kindly directions, some experiments in optics and photography were made for the amusement of the company.

Having written a number of articles on the subject of Emigration, I felt considerable interest in the operations of the New Zealand Land Company, which proposed to colonise New Zealand on a plan somewhat resembling the New England settlements in the seventeenth century; one settlement to be for members of the Church of England, another for Scotch Presbyterians, and so on. While on a visit to London, I procured some information on the subject from Mr Edward Gibbon Wakefield, a leading spirit in the Company's affairs. In the district set aside for the reception of Scotch settlers, it was arranged that the name of the chief town was, by way of attractiveness, to be New Edinburgh. It was no business of mine what they called the town; but without damage to the plan, I thought an improvement might be suggested, which I did as follows, in a letter to the editor of the *New Zealand Journal*, published in London, November 11, 1843: 'If not finally resolved upon, I would strongly recommend a reconsideration of the name New Edinburgh, and the adoption of another infinitely superior and yet equally allied to "Old Edinburgh." I mean the assumption of the name Dunedin, which is the ancient Celtic appellation of Edinburgh, and is now occasionally applied in poetic composition and otherwise to the northern metropolis. I would, at all events, hope that the names of places with the prefix "New" should be sparingly had recourse to. The "News" in North America are an abomination, which it has lately been proposed to sweep out of the country. It will be matter for regret if the New Zealand Company help to carry the nuisance to the territories with which it is concerned.'

The letter bore my signature—for I have made a point of never writing an anonymous letter—and the hint was taken. The name New

Edinburgh was changed to Dunedin, which it now bears. On a late occasion, September 1880, I received a complimentary letter from the Municipal Council of Dunedin which bore an interesting reference to the circumstance. It should be added, that the plan of settlement in New Zealand according to ecclesiastical distinctions, has been long since and very properly abandoned.

From this time, business transactions took me frequently to London, where I enjoyed the acquaintance of Richard Cobden, Sir James Kaye Shuttleworth, Sir James Clark, Dr Neil Arnott, David Roberts, R.A., Douglas Jerrold, Mark Lemon, Charles Knight, the Rev. Sydney Smith, Samuel Rogers, and others. Two of these old London acquaintances still survive, Mr John Bright, M.P., and Mr Edwin Chadwick, C.B.

The manner in which I became acquainted with Sydney Smith is too remarkable to be omitted. In 1844, when residing in Greek Street, Soho, one day about noon a carriage drives up to the door; not a vehicle of the light modern sort, but an old family coach, drawn by a pair of sleek horses. From it descends an aged gentleman, who, from his shovel hat and black gaiters, is seen to be an ecclesiastical dignitary. I overhear, by the voices at the door, that I am asked for. 'Who in all the world can this be?' A few minutes solve the question. Heavy footsteps are heard deliberately ascending the antique balustraded stair. My unknown visitor is ushered in—his name announced: 'The Rev. Sydney Smith.' I hasten to receive so celebrated a personage as is befitting, and express the pleasure I have in the unexpected visit—wondering how he had discovered me.

'I heard at Rogers's, you were in town,' said he, 'and was resolved to call. Let us sit down and have a talk.'

We drew towards the fire, for the day was cold, and he continued: 'You are surprised possibly at my visit. There is nothing at all strange about it. The originator of the *Edinburgh Review* has come to see the originator of the *Edinburgh Journal*.'

I felt honoured by the remark, and delighted beyond measure with the good-natured and unceremonious observations which my visitor made on a variety of subjects. We talked of Edinburgh, and I asked him where he had lived. He said it was in Buccleuch Place, not far from Jeffrey, with an outlook behind to the Meadows. 'Ah!' he remarked, 'what charming walks I had about Arthur's Seat, with the clear mountain air blowing in one's face. I often think of that glorious scene.' I alluded to the cluster of young men—Jeffrey, Horner, Brongham, himself, and one or two others, who had been concerned in commencing the *Review* in 1802. Of these he spoke with most affection of Horner; and specified one who, from his vanity and eccentricities, could not be trusted. Great secrecy, he said, had to be employed in conducting the undertaking; and this agrees with what Lord Jeffrey told my brother. My reverend and facetious visitor made some little inquiry about my own early efforts; and he laughed when I reminded him of a jocularity of his own about studying on a little oatmeal—for that would have applied literally to my brother and to myself.

There was some more chat of this kind, and

we parted. This interview led to a few days of agreeable intercourse with Sydney Smith. By invitation, I went next morning to his house in Green Street, Grosvenor Square, to breakfast; and the day following, went with him to breakfast with a select party, which included my old and valued friend, Mr Robert Carruthers of Inverness, now deceased, at the mansion of Samuel Rogers, St James's, when there ensued a stream of witticisms and repartees for pretty nearly a couple of hours. This was assuredly the most pleasant conversational treat I ever experienced. On quitting London, I bade good-bye to Sydney Smith with extreme regret. We never met again. He died in February the following year.

There were two lady authoresses by whose acquaintanceship I felt honoured; each remarkable for delicacy of taste, discrimination of character, and facility of description, with a keen sense of humour. The first of these to be mentioned was Mrs Anna Maria Hall, the wife of Mr S. C. Hall. Of English parentage, but born and educated in Ireland, Mrs Hall was essentially Irish in her quickness of apprehension, her vivacity, and geniality of disposition. She wrote for us a large number of Stories of the Irish Peasantry, each with a distinct moral purpose, that were much appreciated by the readers of *Chambers's Journal*, of which she was always an acceptable contributor. She resided with her husband at a pretty villa, at Brompton, called The Rosary; and there, every time I was in London, I was happy in making occasional visits.

The other lady authoress I have just referred to was Miss Mitford, who lived at a pleasant roadside cottage, environed by flowers and shrubs, in the neighbourhood of Reading, Berkshire. It was a short run by rail from London, and at every opportunity, I paid a visit to this charming old lady. In her character, she was a matchless specimen of a well-educated Englishwoman, correct in taste and feeling, clever and self-reliant. As a describer of rural life and scenery in their happiest and most genial aspects, she is allowed to have been unrivalled. Although considerably advanced in life, she had the liveliness and winning manners of a child. Some women never seem to grow old, and she was one of them. Her tongue ran on so incessantly concerning the details of village life, that each of my visits might have afforded the materials of a popular article. Short in stature, and with a tall, gold-headed cane in hand, she invited me to walk with her through the adjoining green lanes in the neighbourhood; at every step the trees, wild flowers, and birds, offering objects of garrulous remark. She was not the least reticent regarding her own history. She told me how, ever since girlhood, she had been thrown on her own resources, through her father, Dr Mitford's singular indiscretion and extravagance. He had spent a fortune, and even squandered twenty thousand pounds, the proceeds of a prize in the lottery. After all was gone, he had to depend on the industry of his daughter, who supported him with her pen. I have known several cases of fathers oppressing children by their heedless misconduct, but never one so bad as this. By a thriftless parent, who

preyed on his daughter's sense of filial duty, she was condemned to celibacy, and endured a struggle for existence in her old age. Yet, she was ever cheerful, and resigned to her position. Her works will always be prized as among the most precious in English literature.

There was another and younger lady authoress who furnished many contributions to the *Journal*, and whom I frequently saw in London; this was Miss Camilla Toulmin, a writer of great versatility of talent, and poetic fancy. Depending entirely on her pen, the quantity of work she got through was extraordinary. This lady still survives, and though married, and known as Mrs Newton Crosland, she to a certain extent continues her literary career—from first to last a meritorious instance of tasteful and patient industry.

As an apprentice boy, while delivering a parcel of books at a house in Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, in 1815, I was accidentally mixed up with an infuriated mob, who smashed in the windows of Sir John Marjoribanks, Bart. M.P., and Lord Provost of the city, who had rendered himself popularly offensive by sustaining the import taxes on corn. That was my first experience of what were known as the Corn Laws. For years afterwards, these Corn Laws, in the form of sliding scales and otherwise, were a continual source of discord in the country; the landlord class generally insisting that corn of all sorts should be taxed on importation; while the middle and lower classes, who acutely felt the necessity for food being as cheap as possible, insisted as strenuously that the whole Corn Laws from top to bottom were an error, and that corn should be imported free of duty. The end of the desperate struggle is well known. Sir Robert Peel, yielding to representations on the subject, and now avowedly a convert to Free Trade, carried a measure to put an end to the Corn Laws in 1846. I was present at a public evening meeting in Manchester that took place to celebrate the extinction of these odious statutes. The meeting did not break up till past midnight. When the clock struck twelve, which marked the close of the tax on corn, the whole audience rose to their feet, and uttered loud shouts of triumph and mutual congratulation. It was an interesting and memorable scene.

About this period I made a number of excursions through England, Scotland, and Ireland, for the purpose of describing the more interesting scenes and circumstances that came under notice. One of my visits was to Sunderland, in the neighbourhood of which I seized the opportunity to descend a coal-pit to inspect the workings at a depth of eighteen hundred feet. I afterwards published an account of my visit to this, I believe, the deepest coal-mine in the world. Another of my excursions was to Rochdale, to procure correct particulars regarding the co-operative system. I also visited the Channel Islands.

I had visited France several times: to see the prison discipline at Roquette and Fontrevaux; to see Voisin's method of rousing the dormant intellect of imbecile children at the Bicêtre, and so on. I again visited the country in 1849, during the Republic which ensued after the abdication of Louis-Philippe; on this occasion remaining longer than usual in Paris, and

seeing more of the domestic life of the people. For this let me acknowledge myself indebted to the Dowager Countess of Elgin—a Scottish lady of the Oswalds of Dunnikier—who by some means found me out in lodgings I had secured in the Rue de Helder, No. 2, with a splendid outlook on the Boulevard des Italiens. On several occasions I visited the Countess at her mansion in the neighbourhood of the Rue du Bac, on the south side of the Seine, and which had been a palace of some pretension in the days of the old monarchy. Here she introduced me to her two accomplished daughters, one of whom, Lady Augusta Bruce, was subsequently married to the very Reverend Dr Stanley, Dean of Westminster.

The evening parties of the Countess, composed of a mixture of English and French, were quiet, simple, and effective. There was no parade or finery; the numerous guests, lounging about the floor of a large saloon, or seated on sofas, having their enjoyment in conversation. There was no other festive entertainment than a cup of tea; and as no one seemed to attend with the view of eating and drinking, this was apparently sufficient—the whole thing forming a singular contrast to the extravagant doings of Swellodom which one occasionally sees in England. At these parties, I met with persons of distinction connected with the government, among whom I may mention M. Lamartine and M. Léon Faucher. Lamartine, with his tall, elegant figure, and composed manner, was, I think, the most remarkable man I was ever introduced to, or conversed with. I spoke to him, and complimented him on his wonderfully beautiful work, the *Voyage en Orient*—Travels in the East—which had been translated for circulation in England. M. Léon Faucher was greatly more conversable. He inquired into and was interested in our system of poor-laws, municipal government, and other topics connected with social economy, on which I did my best to give him some information.

On one of these evenings, I was introduced to a young Frenchman, son of a noted revolutionist during the Reign of Terror, who had afterwards saved his life by hiding himself, and changing his name, until he could again appear publicly. He had recently died, and his whole effects were about to be sold, in order that the proceeds might be equally divided among his family. The articles were said to be curious; and such I found to be the case, on going to see them in an old dignified mansion, near the Temple. To the antique furniture, I paid little attention; my interest was concentrated in a large saloon, containing a billiard-table, on which was spread out for inspection a large variety of small articles, along with some old books and papers that were deemed historically precious. My attention became riveted on an open sheet of paper with the identical proclamation which Robespierre had begun to write at the Hôtel de Ville when his assailants burst in on him, and he was shot through the jaw. He had got only the length of scrawling the words, 'Courage, mes compatriotes,' when being struck, the pen fell from his hand, and big drops of blood were scattered over the paper. Bearing these marks of discoloration, how strange a memorial of the horrors of 1794! I said to

the young gentleman, who claimed an interest in the property, that if the articles were sent to be disposed of by public auction in London, they would certainly bring a larger price than if sold in Paris. To this hint, he bowed, but made no remark. I presume the collection was broken up and sold shortly afterwards.

To show me the way to this ancient out-of-the-way mansion, I was obligingly accompanied by my friend, Mr Mackellar Robertson, a Scotchman settled in Paris, in a street near the Port St-Denis, from whom I experienced numerous acts of hospitality, and who was untiring in his friendly attentions to his countrymen. His residence, forming a commodious and prettily furnished *étage*; also his wife, Madame Robertson; and a young lady cousin, along with their pet dog, Buck, a species of Skye terrier, of great sagacity, and affectionate disposition, are printed indelibly on my memory. The group was unique. All are now dead and gone. The faithful Buck attended the funeral of each member of the family in succession. When the last had disappeared, he lay down in an agony of despair, and with a mournful cry, which spoke the depth of his emotion, expired. It was a striking instance of the attachment of the dog to those who had been kind to him, and whom he loved. No one will say that dogs do not sometimes die of a broken heart!

In the course of a conversation with Mr Robertson concerning the political condition of France, I said I could not recollect having anywhere seen how the post-letters in Paris were delivered, if delivered at all, on the days when fighting took place on the streets, and cannon were firing at the barricades set up by revolutionists; that I did not quite understand how the postmen managed on these occasions. In reply, I learned that in the execution of their duty, the postmen on such occasions ordinarily went their rounds as usual; that when they came to a place where there was desperate fighting, they took refuge in a doorway or common-stair for a few minutes until the volley was fired, and then resumed their perambulations; that these Frenchmen, in fact, encountered dangers of this sort with marvellous bravery, though often running extraordinary risks. One day in which the fighting had been very severe on the adjacent Boulevard, the postman arrived with letters, and pointing to a round hole which had been made by a bullet in passing through his hat, only jocularly remarked that it was *fort drôle*. Had the bullet passed a few inches lower, the poor fellow must have been inevitably shot dead, an innocent victim of revolutionary violence.

The courtesies I received from the Countess of Elgin during my visit to Paris in 1849, have left very agreeable reminiscences. This much respected lady died in 1860. As regards the general appearance of affairs, I could see that things were in a most unsettled condition. At times, I expected some public disorder, and almost wished myself safe in England. The streets were frequently thronged with long lines of National Guards shouting and singing, and with flowers fantastically stuck on the ends of their muskets. They seemed to me troops under no proper control, and in a state of semi-mental derangement. Looking out on the Boulevards to scenes of this description, I felt that a crisis

of some sort could not be long postponed. The *coup d'état* and assumption of despotic power by Napoleon III. did not at all surprise me. A tyrannical despotism has in all ages been the natural sequence of impending anarchy.

In 1853, I crossed the Atlantic in a Cunard steamer, and visited Nova Scotia, Canada, and the United States, of which an account was afterwards published. What I saw of the growth of large cities, of vigorous manufacturing industries, and other evidences of prosperity in the States, was exceedingly gratifying. The kindly hospitality extended to me everywhere was heartily appreciated. By Franklin Pierce, then President of the United States, I was affably received at the White House. My brother, Robert, afterwards visited the States; he also made an excursion through Norway, and visited Iceland, of all which he wrote an account in the *Journal*.

At the time I commenced the *Journal*, the duty on paper paid by the manufacturer was threepence per pound-weight, which formed a grievous burden on every sort of publication. About 1840, publishers generally began to make earnest efforts to get rid of this tax, which pressed with special cruelty on the cheaper class of works. In this movement, which on a lesser scale resembled the Corn Law agitation, I took a somewhat conspicuous part. There were good reasons for my doing so. The *Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts*, issued by W. & R. Chambers, and which extended to twenty shilling volumes, with a circulation of eighty thousand copies, was absolutely choked to death by the tax. The anticipated profits on the work were literally nothing, for the whole had been absorbed by the duties on paper. The government, with no trouble or risk, having got all the profits on this popular little work, it was given up. Cases of this kind were impressed on the attention of the legislature. Mr Milner Gibson, M.P., zealously helped the movement, which was at length successful. The repeal of the paper-duty took effect on October 1, 1861. Already, in 1853, the advertisement duty, eighteenpence each, had been removed; and in 1855, the newspaper stamp was abolished; wherefore, with the abolition of the paper-duty, 1861, the press in all its departments was set thoroughly free from fiscal exactions. In these few facts, young people will learn how newspapers have been so wondrously cheapened and extended in circulation.

In the spring and summer of 1862, I was able to fulfil a long-desired wish to visit Italy. The journey was not easily performed, for there were still few railways. I had to begin by being dragged in a diligence amidst the snow, across Mont Cenis; and there were other difficulties. But I was rewarded by the visit to Rome, Florence, Milan, Naples, Pompeii, and Vesuvius; of all which I gave an account in a volume entitled *Something of Italy*.

At home, a new phase of life awaited me. In 1865, the citizens of Edinburgh were in want of a Lord Provost, and, to my surprise, fixed on me for the distinguished office. I had hitherto shrunk from taking any prominent part in public affairs; and on the present occasion only acceded to the general solicitations from a wish, if possible, to promote certain measures of social improvement. From a consideration of

the state of large cities, I had arrived at the conviction, that the insalubrity, the vice and misery that prevail among the more abject classes, are traceable, in a great measure, to that inveterately wrong system of house construction which consists in narrow courts and alleys branching from the main thoroughfares. I felt that if I could possibly obliterate by legislation the hideous resorts in these quarters, a good deed would be done. Hence, with the able assistance I received from Mr J. D. Marwick, town-clerk, and a small but faithful band of adherents, the Improvement Act of 1867. It is not for me to pronounce an opinion concerning this municipal measure. The other day, taking up a London newspaper designated *Land*, I observed the following statement: 'No fewer than two thousand eight hundred unwholesome houses have been pulled down in Edinburgh since 1867, and over half a million have been spent since that year in city improvements. In 1863, the death-rate was twenty-six per thousand per annum; now it is twenty per thousand.'

One of the duties of the Lord Provost, as is well known, is that of ceremoniously delivering a burgess ticket to distinguished strangers to whom the Magistrates and Council have voted the freedom of the city. It fell to my lot during my period of office to present this token of citizenship to several persons of eminence; among others to Lord Napier of Magdala; Mr John Bright, M.P.; and Mr Disraeli, then Chancellor of the Exchequer. The presentation to Mr Disraeli took place on the 30th October 1867, in the presence of a very large concourse of citizens. On the previous day, he was entertained at a public banquet; on which occasion, in proposing the health of the Magistrates and good wishes to the city generally, Mr Disraeli was pleased to refer in terms so eulogistic to the literary operations in which I had been concerned, that I shrink from copying them from the newspapers of the day in which they appeared.

The Lord Provost of Edinburgh happens to be an ex-officio member of the Commission of Northern Lighthouses, a body invested with the duty of managing all the lighthouses on the seacoast of Scotland and Isle of Man. The Commissioners own a powerful and well-equipped steamer called the *Pharos*, employed on matters connected with the service; and in which a select number of them make an excursion annually, with a view to inspection of a certain number of the lighthouses. On two occasions, I was elected to be, one of the party. My first trip was in 1866, when I was taken along the west coast of Scotland, among the Outer Hebrides, and had an opportunity of visiting that wonderful triumph of art, the Skerryvore lighthouse, rising to the height of a hundred and fifty feet, up which I had the satisfaction of climbing to the top. This is one of my very marked reminiscences.

My second excursion, which took place in 1867, was along the east coast of Scotland, from the Firth of Forth and Bell Rock lighthouses, to the Orkney and Shetland Islands. Independently of the satisfaction of seeing these islands under very advantageous circumstances, I had the pleasure of visiting the scenery described by Sir Walter Scott in his romance of the *Pirate*; a pleasure somewhat enhanced by the considera-

tion that Scott had visited the islands in circumstances not unlike my own; for his voyage was made in company with the Commissioners of the Northern Lighthouses in 1814. By way of amusement, I wrote an account of my two excursions in the *Pharos*, which appeared in the *Journal*, and was afterwards embodied in a small volume printed for private circulation.

When, at the end of three years, my period of office expired, I allowed myself to be re-elected for a second period, in order if possible to effect a particular and unexplained purpose. Although authorised by Parliament, the operation of the Improvement Act depended on the decision of the trustees, such being the members of the Town Council. In point of fact, certain new streets through dense and insalubrious neighbourhoods were relinquished, in spite of all my exertions. This I do not cease to regret; for had the Act been carried out in its integrity, the death-rate in the city would, in all likelihood, have now been only fifteen instead of twenty per thousand per annum. A proposed new thoroughfare, now known as Jeffrey Street, was still in doubt when I entered office the second time. I knew there was a party determined, if possible, to prevent the formation of the street. My object, on the contrary, was to employ all reasonable means to get the street formed. I therefore returned to office to battle the point under perhaps improved auspices. The tug of war came off on the 16th of July 1869, when I fortunately carried a motion to form the street in question. Having thus effected my object, I at the end of the first year gave in my resignation, and was glad to retire into private life.

The quietude of later times, interspersed with occasional visits, for the sake of health, to the south of France, was painfully signalised by the decease of my life-long coadjutor. Dr Robert Chambers died at St Andrews in the spring of 1871, from what seemed to be a failure of nature, due to excessive mental exertion, leaving a family to mourn his loss. His Moral and Humorous Essays, written in his early strength and power of observation, gave a certain tone to the *Journal*, which, with other characteristics, the work, it may be hoped, will steadily maintain. His more elaborate productions were the *Domestic Annals of Scotland*, 3 vols. 8vo; the *Cyclopædia of English Literature*, in which he was assisted by Mr Carruthers of Inverness; and the *Book of Days*, 2 vols. 8vo, the execution of which, and the copious investigations required for it at the British Museum, no doubt contributed to his death-blow.

My own literary efforts in recent times have been confined chiefly to essays on subjects of social concern for the *Journal*. A *History of Peeblesshire*, a work involving some historical and antiquarian research, was executed by me as a matter of amusement during a residence of two or three summers in the country. It appeared in 1864; and was followed by the *Memoir* of my brother, with autobiographic sketches, 1872. That, so far, closes my account. Obligated, by advanced age, and an infirm state of health, to live almost the life of a recluse, the more active professional duties connected with the conducting of the firm, along with the editing of the *Journal*, have for some years past been in the hands of my nephew, Mr R. Chambers.

An incident never for a moment contemplated was the offer by the University of Edinburgh of conferring on me the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, which was bestowed on me in a way too complimentary to be rejected or readily forgotten, in 1872. More lately, another species of honour came unexpectedly in my way. In June 1881, Mr W. E. Gladstone, M.P. and Prime Minister, made an offer to me of a knighthood. This I respectfully declined.

I have now presented a sketch of the leading particulars of my long and busy life, leaving out matters of private detail which could be of no public interest. I have also briefly explained how *Chambers's Journal* originated, and what followed under the firm of W. & R. Chambers. Possibly it may be thought I have been too precise in specifying the date and circumstances connected with the commencement of the *Journal*; but the singular confusion of ideas which seems to prevail on the subject must be my excuse. I see it constantly stated that the *Penny Magazine* preceded *Chambers's Journal* as a cheap periodical, which is distinctly the reverse of the truth, and that papers of a greatly more recent growth were the pioneers of this species of literature. From what has been stated, it would be hard to determine what paper was the pioneer. But I am entitled to repeat, as a matter of historical truth, that *Chambers's Journal* sprung into existence on the 4th of February 1832, and has outlasted hundreds of rivals which, under the best advantages, courted public favour.

Whether as a personal or bibliographic narrative, the sketch is possibly not without interest, from its throwing a certain light on a branch of human knowledge. It has certainly been unaccompanied with brag or pretension, and is left to take its chance in sweeping along the great vista of Time. As has been already said, in the course of a long life the world

has been prodigiously changed, and I am not unconscious of being changed with it. How long, with care, existence may be protracted, I am unable to say; but be the period long or short, my feelings remain identified with *Chambers's Journal*, which it was my fortune to originate, and in the cherishing of which my literary efforts, such as they are, will not, at fitting opportunities, fail to be exerted.

With little to be grateful for as regards treatment at school, I have from various considerations ever entertained an affectionate remembrance of the place of my birth on the banks of the Tweed. In 1859, I presented the small town with an Institution, designed for moral and intellectual improvement, consisting of a Public Library of fifteen thousand volumes, a Museum of Art, a Reading Room, and a Hall for lectures and public assemblages. Though the gift has been seemingly prized, I should, after a lapse of twenty-two years, have some difficulty in saying whether its originally anticipated advantages have to any material extent been practically realised. Another of my acts in later times, which I merely glance at for the sake of rounding off a too long narrative, has been the restoration of that fine, old, historical monument, the Cathedral Church of St Giles, Edinburgh, which, for more than three hundred years, had been allowed to sink into a discreditable condition. The work is now considerably advanced under the direction of a skilled architect, Mr W. Hay; and I trust that God may grant me life and sufficient health to complete the undertaking. I have, however, made arrangements to secure the completion of the works, in the event of my decease.

To the great number of friends who have been looking forward to some sort of address from me on the present occasion, I send a cordial greeting.

W. CHAMBERS.

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER III. CONTINUED.—LOVE'S FIRST DRAUGHT IS SWEET ENOUGH; IT IS ONLY IN THE AFTER-TASTE THAT WE DETECT ITS BITTERNESS.

MR JOLLY'S newly occupied residence lay, as the crow flies, not more than a mile and a half from Lumby Hall. From the roof of one house, the chimney-pots of the other could be descried; but the lower ridges of Daffin Head lay between them; and the Grange, like the Hall, looked southward, and was protected from northerly winds. Not half a mile from the gates of the smaller house, light craft could lie comfortably at anchor; but they were hidden from view by a little mound, and a feathery belt of firs, whose sombre and unchanging green stood out against the pale blue of the hazy summer sky. Between this small anchorage and the front of Lumby Hall, rose the crags of Daffin Head, round which many a white sail floated into sight in the summer weather, when the ranks of pleasure closed up alongside the ranks of trade. In days that came later, Valentine Strange took harbour within the shadow of those dusky pines, bearing within himself a

deeper shadow than they could throw, a shadow which widened from himself, as such things will, and cast its gloom on many. Now, beyond the shadow of the gloomy pines, the sea murmured in the sunshine and the sea-mew called, and the white sails glittered, and the distant haze trembled in the heat, and there was no sense of anything but rest and peace above this quiet haven.

But rest and peace are for the restful and peaceful, and the most exquisite of Nature's moods is caviare to the unquiet mind. Poor Gerard's heart beat dolefully as he rode by his companion's side to meet the goddess who was henceforth for so long to rule over him. Yet shall not the reader, if I can help it, picture to himself a mien disturbed, a countenance unsteady. The tremors Gerard felt were inward and were hidden; and the little man riding with him could not have guessed, keen as he was, that Gerard had a tremor to hide.

It is probable that a handsome man cannot be seen to greater advantage than on horseback. Gerard had a noble figure and a well-set head—a trifle too haughty in its carriage, as I have written already—though the frank good-humour

of his face had something of a denial for that haughty bearing. His face was plain; but if you will think of it, you may be surprised to discover how little that matters in your estimate of a man, so long as the expression is one of openness and sweet temper. A young lady looking idly through the open spaces of a Venetian blind, thought well of the young man's presence as he swept up the avenue and alighted at the door. A young lady with wonderful violet eyes, a young lady of very lovely form and exquisite feature and colour, and attired in a morning dress of pure white, with lace ruffles at the wrists and throat. Her brown hair rippled over her shapely head, and grew low upon her broad fair forehead, as in Mr Power's charming bust of Clytie. She stood a minute to look at the new arrival, and recognised him. Then she turned, and for half a minute surveyed herself in a mirror, and finding herself faultless at all points, glided to her own room to add a touch to perfection.

When she descended and met Gerard in the cool dimness of the morning-room, and the bald-headed man said, 'My sister Constance,' the thing seemed ludicrous. Constance, muslin and laces and all, looked as though she might have risen, like Aphrodite, from the white sea-foam, a creature of inspiration, and not of vulgar birth. No such fancies were likely to cluster around her brother, who was decidedly unromantic in aspect.

'You have ridden from the Manor House at Brierham?' she said. 'Then I am sure you must be hungry. Shall I order luncheon?'

Now, as a conversational effort, there was nothing especially remarkable in this utterance; but I doubt greatly whether Gerard had, up to that time, ever listened to human speech which so pleased him. It was spoken with a smile which was delicious to look at. The clear silver voice came through such smiling gates of pearl and coral, such exquisite white teeth, such beautiful lips, that nothing it could say could be commonplace.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires,
As old Time makes these decay,
So his love shall waste away.

Is that so? Always? Perhaps it depends on the nature of the lover, with whom, in some rare and happy instances, age cannot wither, nor custom stale the beauties that won his heart in youthful days. Beauty is a good gift, and I will not decry it. With a heart already prepared to yield, as Gerard's was, such rare and supreme charms as those he saw before him were sure of victory. He drank in Constance's words, and unconsciously stored them in his memory; so that years later he recalled the little commonplaces, the 'nothings' of politeness and good-breeding spoken on that happy morning. His eyes were hungry for her face, when

he forced them to look away, lest his gaze should embarrass her. He was too agitated to be happy, yet he thought himself so. Love's first draught is sweet enough; it is only in the aftertaste that we detect its bitterness.

'The hour approaches Tam maun ride.' It comes, that inexorable time, when we must go back to harness from the pleasant reaches of the river and idle summer days; or to our own lonely rooms, after the society of our best intimates; or into the wide Inane, which dwells everywhere save where our love may be.

'We shall see you often, I trust, Mr Lumby.' Thus the elder Jolly, a brown and withered man of five-and-fifty, with a dreary bent towards table oratory. Gerard would fain have said something, though no more than a word, to tell Constance how heavily time bade fair to drag with him until he should meet her again; but he restrained himself, and said good-day politely, and no more. So, he loved and rode away. The inland-reaching meadows, the yellow sands that ran up from the sea to meet their sparser grasses, the familiar headlands, and the bay—how dreary they all looked to the new lover's eyes! There was an altogether novel restlessness upon him, and the fiery Rupert felt it, and fretted beneath it.

'Do you want to gallop?' said Gerard. 'Gallop, then!' He laid the reins loose, and the horse shot out across the turf with an exultant bound, and his master encouraged him with voice and hand. But not Rupert's noblest pace could carry Gerard away from himself. Says the quaint old songster:

I attempt from Love's sickness to fly, but in vain,
For I am myself my own fever and pain.

And Gerard was as near himself as ever when he checked Rupert at the foot of the hill which led homeward.

'Father,' said the love-tormented youth, an hour later, 'I think I shall run up to town to-morrow. There's nothing doing down here just now. Strange has gone away yachting, and I'm a trifle dull.'

'Very well, my lad,' said Mr Lumby. It was his almost invariable answer to any expression of Gerard's will; and indeed, the father's continual indulgence might have done much damage to a mental constitution less firmly knit than Gerard's.

'I meant to go next week,' said Gerard, 'and I may as well run up at once. The close of the season is coming; and I shall miss everybody if I delay much longer.'

'Very well, my lad,' said Lumby senior once more. 'Shall you want any money?'

'No,' said Gerard; 'I think not. If I should, I'll call on Garling.'

'Very well, my lad,' assented the father once again. Garling was Mr Lumby's right-hand man, the captain of his host. Mr Lumby's father had bred Garling to business, and he had grown up into control side by side with the present head of the firm. He rather looked down on the younger partners; but since they looked up to him, and had been trained to business under him, things went more smoothly than they commonly do when subordinate officers take the upper hand.

In the evening, after dinner, Gerard strolled from the house, and almost unconsciously walked towards Daffin Head, and sitting down within sight of the Grange, gave himself up to his own thoughts. Two days before, he had felt no especial interest in that eligible and desirable country residence. He had been familiar with it from childhood, and had known the people who had lived in it, a rather low and horsey set, who had come to grief upon the turf a year ago, and had disappeared, unregretted, from the county horizon. He had shunned the place all his life, except for the interchange of mere formal civility; and now it had suddenly become the very heart of his world, and began to draw him to itself, as though it were the seat of the centre of gravitation. He sat and looked at it as the shadows gathered, and in a little while lights began to twinkle in its windows. Through the dusk he strolled on again nearer and nearer by devious ways, until he passed the lodge gates. There was a possibility that young Jolly might be straying thereabouts, and might meet him and ask him in. At that fancy he turned unaccountably shy, and began to dread a chance encounter. Then meeting nobody, he felt disappointed that his dread had not been realised; and in that mood, with a vague hungry feeling superadded, he walked home again.

His youth and health and the open-air life he led were enough to stave off for the present that attendant upon first-love, by doctors called *Insomnia*. He slept soundly till the morning grew gray; and then he began to dream again of the violet eyes, and awoke restless and disquieted. I think that a manly youngster is always pretty certain to show fight in a matter of this kind, and not to yield himself tamely and without a struggle. It was at this time that Gerard, making brief preparation for his visit to town, resolved against the tenant of his heart, and turned rebel against Love. But the fight was unequal, and he was driven from the field of defiance with all his forces routed. He bought the promised presents for Milly; and surveying the treasures of the jeweller's trays, wished that he had the right to buy up the stock for Constance and lay its riches at her feet. He made calls, and received cards for the last receptions of the dying season, and was dull at all of them. He went to the Opera, and Patti's liquid notes flowed unheard about his ears. He went to see Toole, and yawned dismally through a three-act farce, called a comedy, at which everybody in the house save himself shouted with laughter. Then, at the end of a week, he went home again, and made Milly happy by his presents, and happier still by the promised waltzing lessons.

We become so soon habituated and inured to any new method of feeling or thinking, that in a day or two the new way seems as familiar as the old. Gerard might have been in love for a year by the time the Jollies gave their house-warming dinner, such a part of his life had love become. He dressed for that event with extraordinary care, and began to think slightly of his own personal appearance. Until then, barring that general satisfaction with himself which is common to youth, he had not thought about it at all, and his new opinions abased him. Constance did the

honours of the house like a queen, he thought; and indeed she was the object of much encomium. Such beauty could scarcely go unapproved; and it was the general opinion that Miss Jolly was a very charming addition to the county society. Perhaps it was only natural that the ladies should express less enthusiasm than the men; but they were reserved in their judgments, and refrained from the encomiastic flights in which members of the more impressionable sex indulged.

Dinner over, Gerard manoeuvred to be near Constance, and found himself assisted by Milly. There was nothing easier or less embarrassing in the world than to talk to Milly; and that young lady having none of the shyness which Gerard felt for Constance, led the way to where she stood, taking the irresolute lover with her. It was as if a mastiff should have taken shelter behind a pigeon, this big tanned Gerard wavering deviously towards his love under cover of the dainty Milly. Constance once reached, was gracious enough. There was no chance for a confidential talk, for she played hostess, and was busy with her father's guests. Yet may the historic Muse record their converse, if but as a guide to future lovers, as chance conversations are set forth in foreign phrase-books for the help of tourists.

Gerard. Very warm, is it not, Miss Jolly?

Constance. Very warm indeed.—My dear Mrs Weatherley, how do you do?

[Mrs Weatherley, after sundry commonplace, retires.

Gerard. You were not in town at the end of the season?

Constance. No.

Gerard. Everything was very dull. Dullest time I can remember. I was longing to be back in the country all the time.

Constance. Were you indeed?

Gerard (beholding an opportunity for saying something brilliantly complimentary, but not quite knowing what to say, or how to say it). Yes.

Constance. My dear Miss Pennfeather, I have so been wishing to see you.

[Gush. Miss Pennfeather retires.

Gerard. I hope you'll excuse me, Miss Jolly, but you must really allow me to congratulate you upon the decorations. I'm rather a judge of that sort of thing, and they're really charming.

Constance. I am so glad you like them.

Milly. Aunty is beckoning me with her fan. Will you give me your arm?

[Gerard bows to his idol, and retires.

Constance. My dear Agnes, I am charmed to see you.—How do you do, Mr Dolby?

[The strains of music overpower all voices.

Gerard piloted Milly across the room, and surrendered her to the care of his mother, and then retired to a doorway, against which he lounged, looking on the glittering scene with no lightness of heart. He reviewed the conversation above recorded, and wrote himself down an ass for his share in it. How different he was from Constance! How far removed from her—how much beneath her! The unprejudiced observer fails to see the truth of all this. Miss Jolly was very beautiful, but she was not a Minerva for wisdom. There was nothing in her converse to dazzle us who are not in love with her. Yet let no youth or maiden smile superior over Gerard's

raptures and his self-disdain. You, who laugh, have yet to go through your experiences. We who are middle-aged, have had *our* day, and we remember; not without unavailing longing for the past.

(To be continued.)

MY HIGHLAND COLLIE AND HER ADOPTED KITTENS.

A TRUE STORY.

THE story of Rollo and her contest with the gray cat and the kittens, recorded in No. 921 of your *Journal*, has reminded me of an affectionate Highland collie which adopted two kittens under perilous and painful circumstances.

In the days of my youth, no iron bands of railway had bound North and South Britain together. Drove of Highland cattle passed through my native village every autumn on their way to London; and the sagacity and fidelity of the Scotch collie dogs excited my admiration. At that time, my father farmed in three counties, Nottinghamshire, Leicestershire, and Lincolnshire; and the interchange of stock from county to county and from farm to farm necessitated the use of a good shepherd-dog. Much of my time in youth was spent in assisting to drive the cattle and sheep. How often I coveted a dog of the true Highland breed! But so strong and mutual was the affection between drover and dog, that no gold would part them. And as the dogs I refer to did not understand English, and I was a stranger to Gaelic, no purchase would have been profitable.

One day, as my father and I were riding on the old Roman Road, called by us 'The Fosse Road,' which skirts the borders of the counties of Nottingham and Leicester, we met a drove of Highland oxen quietly travelling and grazing on the rich and luxuriant grass, where no tool of Macadam had lifted a sod or broken a stone. The drover and his dog were standing by the side of an ox which had fallen down sick in the rear of the herd. Which of the two, Sandie or his dog, was the more afflicted, I cannot say; for while the drover stood mutely pondering over the fallen ox what to do, the dog was licking the face of the poor beast in tenderest sympathy. My father put the drover out of all trouble by proposing to take care of the ox. With many thanks, the drover left the beast under our care. In a few hours it was able to rise; and we put it in a large pasture close to the place where it had fallen down. The ox speedily recovered; and, in full sympathy with our Scottish ancestry, we made a pet of the beast for Scotland's sake. In course of time the drover came as usual, and was overflowing with gratitude for the kindness shown to the animal. As nothing could be accepted beyond a fee to our shepherd, the Highland drover insisted on giving something more in return. He appealed to me, and asked me what he should give. I replied: 'Bring me

a Highland shepherd's pup next summer.' With an expression of delight, he promised.

The next summer, the grateful drover walked into our house, and pulled out of a small side wallet a veritable Highland pup, and after saluting it with a hearty kiss, put it into my hands with a prayer that it might prove as 'guid as its mither.' I called it Gipsy. It became to me as a sister, and lay in my arms by night, was carried on my saddle by day, or followed at my heels when sufficiently strong to go about the fields. To say that Gipsy understood my words in reference to her duty, is no exaggeration; and to record all her excellences and fidelity would lead me from my story.

Riding home one evening with Gipsy at my pony's heels, I saw a group of boys standing by the side of a bridge, throwing stones into the brook, and shouting, as lads do when hunting water-rats. I found that the object of their sport was two kittens, which they had thrown into the water; and the attempt made to escape by the little creatures was fun to the cruel lads. I saw that the kittens must be either stoned or drowned; and, pitying the helpless things, I drove away the lads, and asked Gipsy to fetch them out of the water for me. She entered into the work as heartily as if a drop of my pity had been instilled into her nature. She laid them alive at my pony's feet; and then rearing herself up to my stirrup, she put each kitten into my hand. I put them into my coat-pockets and rode home. A little new milk and a warm bed by the fireside soon brought back life and play. To my surprise, Gipsy, instead of retiring alone to her own bed, took the two kittens with her, and nestling down in her quiet way, allowed them to lie all night cuddled in beside her. In the course of a few days I found, to my surprise, that Gipsy was rich in milk, and the kittens sucking away as heartily as if she had been their mother!

As Gipsy had been allowed to keep but one litter of pups, and the lactiferous period had long since passed away, it being thirteen months since the weaning of her last pup, I was astonished to see how her generous nature had responded to her sympathy for the half-drowned kittens, and how nature itself had so strangely assisted in the good work. The sight of Gipsy suckling her kittens was the attraction of the village, and the talk of the farmers in the neighbourhood.

The kittens grew rapidly into good-sized cats. But alas for Gipsy! her end was tragic. In the early harvest-time of the following year, we were taking in a stack of old wheat infested with rats, and had called off three Irish labourers from their reaping to assist us. The rats were numerous; and one of the Irishmen was more enthusiastic in the sport than his fellows. Armed with his blackthorn shillelah, Paddy made havoc with the rats. Alas! one misdirected blow from his shillelah fell upon Gipsy's head and stretched her lifeless!

There was universal mourning in all the household. I am not ashamed to say that I wept bitterly, and deplored the loss of her friendship far more than the loss of her usefulness with the flocks and the herds. Years have passed away since I buried Gipsy beneath the lilac trees of the garden; friend after friend has departed this

life; yet the strokes of repeated bereavements have not altogether effaced from my remembrance the pangs which I suffered by the untimely death of my faithful Highland collie.

A MYSTERIOUS DUEL IN 1770.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

COLONEL DACRE took the deepest interest in this remarkable duel, and declared he would use every available measure, privately and officially, through the Embassies, to try to discover the name and position of the deceased. He impressed upon me how important a personage I was in the matter, having been the one solitary witness of the sanguinary scene; made me tell him again and again the whole of the circumstances of the fight down to the minutest detail; and seemed not a little pleased at my animated description of the duel, and knowledge of the use of the sword, as well as what he was pleased to call the clear and intelligent answers I gave to his searching questions. I may be pardoned—writing now years after, and as quite an old man—this little bit of vanity; but the recollection of it is as vivid as if it had happened but yesterday, instead of half a century ago.

The coroner's inquest was held the same afternoon; and I felt all the importance of my position as the only available witness of the actual death. Of course, there could be but one verdict, and that was speedily recorded. In a couple of days, the burial took place in a vault in the village church, at the suggestion of Colonel Dacre; for, he said, inquiries might lead to the discovery of his name and family; and it might be ultimately necessary again to produce the body for identification. All the village and neighbourhood turned out to witness the funeral procession from the inn to the church, Colonel Dacre having himself undertaken the whole of the arrangements; and he, my father, myself, the doctor and the landlord, acting as mourners, followed the coffin to its last resting-place. An inventory of the property and clothing belonging to the deceased having been made, the whole was taken formal possession of by the colonel, in his capacity of magistrate.

A consultation was then held as to the next steps to be taken; and Colonel Dacre invited my father and me to dine with him at his old Manor-house that day, in order to mature their plans, which were ultimately carried out. Paragraphs were inserted in both country and London papers relating the story of the duel, and describing the deceased very minutely, and asking for information. The French, Spanish, and Portuguese Embassies were communicated with, and inquiries made as to whether any nobleman or gentleman of name or rank was reported missing. All this was not only done, but a great deal more; and in process of time, answers were duly received from all quarters, but with the same utterly unsatisfactory result. It was all to no purpose; nothing was discovered, and no light thrown upon the strange mystery. Colonel Dacre then wrote to the makers of the sword, watch, and hat, whose names and addresses in Paris those

articles bore, detailing the circumstances of the duel, and describing the person of the deceased. But the answers received were, that as many of those articles were continually sold to young gallants of fashion without even a knowledge of their names, it was simply impossible to give any information, or even conjecture, on the subject. Subsequently, Colonel Dacre laid the whole case before the Home Office authorities; and, not to weary the reader further, I may add that everything was done, and every possible means adopted, to discover who the deceased really was, but without the smallest result.

Speculation, of course, was rife; and various theories were started on the subject. Was the deceased some foreign adventurer? Or was he a sort of gentleman gambler, detected perhaps in some flagrant act of cheating, which might have led to a quarrel? Or was it some love affair? Or some political entanglement? The last two suppositions were perhaps favoured by the evident anxiety shown by the unfortunate man's companions to secure the packet of papers from his breast. Ordinary every-day papers would more probably be carried in the pocket, and not concealed inside the bosom of the shirt. Then again, he had, by his expensive and elaborate dress, evidently associated with gentlemen, and had been considered in the light of a gentleman, by being permitted the privilege of a duel—a privilege only accorded by gentlemen to their equals. Then again, who were the cavalry officers, and how came they there? The nearest cavalry barracks were at York and at Lancaster, both places very many miles distant from the scene of action.

But conjecture only wore itself out; all was dark and impenetrable uncertainty; the beginning and the end were alike lost in the deepest mystery.

Exactly fifty years after the duel—that is to say in the year 1820—when I was sixty years of age, and vicar of Wakerham, I was asked by a very dear friend to take his place as special preacher in aid of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, at the parish church of Keldon, in a distant part of the county, of which the Rev. Desmond Hiffernan was the vicar. The date of the approaching Sunday I found was the 19th of July, a date only too well remembered by me.

I duly arrived at Keldon vicarage the previous Saturday afternoon, and was received by the vicar with the utmost cordiality. He was an Irishman by birth, and a man of genial polished manners. He led the way at once into a lofty and handsome drawing-room, which I had no sooner entered, than my eyes and attention were alike instantly riveted on a beautifully executed oil portrait which occupied the end of the room. It represented a cavalry officer, of tall and elegant proportions, standing by his horse. He wore the uniform of half a century before, namely, a gold-laced three-cornered cocked-hat, a scarlet cloak, jack-boots, and long heavy sword. I looked earnestly at it, whilst busy memory carried me back just half a century, to a bright moonlight night, and the bowling-green of a little country inn, and the terrible tragedy there enacted. Yes; the more I looked, the more convinced I felt. There were

the finely cut aristocratic features, the tall grand figure, nay, the identical uniform. It must be he! I was recalled from my reverie by the vicar, who, observing my fixed and earnest gaze, said, with a sigh, looking at the picture: 'My uncle Dennis—Captain Dennis Hiffernan. He was aide-de-camp to General Montgomery; and was killed, poor fellow, with the General, at the attack on Quebec in 1780.'

'Was he not a very tall and finely built man?' I asked.

'Six feet four and a half without his shoes; and I don't know *how* many inches across the chest; and a perfect Apollo in shape and figure.'

'It is a very striking likeness, surely,' I said.

'O yes,' replied the vicar—'admirable. It is considered one of Gainsborough's happiest efforts. But, may I ask, did you ever see him, as you seem so much interested?'

'Yes,' I replied, speaking very slowly, and with my eyes still fixed on the portrait. 'I certainly did see him once, and only once—for I am sure I cannot be mistaken—exactly fifty years ago—to-morrow will be the very day—and under circumstances so peculiar and romantic, that, if you like, I will relate them.'

To this the vicar, who expressed himself deeply interested, readily agreed; and seating ourselves near the open window, I gave him a detailed account of the duel and all that followed it; and I then inquired whether he had ever heard of the occurrence.

'If my father,' said the vicar, 'the late Colonel Hiffernan, had been alive, he, no doubt, could have told us all about it, for he was always in his brother's confidence. My uncle Dennis, I'm afraid, was a terrible fellow, always in scrapes or mischief of some kind or other; but warm-hearted, noble, and generous to a fault.'

After a pause, during which the vicar looked meditatively at the portrait, he said: 'Now you have mentioned the circumstance, you seem to have awakened a sort of indistinct recollection of my having heard my father speak of a duel fought by a great friend of my uncle's, a Yorkshire squire, at which my uncle assisted as second; that the adversary was killed; and that his dead body was left just where he fell, but against the strong remonstrances of my uncle. If I am not mixing up several of Uncle Dennis's questionable adventures—for they were only too numerous, I am sorry to confess—I have an idea that the opponent was a French West Indian, a man of great wealth, but an unprincipled libertine, and an inveterate gambler. One thing I very well remember often to have heard, and that was, that my uncle's friend had a beautiful but flighty wife; but whether it was the lady, or cards, or politics, that occasioned the quarrel, I cannot pretend to say; but from your account of the papers taken from the man's breast, I should be inclined to think it was the lady, and that probably these were letters of hers which the husband had discovered, and of which he desired to gain possession. Being a West Indian—supposing this to have been the man—and possibly having no friends in Europe, would account for his being wholly unknown at the Embassies, or indeed anywhere else.'

After another pause, the vicar, speaking almost to himself, added: 'Ah! poor Dennis; I'm afraid you were a very sad and foolish dog in your day. Had your brother been here, he would have told us all.'

After dinner, when the ladies had retired, and the vicar and I were alone, he again referred to the subject, saying that he had just called to mind a circumstance, which he should otherwise have probably entirely forgotten, as of little moment, had not my story awakened in his mind an idea that this circumstance might prove a sort of connecting link and sequel to my narration.

'A young naval officer,' continued the vicar, 'the son of one of my parishioners, was at home on leave a few months ago. He was a most pleasant and chatty companion, and full of anecdote. He casually mentioned that, whilst serving on the West India station, he had more than once been ashore on the island of Martinique, and spoke of a beautifully situated mansion known as the Château Giraudière, standing on a fine estate which had been long without an owner, and for possession of which the lawyers had been for years past desperately quarrelling and fighting. The story was that it had belonged, about half a century ago, to an immensely rich planter, of French extraction, named Giraudière; and that his only child and heir, a son about twenty-five years of age, had gone away on a pleasure trip to visit the capitals of Europe. He had been to Paris, Berlin, Brussels, and London; but at the last place all trace of him had been lost, and he had never more been heard of. It was supposed in the island that he had been shipwrecked at sea on his return home; and although every effort and inquiry had been made by his father, and everything done that could be done, no tidings were ever received of him; and when the old father died, the estate and château, which had been left by will to this son, went to ruin for want of an owner. Now,' continued the vicar, 'putting our stories together, and remembering the initial "G." on the snuff-box, the French accent, the French-made watch and sword, and the dark swarthy complexion, is it not quite possible that the man you and my uncle saw killed in the duel in the garden of the Cumberland inn fifty years ago, was none other than the identical son and heir of the French planter M. Giraudière, so long missing from Martinique?'

'It is more than possible—it is most probable,' I replied, deeply interested in this curious revelation. 'But unfortunately, everybody in any way connected with the mysterious affair is dead and gone long ago, including my father and Colonel Dacre; and as the planter appears to have left no relatives whatever except his lost son, I fear that inquiry of any kind would now benefit no one, except perhaps the lawyers, who seem to have got the business entirely in their own hands.'

A long and interesting conversation then followed; and both Mr Hiffernan and myself came to the conclusion that the best thing to do would be to carry out the old saying, 'Let bygones be bygones!'

I may add that the watch, snuff-box, sword,

and other valuables, that had belonged to the deceased, are most carefully preserved as interesting curiosities by the representatives of Colonel Dacre; and that a tablet was put up in the church of the village with the following simple inscription:

In a Vault beneath this Church
are deposited the Remains of
A YOUNG GENTLEMAN,
aged about 25 years,
Whose Name, Rank, Residence, or Country
are alike unknown.
He was killed in a Duel, fought by Moonlight, in the
Garden of an Inn in this Village, on the Morning of the
19th of July 1770;
And his body was left where it fell,
to the Loving-kindness and Christian Sympathy
of Strangers.

BESS!

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

I.

THE light of early morning was just beginning to pierce the murky air which at all times hangs like a dimly transparent veil over and around Black Regis, as I entered that typical Black Country village. A long straggling row of tumble-down huts, boasting two shutter-covered windows and one shattered door, constituted the chief feature of the place; the few houses in fair repair being quite subordinate. In each of the huts aforesaid might be found a little forge, or 'smithy' fire, an anvil, a large number of small square iron bars, and hammers for shaping the same into nails. And in these huts work one or two young women or girls, engaged throughout the livelong day in the occupation of nail-making. From early morning until late at night you can hear the ceaseless tap, tap! tap, tap! of the small nail-hammers wielded by the muscular amazons of Black Regis. A strange sight truly. I was long of opinion that nail-making was a species of labour confined to the male sex; and I confess I would rather have remained under that delusion; for I cannot help feeling a certain repugnance at beholding women engaged in such occupations.

Black Regis is, as I have said, a murky place; being darkened by the smoke and chemical fumes that arise from coal-pit shafts, iron and chemical works, and the like, in the immediate surroundings. To a stranger, this smoke, with its accompaniment of variegated fumes, is offensive, and well-nigh intolerable. But the inhabitants of Black Regis inhale the poisonous atmosphere uncomplainingly, and are possibly ignorant of its nauseous character.

Black Regis is a dull place socially as well as atmospherically. There is no place of public amusement or recreation other than the public-house, and the half-levelled surfaces of refuse used as a cricket or gambling ground. But these were sufficient for such as have no higher craving or more laudable ambition. 'Good enough for them as is in it!' was the emphatic assertion of the chief personage of this sketch—Bess! Bess what? Nothing else. Nothing but plain, simple, honest Bess. She had apparently no other name. 'And don't want none neither!' was the

triplly strong negation in which she replied to the same query put to her by myself. 'What's the use o' having more'n one name? It don't make you any better, nor any richer. It only takes longer to say, and ain't noways a bit o' use.'

'But it would be rather awkward,' said I, 'if everybody had only one name. We could not get on in the world at all.'

'Well, p'raps not. But that ain't nothin' to do wi' me. There ain't no use as I can see on for such as me to have more'n one name. We ain't known more'n two or three mile away from home; an' nobody cares to know whether we has a name at all or not, for that matter, so long as we pays for all as we get, an' don't come no capers. Why, sir, what do it matter to you whether my name's Bess, or Sal, or Liz, so long as you gets to know what you wants to know from me, an' pays nothin' for it?'

This was a cut. The off-hand manner in which the speech was delivered, and the twinkle of the eye which accompanied the last clause of it, showed me that Bess was no fool, but a sharp, shrewd young woman, who had fathomed the curiosity that had led me to seek the otherwise unwelcome interior of her little hut. She had an eye to the 'siller' too, I thought; that last hint of hers telling me plainly that she did not expect to talk to me for nothing. I took up two or three of the nails she had forged, and telling her I would take them home with me as a sample of her skill, requested her to accept a trifling equivalent.

'There, go on! That was only my chaff. I don't mind your talking a bit; only there's so many fools comes gabbin' here, and expectin' me to waste my time foolin' wi' 'em. I didn't think as you was one on 'em; but I thought I'd try you. You see, you never knows what's in the pit till you sinks the shaft, and then you see as whether there's anything worth working, or only rubbish.'

'Well, Bess—I suppose I may call you Bess?'

'Why, of course, what else could you call me, I'd like to know?'

'Of course, I'd forgotten that. Well, what was that affair of Bill Thomson being saved from drowning, that I heard about this morning?'

'I thought as much! I knew you'd come a-fishin'. I never see such fools as some men is. Can't take care o' theirselves, and then kicks up a lot o' bother when anybody does a bit of a thing for 'em. Bill ought to ha' known better than to go an' fall into the canal, an' him drunk an' all. An' he ought to ha' known better than to go an' make a lot o' palaver an' talk about me pulling of him out. Why, anybody 'ud pull a man out o' the water as couldn't get out hisself. There ain't nothin' to make a fuss about in that. If somebody else had a-heard him holler instead o' me, they'd a-run an' hauled him out by the hair as I did.'

'But you nearly lost your own life—did you not?'

'I dunno! P'raps I did. I know I was under the water a bit. You see, women's petticoats hang about their legs, an' is a trouble to 'em. But there, I never see such a fool as that Bill is, anyway. Next time he falls in, he'll stop in for me—if there's anybody else about to pull him out.' The latter part of the speech was

added apologetically, as if she were ashamed of having been so mean as to say she would not help anybody in distress.

A good soul, Bess. Rough, uncultivated, unrefined, but still noble in a rugged way, and possessing the true qualities of heroism—courage and humility. Black Regis was the better for her presence. She was in some degree a restraining influence for good. Her companions and associates almost unconsciously feared her censure, and were often deterred from committing unworthy actions by the thought of what Bess would say. In difficulty they ran to her. She could advise, and better still, assist them in their needs; and many an act of true charity was performed by her.

None could quell a disturbance quicker than she. When the authority of the policeman would have been laughed at, she could command respect and order. Upon one occasion she caught a miner ill-using his wife, and, calling the men who stood listlessly by 'a lot o' faint-hearted fools,' took the case in hand herself, and gave the man a good beating. This raised her very high in the estimation of the Black Regisites. Nothing so popularises a person in the eyes of the vulgar and untutored as muscular superiority—supremacy of brute-force. From that time forth the appearance of Bess upon the scene of action was sufficient in most cases to stay the hands of the combatants.

The Bill Thomson affair was not so simple as Bess tried to make it appear. She had really saved the man's life at the risk of her own, and only succeeded in crawling to the edge of the canal after very great difficulty, holding the senseless Bill in her powerful arms. How she came to be near him when he fell in, she never quite clearly explained. 'She was just out for an airing, that was all, when she heard him holler,' she had said when questioned upon the subject. But I am inclined to think there were other and more sufficient reasons than this, as the sequel will perhaps show.

Bill declared he owed his life to Bess; that she was a brave lass, and he would do anything she liked for her if she would only ask him.

Practical Bess, having the cause of his mishap clearly in mind, returned simply: 'Then give up drinking for three months.'

'I will. If I don't, blow me!' emphatically answered Bill. Those who are not acquainted with the daily life of such men as Bill in such a place as Black Regis, will not be able, I fear, to appreciate the sacrifice he was making in promising to abstain from intoxicating liquors for three months. But I am inclined to think in this matter also that other considerations than respect and gratitude influenced Bill's decision. We shall see.

II.

Twelve months later I was in Black Regis again. I could discern no change in the place, save perhaps that the air seemed even more murky, and the fumes more nauseous than ever. There were the same straggling rows of huts, and I could hear the same ceaseless 'tap, tap! tap, tap!' of the hammers. At the *Rising Sun* I made inquiries respecting Bess, and was some-

what amused, but only partly surprised, to find that she was married—to Bill Thomson. Bill, true to his promise, had abstained from drink for the specified three months, and, at the expiration of that time, had paid a special visit to the hut of Bess to inform her of the fact. She was busy with her work as Bill strolled in, and to his humble 'Evenin', Bess!' characteristically replied: 'Now then, what are you after now? Don't come here foolin' round, for I ain't no time to talk.'

'Well, Bess,' apologetically responded Bill, 'I've kept my promise.'

'What promise?' queried Bess, striking the bar of iron at the same time, and causing a fan-shower of sparks to fly round the hut.

'Why, about the drink. It's three months to-day since I promised as I wouldn't have any more, an' I ain't neither.'

'Well, do you feel any worse for it?'

'I feel a good sight better, an' I've saved a bit o' coin too. I shouldn't ha' done it but for you, Bess; an' I come to see if you'll go shares in it. It's as much yours as mine, you see, for if it hadn't been for you, I shouldn't'—

'Here, stow it!' interrupted matter-of-fact Bess. 'What d' you take me for? Think I want your coin? I never see such a fool in all my life.'

'Won't you have it, then?'

'Have it? No! What 'ud I have it for? 'Tain't mine.'

'Well then, Bess, I tell you what I'll do,' said the desperate Bill; 'I'll make a bargain with you. I'll promise to be teetotal for another three months, if you'll promise to be my wife at the end of 'em.'

Bess was silent. This honest proposal was perhaps not quite unexpected; but honest Bess knew not how to meet it. She replied: 'I never see such fools as some men is;' but it is said she stealthily wiped a tear from her bright brown eyes, and gulped down a lump that rose in her throat.

'Come, Bess, what d' you say?' coaxingly inquired anxious Bill.

'What do I say? Why, that I never see such a fool. What on earth d' you want to throw yourself away on a good-for-nothing like me for? I ain't no mortal use only to myself; an' what's the use o' you tying a tin can like me to your tail to scamper through the world wi'? Of course, I'd sooner go wi' you nor anybody else—allays thought so—but then I never thought as you'd ask me.'

'Then it's a bargain?' asked Bill.

'Well, I might do worse. But mind you, not a word to anybody about it, or over you go. I ain't a-goin' to have folks a-talkin' about me.'

'Not a word, Bess. Bless you, old gal.'

The three months passed away, and, all preparations having been secretly made, Bess and Bill were quietly married, only two particular friends being informed of the affair before it came off, and they only on the very morning of the ceremony.

There was great excitement at Black Regis when the marriage was made public, and all determined on giving some testimony of their goodwill. A private subscription list was opened at once, and as Bess had kept her love-affair such

a secret from them, they thought it only fair that they should keep their intentions secret from her. There was something rudely noble about this arrangement. When the money had been collected, the difficulty of providing a suitable present arose. What could they give her? Some one suggested giving her the money, and allowing her to spend it as she thought proper. But this was indignantly negatived. They knew Bess too well to think she would accept a gift of money from them. It is a strange but wholesome characteristic of the English people, that the smallest present of manufactured goods is thankfully accepted and gratefully acknowledged, while a gift of money is rejected as an insult. After much consultation, it was decided to present her with a tea-service and—a cradle! The latter article is generally considered by such people—and not always them alone—as an indispensable article of domestic furniture, and therefore a suitable thing to present to a person newly married.

The presentation was made at night, and for once Bess was speechless. Good, simple soul, the possibility of such an expression of regard from her rough neighbours had never occurred to her. She could only mutter demurely her customary, 'I never see such fools as some folks is,' and then hide her face in her hands and burst into tears. So kind herself, the kindness of others usually so rough and emotionless, was too much for her.

Bill thanked the friends for their gift, and pointing to the weeping Bess, said: 'You see, boys, she ain't used to this sort o' thing, an' it's kind o' knocked her over. I know you means well, an' I shan't forget it. But if it's all the same, perhaps you wouldn't mind leaving Bess an' me alone a bit till she kind o' gets over it. You see, I don't want you to think as I don't think enough of what you've done; only, you see, she ain't used to this sort o' thing, an' it's kind o' knocked her over.'

The audience kindly left the newly married pair together.

Six months had passed away since the marriage, when I once more stood in the hut of Bess—now Mrs Thomson. As I entered, she looked up with a smile of recognition, and a hearty: 'Hullo! here again, sir? Why, what on earth do you see here, to make you come back again?'

'Not much, Mrs Thomson, truly,' I replied, laying great stress upon her new name. She blushed crimson as she laughingly replied: 'Ah! I thought as they'd tell you as soon as you set foot in the place. I never see such born idiots in all my days.'

'Well, I must congratulate you on your marriage; and I hope you will be happy together.'

'Well, you see, Bill was such a fool, an' couldn't take care of hisself. You know I had to fish him out o' the water once. But he ain't tasted drink since, an' he promised as he wouldn't if I'd marry him. An' you see it was a pity to see a fellow like Bill goin' an' makin' such a fool of hisself; so I thought I might as well take care on him, as leave him to somebody worse than myself. I ain't a bad sort, if I am a bit rough; but men is no good if they ain't got some'dy to look after 'em.'

Then, as if suddenly remembering something, she threw down her hammer, and bidding me 'Come here a minute,' hurried out of the hut to a little one-story house that stood close by. Opening the unlocked door, she bade me enter, and then with the air of a duchess, threw open a little cupboard door with one hand, and pointed to a prettily furnished cradle with the other.

'Oh! Your wedding presents?' I exclaimed.

'Yes!' she replied with some pride, and with the shadow of a tear glistening in her bright eye. 'They ain't much, sir; leastways, they don't seem much to you, I s'pose; but you know we're poor folks about here, an' has to work hard for all as we get, an' it was all they could afford; an' it *was* good of 'em, wasn't it?'

At the recollection of the presentation episode, the truant tears overflowed the reservoir of feeling, and trickled down the dusky cheek. I am not ashamed to confess that the water stood in my own eyes as I huskily replied that 'it *was* good of them.'

I think I never realised so fully before the true worth of a genuine, though humble gift, and the sunshine of gratitude and joy it will shed upon the heart and life of an honest recipient. There was more robust joy in that heart of Bess's over that cradle and those cups and saucers, than is felt by the majority of richly dowered brides, any one of whose presents would be a modest competence to such as she.

'Ah! sir, we ain't all as black as you'd think from our faces. We're rough outside, an' not over-nice; but we know how to feel, an' to help each other.' Casting one hasty glance at the household treasures, she once more repaired to the little hut, and taking up her hammer, commenced her labours again with renewed vigour.

'Well, Mrs Thomson'—

'Now then, none o' that! Call me Bess.'

'Well then, Bess, I must be making my way back.'

'Won't you stay an'— You'll excuse me, sir, for asking you—but won't you stay an' have a bite with us? Bill 'ull be home directly. Ah! there he is—an' he'll be glad to see you. We can't offer you much; but what we have, you're welcome to.'

I scarcely knew what to say to this proposal. I really wanted to leave Black Regis by the first train; but I was afraid that I should offend Bess if I refused to accept her invitation. I therefore determined to stay.

I found Bill a rough-and-ready honest fellow, like the general class of people inhabiting such districts. But he had not the natural sagacity and shrewdness of Bess, who was literally his 'better-half.' He knew this too, and looked up to her as a superior being. During her temporary absence, he said proudly: 'She's a good un, is Bess, sir; an' she's more in her head than a good many as thinks they're clever. Saved my life too, sir. Ah! she's a good un, is Bess!'

And I quite agreed with Bill.

III.

Other six months elapsed before I once more set foot in Black Regis. My first impulse was

to walk straight to the hut of Bess; but remembering that, on the occasion of my former visit, I had received much valuable information respecting her from the landlord of the *Rising Sun*, I determined to pay a passing visit to ascertain if anything unusual had occurred during my absence. In reply to my query, 'How is Bess?' the face of the landlord became at once sorrowful and distressed, and I then learned for the first time that poor Bess was dead.

In a disjointed fashion, I managed to glean the following facts from my informant. Some months after my last visit, a great event occurred in the Thomson household—a son and heir was born to Bill. Of course, there was great rejoicing in Black Regis. Everybody in the place took an active interest in the affair, and discussed the future prospects of the little stranger over pipes and beer, and at house corners, as keenly as though some event of national importance had transpired. Bill was peculiarly excited; Bess was calmly happy. Only one feeble complaint she uttered when informed that the child was a boy: 'I'd rather it had been a gal: men is such fools!'

After this she settled down to the inevitable with good grace, showing great affection for the little life thrown upon her care. A few days after the occurrence, Bill, who had been staying at home to wait on his spouse, went to his work again as usual, leaving Bess with her child dependent upon the friendly assistance of kindly neighbours. As the evening came, Bess grew perceptibly anxious. Could she have spoken her fears, she would have said she was wondering if Bill would be tempted by his mates to take drink on the joyful occasion of the birth of his child. She knew he was not hard to persuade when surrounded by friends, and besides it was a recognised custom to drink the health of a child when born. Bess did not say anything to the neighbour who came in to attend to her, but she was terribly anxious nevertheless. The time for his appearance passed, and the shades of the autumn evening fell. Still he did not come. Should she ask some one to go and inquire for him? No! she must not let them think she doubted him. He would come all right yet. Something had happened at the works to detain him. The suspense grew terrible. She could bear it no longer. Excitement gave her strength. Rising from her bed, and leaving the infant asleep there, she with some difficulty pulled on her clothes. She was tottering feebly towards the door, when her straining ear caught the sound of a muffled cry. She had heard that cry once before. It caused her heart to leap and the blood to course like fire through her veins. Strung up with the energy of a strong soul roused by the cry of duty and danger, she sprang to the door and rushed wildly out into the chill darkness of the deepening night. Straight to the dangerous pool of the canal she staggered with a peculiar instinct bred of fear, and the remembrance of a former adventure there. As she reached the edge of the bank, she saw a clenched hand disappearing beneath the surface of the mud-stirred water, and heedless of all but the one fact of her husband drowning there, she plunged wildly in and clutched the horny fingers with a desperate grasp, and with almost superhuman strength succeeded in dragging

the unconscious Bill to the sloping edge of the canal. Having accomplished this, her poor human nature could do no more. With a feeble cry for help, she sank down in the shallow water exhausted and insensible. Hearing her cry, two or three neighbours rushed to the spot, and quickly carried the husband and wife to their humble abode. With great promptitude and care they attended to poor Bess, and sent for the doctor to attend to Bill.

But for Bill it was too late. The strong man had breathed his last. They dared not tell Bess, for fear the shock should be too much for her. Bill's body was removed to a neighbour's house, while the doctor set about measures to prevent serious consequences to the devoted wife. But alas! no medicine could avail. The shock had been too severe. In a few hours she was delirious and in a raging fever. The burden of her ravings was Bill. 'I never see such a fool as Bill. He ain't no more sense than a child.—Ha! my little pet.—Ah! I wish he'd been a gal, men is such fools. You promised me you'd swear off the drink, an' here you go foolin' around, an' fallin' into the canal.' Then suddenly changing, and speaking to the doctor. 'Sh-h-h! Don't let Bill know as I'm dying. He's such a fool, an' 'ull carry on so. Tell him I shall get better. But when I do go, make him promise to take care o' the kid.—You will, won't you? It ain't no fault o' his, poor little soul. I wish he'd a-been a gal, though. But then he ain't; an' maybe he won't be such a fool as Bill. Make him swear off the drink when he grows up; it makes men such fools. Ah! you'll put him in the little cradle? I thought I should ha' rocked it myself; but Bill can do it instead. It was good of 'em, wasn't it though, to give us that? God bless 'em!'

And thus poor Bess rambled on. The struggle was fierce and short with her. In forty-eight hours after the time she was carried all wet and senseless to bed, her heart was stilled for ever. Poor Bess!

They buried Bill and her together in the little churchyard, the greater part of Black Regis following the remains in procession, and shedding tears over the grave. Something had gone out of their lives. They felt its loss, and knew that it would never be supplied.

There was only one thing left for them to do after they had laid their idol in the ground, and that was to take care of the child. A meeting was held to talk over the best method of performing their duty in this respect. After much discussion, a simple and efficacious plan was decided upon and agreed to. They would support the youngster by weekly offerings. A box would be kept at the *Rising Sun* to receive the free-will offerings of as many as cared to contribute towards the maintenance of the child. It should be called 'Bess's Box.' This sacred duty performed, the meeting dispersed, but only to reassemble the next night to discuss another matter concerning the departed Bess. It would not do to allow her grave to have no protection from the sacrilege of those who in a short time would see only a green mound. They must protect the sacred dust with a tombstone. The tombstone was erected, and the grave surrounded with hanging chains attached to four small stone pillars.

The landlord of the *Rising Sun* accompanied

me to the churchyard, but not before showing me 'Bess's Box,' and thanking me for my tribute. We stood beside the little mound with uncovered heads, and looked down upon the green sod that covered the heroic woman who had had

The homage of a thousand hearts,
The strong, deep love of one.

I thought of that cheery face, those sparkling eyes, the genial smile, and the welcome voice silent for ever.

On the neat little stone at the head of the grave were the words, characteristic of the rough people who had inscribed them : 'Here lie BILL THOMSON, and the Queen of Black Regis, BESS.'

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

EIGHTEEN months ago, a joint Committee was formed of members of the Kyrle Society and the National Health Society, to consider the possibility of ridding the Metropolis of its canopy of smoke, and of lessening the unhealthy character of London fogs. After many public meetings had been held, it was determined that a Smoke Abatement Exhibition should be organised ; and the opening of this Exhibition at South Kensington has been not the least interesting event of the latter days of the past year. The exhibits are divided into six Sections. Section One includes Fire-grates, Kitcheners, and Stoves of all kinds. The Second Section deals with Gas-heating Apparatus ; the Third with Hot Air, Hot Water, and Steam-warming Contrivances. The Fourth includes Gas-engines, and Furnaces and Boilers for general industrial purposes. Section Five comprises Fuel of all kinds ; and Section Six is devoted to Chimney-flues, Ventilating Apparatus, and foreign exhibits.

We are glad to see that explanatory Lectures are to form a prominent feature of the Smoke Abatement Exhibition. It is too much the fashion in this country to leave visitors to our Museums and Exhibitions to find out for themselves, or to try to do so, such information as could be easily given to them by explanatory labels or short lectures. Thus, it is possible for such a visitor to stand before an archaeological treasure of the greatest interest without having the least idea of its value or history. From the opening Lectures already given at South Kensington, we have promise that no one who wishes to gain information as to fog, smoke, and the means for preventing them need remain in ignorance. One lecture, on 'Economy of Fuel for Domestic Purposes,' by Mr Fletcher of Warrington, is of special interest. He dwells in particular on the advantages of using builders' fireclay for domestic stoves, in lieu of metal ; and of the possibility of so arranging fireplaces and flues that several rooms could be raised in temperature by the fire in one.

The British Goat Society, of which the Duke of Wellington is President, and which now numbers two hundred and forty-two members, has just held its annual meeting. This Society

has started a system by which cottagers are supplied with goats at a reasonable cost ; and the number of applications for animals far exceeds the number it is at present possible to obtain. The Society proposes the establishment of a Goat Supply Company to meet this want ; and it is also proposed to take measures for the removal of the restrictions at present in force as to the importation of goats from abroad. In the course of the proceedings, the President alluded to the extraordinary prejudices which existed against goat's milk ; and also remarked that it might be taken for granted that in cases of disease, goat's milk was far more valuable than that yielded by the cow.

Mr George Wilson of Weybridge gives in a letter to the *Times* a valuable hint to farmers. Requiring some hurdles as a sun-shade for plants, he used ordinary hurdles, but found that they soon rotted away through contact with the moist earth. He then hit upon the expedient of coating them with gas-tar ; but the brush would not reach the interstices, and the plan failed. By arrangement with the local gas-works, he then sent the hurdles to be *dipped* in a tank of tar ; and the neighbouring farmers are so impressed by the notion, that they too are having their hurdles treated in the same manner. The application of the tar has the effect of a brilliant black weatherproof varnish.

The horses of Ohio and Western Pennsylvania have recently been attacked by a new disease, which resembles in all its symptoms influenza in the human subject. It lasts for about ten days, when it disappears under good nursing and rest, without leaving any secondary complications. The disease spreads very slowly, and does not seem to be contagious ; but it has caused much inconvenience in the districts named.

Those persons who denounce vaccination in the human subject may have their doubts removed by studying the paper on the Protective Effect of Vaccination, read by Dr Henry Tomkins the other day at Owen's College, Manchester. He showed that the most striking evidence of the efficacy of vaccination came from the smallpox hospitals themselves. During forty years' experience at Highgate, no nurse or servant who had been re-vaccinated was ever attacked. The students who attended the Hospital for Clinical Instruction were favoured with a like immunity from the disease. This last circumstance gave Dr Tomkins the opportunity of combating an argument often put forward by the opponents of vaccination—namely, that nurses and others attached to smallpox hospitals become inured to the disease from constant exposure to infection ; therefore they are safe. The students referred to only attended the Hospital for a few hours once a week, and yet not one of them was attacked. The Doctor, in conclusion, defied anti-vaccinators to produce any half-dozen unprotected persons who could go through the same ordeal unharmed. Might not some of the anti-vaccinators themselves be induced to undergo the experiment ?

The Minister of Commerce in France has lately, in view of some projected canal works, consulted the Academy as to the best precautions to be taken to insure the health of the navvies employed. As a result, M. Colin has drawn up a

Report for the guidance of the authorities. He notices in this Report that marshy exhalations are not the sole cause of the fever which attacks the open-air worker, but that virgin soil newly turned gives forth germs from which arise intermittent fevers. He recommends special diet as being more valuable than drugs for guarding against these diseases; and notes that workmen should, if possible, not remain on the ground at night. He also points out the advantage of keeping large fires burning, so as to create air-currents, and of stimulating vegetation on newly turned ground.

The largest photograph ever produced is now to be seen in the Art Gallery of the American Institute in New York. It represents a panoramic view of the Centennial Exhibition of Philadelphia, and measures ten feet in length by eighteen inches in width. It has been printed from seven different negatives; but the places where these negatives join have been so carefully treated that their detection is impossible. We may notice in this connection that gas-fitters are making use of photography in exhibiting to their customers full-sized pictures of the gas-flames given by various burners. For a long time past, such photographs have been used in lighthouses where oil is burnt, so that the keeper can have a standard to look to as he trims the lamp.

Although there are only three British lighthouses where electricity is at present in use, we may feel sure that the present excitement concerning that form of illumination will eventually cause many of the old oil-lamps to be superseded. The latest important advance in this interesting question comes, strange to say, from the Antipodes. Mr Henry Sutton of Ballarat, Australia, has invented a new form of storage-battery, which is said to give far better results than the notable 'box of electricity' due to M. Faure. This invention formed the subject of a paper lately read before our Royal Society. It is worthy of mention that Mr Sutton, with commendable generosity, has not protected his invention by a patent, but offers it freely to the community at large. This is not the only rival to M. Faure's storage-battery; for besides many of French origin, both Mr Brush and the indefatigable Edison have produced a battery of this description.

It is curious to notice how the former opponents of the last-named inventor are now obliged to acknowledge that the type of electric lamp to which he first called attention is, after all, the most likely to solve the problem of domestic illumination. Two years ago, when the so-called 'cardboard lamp' of Edison depreciated the gas shares here to an unwonted extent, there were many who declared that the invention was the creation of speculators for the purpose of influencing the stock market. The cardboard lamp now furnishes a type upon which all the so-called 'incandescent systems' of lighting are modelled. The fact that this system has, by the aid of storage-batteries, been successfully applied to the lighting of a train on the Brighton Railway, would seem to indicate that the time cannot be far distant when it will be used for domestic purposes.

The recent fearful accident in Vienna, which resulted in the deaths by fire and suffocation of some hundreds of human beings, has had the

good result of calling the attention of the authorities to the very inadequate provision against fire in most of our public buildings. Unfortunately, theatres and other places of amusement are built of such inflammable materials, that a spark is almost sufficient to set them in a blaze. We hear of a great many inventions for rendering wood and other substances fireproof, but these inventions seem never to come into actual use by builders. We trust that a trial will be given of the new unflammable Asbestos Paint, which, judging from certain experiments lately made at the offices of the Asbestos Company, 161 Queen Victoria Street, London, would seem to be a valuable aid in the prevention of fires. In the experiments referred to, wood, paper, calico, gauze, &c. were coated with the paint and afterwards submitted to the action of flame, which they one and all resisted. Cubes of wood coated with the paint were placed on a coke-fire, with the result that the interior was reduced to charcoal, while the exterior formed a thin unburnt shell. The new paint will lend itself to the employment of any tint, and will resist the action of acids.

It has long been known that the ingenious Chinese were enjoying the use of many conveniences of life before they came to be invented by western nations. Of these we may mention the magnetic needle, the printing press, and gunpowder. It would seem, from a paper read by Mr J. Dreyer in the December number of the Royal Irish Academy, that the Chinese were also far advanced in the science of astronomy, and actually anticipated some of the ideas of Tycho Brahe three hundred years before that great astronomer was born. In the seventeenth century, the Jesuit missionaries made their way to Peking, and soon showed the Emperor and his wise men that in spite of their wisdom, they did not know quite all that had been discovered by western scientists. The Emperor was so impressed with what he heard, that he commissioned the Jesuits to furnish him with new instruments for his observatory; and the old ones which were thus superseded were put away and forgotten. It is to these old instruments that Mr Dreyer in his paper calls attention. Photographs have lately been obtained of them. They show that these old contrivances, constructed by a Chinese astronomer, Ko Show-King, bear a striking resemblance to the instruments with which the great Danish astronomer observed the comet of 1585.

Many of our London readers, remembering the fearful explosion on board a gunpowder barge some ten years since, whilst passing along the canal which runs through the Regent's Park, may be aware that it has ever remained a moot-point whether the catastrophe in question was not in reality occasioned by the escape of petroleum vapour—as from a single sample, probably concealed—which, creeping along the deck, ultimately met with a source of heat sufficient at one and the same time to explode both it and the entire cargo of gunpowder. Certain it is that many dreadful accidents have been clearly traced to the neglect of adequate foresight both in regard to the storage and transport of petroleum; the peculiar danger arising from the fact, that this body, even at low temperatures, emits a heavy and highly explosive vapour, which is ever ready to make its way in a most insidious manner to

any light, even if far distant. In 'Dittmar's Patent,' a Russian invention, we are promised reasonable immunity for the future from the dangers already spoken of. The patentee in part solidifies the petroleum, reducing it to a body like wax; and it is distinctly asserted that the dangers and difficulties of transport will in this way be overcome. Doubtless, a good deal of reliance may be placed in the statement, since the petroleum in this its altered physical state would not by any means yield the explosive vapour with nearly the same readiness as when its usual conditions prevailed.

Off the coasts of England, Scotland, and Ireland, eight hundred and twenty-six ships were actually lost, British-owned vessels forming three-parts of this total. As in former years, a great many losses were due to collision between vessels, one hundred ships being sunk in this manner. Produce of all kinds, being the various cargoes destroyed or swallowed up by the sea, amounted to nearly one million tons; and although it may seem incredible, we are told that no less than one hundred and thirty-two thousand four hundred and fifty-nine tons of coals were lost. This article of commerce being mostly obtained from Great Britain, and carried in British 'bottoms,' is an important item in the year's losses; and the utter destruction of such a necessary article, bears a sensible relation to the supply and demand, and consequently was sufficient to affect the market value of the mineral. During the past five years, no fewer than five hundred and sixty-four thousand four hundred and fifty-nine tons of coals have been lost at sea by the destruction of the vessels in which they were being carried. And yet this is only one item of the great general loss occasioned by such disasters.

It is not too much to say that most of the collisions which occur between ships at sea might be avoided if each ship were aware of the course intended to be steered by the other. A rough-and-ready mode of doing this has long been in use. It consists of sounding the steam-whistle once, twice, or thrice, for the three signals, 'Starboard,' 'Port,' and 'Astern.' This system has the disadvantage that in foggy weather, when a signal of this description is most needed, it can easily be confounded with the sound of fog-horns and other whistles which in a crowded roadstead are sounding at the same time by dozens. To meet this difficulty, Messrs Smith Brothers & Co., of Hyson Green Brass Works, Nottingham, have invented a kind of combination whistle which will give three distinct and different signals—a high pitch note for 'Starboard,' a low note for 'Port,' and the two together for 'Astern.' It would be well if these musical whistles were applied to locomotive engines as well as steam-vessels, when the unearthly shrieks which frighten horses and disturb everybody in our crowded cities, might be dispensed with.

An instrument, called the Holophote Course Indicator, has been invented by Mr J. H. A. Macdonald, Q.C., Edinburgh, having for its object the prevention of collisions at sea. It is specially intended to diminish risk of collision at night, by enabling vessels approaching or crossing, to inform each other what helm they are on, and instantly to indicate any change of helm; and by

enabling the officer in command to sweep with a powerful light the water over which the ship's course will take it, so as to know whether it is clear. The Holophote Course Indicator consists of an electric light with a reflector, which is fixed on a movable arm or handle. When the helm is amidships, the reflector projects the light straight ahead, the arm being held fast by two pegs or detents, which are under the control of the helm by an electric connection. When the helm is ported, an electric circuit is formed, by which one of the detents holding the arm is withdrawn, leaving the reflector free to move, so that the light sweeps from ahead to starboard. When the light has gone round a certain number of points to starboard, a screen rises up and shuts it out from view. The arm is then brought back to amidships, when the screen falls down, and the light being again exposed, the manœuvre of sweeping round to starboard, screening out, and bringing back to amidships, can be repeated as long as the helm remains ported. If the helm be put to starboard, the other detent is removed, and the exactly converse manœuvre can be performed, the light sweeping round from ahead to port. Thus, the strong beam of the electric light is waved, indicating every alteration of the course of the vessel whenever it is made, just as a man driving a carriage can give an indication of his course to another driver by a wave of the hand. It is well known that a most frequent cause of collision is the uncertainty on board one vessel of what is being done by another. One vessel may alter her course, and swing round many points, while the distance is rapidly diminishing between her and another, before those on board the other have any warning of the change. The Holophote Course Indicator enables the change of helm to be signalled instantaneously. A model of the instrument has been sent to the Exhibition of Electrical Apparatus at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham.

EXPERIMENTS WITH SNAKE-POISON.

It is evident that the proposed injection of permanganate of potash in cases of snake-bite continues to find favour with many experimenters; for, following up the work first taken in hand by Dr De Lacerda, we now gather from the *Indian Medical Gazette* that satisfactory results ensued upon the recent prosecution of experiments on the part of Dr Vincent Richards. We are told that this gentleman, having mixed permanganate of potash with what he considered a fully fatal dose of cobra virus, hypodermically injected the mixture direct into a vein, without causing the death of the animal experimented upon. We must, however, receive with caution any statement to the effect that a never-failing antidote has been discovered, though we cannot but express the fervent hope that some real good may accrue from the experiments which are being conducted by so many independent investigators; and if success be ultimately proclaimed in the present search for a specific in the matter of snake-bite, it might not prove a question of any great length of time ere medical science would with equal felicity enter upon a course of experimental inquiry which might in the end light upon a successful

mode of treatment to be applied to a still more terrible malady—namely, hydrophobia. In many of the pathological changes ultimately wrought, this dreadful disease strikingly approximates to the more sudden fell stroke of snake-bite. One remarkable difference may, however, be noted: it is quite possible that all the premonitory symptoms of hydrophobia may distinctly manifest themselves, and yet shortly pass off, leaving the patient but little worse than before; but in the case of cobra or rattlesnake virus, it is extremely rare for recovery to take place when the various symptoms have once been fairly ushered in. A person fairly bitten by a cobra will be dead within twenty-four hours; but if bitten by a rabid dog—if by a rabid cat, so much the worse!—hydrophobia may supervene after a period ranging commonly between four and ten weeks from the inception of the virus.

We are indebted to *The Scotsman* for the following remarks upon this interesting subject: 'There are several substances now known to have the effect, when mixed with snake-venom, of diminishing, if not altogether destroying, its virulence. Mr Pedler, in a recent communication to the Royal Society, drew attention to several of these, and especially to the chloride of platinum, which forms, with cobra poison, a precipitate highly insoluble in water, and with little or no poisonous action. However effective such substances may be in neutralising poison outside the body, they fail to overtake and neutralise the subtle venom once it has got the start in the blood. Were the chloride of platinum injected first, it would probably disarm the poison entering behind it.

'In a recent lecture on Snakes, Professor Huxley drew attention to the fact, that the poison-bag of the venomous snake is simply a modification of the salivary gland of the harmless species. The fact that the salivary gland was the poison laboratory of the venomous snakes, appeared to him to point out the direction in which lay the solution of the difficult problem of the cause of snake-poisoning, and of a probable antidote against it.

'Much light has been thrown on this subject by the recent researches of Selmi, Lacerda, and Gautier. Professor Selmi, several years ago, discovered in the putrefying bodies of animals certain poisonous substances which he called *ptomaines*, and which he found to produce, when introduced into the living body, symptoms very similar to those of snake-poisoning. Dr Gautier's investigations on the *ptomaines* led to the important discovery that those poisons are being constantly generated in the normal excretions of the living body, and that they are present in minute quantities in most of our tissues, being, indeed, one of the results of the waste continually going on in these. The more rapid the waste of tissue, the greater will be the quantity of those poisons formed; and thus it might be expected that the carcase of an animal killed immediately after prolonged and severe exertion, would be unwholesome; and this is a fact that has been frequently observed. A writer in the *Journal of Science* for December last gives the instance of a roebuck which had been caught in a snare, and had died after a

prolonged struggle. "All the persons who partook of its flesh," he says, "became seriously ill;" and two of them, so far as he recollects, died in consequence. They were poisoned, it may be presumed, by the excess of *ptomaines* generated in the animal's tissues. Dr Gautier then examined the venom of the lance-headed snake of Martinique, and of the cobra, in each of which he found an alkaloid possessing all the properties of the *ptomaines*. After tracing those poisons which have thus been shown to be normal products of organic existence in the venom of snakes, he next sought for them in human saliva—the product of those glands which, in the serpent, yield poison. From three-quarters of an ounce of saliva he obtained by evaporation a dry residue of four grains; and on redissolving this in tepid water, and injecting a quantity of the liquid beneath the skin of birds, he found that they generally died with symptoms very similar to those of snake-poisoning. Something very like "the poison of asps" may thus be said to have been found under our tongues; and Dr Gautier's investigation throws light on the fact, that the bite of an enraged man or other animal is dangerous, and has not infrequently proved fatal. If the venom of serpents were something absolutely new and unknown among other animals, it would be difficult to understand how, on the theory of evolution, it had been produced. The whole thing, however, becomes plain when it is found that in the venom of snakes we have, in a modified and concentrated form, what already existed, and is still to be found, in the saliva of non-venomous animals. It is not a creation of anything new, but a modification of something old.'

FADING INTO CHANGE.

A GRADUAL failing in the Summer light;
Bright sunsets dying in the crimson West;
Brown leaves that fall in the quiet Autumn night;
A swift decay in flowers we love the best;
A flush of Life, slow-deepening into Rest;
A wintry wind beneath a threatening sky;
Snow-flakes that fall, and gather, and then die!
Spring, with its changing winds and leafy vest;
Full Summer, with its wealth of flowers that lie
Sparkling like gems upon a monarch's crest;
Then round to Autumn! So our brief years fly,
So run our days! Sometimes in sunshine drest,
And oft in cloud! So fleeteth fitfully
Each little life into the Great Eternity! J. H.

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- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.
- 2d. To insure return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3d. MANUSCRIPTS should bear the author's full Christian name, surname, and address, legibly written; and should be written on white (not blue) paper, and on one side of the leaf only.
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A WORD IN SEASON.

THIS day fifty years ago, we issued the first number of *Chambers's Journal*; and here we are still in the land of the living, ready as far as possible to do our duty in the way of attempting to instruct and amuse the public. The office we voluntarily assumed as a Journalist, is sometimes perhaps not very gracious. It may occasionally grate on the feelings of those addressed; but this is a matter which one with conscientious convictions must not regard. We would not needlessly try to disturb popular notions that, however absurd, are of no great importance. Many things in themselves ridiculous, are not worth writing about, and ought properly to be left to the remedial influences of time. So much cannot be said of follies that trench on common-sense, and that, however fashionable, are mischievous in their permanent consequences. Without further discussion, we go to a case in point, which seems to have been strangely neglected by the daily organs of public opinion.

On a late occasion, as universally known, the tomb of a noble family was theftuously rifled of its contents. The embalmed body of the late Earl of Crawford and Balcarres was stolen during the night from the elegantly adorned coffin in which it reposed in a vault connected with the family mansion of Dunecht. It does not appear that any of the costly trappings of the coffin were removed. The theft was simply that of a dead body, of no commercial value; and why it should have been odiously abstracted, remains a mystery, unless it was for the purpose of being restored for an extorted money consideration. There stands the broad fact, at which the public have been very much scandalised. Sympathising with the noble family whose feelings have been so grossly outraged, and sincerely anxious that the remains of the deceased Earl should be restored to his family, we seize upon the occasion of pointing out as lightly as may be the error that had been heedlessly committed in a method of entombment that was susceptible of such a vile species of

larceny. In plain terms, why was the body of the deceased Earl not buried in the earth, in the manner pointed out by tradition, and we would almost say by religious obligation? If there be one natural law more imperative than another, it is that of consigning the remains of mortality, without unnecessary delay, to the dust which is the common destiny of mankind.

The simple and affecting words in the funeral service, 'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust,' are not to be treated with indifference. They enjoin that which is not only decent and proper, but what is agreeable to enlightened physical science. We would go even a little further. The denial of burial in this manner is a violation of natural rights. Every human being is entitled to claim that, after death, his body shall be allowed to dissolve into its original elements. So far from suffering any degradation in being buried in the earth, it is an honour, and ought to be viewed as a pious realisation of a primary injunction and heritage. Nowhere are we with any authority taught to treat the body of a deceased relative as a thing to be stuffed with chemicals, preserved as a curiosity in an ornamented box, and laid on a stone shelf to fester in state for centuries. Vary the process of attempted preservation as we like, the thing is wrong, and though satisfying a whim, no good can come of it.

In order to be convinced that all attempts at preservation of the mortal frame after death are to the last degree futile, we have only to reflect on the conditions which necessarily attend on dissolution. The body is largely resolvable into gases that naturally seek dispersal in the air, the earth, or anywhere. They must get away, or a fearful state of pollution, dangerous to the health of the living, is the consequence. At all events, something very unsightly will ensue. It is therefore an act of kindness to all concerned to do nothing to obstruct the ordinary and long-established method of sepulture—that is, burial in the earth. With a view to insure speedy dissolution into the original elements, a medical scientist has

suggested burial in wicker coffins. Perhaps this would be to contend unnecessarily with the current of popular feeling. It would be enough if interment were to imply the use of simple wooden coffins, as it used to do within our recollection. Deal boards, though ornamented according to fancy, soon perish, or at least do not seriously prevent the natural process of decay. In walking through a country churchyard, it can be seen that within a few years most of the graves have sunk to a level with the surface, which we may take to indicate that already 'the poor inhabitant below' has less or more mingled with the adjoining dust.

Of course, these explanations will have very little weight with those who habitually regulate their proceedings by what is thought to be fine or fashionable. On this large class of persons we shall accordingly press other considerations, that can scarcely fail to touch their feelings. We wish them to have some regard for the dead. It will not do to place the remains of a dear relative, embalmed or unembalmed, in a durable leaden coffin, and think that a grand thing has been effected. There must be a consideration of the consequences to the deceased, who, if they could speak, would declare that they had been subjected to a grievous outrage. To make this plain, we shall try to relate what has fallen under our notice.

Two or three years ago, it was our fate to inspect officially certain vaults in an ancient church of much historical interest that was undergoing repairs. The object was to ascertain beyond a doubt who had been buried in three leaden coffins. They were doubtless great personages, but there was nothing to tell us who they were, and it was expected that we might find inscriptions of some kind, to throw light on the subject. The coffins, though they had been originally as strong as lead could make them, had been entombed from a century to a century and a half. Their condition was lamentable. The lead was here and there broken into large fissures, through the forcible explosion of confined gases, and it was not difficult to distinguish the contents. All had been embalmed according to the best rules of art. But the result showed how miserable had been the effort to secure an imitation of immortality. The appearance of the bodies generally was that of ragged skeletons dipped in tar, black, horrible, and repulsive; the whole a painful satire on the so-called embalming system. One of the bodies was that of a nobleman of high rank. To think of a man in his social position, who had figured in gorgeous pageants, being condemned after death, by the over-kind solicitude of relatives, to a fate too revolting for description. Had he been a parish pauper, he would have been buried in the earth, and his body would long since have mouldered into dust, while the exuberant gases would have been harmlessly wafted away in the gentle breezes that serve to give life to the vegetable

world. Being a nobleman, he had been, by way of distinction, laid in a leaden coffin, and placed in a gloomy vault, liable to become a piteous spectacle to future generations.

One of these leaden coffins more rent in pieces than the others, contained a form which was recognised by a medical gentleman present to be the remains of a young female, probably a young lady of quality in her day, admired for her beauty and the splendour of her long yellow tresses. What a fate had been hers. On touching the head, a part of the scalp came off, along with a stream of hair that doubtless had at one time been the pride of the wearer. Melancholy sight! And why had the body of this gentle creature with her flowing tresses been consigned to a condition that brought it under the gaze of a body of official investigators, more than a century after dissolution, instead of being decorously laid in the dust, there to sink into the undisturbed rest that had been beneficently destined by its Creator? Let those who maintain the practice of entombing in leaden coffins and vaults, answer the question.

Unwillingly, we have touched on this painful topic, in order, if possible, that the public may be led to give some consideration to a method of sepulture, which we, and many others, hold to be altogether erroneous, if not absolutely mischievous. As concerns the general weal, it may matter little, except as affording a bad example, that certain noble families should adhere to the practice of entombing in vaults in the manner we have feebly pictured. A very different thing must be said when we refer to the interment of distinguished individuals in Westminster Abbey. The body of the greatest man who ever lived is, after all, only a piece of decaying mortality, and we can see no reason why it is to be treated differently from the rest of the human race. Let honours by all means be showered on his memory; let every possible respect be paid in accompanying his remains to the tomb; but let that tomb be in the open air, under the canopy of heaven, where flowers may blossom on his grave. On no account, should it be laid in a leaden or other species of durable coffin, and placed in a confined situation under a roof.

With a firmly entertained opinion on this point, we respectfully object to the growing practice of entombment of individuals honoured by the nation, in Westminster Abbey. If such honours are to be conferred, let there be an open-air spot selected for the purpose, a Valhalla worthy of a great and wealthy nation. It is to be regretted that the grand old fane, on which all look with admiration, is begun to be spoken of as likely soon to be in a condition dangerous to the public health. Already it has been hinted that quicklime should be employed to quell the pestilential exhalations that, in spite of all precautions, escape from the graves underneath the pavement. Expedients of this kind

will but feebly stem the evil. Nature cannot long be outraged with impunity. The pent-up gases will continue to force their way to the surface, and communicate a stuffiness to the atmosphere, that ventilation may attempt to assuage, but cannot possibly extinguish.

We could say much more on a subject so abounding in practical application; but perhaps it is not necessary to go into further details. Fashion has established usages which, though indefensible, are almost too inveterate to be upset, or even to be the subject of remonstrance. The impropriety of burial in populous cities has been recognised by the legislature in sundry enactments. So far, a step has been taken in the right direction. There seem, however, to be still exceptional cases which the law does not touch. Looking to the practice as concerns Westminster Abbey, there appears to be no let or hindrance to intermural interment. The end in this case, we believe, is supposed to justify the means, no matter what inconvenience or absurdities may ensue. As is customary in England, statesmen will look on with calm indifference so long as there is no particular clamour; while Fashion insists that there ought to be no deviations from customs sanctioned by the established practices of a past era. Be it so. We have uttered our note of warning, and trust it may be taken in good part by those who are more specially concerned. What we have said, we believe to be true and deserving of earnest attention. Were our suggestions acted on, they would do a great deal more than put a stop to the scandalous rifling of funeral vaults. They would serve to introduce a degree of common-sense into a custom that bears on the welfare and happiness of the community.

W. G.

MR PUNCH,

OR THE DRAMA AT THE STREET CORNER.

AN unnatural squeaking, merry and shrill, heralds the drama at the street corner. Forthwith there is a scamper of little tatterdemalions, a rush of nursemaids, and a more gradual assembling of folks richer in spare time than in anything else. The squeaking is the voice of Punch. No human organs unaided could afflict the ear with so loud and high a talking treble. In Mr Punch's utterance there are professional secrets involved. Every one is free to know that there is in use a little apparatus formed of two bits of metal and a disc of some stuff like silk, held completely inside the showman's mouth; but what the metal is, and what the stuff is, the showman will respectfully decline to tell, saying only that it is not a whistle, nor a call, but 'an unknown tongue—a secret of the purfession.' The 'unknown tongues' offered for sale at a high price, are of an inferior kind; for there are many sorts, one for the open air, another for use in the house, different ones for speaking and for singing—and for selling. The man can speak in his ordinary voice, or even take a drink, without letting the apparatus be seen by taking it out of his mouth;

and novices in 'the purfession' have to practise continually for months on this unmusical instrument in out-of-the-way corners of parks and commons before they are perfect in its use.

At the sound of this shrill shrieking and squeaking, while the crowd gathers, staring at the upright box with eyes and 'mouths ready to laugh at anything, a still greater number fly from the unknown tongue in supreme disdain. Punch and Judy is, to them, the essence of vulgarity—only what common people like. There is a general objection even to giving Punch a passing glance, albeit he is exerting himself with his whole body and a cudgel to the extreme of puppet energy. But, after all, ye contemptuous folk, there were two men managing that very vulgar show. A dog was there too, a living and intelligent professional dog with a red-and-blue collar, stared at and curiously examined by the street dogs when they meet him off the stage.

And think you, when two men and a dog are working all day from street to street with these poor puppets and a stock-in-trade of pretended jollity, is it not worth while to give a thought for once to what it is all about? The most popular of novelists, clear of sight and quick of sympathy, did not think it beneath notice. His attraction towards the contrasts of life and the oddities of human nature, led him to mingle Punch and Judy with the history of Little Nell, than whom he never imagined a heroine more spiritually beautiful or more exquisitely refined. Out of their meeting came a scene of most complex impressions. Little Nell, in the churchyard, stitching the dilapidated Judy together, while Codlin and Short mend their puppets among the tombstones, and the old man looks on with childish interest and with his vacant smile—this makes a wonderful focus of solemn and ludicrous ideas, the real and the unreal; the grotesque, the vulgar, and the mercenary, side by side with the beauty of innocence and tenderness, and all the great human sorrows of the worn-out mind and of the beggared child. The idea of the showman Short secretly wishing in his rough way to guard the helpless pair from falling into worse hands, is just the kind of pleading for the good heart of the poor that we expect to find mixed with the fancies of one who knew them well. He took the showmen into his story for the same reason that he took heroes and heroines—because they were human; and he never founded them with their puppets. But for the puppets too, and for the show, he had a hankering sympathy; or how could he have hit upon so apt a description of the sad lot of Punch travelling in his private capacity: 'Here was that beaming Punch, utterly devoid of spine, all slack and drooping in a dark box, with his legs doubled up round his neck, and not one of his social qualities remaining.'

In Italy, Punch and Judy in its present form is nearly three centuries old. It was introduced into England by Piccini—called by his successors Porsini—who died about forty years ago, after having exhibited his show for half a century. The puppet play, in which Addison saw Punch in the days of Queen Anne, was quite a different thing. Addison speaks in the *Spectator* of the two shows as 'the opera at the Haymarket, and that

under the little Piazza in Covent Garden—the two leading diversions of the town;’ and a loquacious showman will still describe his drama ‘in two acts’ as ‘not a comedy, neither a tragedy—but a hopera!’ In those old times the Punch of the Covent Garden Piazza danced with ‘a well-disciplined pig;’ and various stories were shown in the box theatre on different days, from Old Testament tales down to Whittington and his Cat. But though every Punch that ever squeaked is a cousin of the Italian Puccinello—or Policinello—the Punch that married Judy dates from the Italian play-writer Silvio Fiorillo, about 1600, and the coming to England of that particular Punch and his indestructible Judy dates from old Piccini.

It may give further interest, though perhaps not thanks, to Piccini's memory, to add that he is regarded also as the father of all that play upon barrel-organs. He got money at an almost incredible rate, and spent it as freely as it came. When Cruikshank made his sketches of the progress of Punch and Judy, he found the old showman at work still, aged and miserably poor, putting up at a public-house in ‘the Coal Yard,’ Drury Lane. From the Coal Yard, Piccini only removed once—to St Giles' Workhouse, where he died a pauper, after having in his day caused an incalculable amount of laughing and brightening of poor faces, and of childish faces poor and rich. This man is said to have made at one time as much as ten pounds a day; his puppets were known to high and low, and it is recorded against at least one Secretary of State, that in the midst of business the voice of Punch could lure him round the corner. As the show became more common, Punch's income dwindled away. According to Mr Mayhew, to whom we are indebted for many secrets of the ‘London poor,’ the exhibitors of Punch and Judy forty years ago collected five pounds a week in the hat; while now, though they still are few enough for every showman to know all the others, and where they are throughout the country, each pair only barely make their living. They have to tramp for it many miles a day, while one of them exhausts himself with the strain of several hours of the instrument in the mouth, and the other, who plays the reed and drum at each ‘pitch,’ has to carry half a hundredweight of stage and properties in transit from one pitch to another. Their stock of puppets is expensive, costing several pounds if it be new; there is a large quantity of cloth and tinsel, the doctor requires the luxury of an *ermine* wig, and the head of each figure costs some shillings when it comes from the hand of the special Punch-and-Judy carver.

Latterly the dialogue has changed, the coarser elements of the original being omitted in the modern versions; and the live Toby is a further improvement, for Piccini had only a stuffed dog where now an intelligent animal is hoisted to the proscenium—much against his will if the truth be told, and with a shamefaced air of feeling too shaky in his part and too big to bite Punch. The length of the performance, the dialogue, and the characters, all vary with the whim of the showman. Originally, the *dramatis personæ* were Punch, Scaramouch, the Baby—always nameless, though imperishable as the Phoenix—a Courtier—intro-

duced for the purpose of taking off his hat with one hand, and stretching up suddenly with a yard of calico neck—a Servant, a Blind Beggarman, a Constable, a Police Officer, Jack Ketch, Sathanas—sometimes called the Rooshan Bear, to spare the sensibilities of the audience—Toby the dog, Hector the horse, Judy, and Pretty Polly, who awakened jealousy in that formidable lady's bosom, and led to the cudgel-wielding which thenceforth found no end. The properties were: the bell wherewith Punch annoyed his neighbours, jocosely making them by dint of torture agree with him that it was an organ, a fiddle, a trumpet, or a drum; the hangman's gallows and ladder; a second back-scene with a prison window; and a large supply of short coffins shown by the reproduction of one, into which the puppet victim was doubled and tidily packed by the hands of Punch himself.

Any public character was also introduced, from Bonaparte, or the candidate at an election, down to Joe Grimaldi. Grimaldi remains under the name of Joey; others have passed away, or come fitfully. There was a Ghost added to the original version, but that awful sheeted Being now sometimes remains in the shades below. There was a Distinguished Foreigner called in to minister to the vulgar contempt for ‘foreigners’ by saying nothing but ‘shallallah!’ There was at another time a certain Jones, the true owner of Toby, who agreed with Punch to struggle for that valuable property till there was risk of dragging the dog in two. Altogether, it is a shifting and changing drama, but its main elements are always the same; and Punch and Judy, with its upright theatre frame and box of limp grotesque puppets, has crossed the Atlantic and even reached the shadow of the Andes; while eastward Mr Punch has travelled also, and his familiar squeak has drawn a pig-tailed crowd about him as himself a Distinguished Foreigner in the streets of Canton.

But for his personal character, and for the morality of this tragic drama, we can say nothing. If we consider his character at all, we must shake our heads at Mr Punch; though before our heads were so high, we have all shaken with laughing at him. If he were not a puppet, we could not tolerate such a monster—a merry monster too; and Mr Punch may congratulate himself that the interest in him is worn out among great dignitaries now, or the Lord Chamberlain's attention might be called to his frightful career of crime and its shocking triumph. Punch not only kills the wife of his bosom, the baby, the doctor, the beadle, and any number of other characters that chance to visit him, except the clown, whose agility, even in escaping, wins his favour; he wades through all the slaughter with the most rampant hilarity; he ensnares and hangs the hangman; he first cheats and then slays his Satanic majesty himself, and finally, uplifting that shapeless heap of horror upon the end of his stick, he whirls below with an extra squeaking flourish of victory. He also avows a cultivated taste which ought to debar him from brutality. He sings the baby to sleep with the lullaby from *Guy Mannering*, or a travesty of it; he professes a joy in music when he is performing on his big bell, or as he facetiously calls it in these days, his piano-sixty; he declares a passion of poetic admiration for Judy the moment before

he causes her to flee, mortally injured, for the interference of the beadle. Piccini introduced into the original version a pretty enough *canzonetta* with native words and melody fresh from the Italian streets, and put it into the mouth of this miscreant. The little song, *Quando penso a la mia bella*, has been translated :

When I think on you, my jewel,
Wonder not my heart is sad ;
You're so fair and yet so cruel,
You're enough to drive me mad.

On your lover take some pity,
And relieve his bitter smart.
Think you Heaven has made you pretty
But to break your lover's heart?

There is a touch of sixteenth century fragments, 'To Phyllis' and 'To Chloe,' about the last lines. It must have been an alarmingly sudden change, when the constable rushed in upon the close of the song, and Punch, slaying him, rejoiced over his corpse to the tune of 'Green grow the Rashes, O !'

The final catastrophe has always remained the same. In the more complete versions the black and horned visitor presents himself first to demand 'Mr Punch that was hanged ;' the imperturbable hero gives him the coffined hangman in the most off-hand manner, and cheats him while they exchange politenesses. But whether this scene be included or not, the arch-enemy is always the last victim. Once, it is said, a showman tried to reform this fearful drama, and as a more proper ending, made his Satanic majesty carry off Punch ; but the crowd dispersed ; his comrade of the reed and drum could not get a copper in the hat ; the attempt had to be given up, and public opinion in favour of Mr Punch had its sway henceforth, and he his triumph, regardless of the proprieties. No doubt the plot owes part of its popularity to the belabouring of beadles and policemen, and to this naughty conduct, too, the Lord Chamberlain might object ; it is on a level with the delight of the crowd at the pantomime, when the clown runs the perennial hot poker through the policeman's body.

Naughty too, it is, that the people should applaud the onslaught upon the gentleman of the ermine wig ; he is naturally disgusted with his 'stick-lickrish—physic ! physic ! physic !' rapped out in a wooden tune on his own head ; but this is clearly an unwarrantable satire upon a learned profession, and an insinuation that physicians prescribe what they would not relish—as if they *could* prescribe anything that anybody would relish ! So also does the victory over the hangman call forth similar wicked applause, when the adroit Punch, pleading that he never was hanged before and does not know how to do it, lures the head of that obliging official into the noose to show him the way. All this is bad enough ; but what is to be said of the fatal skirmish with Judy ?—what of the flinging of the baby 'out of winder,' and in among an unfeeling crowd ? Perhaps, that it is an unfeeling baby. But that is a poor excuse. Clearly the drama does not bear investigation from a moral point of view. The only poetical justice in it is dealt out by Toby, when he barks in protest, and then lays obstinate hold of Punch by the nose ; and yet Punch *never hurts Toby*.

In reality, the play depends for popularity upon the grotesque aspect of the figures, the mystery of their moving with such agility, the rapid liveliness of the plot, and the impudent jokes and horse-play, which are always the fun to make a street crowd grin and laugh. It is the puppets, independent of the plot, that furnish the amusement of children. They do not know, nor would they care to know, that a dexterous hand works Punch, with one finger in his nodding head, and a thumb and finger up his armless sleeves ; and for the younger ones—ay, and for some of the older ones too—it is the puppets themselves that speak in squeaking voices. The murderous stick held so deftly, if awkwardly, between both hands, the wooden raps and knock-down blows, suggest no horror to the little people—nor to the big people either. The diminutive things with their limp bodies and sounding timber heads, are too obviously puppets for their murder to be shocking. If the squeaks became frightened screams, and sank to moans ; if the prostrate Judy bled even the plainest of red paint ; if there was any simulation of suffering such as we see on the larger stage—then the crowd would cease to laugh, Punch would be a miscreant indeed, and the Lord Chamberlain—or Policeman X—would interfere at the street corner. But as it is, the little drama, though its palmy days of novelty are over, is sure to flourish long. All the children like Punch, and the young generations are fresh always, though Punch be fresh no longer. He still attends their juvenile parties, but not so many as he was asked to once—four of a night—lucky rover ! if his own boasts be true. Children are pleased with him, if they be truly childish at all, from the little ladies in evening white and the beaux in knickerbockers, down to the ragged boys and girls, with faces quite as happy, running through the mud after the show. So perceiving him to be a favourite with the little ones—and is not that a certificate of character ?—and trusting he has but a wooden semblance of wickedness, we find ourselves saying to Punch, in the words of the poet : 'With all thy faults, I love thee still !'

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

CHAPTER IV.—HIRAM 'LOOKS AROUND FOR SOMETHING TO GET A LIVIN' AT.'

THE *Black Horse* at Brierham was not a luxurious hostel, but it satisfied Hiram Search. It was an easy matter to satisfy him just then, and even the *Black Horse* was more attractive to a weary man than the open fields. Hiram was hungry as well as tired ; and the unpretending inn had bread-and-cheese and cider, all home-made and wholesome. The landlord, discerning Hiram's foreign extraction by his tongue, pressed him to eat. 'I shall charge 'ee vorpence whatever 'ee gets outside on,' said the landlord ; 'zo eed better take thy vill.' He was not the man to go back from this hospitable invitation ; but Hiram accepted it in such good faith, that the watching landlord grew sceptical of profit on his custom. 'You be main hungry, aperiently, mate,' said the landlord. Hiram was too busy to waste

breath in answer. He raised his sharp eyes to the landlord's face and nodded, and then went on with a relishing sip at the cider. The host watched with more philosophy than might have been expected of him, until at last, with a sigh of pure contentment, Hiram pushed away the brown home-made loaf and the white crumbling cheese, and doubling up the huge clasp-knife, returned it to his pocket. After solemnly enjoying a pipe, he paid his bill and went to bed, in a small room with a sloping roof. Small as the room was, there were two beds in it, and on one of them lay a hulking fellow in heavy highlows and a patched suit of cords. A resting-place of any sort was too precious to be quarrelled with; and Hiram, having partly undressed, made sure of the safety of his money, and lay down. He was asleep in twenty seconds, and never moved until the rays of the morning sun struck through the uncurtained window and awoke him. He turned over, to avoid the glare, and became conscious of his patched and hobnailed companion, who was snoring terrifically. Hiram took up one of his own boots and dropped it noisily upon the floor. The man ceased to snore, and by-and-by sat up, yawning and rubbing his eyes, and grumbling in a sleepy undertone.

'Nice mornin', ain't it?' said Hiram.

The hobnailed man looked surlily round, and anathematised the nice morning; then arising, he shook himself, rumbled his coarse red hair with his freckled hands, reached out for a rabbit-skin cap, and, in completion of his simple toilet, put it on, and began to smoke. Hiram gathered his few belongings, and went down-stairs to the inn-yard, where he refreshed himself at the pump. The people of the house were astir already, and one or two heavy fellows, who looked like quarrymen, were taking a morning drink at the bar. The entrance of a policeman created some sensation, and the quarrymen moved uneasily, as in the presence of a native enemy. The official with loud dignity demanded the landlord, who appeared before him smiling in a propitiatory manner and proffering drink.

'I've got information as Corduroy Jim is here,' said the policeman loudly.

Hiram, polishing himself on a jack-towel in the yard, heard this statement, and wondered casually whether Corduroy Jim was the man who had shared his room last night. He looked up to the window, and saw the red-headed man busy at the fastening.

'No affair o' mine,' said Hiram, and entered, still towelling himself.

'Zo a be, Mister Blunt,' said the landlord.

'Well, I want him,' returned the officer, all importance.

'What have he been a-doin' of?' inquired the host.

'Old game,' returned the officer—'poachin'.—Where is he? Let's have a look at him.' The policeman said this with a waggish air, as though there were somehow a joke in it; and the quarrymen gave him the laugh which his glance demanded.

'He be up-stair,' said the landlord. 'He slep' here last night, along o' that young man.'

The official regarded 'that young man' thus indicated, and bent upon him a brow of stern

severity, as though the circumstance had clothed him with suspicion; but Hiram encountering his gaze with a wink and a friendly nod, the glance of authority dwindled and faded; and the policeman, who was a little young at his business, looked sheepish.

'Show the way,' he said, recovering a sense of his importance; and he and the landlord marched heavily up-stairs. Hiram pricked up his ears and listened. There was heard a sudden clatter as of hobnailed boots in the paved yard, and the owner of the rabbit-skin cap and the corduroys was seen in the act of climbing a low wall. Down came the landlord and the policeman roaring 'Stop him!' Nobody seemed to feel a call in that direction, and the officer went in pursuit alone.

'Drabbit un!' said the landlord. 'He haven't paid for 's bed. He must ha' dropped out o' winder!'

Away went the corduroys, and away, a hundred yards behind, went the representative of law. Law came up hand over hand, and then, his breath failing suddenly, stood disconsolate, and watched the hobnails glinting away into the distance. Thus foiled, the officer had no mind to return to the *Black Horse*, but took his melancholy way across the meadows to report his failure. The excitement of the chase having subsided, it came out that the landlord had a double grievance. The illegal sportsman had not only left his bill unpaid, but he had left a contract unfulfilled. The landlord had engaged him to mend half-a-dozen cane-seated chairs, and the mending process had gone no further than the cutting away of the old canes.

'An' now,' mourned the landlord, 'I ain't got ne'er a cheer for nobody to set on in my house. An' as like as naht, it ull be a twel'month avore a cheer-mender puts his foot inside the county.'

'What's your pay for the job?' inquired Hiram.

The landlord named his price; and after a little chaffing, Hiram undertook the work; and being provided with the slips of split cane and the simple tools left behind by the illegal sportsman, he sat down in the shade, lit a pipe, and surveyed his task with the eye of a master of the chair-mending craft. It may be worth while to say that the work was utterly new to him.

'Naow,' said the wily Hiram, with an unseated chair in one hand and a bundle of canes in the other, 'what's your notion? Is theer any partic'lar style you fancy?'

The landlord didn't know as how there was.

'Ain't you got another cane-seated cheer in the house? Very well, then. You'd like 'em to match, I reckon. Bring the cane-seated arm-cheer out, an' let me have a look at it.—That's right. The armcheer's like the father o' the fam'ly, an' you can't help wantin' the childern to feature him, a little.'

Hiram having procured the desired model, examined it closely, and fell into the work with marvellous quickness. Before he had been at it an hour, he was caning away with the greatest dexterity, and whistling at his labour as cheerful as the throstle.

'Wherever one man slips out,' said Hiram to

himself in the pauses of his music, 'there's room for another to slip in. We air so tight wedged on this effete old planet, that if a man once gets outside the crowd, he finds it hard to shoulder in again. But if a feller keeps his eyes peeled, somebody's pe-rennially fallin' over the edge into general space, an' then there's room for another pair o' feet to stand in. Young man in the skin-cap ain't likely to assom this route again for some while. I'll conduct his business for him.'

The first chair being completed, he surveyed the work of his hands with smiling admiration; and having sat upon it to test its firmness, he admired it anew.

'It is sing'lar,' meditated Hiram, 'how pretty a thing looks when a man's done it himself. A cheer-bottom is not an artistic object, regarded in the abstract; but this yer arrangement looks real nice, I dew declare. Whatever a man does, he puts a bit of himself into it, an' then he thinks it's handsome. Human natur,' pursued the philosopher, beginning on another chair, 'would probly work very rusty if it wa'n't greased with a little self-appreciation. That is so. Now, only this mornin' to see that gell in the house here smilin' at herself in a scrap o' lookin'-glass; an' yet if she was to see that head of hers on top of any other gell's figger, she'd laff at it. An' then to see me lookin' at a cheer-bottom as if I loved it—smirkin' at it, like a candidate at a voter—just because I've put it together. We air curious critters, sir; an' no man is free from human frailty.'

His thin clever fingers made no stay whilst he thus communed with himself, talking in a low continuous nasal hum, with only one word audible here and there. He seemed by this time as well accustomed to the work as if it had been his daily occupation; and when the landlord came out to look at him, no suspicion that Hiram was an amateur chair-mender crossed his mind. Hiram finished his work, and the landlord paid the stipulated price.

'If you happen to have the half-sovereign I changed last night,' said Hiram, 'I should like to have it back again.'

The landlord had that one half-sovereign and no other; and Hiram gave silver in exchange for it. Some of the canes remaining over, and the landlord claiming them, Hiram chaffered for them; and went his way with a few loose six-pences to keep the half-sovereign company, and a new trade in his fingers. He approached London by a devious route, going out of his way to any little town where the new trade seemed likely to thrive. Living sparsely, and working wherever he found a chance, he throve so well that he reached the great city with a total stock of fifty shillings, prepared to begin the world anew. At first sight, London struck him as being more than a trifle dingy and oppressive, and he was tired with a long day's tramp. But having secured a cheap lodging and refreshed himself by an hour's rest, he strolled out again on a journey of observation.

'Twopence all the way,' yelled an omnibus conductor, hanging on by his strap at a remarkable angle and gesticulating wildly.

'Be at rest, young man,' said Hiram serenely; 'I will travel all the way.' He tendered twopence.

'Pay when you get down,' said the conductor.

'Here's a land for trust an' confidence,' said Hiram to himself. 'How does he know when a man has twopence?' He sat on the knifeboard and smoked, surveying London. 'I've read somewhere,' he mused, 'that in this triffin' village a man dies every five minutes. That's a chance each five minutes to them that's left. Now, I've been here three hours, an' if my statistics air correct, I've missed six-and-thirty chances already. It's real ghastly to think of, if it's true, an' I suppose it is. Twelve tragedies an hour. Twelve sufferin' souls relieved from twelve sufferin' bodies every hour in this amazin' congregation.' Hiram's thoughts were growing grave, and London was beginning to lay hold of him, as it does with all men who can think and feel. Out of the loud noise and hurrying crowds of Whitechapel, the omnibus rolled on to the solemn quiet which lies when the business of the day is done about the Exchange and the Bank and deserted Cheapside. 'Looks as if there'd been a plague here,' thought the stranger. The streets were as sparsely peopled as those of his native village.

As the omnibus travelled to what seemed a new city, all glare and gloom, the conductor came to the roof to collect his fares. He was a red-faced young man, with signs of drink upon him—blotched, blear-eyed, and puffy. His hot breath struck a blast of gin full in the traveller's face, and Hiram turned his head away disgusted. At that second the vehicle lurched slightly; there was a cry from one of the passengers; and Hiram looking round, missed the figure of the conductor. The man had fallen backwards from the roof, and lay upon the stony pavement with his limbs abroad and his blotched face uppermost. The driver arrested his horses; the passengers descended, and ran to the prostrate figure; people from the pavements and the shops made a crowd about it.

'Stand clear!' cried Hiram. 'Give the man a breath of air.' He raised the helpless head and shoulders; and those in the inner circle pressed back and forced a little space. 'Get a glass of water, somebody,' said Hiram, passing a firm but gentle hand over the man's limbs. 'Right arm's broke,' he said after this brief examination. A glass of water was handed over the heads of the crowd, and reached him half empty. In the conductor's fall, a handful of copper and silver money had been thrown from the leathern pouch he carried, and one or two men busied themselves in picking up the scattered coins. One scarecrow, who had picked up half a crown, was making off with it, when Hiram's long arm and lean fingers shot out after him and seized him. 'Hand over!' said Hiram; and the quaking wretch surrendered his booty, and slipped into the crowd, glad to hide himself. The others, with that mechanical surrender to any seeming of authority which is the most noticeable characteristic of men in crowds, followed suit, and laid their findings in Hiram's outstretched palm. By this time, the driver had cumbrously released himself from straps and wrappages, and had made his way to his injured colleague's side, followed by a policeman. A cab was called, and the man was driven to a hospital. The people dispersed. Some of the passengers, who were scrupulous, paid their fares to the driver. Others, who were not, availed

themselves of the accident, and economised. Hiram resumed his seat upon the omnibus.

'I can't take no passengers without a conductor,' said the driver. 'It's agen the law. I'm a-goin' to drive 'ome now.'

'I've got some money belongin' to that poor feller,' said Hiram, 'an' I'll give it in at the proper quarter.'

'All right,' responded the driver. The 'bus rolled on again, this time to the Company's offices, where the driver told his tale, and Hiram surrendered the money.

'Much obliged to you, I'm sure,' said the official in charge; 'but you needn't have taken the trouble. You might have given it to the driver.'

'Well,' said Hiram, 'I didn't want to lose a chance. I only reached London to-night, an' I'm lookin' around for somethin' to get a livin' at. Wherever one man gets broke, 'pears to me another's wanted to take his place; an' till your man's mended, I'm game to take his.'

'We are rather short of hands just now,' said the official in charge.

'Mind, mister,' pursued Hiram, 'I don't want to take no man's cheese from between his teeth; but I'm game to hold that man's place an' keep it warm till you've got him mended.'

The official smiled, and asked: 'Can you get anybody to give you a character, or be surety for you?'

'I don't know a creetur in the city,' returned Hiram; 'but mebbe that'll do for surety.' He laid two pounds upon the desk. 'The job ain't the sort that takes seven years' apprenticeship to learn, is it?'

'Why, no,' said the other, smiling again. 'Come here in the morning at half-past seven o'clock, and they'll give you an answer at once.' Hiram took up his money, and retired, having made a note of the address. Pausing now and then to ask his way, he walked back to his lodgings.

LAMBETH ART POTTERY.

THE double mass of red-brick building rising from the level of the Albert Embankment, and flanked by a soaring shaft of some architectural pretension, must be a familiar object to many of our readers. Beneath its roof is still carried on an industry, localised on the spot since 1640, but which in this particular factory has received considerable extension and development from the enterprise of its proprietors, the Messrs Doulton. Lambeth pottery, in its most characteristic form—for the modern Doulton ware includes many variations on the original type—is what is technically known as stoneware, supplying an intermediate link between porcelain and earthenware. As a familiar example of its peculiarities, we may take the common manufacturers' ink-jar, in which we have the native whitey-brown hue of the clay unaltered, but glazed with a surface coating of vitreous enamel. Now the nature of this glaze, and the manner of its application, form the cardinal distinction between the various products of ceramic art. Its use is not merely to give that exquisite polish of texture which repels defilement, and is so daintily pleasant to the touch; but primarily, to render the naturally porous clay impermeable

to water, and thereby fit the vessels constructed of it for their most obvious function. This end is attained among uncivilised peoples, by smearing the heated earthenware with tallow; and the Italian and Spanish water-jars at the present day are in similar fashion rubbed with wax, thus rendering them water-tight at the cost of cleanliness. The Greeks and Etruscans used for the same purpose, a carbonaceous glaze, liable to wear off in handling; but the Egyptians were from an early date acquainted with the art of vitrifying ware, a discovery supposed to be due to the accidental observation of the effect of fire in glazing the bricks of an oven.

Italian Majolica is earthenware which, after firing, has been covered with a thin coating of white earth, and then enamelled with a composition of the oxides of tin and lead. The whiteness and hardness of the surface are proportionate to the increased quantity of the former ingredient, and the inferior description of ware, or *mezza majolica*, is glazed with lead oxide alone. This opaque metallic varnish imparts to the ware that pearly lustre, whose secret, believed to have been learned by the Italian potters from the Moors of Spain, Bernard Palissy spent life and fortune in trying to discover. Porcelain, on the other hand, originally composed of finer clay, owes its texture to a thin coating of true glass, evenly formed over its surface under exposure to a very high temperature, by which its substance is partially vitrified throughout. But porcelain and earthenware, while differing in the composition of their surface enamel, resemble each other in that they receive it in the stage technically known as 'biscuit,' after they have undergone the first firing. Plunged then into a solution of the glaze constituents, these substances form a white efflorescence over the porous clay, after it has absorbed the fluid in which they were dissolved. The process is finally completed by the second baking of the ware in the glazing kilns, and the fusion into a thin crust of enamel, of the elements deposited on its surface.

Now, stoneware, such as that manufactured at Lambeth, instead of undergoing this double process, is glazed and fired by a single operation, thus avoiding the risk and expense of a second baking. This result is due to the ingenious process of the salt glaze, introduced in 1690, which consists in throwing a quantity of moist salt into the kiln, where the ware has attained a very high temperature. The vaporised elements of the salt, combining with the silicates of the clay under the influence of heat, form a fusible alkaline glaze on the surface of the ware, which is thus vitrified and rendered impervious to moisture.

It seems the inhabitants of Lambeth sometimes complain of the pungent saline exhalations given off by these glazing kilns; but Mr John Sparkes, in an interesting paper on the Lambeth Pottery, read at the Society of Arts in March 1880, maintains that they are not only innocuous, but positively salubrious, acting as disinfectants throughout the district. It is evident that the salt-glaze process must essentially modify the ornamentation of the ware, since it receives it in the stage of raw or 'green' clay, not, like porcelain and earthenware, in that of biscuit already hardened in the fire. Its crudeness and softness in this condition, while opposed to the reception of flat

colour, render it more easily susceptible of plastic decoration, and we find it accordingly submitted to varieties of treatment, such as fretting and carving the surface, incrusting it with raised ornament, or cutting through an external coating of lighter-coloured earth, to leave a pattern in relief on a dark body underneath. It is its capability for these diversified forms of embellishment that gives its principal artistic value to the Lambeth ware, and may lend some interest to an account of the sundry processes it undergoes, as they were seen by the writer and a party of friends, in a visit to the Doulton factory.

Here, by the courteous permission of the proprietor, we were enabled to follow the clay through the several stages of its progress, and see it grow from a formless mass, into a daintily finished article of use or ornament. The first of these stages is naturally the elementary one, in which the potter's wheel, that most venerable, yet not least wonderful of human inventions, comes into play. There sits each deft workman, his every faculty concentrated on his task, while a boy, in attendance on him, manipulates the stiff paste, nearly of the consistence of dough, and subjects it to the treatment technically called 'slapping.' The mass is, in point of fact, divided by a wire, and one portion flung violently on the other with a sounding smack, the object of this rude handling being to expel all bubbles of air from its substance. To this end it has already been thoroughly kneaded in the vats, and the earth has previously been sifted, dried, and stored in pits to *age*, during which time it undergoes a sort of fermentation. The slapper, roughly shaping the clay into balls of equal size and weight, hands one to the thrower, who seizes it and dashes it forcibly on the wheel, a disc revolving horizontally before him, the motion being produced by machinery. The skilled artisan hollows the mass as it spins, drags its sides upwards, shapes the flexible whirling paste, passes a wire under it, and sets it on the table with its fellows, a perfectly symmetrical vessel, still soft, but completely shaped. So rapid is the process that one workman turns out a thousand of these articles in the day; and his neighbour in the same time produces twelve hundred ink-jars, though these latter require somewhat elaborate manipulation, as the neck has to be narrowed in, and the lip turned over.

The shaping of the wheel is not sufficiently delicate for the finer articles of ware intended for decoration, and they are consequently turned on a lathe after being allowed to harden sufficiently, thus receiving a smoother surface, and being impressed with ornamental mouldings. They are then ready for the artist; and following them a stage further in their progress, we look into a room, where two ladies, the Misses Barlow, are busy at their work, and kindly allow us to watch it, as it grows under their skilled fingers. Each of them is employed in decorating a tankard-shaped clay vessel, Miss Hannah Barlow with designs of cattle and horses, Miss Florence with birds and foliage. They have no paterus or models to copy, but sketch in pencil from imagination, directly on the clay itself, without any preliminary study whatever. The pencil outlines are then cut sharply on the friable surface with a stylus, and the strokes thus made, show, after the article is glazed, like the dark lines of an

engraving. Miss Hannah Barlow's clever designs remain thus simply etched on the ware, forming a central band of decoration on the vase or goblet, the remainder of which is enriched with embossed ornament in colour.

Miss Florence Barlow's outlines, after being etched with the stylus, are filled in with the application of raised colour, known as *pâte sur pâte*. This consists of clay, technically called 'slip,' artificially coloured of the desired tints, mixed to a creamy consistence, and laid on with a heavily loaded camel-hair pencil, within the limiting lines already traced. This lady, on being asked how she attained such mastery over bird form and plumage, as to be able thus faithfully to reproduce them without a model, replied that she kept a number of birds of different species at home, so as to have them perpetually under her eyes, in all their varieties of attitude and movement. It was very pleasant to note the enthusiasm with which these artists spoke of their work, and to see how that free exercise of individual taste which is evidently left to them, prevents that work from degenerating into mere mechanical drudgery.

The Miss Barlows' studio is a specimen of the higher artistic machinery of the Doulton establishment, and from it we were led to a lower class of workroom, where a number of girls and young men were employed in more mechanical processes of ornamentation. Here was one laying on the coloured 'slip,' so as to form a garland of raised leaves on the clay; while another was engaged in filling in with a dark tint, the ground of a delicate foliated pattern carved in relief. A third might be seen forming a beaded ornament, pressing the white 'slip' or liquid paste, a drop at a time, from the apex of a paper funnel, much as confectioners do the sugar icing for cakes or tarts, then rolling each tiny globule between her fingers, and affixing it in its place. A boy, cutting in the limiting lines for the decoration of a vase with bold strokes of the stylus, had no measurement to guide him, and worked by eye alone, though the repetition of the pattern required mathematical accuracy in the exact division of the space.

In other rooms the artists were copying natural flowers, leaves, or similar objects, and then the party proceeded to an *atelier*, where a number of young men were modelling figures and groups in clay, in the same fashion that sculptors first embody their conceptions. Here, however, the modelled clay itself is baked and rendered permanent, instead of furnishing the mould for the plaster cast, destined in its turn to be reproduced in marble. The subjects, principally classical and allegorical, were all from original designs, and the grace and elegance of the figures betokened considerable capacity in the young artists.

The last room visited was in some respects the most interesting, for here we were introduced to the work of a really remarkable man, George Tinworth, who began life as a wheelwright, and the development of whose peculiar genius reflects the greatest credit on his present employers. He works in high relief, in unbaked clay of the natural colour, subsequently, like that in which the statuary groups are executed, hardened and rendered imperishable by firing. This artist goes to the Bible for his inspiration, and treats only

scriptural subjects; but dealing with them in a thoroughly unconventional spirit, he places them before the spectator with full dramatic realism of accessory and detail, giving evidence of high imaginative power. One of his works, the Crucifixion, has been placed in the reredos of York Minster; another, after having been exhibited at the Royal Academy, is now in the Bethnal Green Museum; and two *lunettes* of the Raising of Lazarus, and of Jairus's Daughter, form part of the decoration of the Guards' Chapel in St James's Park. Against the wall of his studio, when our party visited it in November 1880, stood a long panel covered with wet cloths, and when these were removed, a beautiful high relief in clay was disclosed. This work of art was subsequently exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1881. It has the character of a triumphal procession, for it represents Christ's entry into Jerusalem, and recalls, in the life and spirit of the grouping, the reliefs on an antique sarcophagus. Fourteen weeks' labour had already been expended on the work, and though it looked nearly completed, many details remained yet to be added. All the accessories of Eastern life and nature had been carefully studied, and specimens of palm foliage and other tropical vegetation were furnished to the artist from Kew, in order to assist his imagination.

These works of Mr Tinworth's are elaborated, not from a drawing as a preliminary study, but from what he calls a sketch in clay, in which his first idea is embodied. To illustrate this mode of working, he modelled from a lump of clay under our eyes, a tiny figure, under two inches in height, yet perfect in all its minute proportions. Such is the flexibility of the clay, that by a touch of the finger the head could be turned, or the limbs shifted to any desired position. The adhesiveness of the material, too, admits of much greater latitude in its treatment than is possible in cutting a relief from the solid block of stone or marble, as figures can be removed and replaced at will, even at an advanced stage of the composition, if alterations suggest themselves in the design.

From this interesting studio we returned as we had come, through rambling corridors, up and down unexpected flights of stairs, across the great atelier where wheel and lathe were humming, and the ductile clay being ever shaped by subtle fingers, to the artists' workrooms, where human invention was being tasked to discover new combinations of form and colour for its embellishment; and so back to the show-room on the ground-floor, where the results of all this industry and ingenuity are on view.

Although the salt-glazed stoneware has been more especially dwelt upon as the specially characteristic product of the Lambeth potteries, it is by no means the only kind they manufacture. The Doulton Faience, recently introduced, is decorated in the way rendered familiar to the public from the fashion of amateur china-painting, by the application of flat colour to the biscuit, which is then plunged in the glaze-tub, and fired for the second time in the kiln. The *impasto* ware, another novelty in this manufacture, is similarly treated, save that raised decoration is laid on in the form of coloured 'slip' or clay paste, corresponding to body colour in painting. The result is an embossed design, for instance a garland of leaves, or spray of flowers, generally relieved on a

coloured ground, sage green, or maroon red, with a very high surface glaze. The Faience admits of every variety of hand-painting, as may be seen in the show-room, where vases are on view covered with the most richly tinted decoration, flowers crowding each other out of sight, foxglove and camomile, chrysanthemums and campanulas, strewn at random over the surface, as if in emulation of Nature's own prodigality. In contrast with these are others of soberer tone and simpler design, a flight of ducks following their leader on the wing, or a flock of swallows chasing each other among the summer clouds, outlined in sage or olive green on a cream-tinted ground. Conspicuous among the decorations of the stoneware, easily recognisable by its appearance of incrustation, are Miss Barlow's spirited etchings of ruminating cattle or browsing sheep, specially interesting to us, as we have seen them growing under her hand, and those of another artist in the same style, who excels in landscape and rustic figures, drawn with a few decisive lines.

Among the multitude of objects here exhibited, no two are precisely alike, and it is this absence of mechanical reproduction that entitles the Doulton ware to rank as an art manufacture. Individual taste is left free to choose its own form of expression, while preserved from eccentricity by the wholesome limitation of a defined purpose, conditions supplying that medium between formalism and extravagance, so absolutely essential to artistic progress. The staff of artists is principally recruited from the Lambeth School of Design, and a distinctively local character thus attaches to the manufacture, which bids fair, under its present management, to become a conspicuous branch of national industry.

THE DROPPED TELEGRAM.

A TALE IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

It was towards the end of a sultry July, that I, Arthur Homely, Barrister-at-law—nominally, though nothing but an idler really—decided to run down to the seaside and enjoy the bracing air of the breezy watering-place Sandmouth. It was a longish journey by rail from my rooms in Arlington Street to Sandmouth; but I reached the end of my journey at about five P.M., and drove at once to the hotel at which I had stayed during a former visit. But at the hotel I was unable to secure a room, and was told that there was not even a garret vacant, so crowded was Sandmouth already. A waiter who knew me, suggested that I should go to Mrs Dollman's boarding-house, which was very comfortable, and where he knew I could find accommodation. I re-entered my cab, and was soon deposited at Mrs Dollman's, where an excellent bedroom facing the sea was allotted me; and having enjoyed a bath and change of clothes, I joined the *table-d'hôte*, which took place at seven P.M.

On entering the room, I saw seated at the table my oldest and best friend, Charley Steinmay, now known as Major Steinmay, V.C. I thought he was still in India fighting against the Afghans, or some other of the numerous enemies of our Indian Empire; for although not thirty years of age, Charley's military career had been a great

success, and his name had more than once been mentioned in despatches; whilst the decoration of the Victoria Cross had been ably gained, not by retreating from a hot fire with a wounded soldier on his back, but by attacking, single-handed, three Afghans who were trying to kill a wounded soldier. Charley was brave as a lion, honourable and truthful, but in some matters simple as a child.

Our recognition was simultaneous. Charley jumped up and rushed round the table to meet me.

'This is a bit of luck,' he exclaimed. 'How did you come here? I've only landed in England two days, and was ordered to come here for my health.'

'What is the matter?' I inquired.

'Slight sunstroke, and the effects of that Peshawur fever, which clings to a fellow, you know, for years, and makes me feel sometimes as weak as a cat.'

Our exchange of information now became general. I learned from him how he had succeeded in India; how he had obtained two years' leave on medical certificate; and was going to recruit his health, and return to India to obtain a good appointment, which would by that time be vacant. I told him how, by a lucky windfall, I was in possession of an ample income, and merely played with the law as a profession, enjoying my liberty and amusements in the manner best suited to me.

The residents at the boarding-house besides ourselves, were a widow and her daughter; a merchant from some inland place, his wife and two daughters; three young men, apparently tourists; and a retired general officer. So small a gathering naturally resolved itself into a kind of social party; and before dinner was over I had spoken to nearly every one present. Our first twenty-four hours passed pleasantly. To meet my old school and college companion again, and talk over old times, scenes, and companions, was indeed a pleasant pastime; and Charley was fresh and young as a boy of sixteen.

The next evening we had taken our seats at the dinner-table, when there entered a lady leading a little girl about five years old. The lady was tall, at least five feet eight, with massive golden hair, a fair complexion, perfectly formed features, and rather wild-looking, expressive eyes. A figure delicately but exquisitely formed. She was dressed in a clinging white Cashmere dress, trimmed with lavender satin, which became her admirably. As she stood for a moment opposite to us, she certainly looked one of the handsomest women I had ever seen. The little girl, however, had a neglected, uncare-for look about her, which contrasted strangely with the costume of the lady. The manager of the boarding-house showed this lady to a chair next my friend Charley, who rose as the lady approached, and remained standing until she was seated. All eyes were turned on the new arrival, who seemed totally unconscious of attracting any attention, and appeared fully occupied in attending to the wants of her little girl. Charley seemed spell-bound by this handsome woman, and during the first few minutes after her arrival did not speak a word to me. I heard the lady, in a clear silvery voice, address herself to Charley, who was soon

engrossed in a conversation which so occupied his time that he ate but little dinner.

When the ladies withdrew, he turned to me, and said: 'One of the most charming women I ever spoke to, and undoubtedly the handsomest.'

'A case of love at first sight, Charley,' I exclaimed. 'But who is she?'

'Her name is Le Ferrier,' he replied; 'and that is her little girl; whether she is a widow or not, I cannot say; but she has not mentioned her husband's name. She lives usually near Manchester, and has come here for her health. What a sensation she would make at Simla!'

'She seems to have made one with somebody at Sandmouth,' I replied.

We shortly left the dining-room; and I adjourned to the smoking-room, to enjoy my quiet pipe, whilst Charley turned off and disappeared I knew not where.

After some time, I heard the notes of a piano, touched by a skilled hand; and soon after the sound of a female voice, full and rich and well cultivated, singing a German song. I was an enthusiast in music, and therefore made my way to the drawing-room, which was the general place of assembly for the boarders; and then saw that the vocalist was Mrs Le Ferrier; whilst Charley was standing near the piano turning over the leaves of her song. In the room was one of the young tourists, who turned out to be Oxford-men, who applauded loudly at the termination of the song; whilst the widow, Mrs Blunt, and her daughter seemed also charmed.

On my approaching the piano, Charley introduced me, as his oldest friend, to Mrs Le Ferrier; and I received from her a cordial shake of the hand.

I had now the fullest opportunity of observing the lady; and whilst I was compelled to admit the beauty of her face and form, yet the shape of her head displeased me. Among my amusements was the study of phrenology; and I had made long and careful comparisons between the theories claimed by this science and my practical experience. Some of these theories I found to be correct; and the head of Mrs Le Ferrier showed an enormous bump of Love of Approbation, an almost total absence of Conscientiousness and Veneration, whilst Self-esteem was very largely developed. Whilst I was making these observations, she and Charley were looking over a list of songs, and shortly commenced a duet, he being a fair singer. Feeling I was one too many, I strolled out on the beach, then returned to my room, and retired.

A week passed at the boarding-house much in the same way, Charley and Mrs Le Ferrier becoming more and more inseparable; and I saw my friend was apparently engrossed with the handsome boarder. He had driven her out, had ridden with her, and walked with her; she appearing to be equally as charmed with him as he was with her. It was at the end of the week, that one evening I was sitting on the beach with Charley, when I put the question plump: 'Who and what is Mrs Le Ferrier?'

'She is,' replied Charley, 'a most unhappy woman. She was compelled to marry a rich Manchester-man, whom she hates, and who is unkind to her.'

'Then her husband is alive?' I said.

'Certainly,' replied Charley.

'Take care, old fellow,' I said, 'that you don't get entangled in a way that might lead you into serious trouble.'

Charley remained silent for some time, and then said: 'When we were boys, Arthur, we never had a secret from each other; and I think I can trust you now. You will admit that she is one of the most lovely women in the world, and she is as nice as she is beautiful. Although nothing has occurred between us in the slightest degree wrong, yet she has confessed that from the first moment she saw me, she felt an irresistible attraction for me, and that I am the first man she has met whom she could love.'

'And this from a married woman, Charley, you don't consider wrong?'

'But, Arthur, think of her condition—having been forced to marry a man repugnant to her, and being tied to him for life. What a slavery for such a woman as she is!'

'Too late to remedy that, Charley; and it shows a want of conscientiousness that she should tell you this, after a week's acquaintance at a boarding-house.'

We were sitting beside some rocks on a retired part of the beach, far away from any gas-lamps, and slightly removed from the usual promenade. Behind us, and not thirty yards distant, was one of the seats placed for the accommodation of visitors, who could there sit and contemplate the breakers as they rolled and swished on the sandy shore. Our pipes had been smoked out, and we sat in silence, each occupied with his own thoughts. Several minutes had thus passed, when we heard footsteps approaching, and though in the darkness it was impossible to distinguish either faces or figures, yet the voice of one of the two persons caused my friend to start and gaze round eagerly.

The couple took up their position on the seat near us, and in reply to a half-whispered inquiry from the man, the female voice said: 'How could you imagine such a thing! I like the Major, of course, as he is very attentive, and is desperately in love with me, and he is useful as an escort; but as to anything more, it is absurd. Besides, I am not likely to be attracted by a sun-dried Indian, when you are near.'

'I am so glad to know this,' was the reply of her companion, whose voice we recognised as that of the young Oxford-man who was staying at the boarding-house.

I put out my hand and held Charley firmly, for he had half started up, but instantly sank down again, and remained motionless till the couple retraced their steps.

'You are a lucky fellow, Charley,' I said, 'to have found out this plant so easily. You see my conclusion about the absence of conscientiousness was about right.'

'Don't mention that woman's name again!' exclaimed Charley. 'What a demon she is; and what mischief a handsome woman can do! I have been a fool, that's all.'

We returned to the boarding-house, and retired to our rooms without seeing any one.

On the following morning, I received a letter from my Uncle Tom, the Squire of Honeywood, saying he was coming that day to Sandmouth

with his wife and daughter, and wished me to find him some place to put up at, if the hotel was full. The hotel was full, and no suitable lodgings to be obtained; but there was room in our boarding-house for my uncle, aunt, and cousin; so I secured these for them.

On that morning, Charley had a few minutes' *tête-à-tête* with Mrs Le Ferrier. What took place, I did not ascertain; but shortly after I saw Mrs Le Ferrier looking red and excited, anger expressed in every feature of her handsome face; whilst Charley was calm, dignified, and self-possessed.

My uncle and party arrived during the afternoon; and though he was not satisfied in having to dine, as he said, with 'all sorts of people,' yet his room being comfortable, he managed to get on without much grumbling. My cousin was a dear little girl, twenty-two years of age; a truthful, honest little woman, clever and sincere, and heiress to rather more than four thousand a year. I at once made up my mind that she was the wife for Charley; but knowing the obstinacy of both men and women in love affairs, I said nothing to my friend as regards my ideas.

That evening at dinner, Mrs Le Ferrier had arranged that the position of her chair should be altered; she sat on the opposite side of the table to that on which I and Charley sat, and next my cousin. My cousin and she had evidently met during the afternoon, and at dinner conversed freely, Mrs Le Ferrier talking in that gushing affectionate manner, in which she was an accomplished artist. My little cousin Annie was evidently taken with the flattery of this handsome woman; and when the two left the room, they walked out hand in hand.

'I think,' said Charley, 'that your cousin ought not to be associated much with Mrs Le Ferrier. She is not likely to be benefited by the acquaintance.'

'I will give her a hint,' I replied.

On our entering the drawing-room, we found my cousin, Mrs Le Ferrier, and young Finch—as the Oxford-man was named—grouped round the piano. Charley at once left the room and walked out on the beach. I remarked that my cousin and Mrs Le Ferrier had struck up a violent friendship, as is the habit with gushing young ladies. They sang duets together, sat talking in subdued tones, and eventually left the room—to retire, as I afterwards found, to the solitude and privacy of Mrs Le Ferrier's bedroom.

It was on the following morning that I first had an opportunity of speaking to Annie alone, and I then said: 'Annie, it might be prudent if you did not strike up such a violent friendship with Mrs Le Ferrier. I don't think she is a desirable acquaintance for you.'

Annie gave a toss of her head, as is the custom with young ladies who are firmly convinced of their wisdom and knowledge of the world, and replied: 'She is the nicest woman I ever met; and we are already the greatest friends. I am not going to give up a friend because of other people's spite.'

'Spite!' I replied. 'What can you mean? I have no spite against Mrs Le Ferrier, and can have no object in cautioning you except for your own good.'

'Thank you,' she replied; 'I can judge for myself.'

'I should like you to see more of Charley, who is my oldest friend,' I said. 'You don't know what a good fellow he is.'

'Thank you,' replied Annie; 'I know enough about him already.'

I was about to make some reply; but the caution which my legal training had imparted to me caused me to reflect. How could Annie have heard anything about Charley, which could cause her to wish to know no more about him, except from her new friend Mrs Le Ferrier? Was my phrenological diagnosis accurate? and was this woman not only deficient in conscientiousness, but possessed of cunning and malice as well? Did she fall into the error of imagining she could defend herself by accusing Charley of some crime? Such proceedings are not unusual in this wicked world.

'You ought not,' I said to my cousin, 'to believe what Mrs Le Ferrier says about Charley.'

Innocent little Annie rose to my fly, and replied: 'She has told me enough to cause me to have no desire for your friend's further acquaintance.'

I smiled at the success of my diplomacy, but saw no means by which to checkmate such malicious cunning. I made up my mind, however, to watch for a chance, and take advantage of the first opportunity of setting matters straight. That Mrs Le Ferrier had slandered Charley, I felt quite certain, but to what extent I could only guess.

Three or four days passed, and all my endeavours to bring Charley and Annie together were failures; she evidently avoided him; and whenever there was a chance of their being alone, she ran off like a frightened hare. Mrs Le Ferrier in the meantime became very intimate with young Finch, who escorted her everywhere, and seemed devoted to her; whilst Charley's recognition was confined to a stiff bow whenever he met her.

My communications with the handsome flirt—for such she undoubtedly was—had been limited to the usual 'good-morning' and a few sentences relative to the weather, &c. She had more than once 'made eyes' at me; and there was on one occasion, as I handed her from a carriage, a sort of tremulous squeeze from her hand. I now determined to play a part; and having been accustomed to amateur theatricals, I felt considerable interest in carrying out on the stage of life the same rôle which I had enacted on the stage of the theatre. More than once, Mrs Le Ferrier caught me looking at her with admiring if not adoring eyes, and somehow I was perpetually meeting her in her walks, and was able to carry little parcels for her. I was gaining ground, and young Finch was losing it. Poor Charley seemed displeased with me, and hinted that I had fallen under the spell of the siren.

In the meantime, my good little cousin was enjoying herself, totally, or at least apparently, unconscious that my old friend Charley seemed singularly attracted by her. Outwardly he was only distantly polite to her, for her manner to him was of the 'stand-off' character; and if he uttered any sentiment of a warmer nature than usual, she gave a cynical smile, and at once commenced speaking on indifferent subjects.

'Your little cousin,' said Charley to me one evening, as we lounged on the sands, 'is a dear little girl; but she seems to have taken a dislike to me.'

'She is young and inexperienced,' I replied.

'True,' said Charley; 'but therefore should be more confiding than suspicious; and yet she always seems to suspect me of something.'

I now made up my mind to obtain from Annie some details as to what Mrs Le Ferrier had said about Charley. I knew the difficulty, but hoped to overcome it. The opportunity soon occurred. I found Annie sitting on the beach one morning after she had bathed; so dropping down beside her, I commenced discussing various old friends and their present condition, and gradually brought Charley to the front, and referred to his military career, and the good fortune he had won in gaining the Victoria Cross and a Majority. I then said: 'Tell me, Annie, what was it Mrs Le Ferrier accused him of?'

'Oh, it's of no consequence,' said Annie, 'and does not matter in the least.'

'But it does matter,' I replied, 'when a lie is told about my oldest and best friend.'

'I promised Mrs Le Ferrier that I would not tell.'

'You did not promise you would not tell me,' I cunningly replied.

'No; not you in particular; but she said, for his sake, I was not to tell any one.'

'Then, as I am his true friend, not likely to be influenced by slander, you see "his sake" does not apply.'

'Well, if you must know,' said Annie; 'she said he professed fierce love to her, and made advances which she as a married woman was obliged to snub; and so she gave him the cold-shoulder, and told me he was not the sort of man for any lady to trust herself with.'

I felt almost too angry to speak, as I reflected on so unprincipled a woman being gifted with such a face and figure. But I determined to leave no stone unturned to make this woman recant, though how to do so I could not imagine.

I continued my attentions to Mrs Le Ferrier, taking care that I gave her no opportunity of accusing me of making love. She was a woman to whom adoration seemed a necessity; and had I not been aware of her, I should have believed that she was half in love with me, and ready to be wholly so. Sandmouth was very full of people at this time, and the sands were crowded every morning, and the promenade every afternoon; but to me, there were only three people in the place, or at least three who engrossed my attention—these were Mrs Le Ferrier, my cousin Annie, and Charley. I had before me a problem to solve, something like those three-move chess problems which appear in the weekly papers; and I was considering what move to make, and how and when to make it. Surely the intellect of a man ought to be a match for the cunning of a woman, I thought; but the difficulty was to get at the truth of the matter. A woman, such as Mrs Le Ferrier, worked secretly, and did not hesitate at the most audacious falsehood; whilst those who were not well acquainted with the peculiarities of the feminine mind, could not believe how the grossest inconsistencies might

appear in the character of one so gifted by nature.

I was in this state of perplexity, when one afternoon, as I was strolling on the promenade, I met an old friend, James Loter, a lawyer at Manchester. We had known each other in business as well as in private matters, and had confidences together which made us trust one another. We walked together away from the crowd, which herded like a flock of sheep, and sat down on the cliffs, to look at the sea. What James Loter told me, I will relate in the next chapter.

THE GREAT MAP OF PALESTINE.

THIS noble work, published by the Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund, has now been before the public for a considerable time; and it is hoped that the following remarks may awaken an interest in it, and in the survey still going on, of which it is the partial outcome. As a Map alone it is unsurpassed; but when we associate the finished record with the loving, unwearying toil and care which produced it, our interest in it must be still more enhanced. When a great estate changes hands, we recognise the all-important value of the title-deeds and surveys of the property; the wording of the former is carefully conned, and all landmarks carefully compared with the latter. Here we are dealing with a vast historic estate, the title-deed of which is simple and indisputable; and England has distinguished herself in preparing a careful and most minutely elaborate survey of the Holy Land. Let us briefly exhibit the history of the Palestine Exploration Fund, and then examine the great results achieved.

The interest always felt in the Holy Land, and evinced by the records of several distinguished travellers, culminated in the formation, ten years ago, of the Palestine Exploration Fund; and, advised by Captain Wilson and Lieutenant Anderson, R.E., both indefatigable explorers, the Committee 'undertook the survey of Western Palestine, on the scale of one inch to the mile, the object being the complete examination of the whole country with an accuracy approaching that of ordnance work.' The undertaking was originally intrusted to Captain Stewart, R.E., with whom were associated Sergeant Black and Corporal Armstrong, R.E.; the late Mr C. F. Tyrwhitt Drake—who lost his life in the work—being appointed linguist and archaeologist to the expedition. Captain Stewart was invalided home early in 1872; and then Lieutenant Conder, R.E., was appointed, and worked until October 1875, having surveyed four thousand seven hundred square miles. The remaining one thousand three hundred square miles were finished by Lieutenant Kitchener, R.E., in 1877. Thus, six thousand square miles of territory were minutely surveyed and mapped by these indefatigable labourers, comprising the whole of Western Palestine from Dan to Beersheba, and from Jordan to the Mediterranean. The expenses of the work during the years 1872-77 were about three thousand five hundred pounds a year; so that over the five years during which the exploration extended, the expenses were about seventeen thousand five hundred pounds. As a result of this great survey, 'Palestine,' writes Lieutenant Conder, 'is thus

brought home to England; and the student may travel in his study over the weary roads and rugged hills without an ache, and may ford its dangerous streams and pass through its malodorous plains without discomfort.'

It must be borne in mind that these operations embrace only Western Palestine. The American Exploration Fund undertook to explore Eastern Palestine with equal care, and sent out two expeditions, each of which travelled over a small portion of the country. But, unfortunately, it was found that in the sheets which they sent over—they are not published—it was impossible 'to connect the points that were common;' and the 'discrepancies' were 'so large in amount, that it was not possible, by any amount of coaxing, to connect the one with the other.' Under these circumstances, it has been determined to survey Eastern Palestine, under the able leadership of Lieutenant Conder. This great work will embrace the minute exploration and survey, on the same scale, of Bashan, Gilead, and Moab. In carrying through this purpose, the Committee will have to meet the same expenditure of three thousand five hundred pounds a year.

A beginning has already been made with the survey of Eastern Palestine; and Lieutenant Conder returned to Jerusalem in November 1881, having surveyed about five hundred square miles of country. His plans, photographs, and surveys included many places of interest, amongst which were Heshbon, Ammán, and Arak el Emir, the great castle of Hyrcanus. The great feature of the country explored is the number of cromlechs—upright stones with cross-stones atop—supposed to represent the sacred places of the primitive inhabitants; and besides these, the explorers came upon ancient stone-circles, somewhat similar, we presume, to the 'standing stones' of Stennis and other places in Great Britain.

The results of the Western Survey are now published as follows: 'First, a map in twenty-six sheets on the scale of one inch to the mile.' Each sheet of the map is accompanied by an exhaustive memoir containing the geographical, topographical, archaeological, ethnographical, and geological particulars of the country portrayed. The maps have been photozincographed and printed under the superintendence of Lieutenant Colonel Carey, R.E., at the Ordnance Survey Office, Southampton; and present a pleasing contrast of brown and white to the eye. The Atlas is accompanied by a Key Map, which exhibits, in different colours, the portions surveyed in 1871, 1872, 1873, 1874, 1875, and 1877; and, as a proof of the minuteness of the work, it shows seventy-seven Arabic topographical and geographical terms, and thirty-four signs used on the map to indicate vineyards, orchards, gardens, woods, scrub, palms, &c. We have stated that this great work embraces twenty-six sheets, each of which measures twenty-one and a half by seventeen and a half inches. The greatest length of the land lies along thirty-five degrees eighteen minutes of east longitude, and this requires nine sheets; and its greatest width along thirty-one degrees twenty-five minutes of north latitude, requiring four sheets; therefore, to study the whole map, you require a space sixteen feet five by five feet ten inches. Extending them on the floor, you look down on the Holy Land, and can at once take in its salient features of mountain

and plain, river and lake; and you can realise the extraordinary depression of the Jordan Valley.

The maps are also to be had in a reduced form—namely, on a scale of three-eighths of an inch to the mile, reduced from the one-inch map. The whole map is thus brought into six sheets, and will thus, for purposes of consultation, be to many persons a much more convenient form than the large map of twenty-six sheets.

Either set of maps will be highly suggestive to the Biblical student as well as the general reader. If your tastes are merely those of a traveller, you can accompany him step by step, stage by stage, along the classic ascent from Jaffa (Joppa) to Jerusalem; you can see every tree which shelters him, every well which refreshes him, every building which greets his eye. If, on the other hand, your tastes are serious, you can linger round Beersheba, see the same wells and surroundings as were familiar to the patriarchs; you can accompany Abraham step by step on his journey to Mount Moriah; or you can gaze on the surroundings of Machpelah, where he and his repose in peace. You can accompany David in all his wanderings; and in a manner never before attainable, you can realise his various haunts and characteristic escapes. And to crown all, you can follow, with reverent foot, David's Son in His various journeys; you can see the very well at which He sat 'wearied with His journey,' and at a glance, take in the surroundings on which His eye must have rested, the glorious Vale of Shechem, guarded by the historic Ebal and Gerizim. You may realise Safed, the 'city set on a hill;' or wander along the hallowed shores of the Sea of Galilee; and lastly, you can follow the Saviour step by step along His last sad journey to Jerusalem.

The Map is a noble work, and we hope we have exhibited enough of its features to awaken for it, and the Eastern Map which is to follow, the interest which both so richly merit.

MR SUPERINTENDENT'S TEST.

A STORY OF THE MELBOURNE POLICE.

SOME years ago—a good many more, in fact, than I care to recall now—I was wandering very disconsolately through one of the main thoroughfares of Melbourne, debating with myself the advisability of walking down to the quay and offering my services as steward to the captain of the first homeward-bound vessel on which I might see the 'blue-peter' hoisted. Things had gone very badly with me; every enterprise to which I had turned my attention had either fallen through or resulted disastrously to myself; and after vainly trying my luck in the colony for other three years, I came to the conclusion that the sooner I reconciled myself to the utter failure of my attempts the better it would be both for my peace of mind and my constitution.

In this dismal mood, I was listlessly reading over the shipping announcements posted on an adjacent wall, when I came across a notice from the Police Department, intimating, in tersely official language, that a few new hands were needed—hands who were strong, vigorous, healthy, shrewd, good horsemen, and rejoicing in the possession of such other natural advantages

as would inevitably insure their success in any line they chose to adopt. I was a good horseman, healthy, and tolerably strong; my shrewdness I had begun to doubt lately; and as for the rest of the desiderata—well, I suppose I was as well off as most people. Here possibly was a chance for me; at anyrate it was only a few days' delay if nothing came of it; I would make my application and chance it. I returned to my diggings, wrote an official application as per directions; and to make a long story short, received, two days later, a note desiring my attendance at the station on the following day. Here, after a rather stiff examination, physical and mental, and such tests of horsemanship as taking a five-barred gate with my arms folded—which I accomplished successfully—I was told that everything was tolerably satisfactory, and I might expect an official notification of appointment at an early date. Meanwhile, it would be desirable, I was informed, that I kept the matter, as far as it had gone, quite private; a stipulation I had no difficulty in conforming to, since I had not a single friend in the city.

On the evening of the following day, I found at my quarters a second note from Mr Superintendent, conspicuously marked 'Private,' and conveying the very agreeable intelligence that I was temporarily engaged from that day. The letter closed with a request that I would call at once on the Superintendent.

Somewhat to my dismay, I found, on presenting myself, that my permanent appointment was conditional upon my satisfactorily carrying through a special job then on hand. It was an affair of some nicety; and an old hand, from another station, would have been given the work, but for being absent on other business. The matter would admit of no delay; and it was imperatively necessary that it was undertaken by some one not, or seemingly not, belonging to the Melbourne force. In short, I was to do it. The matter was briefly this: A packet of government papers, of high importance, had been stolen from the messenger to whose care they were intrusted; and from information received, it seemed pretty certain that their present possessor—a man fast becoming notorious in the colony—would be walking towards the city next afternoon; and to prevent his intimate acquaintance with the town enabling him to escape, or any confederates attempting his release, I was to wait by a bridge on the line of road, about ten miles out of Melbourne, and get the papers from him. The man was by no means to be shot, or if possible, even hurt; but the papers *must* be secured. Minute instructions as to his appearance, were followed by a pretty plain implication that my career in the force would very largely depend upon my success.

I felt, as may be easily imagined, in anything but high spirits. The prospect of a single-handed encounter with a man of whose resources I knew nothing, and who might blow my brains out before I had a chance of attack, was not cheering. However, there was nothing for it; it was my last chance, and I must embrace it without shirking.

Next day, which was Sunday, I accordingly procured a horse from the station, and taking my revolver with me, started out to try my luck

as a policeman; and about two o'clock in the afternoon, came near the place mentioned. I left my horse at the nearest roadside 'Hotel,' sauntered to the bridge, and leaning over the rail with no very distinct notion of how I was going to act, waited for my man, with what coolness I could muster.

Two hours had passed; the sun was beginning to go down; and I was just preparing to console myself with the notion that the man had got wind of our intention, and gone by another route, when I became aware of the approach of a solitary pedestrian. As he came nearer, I ran over the description of the man I wanted—which I had learned by heart—and at once concluded that this was the individual. He was a tall, powerful, uncompromising-looking fellow of about five-and-forty, muscular enough to have lifted me up and thrown me over the bridge into the shining water beneath. I commenced to walk over the bridge as the man approached it—passed him slowly, and felt sure it was the man.

After going two or three yards, I turned back. Hearing my step, the purloiner of state documents turned round.

'Well, mate, what is it?'

'Can you oblige me with a pipe of 'baccy?' I asked.

'Oh! yes;' handing me his pouch.—'What are you doing about here? You don't look over-brisk. Broke?'

'Pretty nearly,' I replied.

'New arrival, I suppose?'

'Almost.'

'Ah! there are too many carpet-knights flooding Melbourne. Came out expecting to make a pile, got disappointed, and don't like to work for your grub, eh?—Put a screw of tobacco in your pocket—you'll find it pleasant company on the road.'

I nearly emptied the pouch, and handed it back; and as the owner put out his hand for it, I slipped my foot behind his heel and pushed him. He tripped and fell splendidly. I was pretty quick in wrestling, and I took hold of the man's throat with my left hand, put my knees on his chest, and with my right hand felt in the breast-pocket of his coat. He struggled violently, but I thought I should succeed. I got my hands on some papers; but as I was drawing them from the pocket, the ruffian got hold of my right knee-cap with his left hand, and gave it such a terrible wrench, that I believed he had dislocated the joint. Then feeling my hold relax, he suddenly hoisted himself with his right hand, sprang up, caught hold of my wrists, and hurried me to the bridge. Holding me thus, in an iron grip, and glaring fiercely at me, he said: 'I see your game: there's only one way of dealing with the police. Dead men tell no tales; so it's over you're going, youngster.' Suiting his action to the word, he released my hands, and in the same instant grasped me firmly and hoisted me.

My last chance seemed to lie in an old twist I had learned at college. As the man raised me, I placed my feet on the brickwork of the bridge, pushed myself back with all my strength, jerked a little forward, lowered my head, and then fairly twisted under my captor's arm from left to right. My school experience had saved my life; for

the man let go his hold with a cry of pain, and, quick as thought, I sprang on him.

'It's all right, old fellow; take the papers and read them.'

But in the mad excitement of the moment, and remembering my mission, I thought this surrender was only a *ruse* on the part of the ruffian. He sat down on the road in a most undignified fashion, and handed me the papers. The first one that met my gaze was a headed piece of police-office paper, on which was written, 'This is your test for entering the force;' and was signed by the Superintendent.

'Well, young man,' said mine enemy, 'you have passed the last exam.—with honours. You have nearly broken my wrist. But my horse is at the first roadside hotel. If you'll come with me I'll have a drink with you, and get some cold lotion for this sprain. I believe it will be a case of splints and sick leave; but you have done your work well. Bother the arm—how it aches!' (So did my knee.)

The report was satisfactory, and I was appointed permanently. Mr Superintendent's test caused me to be sent on various duties which led me into many rough experiences; but I never believed myself to be so near death as when I was deciding my future with my superior officer.

LAMENT OF ELLEN ON THE DEATH OF HER LOVER.

THE tears that from mine eyelids find their way,
Can ill express the feelings of my heart;
Nor can these tears, though they should flow for aye,
Allay one pain, or ease me of one smart.

Ill-fated youth! consigned to early grave,
Ere manhood's bloom had time to deck thy years;
All unavailing now for me to lave
The turf that hides thee with my burning tears!

In vain they try to chide me of my woe;
Remembrance holds thee ever to my view;
Their sympathies but urge my sorrow's flow,
And wake the anguish of my breast anew.

Each favourite scene where we were wont to stray,
Each shady grove and ivy-mantled tree,
Has cast its robe of lovely green away,
And seems to mourn the loss of love and thee.

The stream that rippled on with gladdening song,
Is hushed, as sympathetic of my woe,
And scarcely murmurs as it glides along;
While every breeze sighs thoughts of long-ago.

Earth has no charms to bind me to it now;
Its joys and sorrows have no part in me,
Since Death has laid his hand upon thy brow,
And chilled the spirit that woke life in thee.

The cheering light of Hope illumines my soul,
And tells me that I do not weep in vain;
Short space of time with fleeting wing must roll,
And then, united, we shall love again.

T. W. P.

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THE HOME OF A NATURALIST.

(IN MEMORIAM.)

It was a plain old building, and small. It resembled a Scottish farmhouse; and the fields which surrounded it, and the steading, showed that its master was somewhat of a farmer. He had scientific theories regarding agriculture, which he was always putting to practical test. Some succeeded beyond his expectations, others failed; not because Science 'would not work,' but because experiments done on so small a scale cannot pay Science; and then Ignorance, in the form of money-grubbing *practical* farmers, laughed at the naturalist and his theories.

The house stood on a gentle slope, overlooking one of those land-locked firths which characterise the Shetland Isles. Behind, rose a tiny range of hills, whose varied peaks resemble those of the Cheviots. The house was, as I said, small and unpretending, more so than other houses in the place; but nevertheless, a stranger would have his attention attracted to it before all others, because its lawn and garden were surrounded by more than a hundred species of shrubs and trees. In a land altogether treeless, this feature becomes at once a striking and most pleasing one. Every tree was planted by the naturalist himself, with what cost and labour was known to him only. He watched over their growth with the fostering care of a parent, and thought the time and money he spent upon his little plantation well spent. When asked by the sneering money-grubbers: 'Will that sort of thing make the pot boil?' he replied, smiling: 'Certainly; nothing better than sticks for making the fire burn and the pot boil!'

But what was his joy to find, as the years went past, and his trees became acclimatised, that woodland birds were attracted by them, and finding both shelter and food, took up their abode among the kindly branches. Nor did the birds come merely as stray visitors, but as actual residents. The chaffinch and wood-

pecker, the wren and the hedge-accentor—once but rarely seen, and then only as solitary wanderers—now colonised the shrubbery. The cross-bill, the rose-coloured pastor, the fieldfare, the mealy redpole, redstart, linnet, and blackbird, became familiar visitors. The naturalist's heart rejoiced.

But there was one serious drawback to his delightful contemplation of the feathered wood-folk who had so graciously lighted among his greenery. If he loved birds, he also loved beasts, and of all beasts, a cat was the delight of his soul. Now, cats, like naturalists, take intense pleasure in crouching in quiet corners to watch the motions of winged creatures. To be sure, the quadruped's motive for so doing is different from that of the man, and the result is tragically different too. It was the naturalist's misfortune to see often a mangled minnesinger borne past him by the lithe grimalkin that daily sat, sleek and gentle, upon his shoulder while he dined. She shared his meals, and had not the excuse of hunger for her cruelty. He kept more than one cat, and the havoc wrought by those house-tigers among the birds was too terrible. I suppose their master received compensation in the interesting indoor study which his felines afforded. He was always ready to excuse the cats on the plea that 'it is their nature to;' but he did not fail to chastise them at the same time; and his rebuking was not without effect upon some of these bird-fanciers.

The house-pets knew, one and all, that the dinner-bell was a call to meals, and would flock from various parts of the house or fields to the dining-room door and window. Some were allowed to come into the room. More than once, a feminine chorus of remonstrance was raised by the ladies of the family, and the result was temporary banishment of the animals at meal-times; but the edict was seldom carried into force for more than a week, as even those who had been loudest in requiring their absence, missed their dependents so much, that tacit permission for their recall was given. A tax was levied upon every plate and

dish before it left the table, a process which the interested animals naturally regarded as the great event of the hour. All dry crusts and small slices of bread went into the naturalist's pockets; and what pockets they were! They bulged out on each side; and their owner, when wandering about his fields, was usually attended by a motley throng of those who knew well what those pockets contained. Running about his feet after the manner of Skye terriers was Rough, who had lost one eye, and never could bear the smallest allusion to his misfortune. Dogs do not parade their infirmities, nor will their self-respect permit them to claim either charity or indulgence because of misfortune. One or two cats stealthily kept pace with their master's slow step, seemingly unconcerned in all around, but very wide awake internally. An ox with its large tender eyes would appeal for a caress; while a pony would be showing its frowzy brow against its master's shoulder, munching crusts with great satisfaction. Dickhalver, a splendid gamecock, usually stalked dignifiedly by the naturalist's side, as one who thought, and in his own way said: 'You and I are reasoning beings, and must set an example of decorum to the lower animals.' A flock of pigeons would hover over his head, sometimes alighting on any available part of his person. A hooded crow, in his handsome gentlemanly uniform of black and gray, accompanied the procession, taking notes. Some ducks would join it at intervals, though these not unfrequently quarrelled with the cats. Even gulls and cormorants occasionally helped to swell the group.

Benjamin, slight and pretty, with large thoughtful eyes, and the overwise ways of a boy whose life is chiefly spent among grown-up people, would oftentimes slip his wee hand into that of the naturalist, whose mind was never so absent that it could not be recalled by that touch. Then what talks they would have, to be sure! Not unfrequently an elfish girl, with thin pale face and restless gait, would add herself to the group, startling the more refined creatures by her abrupt motions, startling her father yet more by her metaphysical ideas upon every subject that ever stirred the thoughts of a mere human being.

On fine summer days, the naturalist would often effect a disappearance by simply stretching himself at full length in a field of grass—tall rye-grass, where the cornerake delighted to nest, and over which the skylark loved to pour his melody. Very different the harsh cry of the one to the song of the other; yet the naturalist loved the voices of both, and would spend hours in their haunts. One might almost have believed that he slept, so motionless he lay; but the girl afore mentioned would at times invade his solitude, and she always found him gazing straight into the sky, or watching the movements of some insect creeping among the surrounding grasses. If happily he were 'i' the vein,' he would tell her what strange cloud-worlds he saw, and how they were peopled by the creatures of his imagination; and then his fancy would carry her beyond cloudland into the Unseen—almost, she thought, into the presence of the Creator; for Nature's God, he said, was best seen and known through His works. An insect losing its way, and hurriedly creeping

over his dress, would prompt some marvellous tale of the scientific world—tales that have all the charm of truth to recommend them. He always affirmed that insects were among the most intelligent creatures in the world. He delighted in the study of them. He would lay a beetle, or caterpillar, or earwig on his hand, and point out its beauties, until his girl would as soon have thought of shrinking from a flower as from a creeping thing. Spiders were great favourites; bees and ants a never-failing source of amusement.

During the summer months, his home in Ultima Thule was frequently visited by wandering 'scientists,' who were always heartily welcomed, and given every assistance in his power. He was at home on almost every branch of science, although he modestly prefaced any information he had to give with a disclaimer. Being an expert linguist, he could always converse with foreigners in their own tongue. It was amusing to observe the varied expression of different sorts of travellers when they were first introduced to his parlour. The snob looked unutterable disgust; the mere tourist stared his wonder and took notes; the man of science was full of curiosity; the lady rather frightened. It was a curious place, certainly. Over the mantel-piece hung useless flint-lock fowling-pieces that had seen service in their day; also a variety of weapons in use among savage tribes; though how boomerang, tomahawk, lance, or arrow-tube got there, their owner only could tell. Among these were bunches of quills; clusters of pony-hair, that were very suggestive in such company, of scalp-locks; some queer stones, fossils, and pretty shells. On the mantel-piece itself were books of every description, rising tier on tier, all well thumbed, yet frequently covered with dust, which had gathered there *not* by the usual mode, but through his experiments upon the coal and ashes in the grate. He had theories about fuel as well as about everything else; and some of the 'notions' which were thought 'so queer,' are now being recognised as full of practical wisdom. The sideboard was crowded with medicine bottles and the chemical apparatus of his profession. The room, in truth, looked a picture of disorder, but in reality was not so, for its presiding genius knew the exact position of each book and bottle. It was only when others intruded themselves and belongings, that the reign of chaos began.

Besides that parlour, where he usually sat, the naturalist possessed what his children called a den. A den it truly was. Oh, the marvels which came out of that place, and the curiosities and useful articles which disappeared into its depths! There is a tradition in the family that once the piled-up heaps were overturned, and a plough was discovered which had been amissing for years. In one corner of this den there hung a skeleton, which acted as a very effectual bugbear to over-curious children and servants. One shelf contained medicine bottles out of number, with brown-paper parcels, bones, and boxes. One parcel contained a portion of skin which had once covered the body of Burke the murderer, who had been dissected in Edinburgh by the naturalist along with other young medicals. Beside that gruesome relic lay a

petrified stone from Mount Sinai. In a corner by itself lay a store of tiny shoes—the wee worn-out things which his little ones had shed. Some of the small feet which had pushed through the leather were lying still enough, after a brief time of restless trotting up and down; and the father hoarded these memorials of feet that were not meant to walk this earth.

Somewhere in the mysterious space in the roof was stored for some years a collection of stuffed animals, the gifts of well-known naturalists. These creatures were periodically put out on the lawn to air; and a queer sensation they produced there. The domestic animals took flight, all except the dogs, which showed fight at first; but soon learned that the fierce, wild beasts had long since ceased to claw. Unfortunately, the small house, crowded with children and other live dependents, had but sorry accommodation for the stuffed beasts, which in course of time began to look mangy to a degree. At last, some wise person suggested that the collection was decidedly 'bad for people,' and a bonfire was made of it. Armadillo, sloth, tiger, bear, and bison, surmounted by a boa-constrictor—whose internal arrangement of arsenical soaped stuffing had been leaking all about the place for months—made a grand pyre, round which the dogs and bairns bounced delightedly.

One especial book over which the children pored until the pictures became as familiar to their eyes as each other's faces, was Bewick's *British Birds*. The dear old volume, 'sair worn,' is now a cherished heirloom.

The naturalist's home was visited by many of our great men. His brother the Laird also opened his door at all times to the stranger; and thus began friendships which were lifelong with many of the lights of the scientific world. It must have been a great pleasure to some of those men to hide, as it were, from the busy world for a short time in that sweet, wild, ocean-girdled bit of land. There they could prosecute the study of Nature without the distracting cares which surround less isolated homes. It must also have surprised them to find an intellect like his 'buried' in such a corner of the earth. Often he was asked why he chose to live there. He might have earned fame and wealth elsewhere, for he was a skilful physician, as well as a naturalist second to few; but fame and wealth were not the objects of his ambition. Far dearer to him the facilities which Shetland offered for the contemplation of Nature and her many marvels. In the home of his choice, which was also the home of his birth, he could exercise a freedom of action such as he could enjoy nowhere else in Britain. He could wrap himself in his black Spanish cloak, or any sort of dress he pleased, and not be called odd. He could shut himself up, and refuse to be disturbed, without offending some powerful neighbour or patron. He could ride his pony everywhere, carry his researches where he pleased without meeting a warning to trespassers stuck up by the way. In short, he preferred a natural happy mode of life to an artificial one, attended by earthly honour, dogged by earthly care; and so he remained in the little paradise he had created for himself.

When a young man, he was a keen sportsman;

but he admitted that even when his love of sport was very great, he always had pangs of conscience after the game was bagged; and when the hunter's zeal was strongest, he never took the life of bird or beast without a good reason for so doing. In later days, he never used a gun. More than once, he had an old fowling-piece repaired, or he bought a new one, and hinted to his boys that he meant to show them he could shoot still; but he never fired a shot. The girl, who was always seeking from him the why and the wherefore for things seen and unseen, wondered, when she heard him tell of his youthful exploits with the gun, why he had lost that love of sport. The wondering at last shaped itself into a question; and she never forgot the look of anguish which swiftly crossed his face as, turning from her, he said: 'You'll learn the reason when you are older, my bairn.' She had often heard the sorrowful tale of a brother lost when she was little more than a baby. He had died through the carelessness of a companion, who had placed a loaded gun across the thwarts of a boat, and some one stepping on the lock, sent the charge through the poor youth's head—a most promising young man, scarcely past his majority. He had all his father's passionate love of natural science, and something more than his father's power of turning his genius to the uses of every-day life. A son to make any parent's heart glad—gentle-tempered, eloquent, persevering, brave, good. An author on Botany at fifteen, a Professor of the same at twenty, who can wonder that from the time he met so hard a fate, and was buried far from his home and kindred, that his father's sensitive nature shrank from the use of that weapon which had wrought such woe! The girl wondered no more; and her surmise was correct.

It must not be supposed that though the naturalist spent much time in the calm contemplation of Nature, that therefore his life was one of pleasure and ease. The work of a country doctor made his life no idle dream. Night and day he was at the service of the fisher population, who loved him for the skill he bestowed upon them, and yet more for the sympathy he showed in all their doings. Many a rare trophy drawn from the depths of ocean, and preserved by the men, not because they saw any value in a bit of coral or a queer shell, but because they knew that 'the Doctor will be glad o' the like'—many a splendid dish of fish, many a well-knitted pair of socks or gloves, showed that his kindness was fully appreciated by his poor patients.

Yet, with all his manifold duties, he found time to study many books. He delighted in works of travel; and affirmed that Gordon Cumming's adventures would be found to be nearer truth than the world generally supposed. Later travellers have confirmed what poor Gordon Cumming said.

The first thing he did when coming down in the morning was to read and meditate over a chapter in the Bible. After that, he read a Dictionary! His children used to wonder how he could possibly find interest in so dry a book. No doubt it was the study of the Bible and Dictionary which made him speak and write such pure, true, and elegant English. At breakfast, the four-footed pets came in with the children, and all received a morsel of some dainty from the naturalist's plate. Breakfast was a meal over which he delighted

to linger, and only the apparition of some factotum whose patience was short-lived, saying, 'If ye please, sir, I'm waiting for,' &c. brought the meal to an end.

Although his manner was always grave, almost to severity, he loved to see others happy; and his children have no brighter recollections than of the long winter evenings, when he made his sweet-toned violin breathe such melody as only a master's hand can evoke from any instrument. Often he merely played dance-music, that the young people might enjoy what he called healthful recreation; but oftener they sat spell-bound while he played plaintive Scotch airs, stirring pibrochs, grand marches, soul-melting melodies, sacred music. Weber's Last Waltz was one of his favourite airs.

His domestic life had been deeply tinged by sorrow; but the great intellect, and yet greater heart, bore him through all, so that he retained in old age all the fresh feelings of younger days. His interest in the progress of science was as keen after he had seen fourscore as it had ever been; and although the number of his pets had decreased, they were not the less cherished when life became a vague dream of the past.

I went not long ago to the Naturalist's Home, to look again upon the place where he had lived and laboured, the spot of all others indissolubly associated with him, where he has left a never-dying memory. There were many changes about the old place, though rock and hill and northern sea change not, nor does the heaven above them; nor indeed did it seem as if the naturalist himself were dead, for wherever I went, I seemed to see and hear him. The skylark was singing over his fields, and the cornrake uttered its quaint complaining among the grass, just as they did years ago when he lay and listened to them. But there were no interesting pets about the house—if we omit his grandchildren—only the necessary sheep-dog, cat, horse, fowl—characterless on the whole, because the wonderful tact of one who understood the nature of bird and beast, was not there to evoke their reason, as it had done that of their predecessors. Some of the trees which he had fostered had grown a good deal, and had thrust their branches across the paths he had trodden smooth when wandering up and down, with bowed head, pondering over the mysteries of creation. I knew my way by those paths to the graves of his household; and I found his resting-place, quiet and solemn, under the shadow of his own trees, with birds he had loved piping on every spray, with no sound of the busy world within reach. He rests there as he wished, beside the Love of fifty years.

As I thought of the long life which had found refuge from care, and comfort for sorrow, in that creation which was given by its Maker for the use of man, I recalled some lines by Longfellow, which seemed most appropriate to such reflections:

He wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

'Come wander with me,' she said,
'Unto regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God.'

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvellous tale.

Then bending over that grave, I remembered his words: 'God's book of Nature is the best book I know, and the most perfect revelation of His Fatherhood that can be desired. The man who can study Nature and not see a Father's love, care, wisdom, and direction in it, must be a man with intellect undeveloped.'

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER IV. CONTINUED.—A FURNISHED ROOM FOR A SINGLE GENTLEMAN.

BEHOLD Hiram, two days later, after an interview favourably conducted, and after all due formalities achieved, invested with badge and satchel, and in fullness of time assuming his place as conductor. On his first journey, he was content to repeat the hoarse cries of the driver. On the second journey, he was familiar with his duties. Before the day was done, he had merged his own notions of the English language in the waters of oblivion, and cried 'Benk! Benk! Benk!' or 'Whitecheppel!' like an omnibus conductor to the manner born. He appeared by-and-by in a tall white hat and a scarf of vivid blue and scarlet, and became a man of mark. The regular travellers upon his route began to know him, and he thrived and grew immensely popular. It was noticed at the office at which he paid in his money that the receipts of the vehicle he superintended had amazingly increased, and the authorities put their own construction upon that fact. Mr Search was incorruptibly honest and scrupulously careful. Mr Search was neat and smart in personal appearance, and had indeed become something of a dandy. Mr Search shunned the intoxicating cup, was always up to his work, always good-humoured, yet never without his quaint repartee when needed—could indeed sting upon occasion—in short, he became a most respected member of a not too respected or respectable body. That eminent patter vocalist, The Great Blower, advertised as the author, composer, and only singer of *The Leary Cove*, heard of Hiram, travelled many stages by omnibus in order to study him, and appeared at the Megatherium Concert Hall as the author, composer, and only singer of *The Yankee Toff*, with an imitation of Hiram, which raised him to a very pinnacle of fame amongst the conductors of his day. The ditty of the Great Blower became popular, and Hiram heard it from many barrel-organs. Street youths whistled it and shouted it; nightly choruses with applausive accompaniment of hand and foot, were sung to it at the Megatherium Concert Hall, and Hiram became a celebrity.

'I reckon,' Hiram would say to himself, in contemplation of this and other matters, as he

swung on his strap behind the omnibus, 'that you British people air *the* feather-headedest on the face o' the globe. It don't take much to set you goin'—that's a fact. An' yet, you're that o-pinonated about the national solidity of character, you make me laff. You air allays flyin' off the handle about things that a civilised infant wouldn't cry or smile at, and then you say: "We air a solid people—we air John Bull—we air—in all our doin's." If ever I fall real low in life, I'll take to lecturin', an' tell you what I think about you.'

The incense of Fame had no effect upon Hiram; and in the course of a few weeks the 'star comique' of the Megatherium had found a new theme, and the raucous ditty of *The Yankee Toff* was forgotten. The conductor's only grievance was that the post he held gave so little time for the pursuit of inquiry into wider and shorter avenues to fortune. His duties began at eight in the morning, and continued until half-past eleven at night. Holidays were few and far between; and Hiram was gradually growing readier and more ready to emancipate himself, when an event happened which influenced his whole career—an event the like of which has influenced more careers than any mathematician now alive would care to count. All sorts of assaults of Fate had Hiram submitted to, and he was beginning to think himself invulnerable, when this stroke came upon him, and he succumbed almost without an effort to avert it, or to recover from it.

Hiram, it must be said, had rather a gallant and insinuating way with the ladies. His manner towards the fair sex was marked by a polish and a finish to which few gentlemen of his profession have aspired. Did Hiram behold a lady on the kerb, the imperious cry of 'Benk! Benk! Benk!' which bade the travelling world be seated and no longer keep him waiting, was instantly modulated to a tone of gentleness, almost of confidence—'Benk, ma'am!' The tone had even a touch of slyness in it, as though it were a secret that the lady chose to go that way, and only she and Hiram knew it. There was something in the manner of his opening the omnibus door to a lady—a *je ne sais quoi*—an artistic tone of mind was somehow impressed upon the action. It soothed old women—it flattered plain women—young and pretty women were not unimpressed by it.

It was his particular hobby to keep time like a ship's chronometer, and to arrive at every pausing-place and to leave it to the nearest possible fraction of a minute. This business-like peculiarity being noticed by people who had regular appointments at settled hours, he secured a constant *clientèle* for both journeys, and, amongst other passengers, he every day took up a young girl within a hundred yards of his own lodgings, and set her down at a certain corner in Cheapside, reversing the process in the evening. She was pale and thin; but had that delicate and fragile prettiness which is noticeable in many girls of city breeding. She was scrupulously neat; but her garments indicated no great prosperity. Her mantle was threadbare, her gloves were mended; there was a look of waiting in the pale and patient face.

Hiram regarding these things, felt almost a pang of pity when the morning or evening twopence dropped from the gloved thumb and finger into his own palm. It was hard to take it; and if the vehicle had not been an omnibus, but a carriage, and Hiram's own, he would have set it at her service. The keen winds of autumn mornings were blowing clouds of dust about the streets, and she came no better clad. The threadbare mantle was more threadbare; the neat little linen collar and the neat white cuffs showed woful signs of wear; when closely looked at, the gentle face grew paler and more sad. One morning, Hiram missed the figure at the accustomed corner, and was amazed to find how much he missed it. Without a signal from him, the driver stopped at the corner at which the little milliner or shop-girl was accustomed to alight, and Hiram, in the act of ringing the 'bus-bell to set him going again, saw her walking down the by-street, and knew that the morning twopence had grown too precious to be missed.

'Poor pretty creetur,' said the gentle-hearted Hiram. 'The ile's dried up, an' the barrel o' meal's pretty clean scraped, I reckon. Wonder now, if I could get her to drive gratis. Most likely she'd feel insulted if I asked her.' Hiram watching for the little figure at morning and evening in the gusty streets, saw it sometimes beneath a shabby umbrella, and sometimes so fluttered by the wind that it almost seemed she might be blown away bodily like a leaf.

It so befell that Hiram on one of his rare holidays found himself sauntering down Cheapside at the hour at which the little girl began her journey home. There was the fragile figure, with its hurried yet graceful step, before him. Hiram's long legs kept him within easy distance, though he seemed to do no more than lounge. She went on, looking neither to right nor left; and Hiram followed. He had ample time to study the thin garb, the worn shoes, unfit for the greasy pavement over which the little feet tripped so quickly; and his sharp eyes took note of every sign of poverty, and every struggle to be neat and to hide poverty away. She turned at the accustomed corner, and Hiram, with a shame-faced reluctance to play the spy upon her, could not refrain from following. Right and left, and right and left again. Then she paused before a dingy door in a street of excessive shabbiness, and admitted herself with a latch-key. Hiram sauntered past the house, and saw a card above the door inscribed, 'A Furnished Room for a Single Gentleman.'

'That's near enough,' said Hiram. 'I do not lay out to be a gentleman; but I'll bet I'm single; an' mebbe I'm as near the gentlemanly mark as they are to be found in this locality.' He sauntered past the house again. 'Why not?' he asked himself. 'It's near my starting-point. I'll have a look at it anyway.' He advanced to the door and knocked. The girl herself appeared, and looked at him with a glance of no recognition. 'You have lodgings for a single man, to let?' he said.

'Yes,' she responded. 'Do you wish to see them?' Her voice was gentle like her face, and had a tired tone in it, as the face had a tired look.

Hiram answered 'Yes.' It was dusk within the house; and she left him for a moment, and returned with a candle. Going towards him with the light upon her face, she looked more worn and fragile than before. She led the way up-stairs into a small room, neat and clean, but sparsely furnished:

'What's the rent?' asked Hiram.

'Four shillings a week,' the girl answered. Her glance said so plainly: 'Take it; oh, pray, do take it!' that Hiram's voice was quite husky when he answered:

'That's a very small rent for such a nice little room. When could I come in?'

'Oh,' she said, 'at any time.'

'To-night?' suggested Hiram.

'Yes,' she answered; and Hiram, producing a purse which was by this time fairly stocked, paid a week's rent in advance. The girl's face brightened at the sight of the money, as no face so young and tender ought to have brightened at so trivial a windfall, Hiram thought. 'Poor,' he said inwardly: 'Deadly poor!' There seemed nothing more to linger for. She held the candle aloft, to show him the way down-stairs; and when he looked at her, a sort of halo rested on her hair. The weary expression of her face had changed to one that had a gleam of hope in it. 'Poor,' said Hiram, inwardly, again—'deadly poor!'

'Are you the landlady?' he asked, turning at the first step.

'My mother rents the house,' she answered. 'She is not very well. But you can see her, if you think it necessary.'

'Not at all,' he said, and descended, but turned again in the hall. 'I forgot to ask the name and address,' he explained.

She set down the candle, and entered a room the door of which opened on the hall, returning in a moment with an addressed envelope.

'Martial is the name?' said Hiram looking at it. 'Air you Miss Martial?' She inclined her head gravely. 'Good-night, miss,' said Hiram; 'though I shall be here in an hour.' She inclined her head again, and the door closed behind him. The lodgings he had hitherto used were not more than a quarter of a mile away, and Hiram's whole belongings were easily packed in a second-hand carpet-bag and a second-hand hat-box. The landlady claimed a week's rent in lieu of a week's notice; and he paid it and emerged upon the street.

'You will not die a millionaire, young man,' he said, admonishing himself. 'You are not so encumbered with the pieces that you can afford to chuck 'em blindfold. But Hiram, do you know what that little creature's face said when you counted them four shillin's down? "Here," it said as plain as a book—"here is an unexpected-meal." He paused before the last word, and breathed it half aloud. 'Hiram,' he went on, 'how many ordinary-lookin' females have you drove sence you adopted the pro-fesh you live by? How many of 'em's been that poor it's been a pity to look at 'em? An' how many of 'em have you yearned over, Hiram? Come now, how many? Don't you be ridiculous. It's no kind-heartedness in you. It's a pretty face and a nice manner that's fetched you so, sir. Have the murder out, Hiram, have it out!

You've fell in love, you have, an' you don't know no more about the young woman you've fell in love with than a yeller dog in Constantinople knows about *Pilgrim's Progress*.'

THE RELIEF OF THE POOR AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THOSE of our readers who have a house of their own—may their number ever increase!—are only too well acquainted with the fact that one of the privileges of their proud position is that they have to pay rates and taxes. And sometimes their minds are sadly perplexed with the multitude of these claims. 'Road-rate, water-rate, sanitary-rate, school-rate, county-rate, poor-rate; dear me, what a number of rates we have to pay now,' cries the householder. 'I wonder whether, in any country besides our own, people have so many calls made upon them?'

Now, this is a very reasonable inquiry. But, as we all know, we must not ask too many questions at once, if we would have answers. Let us think of one thing at a time.

Well, what about the 'rate for the necessary relief of the poor?' It is one of the heaviest of our burdens—many millions annually. Is it all necessary? Do other nations pay such rates as we do? We all agree that some relief must be provided for very poor persons. The poor have never ceased out of the land; nor is there any probability that they ever will in our time. There are poor widows, with children whom they cannot maintain without assistance. There are orphan children whose friends are too indigent to support them, or who have neglected to train them to some industrial occupation. There are men enfeebled by disease or injury; and aged people incapacitated by their very age from doing anything to earn a livelihood. These must more or less fall to be provided for at the public charge. But there are many others whose claim for support is of a much more doubtful character. It has been well observed that 'there never was time or place in which there were not to be found men anxious to avoid labour, and if possible to live at ease; nor any community so poor as not to suffer in some degree from the existence of idle and worthless persons subsisting on the benevolence, or folly, or fears of its members.' The industrious part of the community has always felt it to be a grievance that it should be called upon to maintain the idle.

Poverty and misery are the main conditions on which relief is to be obtained. But the industrious and provident labourer will never consider himself equitably treated until a wide distinction is made between him and his drunken improvident neighbour, when, from differing causes, both come to apply for parochial relief. No doubt, Boards of guardians do attempt to discriminate, but as yet ineffectually. They inquire whether the applicant is a member of a Benefit Club; but they do so with the knowledge that many Clubs are rotten, and that the poor man may have had Hobson's choice—a bad Club or none at all. He may have joined his Friendly Society in sheer ignorance of its insolvency, and have relied upon it till it broke. And it is hard to say that a man is improvident because he has not become a

member of an improvident Society. Our parish guardian feels this difficulty, but cannot see his way out of it; and he ends his speculations by saying: 'Well now, what do they do abroad?' No one, he says, has ever answered that question to his satisfaction.

Rightly or wrongly, there is, however, a pretty general impression that other nations are more thrifty than the English—notably that the French are, even though their average earnings are smaller than ours. How, then, are their poor relieved when in want? and has the method of relief anything to do with thrifty habits? It greatly surprises the average Englishman to be told that there are many countries in Europe in which the destitute have no claim to relief as their legal right. Denmark is the only one which, like England, provides for the relief of pauperism by a special tax. The Danish poor-law closely resembles that of England. The older Danish legislation indicates three classes, to each of which a specific kind of relief is assigned: (1) Old and infirm persons, who are to receive aid in kind, or money, clothing, lodging, and medical attendance; (2) Orphans, or children whose parents cannot maintain them, are to be boarded with suitable persons, or otherwise properly brought up; and (3) Persons or families who are in need of partial help are to be assisted to find work, and if this cannot be obtained, are to receive the necessary assistance. There are only three countries, Denmark, Sweden, and Prussia, in which there is a legislative declaration of the right of every destitute person to be supported by the state—though Denmark is the only state of the three that taxes the community for that purpose. France and Belgium shrink from admitting any such 'right,' fearing lest, by a compulsory poor-law, they should open the door to communism and socialism. Except in the cases of lunatics and of deserted children, there is no compulsory relief in France. All relief that is given professes to be given 'in charity.' Russia and Turkey, agreeing in little else, are alike in having no poor-law. Italy, Spain, and Portugal leave the poor to public charity. Austria, several of the German states, and Norway assist voluntary contributions by grants from local administration or the state. From this it follows that there must be sufficient *uncertainty* as to provision in sickness and old age in European states generally, to induce people to be provident, whether they are so or not.

Great praise is given both by French and English writers to the French system, which throws the relief of the poor, first on their own families, and then on public honour and public charity. It has its *bureaux de bienfaisance*, which have invested property as a foundation, and its *bureaux de charité*, deriving their funds exclusively from voluntary offerings and collections (ten per cent. on theatre tickets, one-third of the price of graves, certain fines and confiscations, poor-boxes, collections in churches). The subsidies only amount to about one-fifth of the whole. All persons out of work, or burdened with an over-large family, as well as the sick and the aged, are considered fit subjects for relief; but the relief is by no means obligatory.

But if we inquire: 'Does this system of relief provide for all cases of necessity throughout France?' we soon find it does not. There are

thirty-seven thousand communes in France, but only between thirteen and fourteen thousand which have *bureaux de bienfaisance*. And of those unfortunate creatures whom they relieve, the majority get no more than one shilling per month; the extreme meagreness of which dole points, however, to the presumption that the recipients must have some other sources of income. It is, however, a curious fact, that when we pass from France to Belgium, we find a country in which pauperism is treated in the same fashion, but with this result: the proportion of paupers is nearly twelve per cent. of the population; while in England it is a little over four and a half per cent. The causes assigned for this fearful state of Belgian pauperism are: (1) The excessive density of the population; (2) The excessive amount of assistance and alms provided by public and private charity; and (3) Intemperance.

The methods of poor-relief in the United States differ in the different States; but generally, their workhouses are to be regarded as penal institutions, rather than as places for the relief of the destitute poor; and perhaps for that reason, as well as for others, outdoor relief is the prevailing practice. In New York, when an able-bodied person applies for relief, he is required, as a condition of obtaining it, to indorse an order for admission to the workhouse. The following is the form:

'The Superintendent of the workhouse will receive C. D., native of E., who stands committed to the workhouse for (3) months. Aged —. By occupation —. Residence in city or county — years. Cause *destitute*.

(Signed) A. B.
Commissioner of Public Charities }
and Correction.

Department of Public Charities }
and Correction, New York. }

(Indorsement.)

I hereby consent to the within commitment.
(Signed) C. D.'

The cost of maintaining each destitute person in the New York workhouse is one dollar twenty cents per week.

It does not seem possible to learn from the States how to reduce our own poor-rates. The relief of tramps there is a greater burden than it is with us. The New York State Board of Charities stated in 1876 that the greater portion of these tramps were unmarried able-bodied labourers. They judged that two hundred thousand acts of relief, at an expenditure of nearly forty thousand pounds, were annually bestowed on such persons by the public officials of that State.

Another Report gives a curious account of the working of one of their rules. The overseers are paid in proportion to the number of cases they relieve, obviously to make it their interest to overlook none. Apparently, some of these men made a lucrative business of their employment; even keeping 'runners on the road to pick up the members of this wretched class, for the profit there was in keeping them.' The allowance to the officer for lodging and feeding a tramp varied from twenty-five cents to a dollar. In several towns, tramps were arrested and sent to jail; but this turned out to be an expensive method of proceeding.

as the committing justice was entitled to a fee of two dollars, and in some cases the officer was paid five dollars for conveying the vagrant to prison. One justice, we are told, sent a bill to the Board of Supervisors for five thousand pounds for the commitment and transportation of tramps for a single year!

We cannot, therefore, hope to derive much instruction or guidance from our neighbours as to the best way of improving our system of relief. Intemperance, improvidence, wastefulness will always produce and aggravate pauperism. But these are no new discoveries; and the fact remains that notwithstanding improved administration and Temperance Societies, we expend nearly eight millions a year in poor-relief. We cannot diminish the allowance to the pauper; it is small enough already. We can do little more in the way of repression. But a proposal has been made which in the main indicates a way by which our burden might be diminished with advantage to all. Broadly stated, it is this: That every man ought by law to be compelled in his youth to commence to provide against destitution in sickness and old age, by paying, into an Insurance Office possessing a national guarantee, a certain weekly instalment of his wages. Any such scheme, to be successful, must be on the ground that a distinct advantage should accrue to himself when no longer able to work, and with the promise of a fixed and specified payment to his widow in the event of his death, be it sooner or later.

Were the scheme adjusted in this direction, and were the government to back it up by its invaluable security, it would be of great advantage, not only to the improvident, but to those also who endeavour to be provident. Though there is much to be said in favour of Friendly Societies, these are not in every case to be relied on. Nothing short of a National Club, or a Thrift Society such as we lately noticed in our columns, would meet the case. A man would find it wherever his work carried him. And having made up the required sum in regular payments, he could never afterwards lose its advantages.

Next, it would compel the improvident to become provident. Without compulsion, the thriftless will never be made provident. There are thousands of young labourers who spend their five or ten shillings a week in drink and tobacco, and never lay by a penny. They contaminate others by their example, and make them grudge the money they have been induced to pay into their Clubs. Some persons are startled at the sound of 'compulsion,' and say: 'Oh, but you can't *compel* men to be provident.' But consider a little. There is compulsory vaccination for infancy, compulsory education for childhood, compulsory destruction of unwholesome food, compulsory slaughtering of cattle; why should there not also be compulsory thrift? But, indeed, the compulsory principle is in operation even now, and will continue to be in operation so long as we must provide for others. We are compelled to pay for the necessary relief of the poor. But why should we be compelled, as we are now, to pay for *unnecessary* relief? And *that* relief is unnecessary the need for which might have been provided against. 'Given A, the provident, thrifty, frugal Englishman; and B, the improvident, wasteful, pauper Englishman. Which is

the greater interference with the liberty of the subject, to make B provide for himself by compulsion if need be, or to make A, besides providing for himself, provide for B as well, and by compulsion, as he has to do at present?'

It is obvious that the adoption of a scheme founded upon the foregoing principle, would promote thrift in the most practical way. The nest-egg would always be in the nest, and the habit of putting by be systematically taught; while the habit of waste would be beneficently checked, and the advantage to the ratepayer obvious.

We need not anticipate, with some sanguine persons, a total abolition of the poor-rate; but its diminution would in due time follow the application of the principle, that every one *when he is able* shall provide against the time when he may become unable to maintain himself.

THE DROPPED TELEGRAM.

A TALE IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER referring to certain matters of business in which we had been formerly connected, I said to Loter: 'You know everybody in Manchester, I suppose; do you know a Mrs Le Ferrier?'

'Of course I do,' he replied. 'What about her?'

'I want to know *all* about her.'

Loter here got up, and looked round to see there were no listeners; and then gave me the following history of my friend.

'Mrs Le Ferrier was married about eight years ago. Her husband was much older than she, but very rich, and was a staid formal man, a banker by profession. Shortly after his marriage, he found that his wife could not exist without the admiration of every man who for the time being happened to be nearest to her. At first, he felt flattered by this notice; but after a time he objected to his wife being always out at dances or picnics, and being spooned upon by any one, from a banker's clerk to the member for the county. He objected; and a great domestic scene, I heard, occurred. During the last year or so, matters were nearly coming to a climax, for a certain Mr A—— seemed the especial favourite, although some half-dozen other men appeared also to share her notice. Mr Le Ferrier, however, obtained certain information relative to this Mr A——, and forbade his wife seeing him or speaking to him. She, from what I hear, gave her husband a solemn promise that she would not again meet him. Whether this promise was or was not broken, I don't know; but Mr Le Ferrier a short time ago made arrangements for his wife's leaving Manchester for some seaside place, so as to get her out of the way of Mr A——; and I have heard nothing of her for some weeks. She is a very handsome woman, and fascinating in her manner; but a most dangerous woman to any but the most experienced men. That's my report. Now, tell me why you want to know.'

'She is staying at the boarding-house where I am,' I replied.

'Wh-e-w!' whistled my companion. 'And has she cast a spell over you?'

'Not a bit; but I knew she must be a

woman with a history, and I was curious to hear it.'

'Avoid her, my boy, if you want to keep out of a scrape, for she is unscrupulous, and has made much mischief already.'

On the following morning at breakfast, a telegram was brought to Mrs Le Ferrier, which she opened and read, turning first red, then white. Her evident excitement caused my little cousin to say: 'No bad news, I hope?'

'No; it's only from my husband,' she replied, 'and he wants an answer at once.'

Mrs Le Ferrier left the room, and shortly walked out towards the telegraph office. During the whole day, she seemed excited and nervous, starting when she heard a knock at the door; a condition which caused my little cousin to express an opinion that she feared Mr Le Ferrier must be a cross old man, as his telegram had so worried dear Mrs Le Ferrier.

My instincts told me that the telegram was not from Mr Le Ferrier. I had no proof that my impression was correct, but still I felt convinced that it was.

At about eight o'clock that evening, a servant came to Mrs Le Ferrier, and told her a gentleman had called to see her. She instantly started up, and putting on a waterproof, which greatly concealed her figure, and a hat and thick veil, went to the door, and then walked off with the gentleman. It was past eleven o'clock when she returned. I was sitting in the smoking-room when she passed the door and ran up to her room, which was on the same landing as mine. She seemed hurried and excited, and anxious to escape observation. I sat for some time meditating on the peculiarities of human nature; for among the curious things I saw was, that Mrs Le Ferrier would have given much to have Charley once more under her spell; her pride seemed hurt that she could not bring him to her feet again, her manner to him being a strange mixture of spite and conciliation. Having finished my pipe, I went up to my room, and was met on the top of the stairs by a servant, who said he had just picked up a telegram, which was without address. I took it in my hand and looked at it. A portion was torn off the paper, and with this the name of the recipient. The telegram was as follows:

From A—— To Mrs ——, Sandmouth.—Yours received. So glad we can meet. Will be with you about eight to-night. Shall be very cautious.

I could not resist a smile, as I read the sentence about 'caution,' and compared this with the fact of the telegram being dropped on the stairs. The name A—— was given in full, and it was the name of the person whom, Loter told me, Mrs Le Ferrier had promised not to see. One thing was certain: the telegram was evidently for this woman, who had slandered my dearest friend. But she was now in my power; and what was more, she did not know it. The contents of the telegram were known to me only, and as long as they remained so, she was safe. I placed it again in the servant's hand, and asked him to go to Mrs Le Ferrier's room, and deliver the telegram to her, but to say nothing as to any one having seen it.

At the breakfast-table, Mrs Le Ferrier was calm, elegant, and deeply sympathetic with my little cousin, who hoped she had got over the worry of the telegram.

Mrs Le Ferrier said: 'Oh, it's all right. My husband sent one of his clerks here last evening about money matters, and I had a lot to do; but it's all right now.'

I dared not look up, lest Mrs Le Ferrier should see my face; for I could not repress a smile as I listened to this woman stating such falsehoods with a silvery, innocent, gushing voice, as though no guile had ever passed her lips.

These remarks decided my course of conduct. I would bring this woman to her knees, and make her confess that she had slandered my dear old friend out of spite and malice.

Retreating to the solitude of my bedroom, I matured my plan, and then entered the drawing-room, where I found Annie and Mrs Le Ferrier sitting with their arms round each other's waists in close conversation. I proposed a walk on the beach, to which the two ladies consented, though Annie said she must bathe. This suited my plan, for then I might secure a *tête-à-tête* with Mrs Le Ferrier. We went out of our house and walked down towards the bathing-machines; on nearing which, my cousin said: 'Now, I will leave you two together, and will go and bathe.'

I proposed to Mrs Le Ferrier that we should stroll on to a ledge of rocks about half a mile along the beach, a locality quite retired. As we walked on, I spoke of various indifferent subjects, for my plot must burst upon her suddenly and without interruption. We reached the rocks, and sat down, the sun shining brightly on the dancing waves.

'What a lovely view this is!' exclaimed Mrs Le Ferrier. 'I shall always think of it with pleasure, now that I have seen it with you.' As she made this remark, she turned her face towards me, and looked at me as though she were the soul of truth.

I gazed straight before me, and did not reply to this gushing remark. I had made up my mind to commence the fight at once, lest this woman should, like the serpent, fascinate me by her gaze, and cause me to relent.

'A penny for your thoughts!' said my companion, as she smiled at me, and gazed as though I were the one man in all the world.

'I was thinking,' I replied, 'what a pity it was that you had been so unjust to my old friend, Charley Steinmay.'

'Unjust!' exclaimed Mrs Le Ferrier. 'Why, it is he who has been most insulting to me. Why, one morning he was more than rude to me, and accused me of being a flirt, and I don't know what besides.'

'And you believe that what he said was quite unjustified?'

'Of course it was. I can't help it if men take a fancy to me, and so on.'

'Still, admitting that Charley was not justified in saying you—well—liked admiration, was that an excuse for you to accuse him of making undue advances to you?'

'I think it was a great liberty for him to say I was a flirt.'

'But pardon me, Mrs Le Ferrier; that is not

what I mean. You said Charley was not the sort of person to be trusted with a lady.'

'I have not said anything but what he deserves, for he was horribly rude to me.—But don't let us talk any more about this.'

'It is just this I do want to talk about; and I want you to do me a favour, and to perform an act of justice. I want you to write me a note saying that you made these charges because you were angry with Major Steinmay for telling you that you were a flirt; and that you regret having so spoken.'

Mrs Le Ferrier gave one of her little silvery laughs, and said: 'How ridiculous! as if I should be such a fool as to write such a thing. No. Your friend insulted me, and so it is war to the knife between us.'

'But you admit that the insult, as you now term it, was limited to his telling you that you were a flirt; and perhaps you had made him think you liked him very much, when you were merely trifling with him.'

'Well, to call me a flirt was bad enough. But I won't hear any more about him. If you can't make yourself more agreeable, I think we had better return.' She jumped up, and shaking the few grains of sand from her dress prepared to walk off.

I did not move, but looking at her, said: 'I'm so sorry it is war to the knife between you and Charley; because, if it is so between you and him, it is also war between you and me; for he is too dear and tried a friend for me to see him slandered and remain quiet; and believe me, Mrs Le Ferrier, I possess the knowledge of that which, were I to declare it, would be your ruin.'

She looked at me with a wild resentful look, her face becoming almost crimson. As I met her gaze, I wondered how I could ever have thought her beautiful; she seemed the embodiment of some of the lowest attributes that belong to our nature. If she had possessed a dagger, I should not have felt safe in lounging as I did calmly on the sandy beach.

'What do you mean?' she almost hissed.

'Sit down, Mrs Le Ferrier,' I said, 'and I will tell you; but please, don't interrupt me until I have finished my little tale. All that has occurred between you and Charley is known to me. He was foolish and impressionable, I admit; and when he overheard you tell young Finch that you could not think of him when Finch was present, you did him a great kindness, for you opened his eyes to his folly. When, however, you slandered him to my cousin, you were committing a wicked act of revenge.'

'How much more of this nonsense am I to listen to?' she exclaimed.

'Well, by a singular combination of circumstances I am acquainted with the promise you made your husband relative to neither seeing nor meeting Mr A—— again; and I know what the result would be, if your husband knew that you had written to Mr A—— asking him to meet you here. The banker's clerk, as you told us, with whom you had business to transact from eight till eleven p.m., I know to have been Mr A——. The telegram which you received at breakfast, and which you told us was from your husband, was from Mr A——, and was arranging the meeting

which you had with him last night. You had torn your name off the telegram, and had afterwards, by accident doubtless, dropped it, and it was shown to me by a servant. It was I who directed him last night to take the telegram to you. Now, Mrs Le Ferrier, if it is to be war to the knife between you and Charley, the contents of that telegram will be communicated to your husband. I need not remind you of the consequences.'

I had kept my eyes fixed on her as I deliberately revealed the cards in my hand. Her face was a study—first rage, then consternation, then despair. In the conflict of passion, her beauty had quite vanished.

She sat for fully a minute, her face covered with her hands. She then turned to me, and said: 'I think you are the greatest bear I ever met!'

'I accept that opinion as a compliment,' I replied. 'But you must admit, that in our war to the knife I have gained the victory. Now, Mrs Le Ferrier, I do not wish to be a bear; but I have a horror of that malicious slander in which I am sorry to say some women delight. No person besides myself knows that Mr A—— came here by appointment to meet you. No one knows except myself what was the purport of the telegram. I am strong enough to dictate terms, and I will come to terms with you. Write me that letter I asked for, and I give you my word of honour the matter will never escape my lips.'

'But what use do you propose to make of that letter?'

'I intend to show it to my cousin, and so prove to her that your accusation against Charley was untrue.'

'I could not endure that she should know it was, for she loves me very much.'

'It is for you to decide,' I replied. 'I will meet you here to-morrow at the same hour. If you bring a satisfactory letter, the thing will be at an end. If not, you must be prepared for the consequences. I cannot have my friend's name longer traduced. Shall we return now?'

'You might have the politeness to help me up,' she said; and as she took my hand, she gave it a squeeze and said: 'How can you be so unkind to me?'

We walked in silence towards the groups assembled near the bathing-machines, and found my cousin ready to return. I left her and Mrs Le Ferrier to walk home together, and took a brisk turn, to think over the success of my plot.

True to her appointment, Mrs Le Ferrier came to our rendezvous on the following morning. Her letter was almost word for word what I had verbally dictated. After reading it, I placed it in my pocket-book, and I made her a definite promise to observe her secret. I hoped she would not think too severely of me for what I had done to save my friend's reputation.

'I shall hate you all my life!' she exclaimed.

'Perhaps that will be a safer condition than if you pretended you loved me, as you did to Charley, and (but never mind) the other!'

She jumped up, and said: 'Good-morning, Mr Homely. I hope we shall never meet again.'

I made her the most polite bow, and smiled as pleasantly as though she had paid me the greatest compliment, and resumed my seat on the sand.

When I returned to the boarding-house, I found every one surprised at the sudden departure of Mrs Le Ferrier. She had left Sandmouth suddenly, no one knew why. Poor young Finch seemed distracted. My little cousin actually cried, and declared that Mrs Le Ferrier was the nicest, most beautiful, truthful, and unaffected woman she had ever met.

I allowed two days to elapse before I spoke to Annie. An opportunity then occurring, I said: 'Do you really believe what Mrs Le Ferrier said about Charley?'

'Of course I do; for I don't believe she would tell an untruth, or even misrepresent things, for the world.'

I smiled at the self-confidence of my dear, little, simple-minded cousin, and said: 'Supposing Mrs Le Ferrier herself admitted that she had slandered Charley out of spite, what would you think then?'

'I don't know what I should think, because it is impossible that she could say such a thing.'

I took Mrs Le Ferrier's note out of my pocket-book, and gave it to Annie, saying: 'Read this.'

She read the letter slowly, and then looking at me, said: 'Good gracious! what does this mean?'

'A confession from Mrs Le Ferrier that she told you what was not true.'

'But what object could she have in saying such things?'

'It is always somewhat difficult to give a reason for a woman's acts; but you may have heard that "there is no fury like a woman scorned." Perhaps you had better not inquire more, as regards details. But you now see how unjustly you have been prejudiced against Charley, who is the best fellow that ever lived.'

'Yes; I have indeed,' she replied. 'But who could believe Mrs Le Ferrier was so false?'

The ice was now broken; and though I felt bound in honour not to tell Charley one word about the letters or telegram, or my knowledge of Mrs Le Ferrier's proceedings, I yet hinted that I knew my cousin had changed her opinion of him. She, dear little girl, with a high sense of justice, now tried to make up for her former half-rudeness, and she and Charley became great friends. Before a month had elapsed, they were engaged; and in six months were married. Charley's Indian appointment was not filled by him, for he exchanged, and shortly filled an important staff appointment in England. We have been closer friends than ever since his marriage; for he knows I had some hand in clearing away the aspersions cast on his character; but he never suspects the course I adopted.

Of Mrs Le Ferrier, I have heard much since, but nothing that I care to relate in these pages. She was that most fearful deformity, a beautiful, unprincipled woman, who lived only on admiration obtained at any cost. Such characters fortunately are not common, though they exist, and are too often the causes of more mischief in this world than a hundred good and true women can undo. Had it not been for the dropped telegram,

she might have been the cruel cause of preventing two congenial persons from travelling the path of life hand in hand.

THE ART OF EPIGRAM.

THE art of epigram is a lost art. 'When we have written this, it occurs to us that it would perhaps be nearer the truth to say that it is an unpractised and neglected art. There is probably enough of poetry and wit still remaining in the world for the production of good epigrams; but this species of composition may be said to have fallen into desuetude and gone out of fashion. Yet no form of poetical composition has at different periods been more popular, and few are more fitted to be popular.'

The epigram has an ancient and honourable history, having been much practised among the early Greeks, with whom it undoubtedly reached its highest stage of perfection. It is not an uncommon thing now to suppose that an epigram only merits the name when it possesses some humorous, biting, or sarcastic quality—when it as nearly as possible answers to the description given in the quatrain:

The qualities rare in a bee that we meet,
In an epigram never should fail:
The body should always be little and sweet,
And a sting should be left in its tail.

The above quatrain indicates a very limited idea of the scope of the epigram, and but a low estimate of its character. The Greeks indeed desiderated *point* in their epigrams, but not necessarily humorous or ironical point. What they aimed at was simply brevity in expression and completeness of thought, and this they achieved in their epigrams in an eminent degree. An epitaph written on the tomb of Plato by Speusippus, is an admirable specimen of an early Greek epigram:

Plato's dead form this earthly shroud invests;
His soul among the godlike heroes rests.

Anacreon wrote some very graceful epigrams. The following, addressed to his lady-love, is happily rendered by Ambrose Philips:

Why so coy, my lovely maid?
Why of age so much afraid?
Your cheeks, like roses to the sight,
And my hair, as lilies white;
In love's garland, we'll suppose
Me the lily, you the rose.

The following beautiful epitaph on Sophocles is generally accredited to Simmias of Thebes, who was an intimate friend of Socrates. The translation will be found in the five hundred and fifty-first number of the *Spectator*:

Wind, gentle evergreen, to form a shade
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid;
Sweet ivy, wind thy boughs, and intertwine
With blushing roses and the clustering vine.
Thus will thy lasting leaves, with beauties hung,
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung,
Whose soul, exalted like a god of wit,
Among the Muses and the Graces writ.

This, on a maiden in love, is by Sappho, translated by Moore:

O my sweetest mother, 'tis in vain—
I cannot weave as once I wove—
All wildered is my heart and brain,
With thinking of the youth I love.

Plato wrote several very fine epigrams. The following, designed to express how the light of beauty remains unextinguished in death, is translated by Shelley :

Thou wert the morning star among the living,
Ere thy fair light had fled ;
Now, having died, thou art, as Hesperus, giving
New splendour to the dead.

In the early Latin epigram, we mark a distinct falling away from the high Greek standard. Latin epigrams rarely have the same refinement, chaste simplicity, and lofty thought. It was not so much that the Romans were intellectually incapable of vying with the Greeks in this species of literary exercise, as that they chose to follow inferior models, and to degrade the epigram to ignoble uses. For flattery of emperors, for abusive political satire, for humouring the depraved popular tastes, rather than striving to elevate them—these were among the objects which Martial and his contemporaries employed their powers as epigrammatists. Some of Martial's verses indicate that he might have rivalled the Greek poets, had he made them his models more frequently than he did. But the bulk of his epigrams are characterised, to a more or less degree, by scurrility, triviality, or servile flattery. He wrote some fifteen hundred of these short poems ; but few among this large number can now be read with either pleasure or edification. We give two specimens of his better works—the first of his serious, the second of his lighter manner :

ON ANTONIUS.

Antonius is arrived at seventy-five,
With all the ease and comfort life can give ;
Safe from the voyage of a length of years,
Looks back with joy ; nor death approaching
fears.

Not one of all his days can irksome find,
Not one but he with pleasure calls to mind.
Thus a good man prolongs his mortal date ;
Lives twice enjoying thus his former state.

TO AUCTUS.

My works, the reader and the hearer praise.
They're not exact, a brother-poet says.
I heed him not ; for when I give a feast,
To please the cook I care not, but the guest.

With the Romans, the epigram was employed as a vehicle for badinage and satire, to a much greater extent than among the Greeks. The following, by Lucilius, a writer of the second century—translated by Dr Jortin—is a favourable specimen of a Latin humorous epigram :

'Thou little rogue, what brings thee to my house ?'
Said a starved miser to a straggling mouse.
'Friend,' quoth the mouse, 'thou hast no cause to
fear ;
I only lodge with thee ; I eat elsewhere.

The Arabians practised the art of epigram-writing with marked success. We have a large number of Arabian epigrams rendered into English by Mr Carlyle, Cambridge Professor of Arabic at the close of last century, who published a volume of translations of Eastern poetry from its earliest times. From the one or two specimens of Arabian epigrams which we give, the reader will see that Eastern poets touched these things very skilfully and gracefully. This is by the Calif Radhi Billah, who was the twentieth Calif of the Abbas dynasty, and who died 951 A.D.

TO A LADY, ON SEEING HER BLUSH.

Leila ! whene'er I gaze on thee,
My altered cheek turns pale ;
While upon thine, sweet maid, I see
A deep'ning blush prevail.
Leila ! shall I the cause impart,
Why such a change takes place ?
The crimson stream deserts my heart,
To mantle in thy face.

The above has been thought to be 'one of the most elegant epigrams to be found in any language.' The following, addressed to a cupbearer, of the same name as the lady in the verses just quoted, is, we think, almost equally graceful :

Come, Leila ! fill the goblet up ;
Reach round the rosy wine.
Think not that we will take the cup
From any hand but thine.
A draught like this were vain to seek ;
No grape can such supply—
It steals its tint from Leila's cheek,
Its brightness from her eye.

The conceit in the following, by Isaac Ben Khalif, 'On a Little Man with a very Large Beard,' is quaint and original :

A man like thee scarce e'er appeared—
A beard like thine—where shall we find it ?
Surely, thou cherishest thy beard,
In hopes to hide thyself behind it.

Bonnefonius, a Latin poet of the sixteenth century, has a pretty epigram, which we have endeavoured to render thus :

In this tiny wreath are wed
Roses white and roses red.
Take it, maiden fair, and seek
In the white my love-pale cheek ;
But in the red, a token see
Of my fond heart fired by thee.

The epigram lent itself readily to short love-poems, and it will be seen, from the selections already quoted, that this was a favourite use of it among early writers.

With the space at our disposal, our survey of the subject must necessarily be very rapid, and it now falls to notice the epigrammatists of our own country. Among these, Ben Jonson and Herrick take a high place. The former especially excelled in two forms of epigram—in monumental inscriptions and in humorous epigrams. One of the best examples of his humorous manner is the quatrain which he addressed to a vintner :

God is best pleased when men forsake their sin ;
The devil's best pleased when they persist therein ;
The world's best pleased when you do sell good
wine ;
And you're best pleased when I do pay for mine.

The best of Herrick's epigrammatic verses are characterised by a brevity and simplicity of expression, and a grace and purity of thought, which entitle them to rank with the best examples contained in the Greek anthology. Every one must admit the following epitaph on a child to be of extreme grace and beauty :

Here she lies, a pretty bud,
Lately made of flesh and blood,
Who, as soon, fell fast asleep,
As her little eyes did peep.
Give her strewings ; but not stir
The earth that lightly covers her.

Matthew Prior wrote a large number of epigrams of varying merit. A smart one was that on Dr Radcliffe, who, besides being a physician, was a wit and brilliant conversationalist :

I sent for Radcliffe ; was so ill,
That other doctors gave me over.
He felt my pulse, prescribed his pill,
Said I was likely to recover.
But when the wit began to wheeze,
And wine had warmed the politician,
Cured yesterday of my disease,
I died last night of my physician.

Dr Abel Evans, a man of much talent, the friend of Pope, wrote, among many epigrams, one on Dr Tadlow, remarkable for its humorous terseness. Dr Tadlow was an exceedingly stout man :

When Tadlow walks the streets, the paviers
cry :
' God bless you, sir ! ' and lay their rammers by.

That Pope should have written good epigrams, was to be expected ; the quality of his intellect exactly fitted him to excel in this direction. The style of no English poet is so marked by brilliant antithesis, so that in a score of lines by Pope you may have half as many epigrams. The epitaph which he penned on Sir Isaac Newton, but which was not placed on Newton's monument in Westminster Abbey, a prose Latin inscription of inferior merit being chosen in preference, is regarded as one of the finest in the language. A ' peerless epitaph,' it is styled by the Rev. H. P. Dodd, an authority on these matters, to whose labours and scholarly research we are indebted in this article :

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night ;
God said : ' Let Newton be ! ' and all was light.

The following lines, ' On two Millers of Manchester, named Bone and Skin, who wanted to monopolise corn,' is by John Byrom, the author of the pastoral *Colin and Phoebe* :

Two millers thin,
Called Bone and Skin,
Would starve us all, or near it ;
But be it known
To Skin and Bone,
That flesh and blood can't bear it.

The next is by Robert Dodsley :

MARRIAGE IN HEAVEN.

Cries Sylvia to a reverend Dean :
' What reasons can be given,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
That there is none in heaven ? '
' There are no women,' he replied.
She quick returns the jest :
' Women there are ; but I'm afraid
They cannot find a priest.'

The epigrams of Lord Lyttelton and Horace Walpole are among the best of their kind which we possess. Very pithy and neatly turned is one by the former, on a ' Bust of Lady Suffolk in a Wood at Stowe :

Her wit and beauty for a court were made ;
But truth and goodness fit her for the shade.

And it would be difficult to surpass the following by Walpole, in the way of elegant compliment :

TO MADAME DE DAMAS LEARNING ENGLISH.

Though British accents your attention fire,
You cannot learn so fast as we admire.
Scholars like you but seldom can improve,
For who would teach you but the verb, *I love* ?

A prolific writer of epigrams was Dr Wolcot, the well-known Peter Pindar ; yet few of his productions are models of epigrammatic composition. He possessed undoubted humorous and poetical powers ; but his epigrams are for the most part disfigured by coarse satire and personality. He may be regarded as the English Martial. It would be difficult to imagine anything more offensive than the following quatrain, ' To Lady Mount Edgcombe, on the Death of her Pig Cupid : '

Oh, dry that tear, so round and big ;
Nor waste in sighs your precious wind !
Death only takes a *single* pig :
Your *lord* and *son* are still behind.

But Wolcot occasionally wrote epigrams of a more agreeable style. He was once on a visit to Lord Nelson, and while lying awake in bed, reading, set fire to his nightcap, which belonged to his host ; whereupon, he returned the half-burned cap to its owner with the following lines :

Take your nightcap again, my good lord, I
desire,
For I wish not to keep it a minute ;
What belongs to a Nelson, wherever there's *fire*,
Is sure to be instantly in *it*.

Our space permits of but one more example of the modern epigram. It is by Thomas Hood, and is both neat and characteristic of that fine humorist's quaint paradoxical vein :

ON THE DEATH OF A GIRAFFE.

They say, God wot !
She died upon the spot :
But then in spots she is so rich—
I wonder which ?

CURIOUS PROPOSITIONS.

If everything in this world is not quite so perfect as it should be, it is not from any lack of advisers ; for there are always plenty of people wise enough in their own conceit to believe that there is nothing which they are not able to amend, and that more thoroughly than anybody else. And yet, in spite of our would-be benefactors, we are much in the plight of the poor fellow who complained that the doctors prescribed him many a medicine, but never a remedy. Not so very long since, it was gravely proposed to put ailing and aged folk out of their misery by a summary process making killing no murder, by giving it a pretty name. Now, we are informed that there is no necessity for such cruel kindness, for by transferring fresh blood into the veins, when the powers of nature begin to fail, the decay of the tissues will be arrested, the system rejuvenated, and life indefinitely prolonged ; the only difficulty being to obtain a sufficient supply of vitalising fluid. Luckily for those who would never say die, a medical practitioner professes his ability to produce any quantity of an artificial article, chemically and physiologically identical with the natural production ; an announcement calculated

to scare the pessimists who hold that the world is already over-populated.

A German reformer has discovered that the chief impediment to the progress of the race is personal ambition, which can only be got rid of by a general renunciation of names all the world over. Men, however, must have some distinctive designation; so, taking a hint from the practice in vogue at big hotels, he proposes that numbers should take the place of names; every individual being numbered and registered in the district in which he or she lives. He would have a re-numbering every twelve months, by which the acquiring of undue pre-dominance by any one number would be effectually prevented, and the reformation of bad characters much facilitated; since, as no stigma could attach to a number which might this year be borne by a thief, and next year by a philosopher, no one need despair of regaining the esteem of his fellow-men.

A Cabinet minister lately assured us that when all Englishmen were educated, war, so far as England was concerned, would become an impossibility; but Mr Ruskin, as we upon a former occasion remarked, will have it that peace or war depends upon the ladies, and the ladies only; not scrupling to tell the sex, that the real, final reason for all the poverty, misery, and rage of battle was simply that women were too selfish and too thoughtless to take pains for any creature out of their own immediate circles; that if the usual course of war, instead of unroofing peasants' houses and ravaging peasants' fields, merely broke the china upon their drawing-room tables, no war in civilised countries would last a week. 'Let but every Christian lady who has conscience toward God vow that she will mourn, at least outwardly, for His killed creatures. Let every lady in the upper classes of Europe simply vow that while any cruel war proceeds, she will wear black—a mute's black—with no jewel, no ornament, no excuse for an evasion into prettiness; I tell you again, no war would last a week.'

According to some of her advocates, it is the duty of woman to insist upon the sexes being put on an equal footing as regards courtship. To that end, they propose that marriageable youths and maidens should assemble in public meeting, and each write upon a slip of paper the name of the object of his or her affections; the slips to be delivered to two discreet persons, who, upon finding that any youth and maiden had declared a mutual regard, should announce the fact; the announcement to be followed by a wedding in due course. Popping the question by ballot would not meet the views of certain memorialists of the New York State legislature, who beseech that body to abolish 'the present unscientific and vicious system, by which any two of the opposite sex, however ignorant, however diseased, however incapacitated for the responsibilities of parentage, may obtain the sanction of priest or squire to consummate what should be the most holy and delicate of all relations known to human nature.' They desire the appointment of a Board of Commissioners, consisting of an equal number of ethically and medically educated men and women,

with power to investigate the antecedents of candidates for matrimony, and ascertain their physical and mental condition, before granting a matrimonial certificate, without which no person should be permitted to take a partner.

Does it much matter how murderers are despatched? Mr Bain thinks it does, and anxious to mitigate the sufferings of those condemned to give a life for a life, suggests the propriety of substituting the electric battery for the gallows, the garrotte, and the guillotine, and thus 'shock' assassins out of existence. He would even employ the same agent for the punishment of minor criminals. 'By using Faraday's magno-electrical machine, any required amount of torture might be inflicted, and the graduation made with scientific precision, while the mysterious nature of the punishment would add to its horrors; the terrific power exercised by the lightest finger-touch of the operator making the criminal feel his humiliating prostration.' After this, there is something very refreshing in Mark Twain's suggestion: 'I would seriously recommend to the government of the United States, that when a man commits a crime so heinous that the law provides no adequate punishment for it, they make him Consul-general at Tangier. The present Consul-general has been here five years, and has got enough of it to do him for a century. His family seize upon their letters and papers when the mail arrives, read them over and over again for two days or three, talk them over and over again for two or three more, till they wear them out; and after that, for days together they eat and drink and sleep, and ride out over the same old road, and see the same old tiresome things that decades of centuries have scarcely changed, and say never a single word!' And the poor man's offence was the venial one of office-seeking.

Somebody once wrote to the *Athenæum*: 'Permit me to suggest that an edition of Dickens's Works should be brought out in classical English. The words used in the author's text are extremely disagreeable to read. I think that the language of the lower orders ought never to appear in print.' A son of Crispin dared to improve upon *Paradise Lost*; and literary cobblers are ready enough to undertake the mending of the handiwork of mighty craftsmen. Shakspeare's fame has provoked so many extraordinary propositions, that we can readily accept as seriously meant somebody's suggestion that Stratford-on-Avon being difficult to reach, the poet's birth-place should be removed to some town on a main line, more easy of access to his worshippers.

Intent upon doing smokers a good turn, Professor Manlesel would abolish the tobacconist, by supplying every householder with tobacco-smoke free of nicotine and all injurious elements. The tobacco is to be burned in retorts, the smoke produced passing into a large bell-shaped receptacle, to be cooled, purified, and perfumed; and then conducted into the houses by pipes connected with meters, to register the amount consumed. Smaller pipes, carrying the smoke into the various rooms, are furnished with amber-tipped flexible tubes; and all the smoker has to do is to turn a small screw and let the scented smoke glide into his mouth. For those who smoke abroad as well as at home, the Professor

has devised an india-rubber bag, fitting to the chest, vastly improving the wearer's appearance when inflated with tobacco-smoke, to be inhaled through a lute ending in an amber mouthpiece, which when not in use will lie conveniently in the waistcoat-pocket.

AWARDS TO WORKMEN.

AN EXAMPLE.

IN August 1880, Messrs William Denny and Brothers, shipbuilders, Dumbarton, instituted a scheme of awards among their workmen, to recompense them for any improvements they might introduce upon machines or methods of working, in their shipbuilding yard. The scheme, if not quite unique, was at all events a novel one. It conferred a new and valuable boon upon the workmen, and it was believed it would operate in a manner calculated to inspire them with self-application and self-aid. It has been too long the practice to treat workmen as mere 'hands,' and their skill, inventive ability, and suggestions for better modes of working, have sometimes been discouraged rather than recognised. Among perhaps a large section of workmen an opinion also at one time existed, though not to any extent now, that the introduction and wide application of machinery is antagonistic and detrimental to their interests; but this opinion, as experience has shown, is erroneous. For a time, indeed, a new invention or machine may inconvenience a class, by deranging the old conditions of production; but in the end such improvements benefit all.

In submitting their proposals, which was done by circular handed to every one in their employ, Messrs Denny made a statement to the effect that they had noticed many improvements in methods of work and appliances introduced by the workmen into the yard; that they very readily recognised the advantage accruing to their business from these efforts of skill, and were desirous that these efforts should not pass unrewarded; that, therefore, they had decided that the authors of such improvements introduced after that date should have a claim upon the Firm for reward; and, to enable these claims to be readily and easily adjusted, they had appointed a Committee of Awards. This Committee was empowered to decide on all claims made by the workmen, and to reward successful claims according to certain rules laid down.

The first of these rules bore that any workman in the employ of the Messrs Denny and Brothers might claim an award from the Committee on the ground that he had either invented or introduced a new machine or hand-tool into the yard; or that he had improved any existing machine or hand-tool; or that he had applied any existing machine or hand-tool to a new class of work; or that he had discovered or introduced any new method of carrying on or arranging work; or, generally, that he had made any change by which the work of the yard is rendered either superior in quality or more economical in cost. The second rule—a most valuable one for the inventive workman—was, that in the case of a workman being unable to test the merits of his supposed invention or improvement, either through inability

on his part to make the necessary experiments or to pay for the same, the Firm, on the recommendation of the Committee, might agree to bear the whole, or part, of the necessary expense; and if the invention should afterwards prove a practical success, an award would be granted accordingly. A third rule bore that awards were not to be less than two pounds, nor more than ten pounds; and there were various other rules bearing upon the minor details of the scheme.

The Committee appointed for adjudicating upon the claims was composed of three gentlemen skilled in mechanical science, and of undoubted integrity; it being important that thorough fairness and competent intelligence should guide the Committee in all its proceedings and decisions.

The scheme has now had upwards of a year's trial, and during that period the Committee has had some thirty claims submitted for its consideration, out of which number eight only were not judged to merit an award. As regards the importance of those claims decided to be valid, whilst a few of them were of comparatively little consequence, some were of very great importance, and indeed one claim—that which received the highest award of any granted by the Committee—referred to the invention of a very useful wood-working machine.

These results are amply gratifying and encouraging both to the Firm and to the workmen; and afford full realisation of the hope expressed at the outset by Messrs Denny, that the number of valid and important claims established would be such as to induce a continuation of the practice thus begun.

It was not to have been expected that any improvements of a very radical character would be accomplished as the result of this scheme; for competition in trade is now so keen, and so many are endeavouring to find means of lessening the cost of production, that but a comparatively small section of workmen can be looked to for any very signal achievement. Yet an incalculable advantage would be gained if the bulk of employers of mechanics were induced to encourage improvements on the part of their workmen, by adopting some such scheme as that here referred to.

MEAT FROM THE ANTIPODES.

It must be an aggravating reflection to the careful housewife that while articles of dress, ornament, household appliances, furniture, and many of those things which add to the comfort of home, are remarkably cheap, the necessities of life should be proportionately dear. The thought must often cross her mind how many little long-wanted things for house or for children could be procured with that golden tribute which each week is claimed by the butcher as a return for finding those joints which so quickly disappear. But she rightly reflects that health is the first consideration, and that it cannot be insured in the absence of plenty of nourishing food. So the butcher's bill is paid with as good a grace as possible. In short, all old housekeepers find, to their dismay, that while the price of manufactured goods, which in a great measure can be dispensed with, has been greatly reduced, the price of meat

has gradually risen, until at the present time its expense is almost prohibitive to those whose circumstances are, from the fixity of their incomes or from other causes, at all straitened.

Any relief from such a state of matters would be regarded as an intense boon; and when it first became known that the countless flocks of Australia were to contribute to the home market, it was thought that the price of meat must speedily sink to a lower figure. The meat duly arrived in tins, and many people tried what they could do with it.

Although it was easy to see that it had been originally of good quality, the cooking process which was essential to its preservation, had certainly knocked it to pieces, so to speak. In other words, it had assumed a stringy, unpleasant form, that was very different from the far-famed Roast Beef of Old England. It soon became evident, therefore, that if the old-fashioned juicy sirloin were to meet with a rival from abroad, that rival must approach in some other guise than tin armour. Inventors were soon busy upon various schemes for solving this important problem. Knowing that putrefaction is altogether suspended in a temperature which is kept below the freezing-point of water, their efforts were directed towards a means of freezing and keeping in a frozen state the meat during its transit from one country to another. This has now been satisfactorily accomplished, and one firm—the Bell-Coleman Refrigerating Company of Glasgow—have at present at work, upon land and sea, machinery capable of freezing one hundred thousand tons of meat per annum. It is the purpose of this paper briefly to describe the means adopted for producing this important result.

Chemistry teaches us that there are various means available for producing an intense degree of cold. The admixture of different salts—to which the name of freezing mixtures has been given—will readily accomplish this on a small scale. The evaporation of liquids will do the same; and the surgeon takes advantage of this property in ether, to direct a spray of the liquid on to any part of the body, so as to freeze, and therefore render it insensible to the touch of his knife. Ammonia is another agent which will also, by its rapid evaporation, produce intense cold. But all these methods of bringing the thermometer down to the point—useful enough for special purposes, where small results only are looked for—would be quite inapplicable to the freezing of even a single carcase of meat. The expense alone would at once shut them out from consideration.

The plan first adopted was to make use of an ice-house, the cold air from which was—by means of a revolving fan—sent continually into the meat-chamber. The disadvantages of this system were many. In the first place, a stock of ice was necessary; and in the second place, the cold air from such a source naturally contained a quantity of aqueous vapour, which had a prejudicial effect upon the stored meat. It is also obvious that the supply of cold air was limited, and must cease when the ice turned into water.

The apparatus by which success has now been attained depends for its action on the well-known physical law that a gas in expanding

from a compressed state produces cold. An interesting example of the cold produced by expansion was afforded many years ago by Professor Brande, in his description of the machinery attached to some mines at Chemnitz, Hungary. A column of water two hundred and sixty feet high pressed upon a quantity of air contained in a closed reservoir. When a stop-cock in connection with this compressed air was opened, its sudden release was accompanied by a shower of snow, due to the freezing of the aqueous vapour contained in the outside atmosphere.

To the uninitiated, the new freezing apparatus, as it stands on shipboard, would seem to be only a complex form of steam-engine; for cylinders and heavy fly-wheels are the most noticeable objects. But only two of these cylinders give motion to the machine; the third is one in which the air is compressed. It is expanded in another part of the apparatus, after being cooled and robbed of its moisture. The cold-dry air thus produced is then passed to the meat-room in which the carcasses are stored. These carcasses are by the action of the cold rendered as hard as iron; indeed their average temperature is many degrees below zero; and before they are ready for the cook, they must be very gradually thawed from their frozen condition.

By the apparatus described, not only can meat, vegetables, and nearly every kind of perishable food, be preserved on board ship during transit from one country to another; but similar machines on land will insure like preservation for any length of time. The meat is not in any way injured by the treatment, and is, in the opinion of competent judges, as succulent and tender as if the beasts which furnish it had come direct from our home pastures. It is said that meat from Australia and America preserved in this manner can be sold at a good profit in London at less than sixpence per pound. Looking upon cheap meat as a matter of great national importance, we shall anxiously await the result of this attempt to meet the necessity. If the public are satisfied with the quality of this refrigerated foreign meat, and the supplies are kept abreast of the demand, and at a reasonably moderate rate per pound-weight, the butcher's bill of the future will be a very considerably modified item in the house-keeper's weekly disbursement.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

Not in the fairy freshness of the Spring,
Nor when bright Summer smiles upon the land,
Not when rich Autumn with a lavish hand
Wreathes Earth with golden corn and purple ling:
But then, when passage-birds have taken wing
For sunnier climes; when the sere leaves lie dead,
And moaning through bare branches overhead,
The mournful wind their requiem seems to sing—
Yes, then, sweet flowers, when all around is drear,
Ye come, the heart to gladden with your smile—
A gleam of brightness ere the Winter near,
Chasing our sadness with your magic wile.
Happy their lot, like you, who soothe and cheer,
And Life's November brighten and beguile!

IDA MARY FORDE.

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HOW FISHER-FOLK MIGHT PROVIDE FOR A RAINY-DAY.

It has frequently been suggested in the newspapers, as well as by many benevolently-inclined persons, that our fishermen should be shown how to provide for the proverbial rainy-day, or at all events be advised to do so, either on some plan of their own, or by some scheme devised in their interest. In times of calamity, the public have always been ready to lend a helping hand to the fisher-folk, and especially to alleviate as much as possible such disasters as those of which we have had experience in Shetland and at Eyemouth. The thousands of pounds which have been subscribed by the public in aid of the widows and orphans during the last twelve months, bear eloquent testimony to the charitable feeling which these calamities call forth. Such collections, however, cannot, we fear, be so frequent in the future as they have been in the past. We have no desire to dam up the streams of benevolence; but there are persons who think the present an opportune time for impressing on our fisher-folk, that instead of depending in their hour of misfortune on outside aid, they would act a nobler part if they were to combine for the inauguration of a fund not only to replace their occasional losses of fishing-gear, but to provide also, by an Insurance Company of their own, in the event of death, for the widows and the fatherless. Occasional calamities—considering the hazardous nature of the occupation—must be looked for in the daily round of fisher-life; the total or partial loss of fishing-gear is frequent; the loss of life on a large scale happily occurs less often, although a season seldom passes that we do not read of the wreck of one or more fishing-boats with the loss of their crews, adding, as a matter of course, to the already long list of storm-made widows and fatherless children.

At the present time, the fisher-people as a body seem badly prepared to cope with such misfortunes, although many of them are, as the saying

goes, 'well-to-do people. In each little community of fisher-folk, there is usually a small fund available in times of necessity—it is 'the box' of the Friendly Society, which, when necessary, provides a sum for funeral expenses, and the requisite mourning clothes for wife and children; and though there are even certain local societies for insuring fishing gear, there is, so far as we know, no adequate organisation which is wealthy enough to replace lost boats, or to yield an annuity to women whose husbands have been drowned, or to provide for the upbringing and education of orphan children. When calamities of a serious nature occur in the ranks of the fisher-folk, there is at once an overflow of kindness, and many a small family has been divided among the community, so that their mother may be left free to win her daily bread by some kind of labour, such as the gathering of bait, the mending of nets, or the hawking of fish.

It is quite time, however, that a body of industrious people earning on occasions large sums of money, and always able to obtain a fair 'living' for themselves and families, should arrange some more systematic mode of relief in their times of pecuniary trouble, than what can be afforded by the funds of a Friendly Society. While we would not recommend the abolition of 'the box' for local aid in times of sickness and of death from natural causes, we desire to point out that to cover the distress arising out of great calamities like those of Shetland and Eyemouth, a general plan of aid or insurance, to be participated in by the whole fishery population of Scotland, would be necessary; no single fisher community, indeed, would be able to provide for such a calamity as would be implied by the wreck of a dozen of its boats, and the destruction of the valuable fishing-gear with which such vessels would be furnished. But what one community is quite unable to accomplish, the united funds of twenty or thirty could accomplish—would be ample enough, in fact, to replace the wreckage, and assuage the woes of the mourners so far as

that can be done by money. In other words, any scheme of fishing-boat insurance should be general, so that when a heavy calamity occurred, the assessment, divided, as it would be, over the whole population, might be so light as scarcely to be felt.

But how, it will be asked, is this to be done? It is of course the work of an actuary to devise plans of assurance; but there are certain data available to all who take an interest in the question, that are worth examining in connection with the inception of any scheme that may be proposed. A glance, for instance, at one of the official fishery Reports—say that for 1878—shows us that there were in that year fourteen thousand four hundred and thirty-one fishing-boats in use in Scotland, and that these were manned by forty-six thousand five hundred and twenty-nine fishermen and boys. We have no particular reason for taking the year 1878, except that it may be held as being a fairly representative year; but no matter what year may be selected, the principle to be advocated will be the same; all we desire is, to have a few reliable statistics to build upon. Taking it for granted that there are at least forty-eight thousand persons who have a direct interest in providing for a rainy-day in connection with the Scottish fisheries, it is desirable to show, by way of an introduction to our financial exposition, 'the power of littles.' A penny from each person engaged in the fishery business, paid every week—in other words, forty-eight thousand pence—would amount to two hundred pounds; or in the year, to ten thousand four hundred pounds—a sum which would be sufficiently ample to provide twenty-five or twenty-eight fishing-boats suitable for 'the herring,' with a full complement of netting and other gear. As the loss of these boats, on the average, is not nearly so great as has been indicated, it becomes at once apparent that by means of such a subscription as has been suggested, a fund of the most ample kind would speedily be accumulated, so that no appeals of a charitable order would be necessary in time to come. There would, of course, be the expenses of collection and administration to be provided for; but these need not be heavy; some member of each fishing community could make the weekly collection, and send it to a central office. Many fishing-boats and suites of nets are more valuable than others; but such might be provided for by a slight increase of the assessment. Taking the boats all over, however, they might probably be valued, along with their netting, at three hundred pounds each. They could, if needful, easily be divided into classes, as we daresay some of them will not probably be of more than half the value we have indicated, whilst some of the decked vessels will have cost more than double the money. In course of time, the small sum indicated would swell to a large amount, and afford a good allowance to widows and children, because not more, on the average, than perhaps six boats would be lost in the course of the year.

There is another way of solving the question of how the fisher-folk might provide for a rainy-day. Taking the herring-fishery as the typical fishery of Scotland, an industry at which, during some portion of the year, every unit of the fishery

population assists, we may state that the value to the fishermen of the herrings which they capture can scarcely be less than two millions of pounds sterling per annum.* A million barrels at least are cured, and large quantities of herring are caught in addition, and sold fresh. Accepting the value of the fish to their captors as being two millions sterling—a barrel, it may be stated, contains about seven hundred and fifty fish, and these, at the price of a half-penny each, come to a sum of thirty-one shillings and threepence; so that the figure we have given is by no means an exaggeration—is it too much to ask of the fishermen that they should devote a sixpence of the price obtained for each barrel to insurance of boats and lives? How much do a million sixpences come to? A million sixpences amount to the very handsome total of twenty-five thousand pounds; a far larger sum than would, one year with another, be required; so that, to all appearance, an assessment of threepence, or at the most fourpence, per barrel on the cured fish alone would yield all that is necessary to replace boats and fishing-gear in times of adversity. The Scottish Fishery Board—the usefulness of which is sometimes called in question both in parliament and elsewhere—might be intrusted with the collection of the money. The Board has already in active work an organisation for collecting the fees on every barrel of herrings that is branded; it would not be difficult, therefore, for the officers of the Board to collect whatever sum may be agreed upon from the fishermen.

We will, of course, be met, in making such a suggestion, by the usual official answer, that the Board has not the power to do so, and so forth; but we presume the power could be easily obtained, or in any case, suitable machinery be called into requisition. In Ireland, the fishery inspectors carry on similar work; they have administered with great success, for some years past, a Loan Fund authorised by government for the benefit of the Irish fisher-people; and the kind of work which an Irish inspector can do, should not be difficult for a Scottish Fishery officer to accomplish.

Other ways of teaching the fisher-folk to be provident, and in particular to provide for that day of calamity which is sure, sooner or later, to come upon all fishing communities, might easily be suggested, as, for instance, a tax in the shape of a license to fish; a payment of five shillings per annum could be easily met by all engaged in the fisheries; and such a sum, collected from forty thousand persons, would produce ten thousand a year, which, as has already been remarked, would be ample enough to meet all probable demands. There can be no doubt, despite of the oft-quoted remark, 'the fishery is just a lottery,' that the fisher-people year by year earn very fair incomes. It has been recorded in the newspapers, for instance, just as we are writing, that the Fife herring-boats have returned from the annual fishery at Yarmouth with an average profit, for their seven weeks' labour, of three hundred pounds! As has been stated, the Scottish herring-fishery, lasting for

* The Scottish fisheries, all told, are worth close upon three millions sterling.

several months, yields two millions sterling; and it is not fair that persons who are earning so much money, should periodically become a burden on the general community whenever they are overtaken by disaster to their boats, or calamity to their men. As we have endeavoured to show in the foregoing remarks, the fishermen are not destitute of means whereby to provide for a rainy-day, and we would strongly urge them at once to do so.

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER V.—‘YOU WERE TIRED OF ME, AND WISHED ME DEAD.’

It was a settled creed with the employés of the firm that the house of Lumby and Lumby was to go on for ever. The younger hands and heads whose owners discharged subordinate duties, figured and thought in lines of routine so fixed and settled—in office hours—by the inexorable Garling, that all chances of mutation seemed far away. And Mr Garling himself had so long been a part of the house, that to him the house might well seem fixed and solid as the hills. Mr Garling, though under fifty, was an old-world man to look at. He wore high collars of the fashion of a score of years ago, and a black satin stock of equal date; and he carried his watch in a fob, with a bunch of seals dangling from it, as gentlemen in the City had done in his boyhood, if ever Garling had been a boy—which seemed doubtful. For thirty years and more, his respectable, square-toed boots had worn the stones between his rooms in Fleet Street and the Gresham Street threshold of the house of Lumby and Lumby.

Mr Garling's father had practised the hair-dresser's art in Fleet Street. There was still a hair-dresser in the old house, and Garling went on living there. For thirty years he had been a familiar figure at Lumby and Lumby's, and yet a figure with whose inner personality no man had ever been familiar. We all go shrouded more or less, and nobody knows much about the most communicative of us. But Garling had been self-contained in his school-days; and in manhood his self-containment grew to look like secrecy; and with approaching age, his secrecy grew more profound. He never spoke to anybody when he could help it; and when compelled to speak, he said as little as possible. No one ever fancied that Garling had more than other people to conceal. ‘It was Garling's way’ to be close; it was Garling's way to take snuff secretly, as though he hoped to find in it some ground for an indictment against his tobacconist; it was his way to hang above his ledger secretly, as though it contained mysteries; it was his way to secrete himself within himself as he walked the very streets, as though he were a suspicious circumstance, and his being there a thing unauthorised; it was his way to dine in a secret corner in a secret chop-house in a secret court, as though his meals were conspiracies in imminent danger of detection. All these were Garling's ways, and were openly canvassed and laughed at as eccentric—in Garling's absence—by the most junior of the junior clerks.

If Garling had relatives, he kept them secret, like himself. There was a general impression that he was rich; and that indeed seemed like enough, he earned so much and spent so little. The house was wealthy, and disposed to be generous where it trusted; and it had trusted Garling now for nearly twenty years implicitly, and had had its trust rewarded. How many nights had he sat at his desk poring above vast ledgers when the offices were silent? How many hours of voluntary time had he thrown into Time's gulf at home in his own rooms, sitting immersed in figures, with shaggy black brows drawn downwards, making secrets of his eyes, as great schemes for the benefit of the house simmered behind his bulbous, wrinkled forehead? No man could tell, and Garling never told. He was a very jewel of a servant. Under his fostering care, the great house grew greater, and its solid foundations stretched out farther and farther, and its wide arms, like those of Briareus, reached forth a hundred ways at once, and drew in money. People who were unfitted to understand Garling's character, set it down as a thing not to be doubted that he himself profited directly by the extension of the firm's business—that he had a fixed share in the profits, or a commission on the increase of sound business done; and these commonplace men pooh-poohed the idea of such engrossing and unselfish enthusiasm as other men believed in. But Mr Lumby himself was wont to say that Garling's financial genius was wasted on the petty concerns of a mere business firm, and that he ought to have been perpetual Chancellor of the Imperial Exchequer. He said often that Garling's genius for figures was just as lofty as Mozart's genius for music, or Shakespeare's for play-writing, and that it *would* be satisfied, even if he took to logarithms for pastime.

And so under Garling's management the house of Lumby and Lumby solidly thrived and grew, and Garling kept himself a secret.

Living as he did at a total outlay of not more than two hundred pounds per annum, it was not a thing to be surprised at that Garling had a solid balance at his bankers'. Nor was it in the least a thing to wonder at that he should invest his money on his own account, or that, when he had drawn a large cheque, he should invariably pay in a larger a short time afterwards. The balance in this way grew more than respectable, and Garling bought shares and sold, and always profited. His bankers had a high respect for him. Everybody respected him. A man who does his duty in a fashion so exemplary, and who makes money also on his own account, is bound to be respected.

On a certain evening in late summer Mr Garling sat at his own office-room with a ponderous tome before him containing many columns of straight-ruled figures. The house was quiet, the street was quiet, the gas made a little singing noise which in the stillness was clearly audible. There was yet a tranquil light outside; but the chief cashier's office was always dull, and he burned gas there nearly all day long. Everybody else had gone home an hour ago, save the night-watchman, who slept on the premises, and he had but newly arrived. In a distant part of London, a lanky, dusty, wayworn figure was at that moment

walking from street to street on the lookout for lodgings. The lanky figure was on its way to take part in that little story to which the cashier belonged; but neither Mr Garling nor Hiram Search was likely to guess as much. Can you, reader, guess 'who is coming to you out of to-morrow—out of next year—out of any cranny in the vast gulf of Time and Circumstance, to blend a life with yours?

Hiram strolled on three miles away, and the cashier meditated. The bushy black brows, down-drawn and making secrets of his eyes, were for once unburdened with arithmetic. As he sat with arms folded, head bent, back bowed, and feet depending straight downwards from his knees, he looked, taken in profile, like a human note of interrogation. Set after what secret question?

Coming slowly out of the maze of his own thoughts, he drew a letter from his pocket and read it through. It was addressed to 'E. Martial, Esq.,' under the care of that hair-dresser above whose shop Mr Garling had residential chambers; and it was written in a woman's hand.

'I will not approach you,' so the letter ran, 'with any attempt to remind you of the affection which you professed so many years ago. That I relied upon it, and that you played me false, is all I care for you to remember now. But I *will* have justice done to Mary. I have besought you long enough, and I do not wish to threaten even now. But I am not the less resolved, and what I can do for my daughter shall be done.'

This epistle bore no date or name of place, no preface of any sort, and had no signature; but Mr Garling had no doubt about the writer or the place of her abode. He read the letter once or twice, frowning more and more heavily, and then having folded it and restored it to his pocket, he closed the ponderous tome before him, took down his hat from a peg above his head, turned out the gas, and left the room, locking the door behind him—all in a slow, deliberate customary way. Lumby and Lumby's central offices were not without a suspicion of dry-rot in their musty atmosphere; but the cashier drew in the air in the corridor, as though it refreshed him after the close heat of his own room; and making his way with the sure step of custom down the dusky stairs, he nodded gravely, in answer to the watchman's parting salutation, and came upon the street. Quitting Gresham Street he reached Cheapside, turned his back upon St Paul's, and walked towards the Exchange, and voicelessly hailing a passing omnibus, rode on to Whitechapel, and alighted at a street corner. He walked slowly down the by-street, and then turned right and left, and right and left again. He paused before a dingy door in a street of excessive shabbiness, and knocked. Looking upwards through the dusk whilst he waited a response, he could just read the inscription on a card in the fanlight, 'Furnished Room for a Single Gentleman.' The door was opened by a girl with a face of fragile beauty. She was poorly but neatly dressed, and had a pretty figure, too slender and delicate for health. He stood so long regarding her in silence, that after asking his business and receiving no answer, she shrank back to close the door; but he raised a hand as if to forbid her and asked drily: 'Your mother is in?'

'Yes, sir,' answered the girl.

'Show me to her,' he said quietly, and entered.

'What name shall I say?' she asked timidly, as if afraid of him.

'Never mind the name,' he responded. 'Show me to her.'

She stood irresolute; but he stepped beyond her and tapped with his knuckles at a door leading from the narrow hall, and a thin voice crying, 'Come in,' he entered. The girl followed him, and stood in the doorway. Seated in an armchair beyond the fireplace was a woman, whose likeness to the girl was so strong as to betray their relationship at once. The room was bare and shabby, and was littered with odds and ends of cloth. A pile of loose folds of cloth lay upon the central table, and a piece of cloth trailed from the woman's lap upon the hearthrug. She had been busy sewing, and the needle was arrested at the thread's length, and stayed there when the cashier entered.

'You did not expect that I should be so punctual,' he said. His voice was stiff and measured, and his manner cold.

'No,' she answered him, speaking with evident effort.

He removed his hat, and took a chair; and turning his face slowly towards the girl, he signed to her to leave the room. She obeyed with a look of some bewilderment. When she had gone, he drew the chair a little nearer to the empty fireplace, and throwing one leg over the other, sat in silence. The woman looked at him helplessly, as if expecting him to speak first; but he surveyed her quietly from beneath bent brows of habitual calculation, and said nothing. But for the wrinkles which many hours of business-plotting had left upon it, his face was almost expressionless, and he sat so still that he might have been a statue. The woman, confronting him with uncertain glances, never long continued, still held the needle at the thread's length, and when her eyes had sought his half-a-dozen times, and each time had drooped again, the shadow of a smile flitted across his face and died away.

'You received my letter?' she said at length when the silence had grown unbearable. He nodded in quiet affirmation. 'Why are you here?' she asked after a long pause.

'To answer it,' he returned.

She looked at him again, and could read neither threat nor promise in his impassive face. 'How?' she asked.

'In this way,' responded the cashier, uncrossing his legs and leaning forward. 'By saying briefly and once for all, that I will take my way, and that you may take yours, as you chose to take it long ago.'

'As I chose to take it?' she asked in a voice of amazement.

'By telling you once for all that I will listen to no entreaties; that I will not be moved by any threats; that I am neither to be cajoled nor shaken.' He fell back into his chair, crossed his legs again, and regarded her fixedly once more. She made no answer; but sitting with her hands lying loosely in her lap, she looked the picture of helplessness and despair. After a long pause, he arose, took his hat, and

made a movement to the door. With a suddenness that made him start backward, she swept across the room and stood before him.

'You shall not go!' she cried, wringing her hands, as though they wrestled with each other, and each had much ado to keep the other down. He looked at her darkly and coldly, and after that one backward movement, stood stock still, without a word. 'I *will* have justice,' she said wildly and rapidly. 'You shall not leave your wife and child to starve and drudge year after year, whilst you heap up money for no reason.' He kept his eyes upon her face, and made no answer. 'Are you made of stone?' she cried. 'How long have I suffered? How long am I to suffer? Are we to live here till we die?'

'Live where you please,' he answered, and made a movement to the door; but she confronted him still.

'What wrong did I ever do you, that you treat me so?' she moaned.

'Still playing at innocence!' he sneered drily.

'Playing at innocence?' Something of his own look darkened on her face. 'I have never needed to play at innocence; but you have played at suspicion for your own wicked purposes. You were tired of me, and wished me dead.'

'Devoutly,' he interjected, with no touch of anger or of satire in his tone. There might have been a cruel humour in the word, but neither face nor voice bore sign of it.

'And so,' she went on, 'you pretended to suspect me, and forged a chain of lies about my steps, and hemmed me in, and bound me down with them.'

'Why did you leave me?' he demanded in the same dry tones.

'There is no one here, Edward,' she answered with a weary bitterness. 'You cannot justify yourself to yourself, or to me, and there is no listener here to play a part to.'

'Why did you leave me?' he asked again, in tones a ghost might have used, they were so passionless beside her anger, her weariness, and her despair.

'You drove me from your house with threats.'

'Of what? Of exposure, shall we say?' She moved her head from side to side in a very rage of helplessness. 'You left me, under what circumstances you remember. I offered to support your child, even then. I made you such provision as my means allowed.' She did not know that his salary at that time had been eight hundred pounds a year; but she remembered that the allowance thus recalled to mind had been one of ten shillings a week. 'Why did I withdraw that allowance?'

'Because,' she cried, 'you knew I had lived apart from you long enough to compromise myself if I should endeavour to make good a legal claim against you. Because you knew I loved my own fair fame too well to have it smeared by my husband's public perjuries. Because I was altogether helpless and in your power.'

'We have lived apart still longer now,' he answered coldly. 'I trust you love your fair fame as well as ever.' The taunt so wrung her that she moaned aloud. 'Are you less helpless now?' She made no reply, and he

repeated his question: 'Are you less helpless now?'

'I am as helpless,' she responded then, weaving her thin fingers together and dragging them apart, 'as any creature in the world.'

'So I believe,' he said—'so I believe.' Saying this, he took snuff, turning a little apart from her in his secret way, but keeping his hard eyes upon her sideways. In spite of the customary mask of no expression which he had made it the business of his life to wear, there was a look of cruel triumph in his face as he regarded her. The business-like acquiescence of his tone so cut the woman to the quick, that she cast her hands wildly upwards, as if appealing to Heaven against him, and burst into a tempest of tears. 'And so,' he said, taking snuff again, 'our interview closes as all our interviews used to close.'

There is a cement which is hardened by contact with water. Garling might have been made of it, so little effect had tears upon him. He brushed his hat upon his sleeve, and cast an uninterested look about the room. Then with a calm 'Good-evening,' he left the apartment, closing the door behind him, and having reached the street, walked back to the main road, hailed a passing omnibus, and sat secretly in one corner of it until within thirty yards of his own door, at which time a disaster, already recorded, befell the conductor. It has been mentioned that one or two of the passengers chose to profit by the opportunity thus afforded for the exercise of the virtue called economy. Garling was one of them. Twopence saved was twopence gained, to Garling. He saw the injured man driven away—for, secret as he was, he felt an interest in the events of the day, like other people—and then let himself in by his latchkey, and went up-stairs to his own chambers.

Arrived there, he lit his lamp, placed it on a large circular table in the middle of the room, and unlocking a safe, drew from it a ledger, certain pages of which he studied with deep interest. It was after midnight when he locked the ledger up again, and paced once or twice along the room with his hands behind him.

'It is almost time,' he thought, 'that the decisive step should be taken. Almost time! But I have not had patience for so many years, to be precipitate now.' He took up his lamp, and retired to his bedroom, where he began to undress. Suddenly he drew himself bolt upright, and sounded his chest with his knuckles, bending his head to listen at each tap. 'Why, you are sound enough,' he said aloud, 'to live till ninety.' Then he drew the lamp to the side of a looking-glass, and steadfastly regarded his features. He was not a handsome man, and never had been, and from the strange contortions he made before the mirror, he did not seem to be engaged in any search for facial beauties now. 'You look hardy and robust, my friend,' he said, speaking aloud again; 'but you may be unsound somewhere for all that. Consult a doctor, my friend—consult a doctor.' He sat for a minute or two, nodding absently at his own reflection in the mirror, and inwardly repeating this fragment of advice. Then, he arose, finished his disrobing, turned down the lamp, and went to bed. No compunction for the widowed wife disturbed his dreams. It was natural, perhaps,

that Garling, who lived so much among it, should dream of money. Natural or not, he dreamed of it; dreamed of it in orderly piles of glittering rouleaux, in stacks of crisp bank-notes, in shelving heaps of wonderful broad pieces, looking as if—as in Chaucer's story—a cart of gold had overturned its load. No man is responsible for his dreams, and if Garling in his visions knew that all this money was not his, and yet counted it over and hugged it and rolled in it and meant to keep it, that fact surely left no tarnish on the bright honesty of his waking hours. Garling had had millions through his hands, and his books had never once been out by so much as a halfpenny.

His dreams caused him no uneasiness when he awoke and remembered them; but before dressing, he went through the singular pantomime of the evening with some extensions, tapping and sounding himself all over the body, and listening with great intentness. 'You are sound enough,' he said at the close of this examination, 'to live to be a hundred!' He dressed, as he always dressed, with scrupulous neatness, breakfasted at his customary coffee-house, and walked solemnly to business. At mid-day he took a cab—to the complete amazement of the messenger seated in the hall. The messenger had known him for a score of years, and had never seen him do such a thing before. The cab bore Garling to the residence of a well-known physician, who—the stream of morning patients having run dry—was in the act of buttoning his gloves in the hall, preparatory to a drive to such patients as could not visit him.

'I can give you five minutes,' said the man of science. Mr Garling nodded, to signify that that would serve his turn, and followed into the consulting-room.

'I want to know,' said the cashier, 'how long I may reasonably hope to live.' The physician opened his eyes gently, and raised his eyebrows with something of an air of protest. 'I am a lonely man,' said Mr Garling. 'If I sink all I have in an annuity calculated for twenty years, am I likely to see the limit of the time, or ought I to make the calculation briefer?'

The physician went to work. He pressed Garling here. Did that hurt him?—Not a bit.—He pressed him there. Did that hurt him?—Not at all.—He listened to his breathing—he listened to the beating of his heart—he asked half-a-dozen direct and simple questions.

'You are as sound as a roach,' said the physician. 'There is nothing less certain than the duration of life; but there is every chance that old age may square accounts with you.'

'My life,' said Garling questioningly, 'is worth more than twenty years?'

'In all probability—yes,' said the physician. 'There is a long chapter of accidents, and no man can be sure.'

'Of course not,' responded Garling; and paying his fee, he buttoned up his coat and went by cab to his chop-house, returning to business afoot at the usual hour.

He sat late at the offices that night, with the big ledger before him. His elbows rested on its leaves, and his hands made blinkers for his eyes, and kept his face a secret. And his dreams of last night were with him, and waking

dreams of power and luxury that went beyond them.

'Twenty years to live it out in,' said Garling, in an almost voiceless whisper—'twenty years!'

NEWGATE PAST AND PRESENT.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

AMONG the many landmarks of the City of London which the tide of improvement is slowly but surely sweeping away, will shortly be numbered the ancient prison of Newgate. In the course of a few months, or even weeks, we may expect to see the machinery of destruction set in motion; a new site will be chosen, a new jail, replete with the most modern contrivances for the safeguard and the welfare of its inmates, will be erected; and nothing will survive but the name, and the associations inseparable from the name, of the dread City prison.

Antiquaries differ as to the period at which Newgate was first used as a place of confinement for malefactors. The Gate itself was probably built in the reign either of Henry I. or Stephen, when the rebuilding of St Paul's Cathedral, during the episcopate of Mauritiu the first Norman Bishop of London, and the consequent stoppage of traffic through the adjacent Ludgate, rendered it necessary to open a new outlet through the City walls in that neighbourhood. But it is further suggested that the New Gate so built was no more than the successor of a still more ancient portal; since traces of a Roman road have been found, leading apparently directly beneath the site; and some authorities claim the position as the site of the original Chamberlain's Gate, no vestiges of which have been discovered elsewhere.

The New Gate spanned the western end of what is now Newgate Street, and was flanked by stone towers, the dungeons beneath which are known to have been used for the detention of prisoners as early as the reign of John, an order having been issued to the City authorities, in the third year of the reign of his successor Henry III., instructing them to put 'the Prison of Newgate' in proper repair, the king undertaking to reimburse the City Treasury for the necessary expenditure. The use of Newgate as the State prison in those days is evidenced by the record of the imprisonment and death in its dungeons of Robert de Baldock, High Chancellor to Edward III.

Curious notes in the City Records show that the spiritual and bodily needs of the inmates were objects of care both to the authorities and to private benefactors. In 1382, for instance, the chaplain of the prison, dying, left his Service-book to the jail of Newgate, 'in order that Priests and Clerks there imprisoned might say their Service from the same: there to remain so long as it might last.' Again, in 1316, the halfpenny loaf of light bread of Agnes Foting of Strafford being found wanting in weight, it was therefore adjudged that her bread should be forfeited, and given to the prisoners of Newgate. Other offences of a similar kind on the part of bakers and dealers in bread were visited by similar forfeiture of the bread, for behoof of the Newgate prisoners.

The cordial reception given by the citizens of London to Henry of Lancaster, on his arrival in

England in 1399, led him, in the following year, when he had established himself on the throne, to reward their loyalty by making a present of Newgate to the City; and from that time it has always been the common jail of the City of London and county of Middlesex. But it still continued to be used as a place of confinement for State prisoners for upwards of half a century; and in 1457, Lord Egremont and Sir Richard Percy, being in custody there for taking part in a disturbance in the North, made their escape in the night, and went to petition the king for a remission of their sentences. Their fellow-prisoners meanwhile took possession of the walls of the jail, and defended themselves so stoutly, that the sheriffs were forced to call for the aid of the citizens, before order could be restored and their rebellious charges put in irons. This was, however, no longer the original Newgate, that structure having been destroyed by the followers of Wat Tyler in 1381, and its successor pulled down and rebuilt in 1412, by the executors of the famous Lord Mayor, Sir Richard Whittington.

Until 1783, Tyburn—a few miles to the west of Newgate, and nowadays a fashionable quarter of London—was the scene of the execution of such prisoners as were convicted of any of the numerous crimes for which capital punishment was awarded; and the unhappy wretch who was sentenced to death had to endure the horrible ordeal of a journey, either on a hurdle or in an open cart, from the jail to the place of his death, amid the jeers, or the still more disgusting plaudits of the mob, who made such spectacles an occasion for a holiday. Tyburn was in early days a remote village, taking its name from the Ty-bourn, a stream of great repute among followers of the 'gentle craft,' and had been the scene of public execution as early as the twelfth century, when the celebrated 'Longbeard' suffered the penalty of his insurrection against the exactions of Richard I. Here, too, Roger Mortimer, Perkin Warbeck, and the unfortunate 'Holy Maid of Kent,' underwent the last sentence of the law; and, in more modern times, the triangular gibbet of Tyburn was decorated with the disinterred bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw, whose headless remains were afterwards buried at its foot. The journey of the condemned felon was rendered the more hideous by the presence at his side of the public executioner, attired in the horrible costume of his office; while on his other side the chaplain of the jail made, or was supposed to make, a last effort to direct the thoughts of the doomed man to religion.

In order to impress the necessity for repentance more deeply on the convict's mind, and to induce the spectators to unite their prayers with his, a pious citizen, named Robert Dow, bequeathed, in 1612, the annual sum of twenty-six shillings and eightpence for ever, that a bellman should deliver from the wall of St Sepulchre's Church, opposite the jail, a Pious Admonition as the criminal passed on his way to Tyburn, and another on the previous night within the prison walls. The latter ran as follows:

'You prisoners that are within,
Who, for wickedness and sin,

'after many mercies shown you, are appointed

to die to-morrow in the forenoon, give ear and understand, that to-morrow morning the greatest bell of St Sepulchre's Church shall toll for you, in form and manner of a passing-bell, as used to be tolled for those that are at the point of death; to the end that all godly people, hearing that bell, and knowing that it is for you going to your deaths, may be stirred up to pray to God heartily to bestow His grace and mercy on you whilst you live,' &c. Many other legacies left from time to time by the charitable, for the benefit of the inmates of Newgate, are described in the interesting Report on the condition of the prison, written in 1784 by John Howard the philanthropist.

After undergoing repairs on one or two occasions, the old Gate House suffered considerable damage in the Great Fire of 1666; and the restoration, which almost amounted to the entire rebuilding of the jail, was intrusted to Wren, whose erection was at once so elaborate and so plain as to excite the ire of the antiquary Ralph, who writes of it: 'Newgate, considered as a prison, is a structure of more cost and beauty than was necessary; because the sumptuousness of the outside but aggravates the misery of the wretches within; but as a gate to such a city as London, it might have received considerable additions both of design and execution, and abundantly answer the cost in the reputation of the building.'

Its ornamentations are thus described in Stow's *Survey of London*: 'The ornaments on this gate are, on the west side, three ranges of pilasters, and their entablatures of the Tuscan order; over the lowest is a circular pediment, and above that the King's Arms. The other inter-columns are four niches, replenished with as many stone figures, well carved, in full proportion; one of which, representing Liberty, has carved on her hat the word *Libertas*; and the figure of a cat lying at her feet, alluding to a noted story of the former founder of this gate, Sir Richard Whittington, who is said to have made the first step to his good fortune by the assistance of a cat. The east side is adorned likewise with a range of pilasters; and in three niches are the figures of Justice, Mercy, and Truth, with this inscription under them: "The repairing of this part of Newgate was begun in the Mayoralty of Sir James Campbell, in 1630, and finished in that of Sir Robert Drury, in 1631; but having been damaged by the Fire of London, was again repaired during the Mayoralty of Sir George Waterman, in 1672." The companion-figures to the somewhat incongruous 'Liberty' on the western face were Peace, Plenty, and Concord; and four of these figures still adorn the front of the present jail.

'Old Newgate,' as the jail of 1672 is usually called, consisted of three distinct prisons—the Master's Side, Common Side, and Press Yard. The first was occupied by debtors whose means enabled them to pay fixed rents for their accommodation, in addition to the fees, which, under the names of 'footing,' 'garnish,' and 'chummage,' were demanded by the turnkeys or by their fellow-prisoners. On the arrival of a new-comer, his companions intimated their willingness to 'drink his health;' a process for which two 'taps,' one on the Common Side, the other in the Lodge,

offered ample facility. Should the new arrival be either unable or unwilling to pay the 'footing' thus demanded, he was required to sacrifice a part of his scanty wardrobe for the purpose; and his fellow-prisoners were not slow to enforce the rule, if their victim hesitated to comply. 'Garnish' was a payment openly extorted by the keepers of the jail as a species of entrance-fee, under the pretence of supplying extra comforts for the prisoner; while 'chummage' is a term the meaning of which seems to have differed in different jails. On the authority of the *Slang Dictionary*, we learn that 'chumming-up' was 'an old custom among prisoners, before the present regulations were in vogue; when a fresh man was admitted to their number, rough music was made with pokers, tongs, sticks, and saucepans; and for this ovation the initiated prisoner had to pay half a crown.'

The Common Side was, as its name implies, occupied in common by the poorer debtors and all classes of evil-doers, the mischief arising from this indiscriminate herding together of innocent and guilty being almost incalculable. The Press Yard was set apart for political offenders, and a few of the wealthier debtors whose purses would permit of their paying extortionate fees, as well as a heavy premium, for the comparative privacy it afforded. These were the three principal divisions of the jail, each of which was again subdivided into wards and holds; while the Gate House itself contained a separate place of confinement, known as the Stone Ward, appropriated to master-debtors, and the Stone Hall in which the prisoners took exercise, and where the irons were struck off the condemned before proceeding to Tyburn. Within the Stone Hall was a chamber called the Iron Hold, used as a repository of fetters, handcuffs, &c., and placed in charge of four of the prisoners, who were known as the Partners, and were invested with some degree of authority over their fellows.

North of the Hall lay one of the most horrible apartments in the prison, known as Jack Ketch's Kitchen, fitted with furnaces and boilers, for the purpose of boiling the heads and limbs of executed criminals in a preparation of oil and pitch, previous to their exhibition on Temple Bar and other public places of the City. Female felons occupied separate wards, named Waterman's Hall and My Lady's Hold; and debtors of the fair sex were accommodated in a room above the Kitchen. Two Condemned Holds, one for each sex, which were also used by the turnkeys for the temporary correction of such of their charges as grew refractory under their exactions; the Press Room, an apartment in which torture was inflicted in order to compel the accused to plead; the Chapel; and the houses of the governor and keepers, may be roughly said to have completed the interior arrangements of the prison.

The hero of Ainsworth's novel *Jack Sheppard*, to which we are indebted for some of the above details, was an occupant of Newgate on four or five occasions, and thrice succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the warders, and making good his escape, the third exploit being of a marvelously daring and ingenious character. His ingenuity, however, availed him but little, for he was speedily recaptured, and paid the penalty

of his numerous crimes at Tyburn in 1724. In addition to Mr Ainsworth's romance, the career of his notorious hero formed the subject of a farce, and even of an opera; while, in a very different class of literature, Jack Sheppard once figured as the text, or at least the subject, of a memorable sermon, in which the preacher, after giving a vivid narrative of the last of his escapes, exhorted his hearers to emulate, in their efforts to cast off the trammels of sin, the determined energy and perseverance shown by Mr Sheppard in defying the fetters and locks of Newgate.

Another familiar name in the annals of Old Newgate is that of Dr Dodd, the once popular London preacher, who, failing to obtain a sufficient income to gratify his extravagant tastes, either in that capacity or as a royal chaplain, or as tutor and chaplain to the Earl of Chesterfield, finally forged his patron's name upon a bill for a large amount; and was detected, tried, condemned, and executed at Tyburn 1777, leaving behind him a work called *Thoughts in Prison*, as a memorial of his residence in Newgate, and a contribution to the curious prison literature which owes its origin to the jail. The Doctor's last piece of pulpit oratory was his own funeral sermon, which he was permitted to preach in the prison chapel before his execution.

THE RUINED GRAVE.

A STORY OF THE AFGHAN FRONTIER.*

FROM the little town of Attock, on the river Indus, the grand trunk road runs in a westerly direction till it reaches Peshawur, the entire distance being about forty miles. Midway between these two is the small military cantonment of Nowshera, where the principal scene of this story was enacted.

Approaching Nowshera from the eastward, it was to be observed that the station was built for the most part on the south or left side of the road; fronting which, were the bungalows of the officers and the various mess-houses. Beyond these, and still on the left, were the lines of two native regiments—one infantry, the other cavalry—and the barracks of a British battalion of foot. Beyond these, again, stretched the parade-grounds of the different corps; while in the far distance rose the Cherât Hills, which had lately been pressed into service as a sanatorium for the Peshawur Valley.

It was a bright December morning at Nowshera; the air was crisp and exhilarating; for the sun had not as yet risen far above the horizon, and his level beams fell with pleasant and picturesque effect on the quaint-looking, white-washed bungalows, and upon the tall trees that stood beside them. On the right of the main road, the houses were comparatively few; for the ground on this side was a good deal lower than on the other. It was, however, much more thickly sprinkled with clusters of well-grown trees, probably because the Caubul River flowed not many hundred yards away, looking like a broad dull stream of quicksilver, save occasionally when

* The main incidents of this tale are true. The story has appeared elsewhere in outline, but imperfect as to certain important features.

the sunbeams caught its eddying ripples, when it seemed as if a myriad of glittering fireflies had suddenly been born on its lustreless bosom.

Over the lower ground just described, three officers were passing. They were young, and belonged to the native cavalry regiment which had but lately arrived at Nowshera on relief. At the present moment they were in search of a site for a bungalow which they intended building; for, as has already been stated, the station was a small one, and no suitable house was available. As with this object they sauntered onwards, casting their glances hither and thither, a tall ascetic-looking Afghan crossed obliquely, but a little behind them, the path they were traversing, and in the act of passing, his long, lean shadow fell darkly and ominously over each of the three in succession. But they heeded not, and strolled on conversing gaily.

'We must have our house up before the hot weather commences,' said Robert Strong, the squadron subaltern. 'Imagine passing a June in tents in the Peshawur Valley, where the heat of the sun is enough to broil every living thing!'

'All the more reason,' replied Captain Henderson, 'that you should be grateful to a beneficent government for supplying the wherewithal to put a roof over your head.'

'But how about the monthly instalments which the said government will carefully deduct from my pay till the loan is covered?' answered the sub. 'Besides, what with clippings for mess-bill, funds, &c., the miserably attenuated balance I shall receive will be positively insulting.'

'Since the insult is likely to be so very small, I'd overlook it altogether, and take it calmly, if I were you,' said Henderson, laughing.—'But, Farmer,' he continued, turning to the surgeon of the regiment, who was on the other side of him, 'I understood it was your opinion that the ground about here was too low and unhealthy for our purpose?'

'So it is,' replied Dr Farmer; 'and unless we can find a hillock or mound above the ordinary level of its surface, I fear we shall have to choose a site on the south side, which, as you are aware, will be inconveniently far from our lines and mess-house.—But hullo! look there;' pointing with his finger; 'that knoll to our left front seems the very thing.'

The spot referred to was a hillock a short distance ahead, that rose somewhat abruptly out of the ground on the side from which they were approaching, but which in the opposite direction sloped away very gradually.

Strong, who had managed to get somewhat in advance of the other two, climbed the ascent first; and had no sooner gained the crest than he uttered a loud 'By Jove! What have we here?'

His companions quickly joined him. Before them lay a rude-looking dilapidated grave, surrounded by a low wall of loose stones; a few paces from it grew a sturdy tree, on the branches of which hung some dirty discoloured rags. It was an Afghan *ziyarat* or shrine; but it had such a desolate and uncared-for appearance, that it seemed as though the place had lost its sanctity, and fallen into disrepute.

'Probably the tomb of some Mohammedan fakir or devotee,' said Farmer inquiringly.

'I rather doubt the ability of the Afghan race to produce such a crop of holy men,' returned Strong scornfully. 'I believe nearly every eminence in the country is disfigured by an eyesore of this description.'

'Very likely you are right,' said Henderson; 'for these *ziyārats* are often arbitrarily erected by priests and fakirs for purposes of gain; and it is an even chance that no one lies buried here.—In any case, Farmer, I shall not let it interfere with our plans, if you consider the site a suitable one.'

'It will do capitally,' answered the surgeon. 'There will be just room enough on the crest for our bungalow; and the garden and out-houses can be terraced a little lower down along the slope.'

The matter being thus definitely settled, the officers turned their steps in the direction of their mess-house, not a little gratified at having been so successful in their search.

The following day, accompanied by a couple of natives—a contractor and his assistant—Henderson and Strong proceeded to the spot they had selected, and were busy discussing in detail the plan of the house they proposed erecting, when the Afghan already spoken of came swiftly up the ascent, and without a pause or the slightest attempt at salutation, rudely addressed them: 'Sirs [*Sāhiban*],' he exclaimed, 'is what I hear true, that you intend building on this mound?' His voice shook; his whole manner was tremulous with excitement.

For a second or two, the officers stared in surprise at the man who had so abruptly interrupted their conversation; and indeed he was a remarkable-looking individual. Quite six feet in height he was, as gaunt as a skeleton; his face was long, with almost fleshless cheeks and jaws; the nose large and hawk-like; the eyes were small, deep-sunken, and fiery, their brightness being fed by an inward flame, that at times only flickered, but at others burned fiercely enough.

Captain Henderson answered the question in a quiet but stern tone: 'Yes; it is perfectly true.—But what do you mean by this uncalled-for intrusion? Who are you?'

'I am Mobārak Shah, priest [*mollah*] and fakir,' was the reply. 'This *ziyarat* is one of the most venerated in the country; it is the tomb of a celebrated saint, and in my charge. Are you going to desecrate it?'

'May I ask why you keep "the most venerated shrine in the country" in this vilely neglected condition?' said Strong, pointing contemptuously to the ruined grave. 'It looks as if it had been abandoned for years.'

'Understand clearly, fakir,' said Henderson, 'what we have determined to do, we shall certainly carry out; but the bones of your saint shall rest in peace; there will be no digging round this little patch; it will merely be levelled and made neat. Now, you'd better go.'

But the Mohammedan was both urgent and importunate. 'Choose some other site, sirs. Don't outrage the holy place, I beseech you, or evil will come of it—evil to you all.' He spoke earnestly, warringly, and hung about in their vicinity till they quitted the knoll.

A week and more went by, and preparations for building the house were being rapidly pushed

forward. Meanwhile, their rencontre with the fakir had been well nigh forgotten by the young cavalymen, and they expected no further annoyance from him; but in truth, had they been aware of the intense and superstitious reverence in which the Afghans hold their *ziārats*, they would scarcely have been so easy in their minds. A well-known authority on this subject says: 'The fear, love, and veneration with which these shrines are regarded by the mass of the people, is really astonishing, and much greater, I believe, than anything of the kind among other Mohammedan nations; here the *ziārat* holds a higher place even than the leading precepts inculcated by the Koran.' It will not, therefore, be a matter for surprise that the Afghan should have resolved to make a second and still more forcible appeal to the Englishmen's sense of justice; and if that failed, then to pour out on the impious unbelievers—as he considered them—the bitter phials of his wrath. He had not to wait long for his opportunity. One afternoon, the three friends met on the mound, and were inspecting the progress of the work. The foundations of the bungalow had been dug; but as yet the grave remained untouched, when the fakir was seen approaching with a train of followers behind him. He wore the usual loose Afghan dress of an ash-gray colour, and a Pathan skull-cap; but there was a cleaner, more wholesome look about him, as if he had prepared himself specially for a great occasion. With long uneven steps he stalked up the hillock, and at once addressed himself to Dr Farmer, who happened to be nearest. 'Sir, persuade your friends to stop this sacrilegious work; it is horrible thus to desecrate the tomb of a holy man.' His tone was loud and harsh, and naturally it vexed the surgeon.

'Be off with you!' he exclaimed, motioning him away with his hand.

'It is my right to be here,' cried the Afghan passionately; 'this place is even as my home to me. You are the interlopers; it is *your* footsteps that defile and dishonour this sacred shrine. Sirs, build your house elsewhere, or your punishment will be sure and speedy.'

'Now, fakir,' said Henderson angrily, 'I'll give you half a minute to take yourself off in; if you are not gone then, my servants shall forcibly remove you.'

At this threat, the man's whole face became convulsed, his eyes gleamed, and his sharp tones cut the air like a sword, as he replied: 'I will go; but first, in the name of my saint, I curse you three! Age shall never whiten your beards; in the full prime of your manhood, you will perish violently, suddenly. Within five years'—here his voice rose to a shriek, and he held aloft with the fingers outspread a hand like the talons of an eagle—'within five years it is written your names shall be numbered with the dead.' Then there was a slight movement in the crowd, and he was gone.

The fakir's manner had been strangely impressive—full, apparently, of a profound conviction that every syllable he uttered was inspired, and would assuredly come to pass. For the moment, its effect on all was palpable, and no one spoke.

'Bah!' said Strong, at length breaking the silence; 'such maledictions are enough to dum-

found anybody. There's something uncanny about that old man. Do you think he is demented?'

'He may be,' answered Henderson; 'but I shouldn't care for that, if there be no "method in his madness," and if he do not employ the Afghan knife as an active ally for the fulfilment of his ghastly predictions.'

From which it was clear that at least a grain of anxiety lurked in the hearts of the speakers.

Ten months had passed since the above scene was enacted. A pretty little bungalow now stood on the summit of the hillock; and the same sturdy tree—no longer, however, disfigured by unsightly rags—threw a pleasant shade in front of the building. But did the murmur of its leaves carry no echo of the terrible malediction that had so startled them, to the ears of the Englishmen? It was difficult to say. The three friends had now been in residence for some months, and were well satisfied, apparently, with the place. From the crazy old fakir they had received no further molestation; indeed, a hundred other objects had since engaged their attention. At the present moment, Nowshera was all agog on account of a great polo-match that was to take place the next day at Peshawur. The sides were Infantry versus Cavalry; and the little station's champion player, Captain Henderson, was one of the chosen few who were to do battle against the linesmen.

The eventful morrow arrived; the ground and goals were duly marked out; and all the beauty and fashion of Peshawur and, of course, of Nowshera turned out to witness the match. A gay crowd in carriages, on foot and horseback, thronged the boundary-lines. Meanwhile, the game proceeded with varying fortune; though it was clear to the experienced eye that it was as much as the horse-soldiers could do to hold their own against their antagonists. Suddenly, some one struck the ball with great vigour, and away it went spinning along the turf. Two men, opponents, singled themselves out from the players, and galloped full speed after it. Somehow—it is impossible to say exactly how—they came into violent collision, and riders and ponies were thrown headlong to the ground. The linesman, with an exclamation of disgust at his discomfiture, freed himself from his animal, and stood up, seemingly unhurt. The other player lay still. Soon two or three of the by-standers rushed forward and raised the fallen man; but he was dead—he had broken his neck. It was Captain Henderson.

Was the anathema working? Had the next few years as terrible a fate in store for the two young fellows that still survived? Possibly, thoughts like these may have thrilled the hearts of the occupants of the bungalow on the hillock, when they came to realise fully the catastrophe that had taken place.

A year later, a party of officers were out deer-hawking in the neighbourhood of Nowshera. [The sport of deer-hawking is a unique one, and pursued, so far as I know, nowhere out of Afghanistan and the Peshawur Valley. Of

course the hawks only act as auxiliaries to the hounds; still, without them the latter would never be able to run into their game; for the *chikara* or ravine-deer is exceedingly swift of foot and wary; and even though harassed by the falcons, it often gives its pursuers the go-by.] The hunt was in full swing; in the distance was a beautiful little antelope, bounding onwards, flying for dear life; above his head hovered a couple of magnificent hawks; suddenly, with a swift swoop, one of them descended and struck the animal hard on the side of the head with its wings, but did not otherwise injure him. The antelope slackened his pace for an instant at this unexpected assault, but recovering himself, went on faster than ever; when the second hawk stooped and dealt him a similar cuff on the other side. Manœuvring thus alternately and skilfully, they continued buffeting the poor animal, and impeded him very materially in his flight. Some two hundred yards in rear were the hounds, straining every muscle in the endeavour to reach their quarry; while last of all came the hunters, eager and impetuous, thrilling with the excitement of the chase, and urging on their horses till the pace was fast and furious. All at once, the horse of the foremost rider—a big powerful chestnut—put its foot into a treacherous rat-hole, and shot forward with terrific force on to its head, then rolled heavily over, with its luckless rider crumpled up underneath. The other men pulled up, for the fall seemed a serious one; and the white face, just visible clear of the saddle, had the pallor of death stamped on it. The ill-fated hunter was extricated and carried home. Three of his ribs were broken, and he had sustained other grievous internal injuries. A few days afterwards he died in great suffering. The name of this second victim was Robert Strong.

Not long after the above tragical occurrence, Dr Farmer fell ill, and was ordered to England by a Medical Board. From Nowshera he came to Attock, intending to rest a few days before continuing his journey; but here, notwithstanding that he was kindly and skilfully treated by the Civil surgeon of the station, he rapidly became worse. At one time, his life even was despaired of; but the poor man was not destined to die in his bed. He rallied; and by easy stages at last reached Bombay, and thence shipped for England.

In a couple of years he returned to India completely restored to health. In the meantime his regiment had moved down country to Allahabad, and it was there he joined it. One afternoon he was out boating on the river Ganges with a friend, when, by some untoward accident, the boat upset; both the men, however, were good swimmers, and struck out vigorously for the shore. As they were nearing the bank, his companion cast a glance in Farmer's direction, and saw he was swimming strongly and well. Presently, the former touched the bottom within his depth, and looked round again for his friend; but, to his utter amazement, Farmer had vanished! It would appear that the unfortunate surgeon had been seized with cramp, and sinking suddenly, had been caught in the race of some treacherous under-current, and swept down stream. His body, I believe, was never recovered.

Thus was the curse literally fulfilled. The three officers had perished in the prime of manhood, in the fullness of their strength, with appalling suddenness, and all within the short space of five years. But the narrative is not yet complete; its finale is as startling as the portion that has preceded it, and for this we must once again go back to Nowshera.

Shortly after Dr Farmer lost his life, the stream of the Caubul River became very much swollen, owing to heavy rains in the highlands of Afghanistan—in fact it was in a state of flood. Just then, strange to say, the Indus came down a vast raging torrent from the mountains, and in such stupendous volume that it speedily rose forty feet and more above its ordinary level. Now, the Caubul River flows into the latter very nearly at right angles opposite the fort at Attock; but with such amazing velocity did the stream of the Indus run, that it dammed up, so to speak, the waters of its tributary, which in its turn rose higher and higher, and soon overflowed its banks. The lower parts of Nowshera were inundated; but the flood still grew till it became the greatest within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The waters crept up the fakir's knoll, and whirled and eddied round the obnoxious bungalow, undermining its foundations; the roof fell in; the walls tumbled down; the house became a total wreck; and it remains a tenantless ruin to this day.

EARTHQUAKES.

THE phenomena of earthquakes have for many centuries been a subject of special observation by the students of natural science; yet it must be admitted that, after all, little that is definite and indisputable has been ascertained regarding what has ever been the dark side of the question, namely, the cause or causes of these phenomena. Humboldt, in the course of his extensive and valuable observations, made earthquakes the subject of special study; and in more recent times Mr Poulet Scrope, Mr Judd, and others, have been equally observant and painstaking in this mysterious department of natural phenomena. The theories that have been suggested to account for these extraordinary and frequently destructive manifestations of natural power, are as various as they have often been contradictory; but it is open for us to hope that the ever-widening knowledge of natural laws due to the increased and more systematic study of geology and its cognate sciences, may in course of time lay bare to us the causes of some of those phenomena that are still so much involved in obscurity. In the present article it is not intended to enter into the various speculations that have been current as to the nature and causes of these phenomena, but rather to take a survey of certain of their manifestations as exhibited in some of the more remarkable of recent earthquakes.

The British Islands enjoy an almost complete immunity from this terrible scourge; and but for the existence of a few hot springs here and there, we should have no reminder of the 'central heat' which has long been associated—though now there is reason to think, erroneously—with the interior of the globe. A few faint tremblings, the last dying thrill of some distant convulsion, have

occasionally been experienced in Britain, more especially in Scotland. The neighbourhood of Comrie in Perthshire has frequently been visited by slight shocks, generally very trifling, and lasting but a few seconds. In the month of November 1879, a smart shock was felt at Inveraray; and the Duke of Argyll sent a short account of it to the public prints, stating the fact, perhaps not universally known, that solid buildings are more seriously affected by earthquakes than those of slighter construction; the reason being obvious, that the slight edifice *gives* under the pressure of the shock, while the strongly built one resists with a force that too often insures its destruction. In the interior of Inveraray Castle, a peculiarly massive building, the effect was as if the windows were being crashed in, though the shock was not at all severe, and did not last above ten or twelve seconds. The unsteady movement of the floor was sufficient to produce a sensation of sickness; and a little dog in one room showed evident signs of fear, and whined piteously. Animals undoubtedly share largely in the dread invariably inspired by the presence of this mysterious force of Nature; horses tremble in every limb, and show signs of the most abject fear; cattle and sheep tear wildly about, lowing and bleating continuously; the crocodiles of the Orinoco have been known to leave the river during the shocks of an earthquake, and make for the nearest woods.

The sensation of feeling the ground unsteady beneath the feet, is described by all who have experienced it as the most appalling thing in Nature, calculated to produce an extreme of panic even in those least liable to nervous excitement. Sometimes little else is felt than a tremor or slight motion of the surface, without producing any injury; while in severe earthquakes the almost invariable sequence of phenomena is first a series of tremulous vibrations of the earth, then a severe shock or a succession of shocks, followed by a recurrence of the tremulous vibrations, which gradually decline in intensity till they become inapparent. The violent shocks are instantaneous, and very few in number; sometimes only one, usually not more than three or four. In the intervals between these, smaller shocks or tremblings take place. The severe shocks do the mischief. Earthquakes occur, even of the greatest violence, which are unaccompanied by any sound whatever; but subterranean noise of some kind or other almost invariably accompanies a severe shock. Sometimes the sound is like the rumbling of carriages, growing gradually louder, until it equals the loudest artillery; or like heavy wagons rumbling along a road; or distant thunder; or the rushing of wind underground; and sometimes the sound is a combination of all these, with others added still more appalling and indescribable. As nobody can tell how long the convulsion may last, or how severe it may be, people are generally in too terrified a condition to give discriminating attention to the various abnormal features of the disturbance. But a very graphic and interesting account of the worst of the almost incessant shocks that befell the city of Agram in Croatia a year or two ago, was published in one of the Viennese journals, and reproduced in one of the *Viennese journals*, and reproduced in one of the *Daily Telegraph*, from which we copy some highly descriptive passages. The writer says:

'It was about midnight, and everything was profoundly still. Suddenly my ears were greeted with an outburst of dismal barks and piteous howls, emanating at first from dogs in the neighbouring courtyards, and then taken up by others some distance off. At the same moment, it seemed to me as if a giant foot stamped twice upon the flooring of my room, hard behind me, with such tremendous force that the whole apartment groaned, and its four walls wavered, giving forth a sharp, crackling sound. It was a thrilling moment; but ere I drew in my head to cast a terrified glance round my room, I noticed that the long street seemed to undulate with a wave-like convulsion, and observed a thin cloud of dust rising from the roofs and glimmering in the moonlight. Sparrows twittered in a fright; and pigeons, loudly flapping their wings, flew straight upwards in great numbers. One could hear inside the wrecked houses the frightful yells of cats, and loud cock-crowings resounded from every yard in the neighbourhood. The air became filled with an evil stench. The whole house in which I was lodging shook. In a very few minutes, I began to hear the creaking of door-keys hastily turned in the locks of the adjacent house-portals, which were soon flying open one after another to give egress to panic-stricken throngs of shrieking men, women, and children in their night-clothes. These ghostly-looking crowds poured out of all the houses, and hurried along the streets towards the chief squares and open places. In a few seconds the Illica was filled with white spectral figures. It was a ghastly, weird spectacle. I went out, in order to see what was taking place in the town. The earth continued to tremble slightly. Suddenly, a second shock took place, not so violent as the first, but strong enough to aggravate the terrible panic of the population. In every direction, I could see people wildly running along, dimly visible through the black shadows of the narrow streets; but conspicuous, owing to the whiteness of their night-dresses. Everybody kept to the middle of the roadway, and crouched as they ran. On the Zring Platz, which is laid out as an ornamental garden, children were lying huddled together on the damp sward as close as herrings in a barrel, pitifully whimpering; whilst their mothers stood near, not knowing what to do for their little ones, and sobbing aloud from sheer despair. Meanwhile, the ground continued trembling without cessation; slates and rubbish streamed down unintermittently from the house-roofs. Ever and anon, a fresh shock caused us to stagger like drunken men; and after each successive shock, all the cocks crowed lustily in endless varieties of pitch. At about four o'clock A.M. was heard a terrible sound, like a long-drawn subterranean growl, followed by frightful thumps, quiverings, and oscillations, which lasted for seven seconds. Nothing more awful could be imagined. Women uttered unearthly screeches, and fell flat down on the ground in convulsions. The men rushed frantically into the midst of the roadways. Chimney-pots crashed down, tiles rattled off the roofs, dust-clouds filled the air, sparrows innumerable flew piping about, dogs howled. In the profound silence that succeeded the throes of this last shock, all the terrified cocks suddenly set up their crowing again. Then the moon sank in darkness, and all was over until day-break of that fearsome morning.'

Such a description as this enables the reader in some degree to realise the horrors of those appalling visitations, a succession of which, continuing with short intervals for more than a year, have reduced a handsome and flourishing city to a condition little short of ruin. Fortunately, those very destructive earthquakes are of rare occurrence, in Europe at least; tropical countries are at all times liable to them; although, with the exception of the terrible calamity which befell the city of Manilla in July 1880, there has been no earthquake of great magnitude for a considerable period, and not one during this century that can be named beside the awful convulsions of Nature that destroyed so many thousands of human beings in the latter half of last century. In the great earthquake of Lisbon, in the year 1755, it was calculated that sixty thousand people perished; and about the same number were destroyed by a terrible earthquake in Calabria in 1793. In the year 1797, at Riobamba in Ecuador, a similar catastrophe proved fatal to about forty thousand persons in a very short space of time; and this earthquake was notable as being one of the few that have been unaccompanied by any noise or subterranean warning whatever. Its motion was rotatory as well as vertical—a peculiarly dangerous form; and numerous great fissures opened in every direction, swallowing vast numbers of people; these fissures in some places opened and closed so rapidly, that various persons saved themselves by extending their arms, some being actually buried all but their heads. Parts of a mule-train were swallowed up, while the remainder escaped; and many houses sank so gently into the ground, that neither their inhabitants nor their contents were injured; and after being thus buried for a day or two, the people were rescued from their imprisonment without having suffered any injury beyond natural alarm. It is computed that earthquakes have proved fatal to above thirteen millions of the human race; while the amount of property destroyed is beyond all calculation.

On the night of the 28th October 1746, a shock of earthquake lasting nearly four minutes, reduced the fine city of Lima, containing upwards of seventy churches, besides many other magnificent public buildings, to a condition of deplorable ruin; though, fortunately, the loss of life was moderate, considering the magnitude of the disaster, only from twelve to fifteen hundred people having perished. The first severe shock was rapidly succeeded by others, which continued during the whole night, reducing the inhabitants to an extremity of terror, that was raised to the highest pitch by the mournful tidings that Callao, the port of Lima, had also been destroyed by the earthquake. The unfortunate port had, however, suffered still more fatally; for the violence of the convulsion had no sooner abated, than the sea began to swell, and rose to an enormous height, dashing fiercely onwards, and carrying all before it, till it had completely overwhelmed the town and its inhabitants, of whom more than five thousand were instantly drowned. Some few were saved by clinging to planks and other floating objects; but the great mass of the population perished, and the fine port itself was utterly wrecked, with all the vessels in the harbour, many of which were carried far inland by the

impetuosity of the cataract of waters, and left there high and dry.

A quaint and graphic account of an earthquake that occurred in Jamaica in June 1692, by which the town of Port Royal was severely injured, and which indeed devastated the whole island, was given by a clergyman then resident in the place, an eye-witness of the scenes he describes. In it he says:

‘On Wednesday the 7th of June, I had been at church reading prayers, which I did every day since I was Rector of Port Royal, to keep up some show of religion among a most ungodly debauched people; and was gone to a place hard by the church, where the merchants used to meet, and where the President of the Council was, who acts now in chief till we have a new governor. This gentleman came into my company, and engaged me to take a glass of wormwood wine with him, as a whet before dinner. He being my very great friend, I staid with him. Hereupon he lighted a pipe of tobacco, which he was pretty long a-taking; and not being willing to leave him before it was out, this detained me from going to dinner to one Captain Rudeni, where I was to dine; whose house upon the first concussion sunk into the earth, and then into the sea, with his wife and family, and some who were come to dine with him. Had I been there, I had been lost. But to return to the President and his pipe of tobacco. Before that was out, I found the ground rowling and moving under my feet, upon which I said: “Lord, sir, what’s this?” He replied very composedly, being a very grave man: “It is an earthquake. Be not afraid—it will soon be over.” But it increased, and we heard the church and tower fall; upon which, we ran to save ourselves. I quickly lost him, and made towards Morgan’s Fort, which being a wide open place, I thought to be there securest from the falling houses. But, as I made toward it, I saw the earth open and swallow up a multitude of people, and the sea mounting high in upon us over the fortifications. I then laid aside all thoughts of escaping, and resolved to make toward my own lodging, there to meet death in as good a posture as I could. The houses and walls fell on each side of me; but when I came to my lodging, I found there all things in the same order I left them; not a picture, of which there were several fair ones in my chamber, being out of its place. I went to the balcony to view the street in which our house stood; and the people seeing me, cried out to me to come and pray with them. I prayed with them near an hour, when I was almost spent with the heat of the sun and the exercise. They then brought me a chair; the earth working all the while with new motions and tremblings, like the rowlings of the sea; insomuch that sometimes when I was at prayer, I could hardly keep myself upon my knees.

‘Some merchants of the place then came and desired me to go aboard some ship in the harbour, and refresh myself, telling me they had gotten a boat to carry me off. I found the sea had entirely swallowed up the wharf, with all the good houses upon it—most of them as fine as those in Cheap-side—and two entire streets beyond that. I got first into a canoe, and then into a long-boat, which put me on board a ship called the *Siam Merchant*, where I found the President safe, who was over-

joyed to see me. I continued there that night ; but could not sleep for the returns of the earthquake almost every hour, which made all the guns in the ship to jar and rattle. As soon as night came on, a company of lewd rogues, whom they call privateers, fell to breaking open warehouses and houses deserted, to rob and rifle their neighbours, whilst the earth trembled under them, and the houses fell on some of them in the act. Ever since that fatal day, the most terrible that ever I saw in my life, I have lived on board a ship, for the shakings of the earth return every now and then. Yesterday, we had a very great one, but it seems less terrible on shipboard than on shore. It is a sad sight to see all this harbour, one of the fairest and goodliest I ever saw, covered with the dead bodies of people of all conditions, floating up and down without burial ; for our great and famous burial-place, called the Palisadoes, was destroyed by the earthquake ; which dashing to pieces the tombs, whereof there were hundreds in that place, the sea washed the carcasses of those who had been buried, out of their graves. Multitudes of rich men are utterly ruined ; whilst many, who were poor, by watching opportunities, and searching the wrecked and sunk houses (even almost while the earthquake lasted, and terror was upon all the considerable people), have gotten great riches. Whole streets, with inhabitants, were swallowed up by the opening earth, which then shutting upon them, squeezed the people to death. And in this manner several are left buried with their heads above ground ; only some heads the dogs have eaten. Others are covered with dust and earth. The day when all this befell us was very clear, and afforded not the suspicion of the least evil ; but in the space of three minutes, Port Royal, the fairest town of all the English Plantations, the best emporium and mart of this part of the world, was shaken and shattered to pieces, sunk into and covered, for the greater part, by the sea ; and we guess that there are lost fifteen hundred persons, and many of them of good note.

'I came on board this ship to return home ; but the people are so importunate with me to stay, that I know not what to say to them. I must undergo great hardships if I continue here, the country being broken all to pieces, and dissettled. I must live now in a hut, eat yams and plantains for bread, which I could never endure ; drink rum-punch and water, which were never pleasing to me. But if I should leave them now, it would look very unnatural to do it in their distress ; so that I am resolved to continue with them a year longer. They are going all in haste to build a new town.'

CURIOUS INSTANCES OF MENTAL PRESCIENCE.

THERE are many instances, more or less authenticated, of that peculiar mental prescience which seems to foretell events yet in the future, or as then happening, but unknown to be so to the person who is affected by such impressions. As illustrations of this peculiarity of mind and its impressions on the nervous system, the following incidents are related, as happening in the family of the narrator ; and there are doubtless many

of a similar character, and possibly much more singular, to be found, were those who happen to be cognisant of them to give them publicity.

Many years ago, there was a lady who had a most intense dislike to cats, so much so, that were there one in the room when she entered, she would be obliged to leave immediately, such an effect had it upon her nervous system. On one occasion, she was invited to dine with the narrator's family in the country ; but she declined, because she knew that there were cats on the premises ; but on the promise that the cats should be strictly incarcerated, she consented to come ; and the three cats belonging to the house were duly shut up. During the dinner, she was seen to be very uncomfortable, and to look very pale ; and on being asked the matter, she said that she was sure there was a cat in the room. Assurances that this could not possibly be the case, were of no avail ; and on search being made, a cat was found actually sitting under her chair. She rose immediately, and left the table ; and passing down the dining-room towards the door, she also passed across a small cupboard door opening in the wall, through which the dinner was served directly from the kitchen. As she passed this, the second cat of the establishment jumped through it into the dining-room. A scream of horror burst from the poor lady, and she was led away fainting into the drawing-room. The time of year was such that the window of the drawing-room was open, and it was so made that it reached nearly down to the floor, and not much above the lawn outside the house. While the poor lady was being attended to by aid of scent-bottles and such-like restoratives, the third of the cat establishment jumped in at the window ! This was too much to be borne by such a peculiarly constituted nervous system, and she begged to leave the house immediately.

In 1851, as I was walking down the centre of the Great Exhibition, carelessly looking about me, I was struck with a sudden thought as to whether I should meet a clergyman there with whom I had lived some ten years before, and had not seen for many years, and so far as I remember, had hardly thought of since. Pondering on so strange a turn to my thoughts, I suddenly turned round and retraced my steps ; and before I had gone thirty yards, I met face to face the very gentleman whom I had but just contemplated the possibility of meeting.

Another and a different sort of mental prescience occurred a few years since. I was dressing one morning, when I suddenly thought : What became of my brother's old signet-ring that I used to wear ? (This brother had died some thirty years before.) I began to think over it ; but found I had lost all recollection of its fate, and it passed from my mind. About five or six days afterwards, my niece came to stay with me. She had come from my old home, some twenty miles distant, where I had been born, and she said she had brought over

a ring for me, as my sisters thought it must belong to me, and that it had been found by one of the gardeners in the mould in the garden. And by inquiry I found that it had been picked up *on the very morning* that I had thought of it when I was dressing. Here, then, was the long-lost ring, and these various circumstances connecting themselves together; and I then remembered that I had lost the ring in that very spot in the garden belonging to my old home where it had been found; and being a signet-ring, and useful for sealing letters with, I had bought another to supply its place. On referring to my old accounts, I further found that this newer signet-ring had been purchased nearly twenty years before, so that the lost ring had been lying in the garden mould some twenty years before it was recovered in the vicinity of the spot where I had lost it.

Another prescience of what was occurring at a distant place occurred also to me a few years since. In early life I had become acquainted with the daughter of a merchant of a good old Scotch family—an acquaintance which ripened into an attachment. In course of time great losses were sustained by the merchant, and he was ruined; but this alteration of worldly position only drew the bonds of our affection closer together. Many trying circumstances occurred subsequently; the young lady formed undesirable companionships in the musical profession which she had chosen for a livelihood, which led a naturally romantic mind far astray from her former sober-minded decorum and ladylike propriety; and after continuous but vain attempts to arrest her heedless course, until as a faithful monitor I became perhaps even irksome to her, all further intercourse and friendship were broken off, though not before she was led to act towards me with a cruel ingratitude, caused by that which was her greatest snare—the love of admiration. Nothing more was heard about her, and I quite lost sight of her.

About eighteen years had passed away, and though I had now been married for a considerable period, and was settled in the country, I became impressed with a feeling that I should again hear from my old and once loved friend of former years. This impression continued on my mind for a period of some six months; and though no intelligence of the kind had ever reached me, I was further impressed with the sense that she was now married, and that too beneath her own proper station in life, and that she was in great want from pecuniary trouble, so much so in fact, that although I should be the very last person for her to apply to in the world for assistance, yet she would be obliged to do so.

One morning I received a letter in a handwriting that I thought I recognised but had not seen for many years, but the name attached to the letter was quite unknown to me. It ran as follows:

September, 186—.

DEAR SIR—So many years have passed away

since I wrote to you, and so painful are the circumstances under which I now write, that I scarcely know how to address you. Is it not strange that in the darkest hour of my life I turn to you for aid? but not for myself—it is for my children's sake that I am about to ask for assistance. Will you believe that only a frightful necessity has forced this upon me, that I am penniless, and my children almost wanting bread, and I am still weak from recent illness, requiring nourishment I cannot procure? My husband, after a series of misfortunes, has been made bankrupt, and since that time we have undergone much misery. . . . You will say that either yourself, or any member of your family, are the last persons that I should hope would help me, even from the horrors of utter ruin. I know this is true, but I recall your mother's grand and noble charity which knew no difference when sorrow claimed her aid, and thus I have dared to hope that even I may receive help for my children. . . . I must beg you to believe that I am conscious of deserving *nothing* at your hands; but I hope that my conduct to yourself—cruel, and ungrateful as it was, still worse, false and treacherous as it seemed—will be forgiven, for I have been punished by 'Him' who can punish severely; and perhaps this discipline was necessary to root out the miserable vanity and self-sufficient spirit, that were my besetting sins in youth, &c.

Such were the tone and admissions in the letter. Her marriage was the cause of my not recognising her signature, it bearing her husband's name. On inquiry, however, I ascertained that the writer was none other than the unfortunate friend of my youth; and a subsequent visit to her home revealed to me the wreck that misery and misfortune had wrought. A saddening, melancholy sight, of one highly gifted by nature with intellectual power. I need hardly add that the required aid was granted.

What could have thus led my mind to picture facts that I had no cognisance of and yet that were perfectly true in every respect? Is there not a *rapport* of spirit difficult to account for in these cases?

BARTOLOZZI.

IN 1727, a goldsmith and worker in filigree in Florence had a son born to him whom he called Francesco Bartolozzi. The father naturally intended his son for his own business; but as the boy grew up, he evinced a great delight in copying any prints that might come in his way, and his father observing this, wisely resolved to encourage the lad's inclinations. At the early age of nine the boy was already using the graver, and in his tenth year he produced two engravings of heads—impressions of which, although very scarce, still exist—showing in a remarkable degree his wonderfully precocious, though as yet undeveloped powers. In his fifteenth year, the lad was sent to the Florentine Academy, where he remained for three years, after which time he was apprenticed for six years to a well-known histor-

ical engraver, Joseph Wagner, at Venice. Here his genius began to expand and develop, Bartolozzi spending much of his spare time in drawing, sketching, and even oil-painting; but the graver was his most powerful means of giving expression to the art-faculty within him. In 1764, when at the age of thirty-seven, he was induced to come to England, where he was appointed Engraver to the King, being at the same time engaged by Dalton, the king's librarian, to do work for him at a salary of three hundred pounds a year.

Bartolozzi remained in England till his seventy-fifth year, during which period he engraved an enormous number of plates, and gradually rose to a leading position among the artists of his time. In 1802, he received an invitation from the Regent of Portugal to settle at Lisbon as superintendent of a school of engravers; and there he died in 1815, aged eighty-eight. His expectations of pecuniary success in Lisbon do not seem to have been realised, and his later years were spent, if not in poverty, yet without those surroundings of comfort and competence which a life of hard work, such as his had been, might naturally be supposed to merit.

The life and works of Bartolozzi have now been prominently brought before the world in two splendid quarto volumes from the pen of Mr Andrew W. Tuer, of the firm of Field and Tuer, the well-known printers and publishers of Leadenhall Street, London. The work is printed in that antique style for which the firm with which the author is connected has long been honourably distinguished, and forms two of the most sumptuous volumes which a book-lover could desire. A number of fine plates are included, affording specimens of the style of stippled engraving so popular in Bartolozzi's time, and which are here printed in the peculiar red or brown ink which was then used in their production. The work likewise contains a very complete list of upwards of two thousand examples of Bartolozzi's engravings, with prices, past and present, &c., such as cannot fail to be of much utility to connoisseurs in this branch of art, and to collectors of prints.

The author has also devoted several chapters to the art of engraving, its various styles, and the mode of their execution. In this connection he gives some useful hints as to the malpractices of some dealers in prints, and the means they take to pass counterfeits of high-class engravings upon the world. There are various ways in which these deceptions are practised. For instance, an 'unlettered India proof,' as it is technically called, is, from being taken off the engraving at an earlier stage, very much superior to what is called a 'lettered India print,' which is obtained after many impressions have been taken off the engraving, and when the plate has consequently become worn, and the picture lost its clearness and sharpness of line. To turn an 'India print,' therefore, into an 'India proof,' the India print is cut down all round close to the engraving. A clean sheet of India paper, of the same tone as the India print, but of a larger size, so as to show a clean blank margin, is then mounted on a piece of still larger plain paper, and the

cut-down India print in turn is mounted in such a position as to show the usual margin all round. Before drying, the manipulated print is subjected to immense pressure, which so forces the mounted print into the India paper, as to entirely hide the difference in the thickness of the material. A true impression taken off a plate leaves the mark of the plate all round the picture; and to add this to the 'doctored' India proof, a plain steel or copper plate of the proper size is laid on the face of the print, which is again subjected to pressure, and the deception is then so complete as almost to baffle detection. The author mentions that he once saw a volume belonging to a collector which was supposed to contain India paper impressions of engravings to the value of three hundred pounds; but on examination they were found to be 'doctored' plates, not worth thirty pounds in all. The various hints given by Mr Tuer in regard to print-restoring, inlaying, splitting, and cleaning prints, ought to place collectors more than ever on their guard against specious deceptions.

MY VALENTINE.

Oh, lovely Earth! awake to welcome her,
And spread a flow'ry path beneath her feet;
Let new-born Spring in beauty re-appear,
And kiss her temples with its odours sweet.
Clothe all thy banks with moss, that she may rest;
Wreath in rich foliage each protecting tree;
Twine rosy garlands o'er her lily breast,
And scatter sunbeams on the verdant lea.
Birds of the sylvan grove, sing sweet and low,
Yet hush to hear her answering voice divine;
Ye balmy Winds, your melody bestow,
In praise of her, my own, my Valentine!

Your brightest rays, ye Stars of evening, shed,
And gild her home with your enchanting beams;
With silv'ry splendour wreath her slumbering head,
And smile, ye Planets, on her peaceful dreams;
Then come, blest Spirits, hold your watch around,
Guard with your presence one of all most dear;
Draw near and shield the consecrated ground
Where lovely innocence is sleeping near.
So earth and sky, with all their glittering host,
In jealous care shall still their powers combine,
While I alone, who fain would offer most,
Have nought but love to give my Valentine!

ALFRED H. POULTNEY.

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FISHERY EXHIBITIONS.

HITHERTO, in this country we have been slow to move in the matter of Fishery Exhibitions; but now that more attention is being paid to the improvement of our fisheries, so far as improvement can be promoted by bringing to a focus the varied means and appliances incidental to present modes of securing the harvest of the sea, we are not likely to weary of the work, till all the good which can be derived from such exhibitions has been obtained. The Fishery Exhibition held at Norwich about twelve months ago proved successful; a considerable sum of money remaining in the hands of the treasurer after the expenses connected with it had been defrayed, and an honorarium voted to the Secretary, who worked so hard to insure its being successful. The good fortune—monetary and otherwise—attending the Exhibition at Norwich, seems to have incited to action in other quarters; and it is fixed that important ‘shows’ of a similar character shall be held in Edinburgh and London. It is to be hoped that both will prove successful, and place before us many improvements in fishing-gear and fishery economy.

Successful Fishery Exhibitions have been held in various continental cities and towns during the last twenty years, and many of these attracted a considerable amount of attention, visitors having come from great distances to examine the exhibits, and note such improvements as had been devised in the apparatus of capture and the economic uses of all kinds of fish. The most interesting of these foreign Exhibitions was undoubtedly that held at Arcachon, a place which has long been celebrated as an important centre of oyster culture and fishery enterprise, and where may be seen in operation suites of *viviers* or receptacles for sea-fish, devised by the fishermen of the basin of Arcachon, as a means of supply during stormy weather. All Fishery Exhibitions, it may be said, possess a strong family likeness each to the other; but the Exhibition we are now speaking about was

enhanced by an interesting show of living fish of many kinds displayed in a temporary aquarium; a feature which was very much missed at the excellent Exhibition of fishery material and products held at the Hague two years later, which in most other respects was well worth seeing, the display of many kinds of netting being exceedingly effective. Such Fishery Exhibitions as we have witnessed have each been remarkable for some speciality. A distinguishing feature of that held at Norwich was the encouragement given to Essay writing; a sum of about three hundred pounds was collected by the Committee for a series of Essays embracing various phases of the natural and economic history of the British food fishes, and also of the laws which regulate their capture. The money for this purpose was obtained from a variety of sources, the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers of the City of London, and other Associations, as well as many private individuals, being donors to the Essay fund. But what has become of the prize Essays? So far as we are aware, none of them have been published, which seems a mistake. Such writings can be of no public benefit till they have been given to the world; or, at all events, till a summary of their arguments and conclusions has been circulated among those most interested in the well-being of our fisheries.

Provision is in course of being made by the promoters of the Edinburgh Fishery Exhibition for no less than twenty-six prizes in this department. The Essays proposed are very varied, one of the most important being on ‘Harbour Accommodation for Fishing-boats on the East and North Coasts of Scotland;’ another, ‘On the best Mode of increasing the Supply of Mussels for Bait’—bait in quantity being, in Scotland, the main-spring of the cod-line fisheries, which at some seasons cannot be effectively prosecuted for lack of mussels. It would be well if competitors for this essay were acquainted with the great mussel farm at Esnandes, near La Rochelle, which was some years ago described in *Chambers's Journal* (No. 660, August 19, 1876). The proper utili-

sation of 'fish-offal' is also suggested as a fitting subject for an essay. The fact that in Scotland a million barrels of herring are annually cured, each fish of which has to be gutted—seven hundred millions of individual herrings at least!—is sufficient to prove that the disposal to advantage of so much intestinal matter is a question of some importance. Among others of the suggested Essays, we find mention of the 'Herring Brand;' the Salmon Disease; the Natural History of the Herring, with special reference to its Migrations; the various methods of Oyster Culture and of Fish Culture; Salmon Legislation, and the best means of improving it; the Pollution of Rivers as affecting fish-life; the best method of Preserving Fish alive for markets; the species of Foreign Fish most suitable for introduction into British rivers and waters; the various means of Curing and Preserving Fish at home and abroad; and many other subjects of equal importance, which might well include Fishermen's Insurance, a subject which was treated by us last week in this *Journal*. It is to be hoped the Directors of the Edinburgh Exhibition will adopt some plan of making their prize Essays public either in whole or in part. If the funds should admit of that being done, a volume should be published containing the Essays and the awards made for exhibits.

In addition to the above, a large number of prizes will be offered for various exhibits. The competitions in this department will embrace specimens of tinned fish of all kinds; as also specimens of dried, salted, and smoked fish; likewise models or plans of fishermen's dwellings, of piscicultural establishments and of fish-curing yards. As regards the apparatus for catching fish, prizes will be given for an eel-trap which will not interfere with the other fisheries of any river on which it may be placed; an apparatus for capturing crabs and lobsters will also receive a prize; whilst models of all kinds of improved fishing-boats are solicited, as well as collections of stuffed fish and sea fishing-tackle, as also of improved herring and salmon nets; likewise collections of aquatic birds, and many other things of a practical kind which have connection with the arts of fishing. One important item is a prize for Models and Drawings of a handier and safer rig, for the boats now in use on the East Coast of Scotland, than the lug-sail, which requires to be lowered and turned round the mast at every tack in beating to windward. A rig to supplant the lug-sail has just been designed by a gentleman in the Highlands, as will be found more particularly referred to in our 'Occasional Notes' in this number.

In connection with the conserving of fish-food, a prize is offered for an essay 'On the Fish Supply of Great Cities, with special reference to the best methods of Packing and Distribution, and other means calculated to facilitate the delivery of the fish in good condition for market.' Such an essay, if well thought out in a practical spirit, might be the means of expediting a reform in our fish-marketing system which has been long wanted. So far, the Essay List and the Catalogue of Exhibits for which prizes are to be offered, follow the lines of former Exhibitions. It would have been interesting had a prize been offered for a

well-drawn chart showing the relation, to the extent of netting, of the quantity of herrings caught during, say, the last fifty years, at periods of seven or ten years. Such a device might do much to settle that vexed question which is continually thrusting itself before the public, as to whether or not our herring supplies are diminishing; seeing it to be an undoubted fact that the extent of netting used in the capture of these fish has been about trebled during the last half century. Time was when a fisherman could carry his suite of nets to and from the drying-ground on his back; now, a cart and horse are required to perform the same work; and yet we are assured by the Commissioners on the Herring Fisheries of Scotland that there is no sign of herring-scarcity. The fish, according to the *Report* of the Commissioners, are as plentiful as ever. Another subject in connection with such an Exhibition as that about to be held, might be an essay on the value of 'fish as food.' There are some persons who claim that fish is the most valuable of all the brain-making foods of the period, and who zealously advocate its constant consumption by authors and members of the learned professions. It is somewhat curious, however, if fish have the power of bestowing intellect on those who partake largely of such diet, that our fishermen should themselves lag so far behind. The fisher class are certainly not devoid of poetic sentiment; some of the women can read the clouds, and interpret the moaning of the winds and the voice of the waves; but, as a body, fisher-folk can scarcely be called an intellectual race; and, under such circumstances, it is highly desirable that we should know exactly the grounds on which it is claimed for fish that it helps to produce brain-power.

An exhibit which would probably prove well worthy of a money prize or medal, would be to show at a glance 'the products of a cod-fish,' the uses that can be made of its intestinal matter, its bones, its gelatinous parts, its skin, &c. Other exhibits of a similar character would be interesting; but probably there will not be space to admit of such details being entered into; nor can we hope to see so much of the material used in foreign fisheries as was exhibited at the Berlin Exhibition of 1880. At that excellently managed Exhibition, much was shown which was of great interest; but in such cases it was at the expense of a country, and not of any individual or private Company. The United States of America, for instance, exhibited a coloured cast of every important fish in their country, as well as a model of every important fishing vessel and boat; so full, in fact, was the American exhibit, that it at once conveyed to the spectator an excellent idea of the fishing system of the country. The commonest as well as the rarest of the American fishing implements were to be seen at Berlin. The value of the American State exhibit was fifty thousand dollars. The late Mr F. Buckland tried to do credit to this country by sending a number of interesting articles relating to the British fisheries from his Museum of Economic Fish Culture; but the British government sent no contribution. The pisciculture carried on in the United States was likewise

well represented at Berlin; and it must be admitted that the Americans excel in the arts of fish-culture, which they carry on both on their rivers and in the sea on a truly gigantic scale. 'We beat the world at that,' said an American gentleman to us lately. 'We do in tens of thousands what you do in hundreds. One of our rivers yields as many salmon as all your streams put together.' That statement is so far true; the Americans excel in fish-breeding; and nature, in the Columbia River, has given them a wonderfully prolific salmon stream. But for all that is being done in the States in the way of pisciculture, fish are becoming scarce throughout America, and oysters less plentiful, vast as is the extent of oyster-ground across the Atlantic.

Another feature of the Berlin Exhibition which cannot be looked for in that of Edinburgh, we fear, was the Chinese collection; but that fact is only regrettable because the Chinese collection is 'curious'; it is only worth looking at as an example of the peculiar industry of a distant country. There is not much in the way of Chinese fishing-gear that we could copy in this country with the hope of its being useful to us. We could hardly fish with cormorants with any hope of commercial success, nor would their bamboo-mounted nets suit our purposes. One of the chief fishing industries of the Celestial Empire is the cuttle-fishery; nine thousand vessels and fifty-four thousand men are engaged in this fishery alone. The chief seat of the Chinese fisheries is at Ningpo; and Mr Hart, the Inspector-general of Customs there, thinks there are eighty thousand persons engaged in the fisheries.

Coming back to the colder seas of Great Britain and the Fishery Exhibition about to be held in Edinburgh—the London Fishery-show will not take place till next year—it may be interesting to state that the annual value of the British fisheries, to the men who capture the fish, is over eleven million pounds sterling! The fish are caught by over one hundred and ten thousand fishermen and boys, who require as many as thirty-five thousand boats to carry on their work. These figures relate only to the sea-fisheries; the river fisheries will be worth about a million pounds additional.

To provide such a fleet of fishing-boats, and supply the requisite kind and amount of gear for the capture of the fish, has undoubtedly involved a large expenditure. If some of the fishery apparatus now in use could be shown, at a Fishery Exhibition, as it is used, it would undoubtedly form a fine feature of the show. A herring-boat, for instance, at the present time carries a suite of nets extending fully three thousand yards in length and ten yards in depth, presenting to the fish a catching surface of thirty thousand square yards. An attempt was made to show a suite of nets at the Hague, though the display had to be curtailed, for want of room. Though it would of course be impossible to show an entire suite of nets duly hung, a portion of the Waverley Market of Edinburgh in which the Exhibition is to be held, might be allotted for the display of a portion of netting bladed, weighted, and hung as in the sea. A few dummy herrings might even be thrust into

the meshes, to show how they 'strike' the perpendicular net. The catching power of each herring-boat in Scotland, so far as the nets are a factor in the work, has been largely increased within the last twenty years; and it has been calculated that the total of the herring-nets now in use in the Scottish seas would, if all the nets were joined in a continuous line, extend twelve thousand miles, and cover a superficial area of seventy square miles! Those who, at a Fishery Exhibition, see only a great pile of nets heaped together in a mass, can obtain from the sight no idea whatever of the formidable character of the great perforated wall of filmy cotton that is let down into the sea to interrupt the speeding fish, and capture them in tens of thousands for the use of mankind. Nor does a show-case containing a few score hooks give anything like an idea of the long lines used for the capture of deep-sea fish; and in the same way as we desire to see a display of the herring-nets, we would like also to see a full suite of long lines baited and ready—an artificial bait could be used—for action. It requires to be kept in mind, however, that a Fishery Exhibition can only be made up of what is sent to it; it is in a sense a commercial speculation, the chief exhibits being displayed as a means of attracting customers; and as for the more interesting and out-of-the-way fishery apparatus, they can only be shown if they are received. One of the most curious things of the kind we ever saw was a salmon trap which was exhibited at one of the Boulogne Fishery Exhibitions; it was made to work with the flow of the water; it was entirely self-acting; and each fish that was secured in the chamber gave notice of its capture by ringing a bell which formed part of the machinery! At the *viviers* of Arcachon, already alluded to, M. Boissere has so studied their construction that he is enabled to work them with very little assistance—six persons only to three hundred acres of water. If a plan of these *viviers* could be given at the approaching Exhibition, it would be of great interest; as would also a really good chart of the labyrinths of the extensive eel-farm of Commachio on the Adriatic Sea, and plans of the piscicultural laboratory of Huningue.

It will be a feather in the cap of the Edinburgh Fishery-show if it is able to teach us, by means of either its essays or exhibits, what we most want to know in the work of the fisheries. There are certain data in the natural history of most of our food fishes, of which, notwithstanding all that has been written and spoken on the subject, we are still ignorant. One of the great questions appertaining to the subject may be formulated here: 'At what age do these animals become reproductive, and how long is it ere their eggs come to life?' How best to fish, so as only to capture those fish which have just arrived at the proper size for table use, is still an unsolved question in fishery economy; and if that point could be determined at the forthcoming Exhibition, it would signalise the accomplishment of a bit of useful work. That the most economic ways of fishing have not yet been discovered, is obvious enough to all who have had an opportunity of studying the practical work of our fisheries. In the herring-fishing season, cartloads of the ova of these fish are wasted, it being the rule to

capture herrings, if possible, just as they are about to spawn. On board a cod-smack we have seen countless millions of the eggs of the cod-fish which never could become of use. In fishing day after day, tens of thousands of immature soles and haddocks are captured and brought ashore to be sold; it is surely a subject of regret that these fish cannot be left in the sea for another year, when they would grow to double the value.

The forthcoming Exhibition is sure to prove interesting, especially in the hands of a fishery Commissioner such as Mr Archibald Young, to whom the credit is due of having suggested Edinburgh as a centre for operations, and who, as Honorary Secretary, has had most to do with carrying out the necessary arrangements. The office of the Exhibition Committee is at No. 3 George IV. Bridge, Edinburgh, and the Acting Secretary is Mr Henry Cook, W.S. We may add that all essays intended for competition must be lodged with the Secretary on or before Monday, 3d April.

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER VI.—‘HALF A MILLION OF MONEY IS SOMETHING CONSIDERABLE.’

MR JOLLY senior was not a wealthy man, as times go, and his daughter Constance was a trouble to him. The new resident at the Grange had a great faculty for laying on other people's shoulders the burdens which belonged to his own; but there was no one to whom he could so relegate Constance. Mr Jolly characterised his daughter as ‘a reasonably good-looking sort of girl,’ and expected her to marry some day; and he sighed for that day's arrival as the Arab pilgrim sighs for the desert well. If he committed extravagances, they were condoned by conscience as necessary preparations for Constance's settlement, though he did penance for every one of them in bilious growlings. The Grange itself was a matrimonial fly-trap. Horses, carriages, servants were matrimonial lures. Mr Jolly hated keeping house, and pined for his deserted chambers in the Albany. But Constance must have a basis for her operations, and the Grange served. If she succeeded in hooking nobody during the off-season, a town-house must be taken, and her father groaned to think of the expenses.

Mr Jolly was a proud man too, and in spite of all his growling, would not have things done meanly. His was not the pride of wealth, for he had little. It was not the pride of intellect, for he had less. It was not the pride of birth, for he had no glorious ancestry to boast of, and was merely the eldest son of a country gentleman, and the descendant of many country gentlemen of small note in their own day, and no remembrance after it. Mr Jolly's pride was centred in himself. He was proud of himself for being himself, and might have been puzzled to have found a better reason. Some of his friends had told him that he ought to be proud of his daughter; so he became a little prouder of himself, if that were possible, for having

such a daughter. He was not proud of anything but himself; but if he owned anything that another man would have been proud of, it swelled his own consequence in his own eyes. Yet, it was curious to notice that with all his pride he fawned upon a title as few men in this favoured country and in these republican times can find it in their hearts to do.

The father's condition of mind was not unfavourable to Gerard's chances—if Gerard could have known. The only son of a wealthy British merchant was not to be despised as a possible husband for Constance; and Mr Jolly had booked Gerard in the tablets of his memory with half a score of others more or less eligible. Gerard was unknown to trade—the senior Lumby had almost altogether withdrawn from active participation in it; it was rumoured on the best authority that the firm was wealthy even amongst wealthy London firms. There was nobody in the county—excepting a middle-aged bachelor baronet of very old family, and a young lord whose title had begun with his father—the contemplation of whose possible advances so filled Mr Jolly with pleasant hopes. And Gerard before three months had gone over his head after that memorable chance meeting in the lane, had given ample evidence of his enslaved condition. Sir Fawdry Fawdry made no advances, though he permitted his admiration to declare itself openly. That youthful nobleman Lord Solitair, came and went, seeming uncertain of his own mind, if indeed he could be said to have a mind, and finally retired ‘resigned,’ like Carlyle's Blumine, ‘to wed some richer.’

All the while our stricken Gerard, after the manner of lovers, looked with a desponding eye upon his own chances, and regarded all men as rivals. The summer and the harvest went by, and winter drew on apace. Then came the hunting season; and Constance rode to the meet now and again with her father, and Gerard's opportunities increased. He was shy, the poor Gerard, and would not and could not run after his sweetheart as a bolder man would have done, so that he was compelled to trust much to cunningly devised accidents for occasional meetings. Constance did not follow the hounds; and Gerard, compelled to leave her side when the fox broke cover, was unhappy, and found no great joy even in ‘the chase,’ keenest of pleasures hitherto.

‘My dear,’ said Mr Jolly, staidly riding homewards from the meet at his daughter's side, ‘I am very favourably impressed with young Lumby—very favourably impressed indeed.’

‘Don't you think he's a little *gauche*, papa?’ asked Constance.

Mr Jolly smiled, his brown withered face wrinkling like old parchment. ‘Perhaps so, my dear—perhaps so,’ said he, and jogged on, smiling still. ‘You at least may have a right to think so.’

‘Why should I think so more than another?’ asked Constance.

‘There are conditions,’ said Mr Jolly, his eyes wrinkling in a still broader smile, ‘under which young men invariably appear a little awkward.’

Constance looked round upon him with a glance of some impatience; but she answered smoothly

enough: 'You are quite incorrigible. You are as fanciful as any matchmaking old lady.'

Her father instantaneously became serious. 'Have I ever been mistaken?' he asked. 'Have I been once at fault?'

'You were mistaken,' said Constance, tossing her pretty head disdainfully, 'about Sir Fawdry Fawdry. You were at fault about Lord Solitair.'

'My dear,' returned Mr Jolly, 'I only profess to read symptoms. I do not profess to be a prophet. Sir Fawdry and young Solitair were both deeply smitten—but'—

'Nonsense!' said Constance ungraciously.

'But,' pursued her father, disregarding this interjection, 'people marry nowadays for money. Your face is your fortune, Constance. At least it is the better part of it, and men know it. Your brother Reginald must be provided for. By all law and justice, I am bound to deal well by Reginald. And you, my dear, must do as well as you can. Meantime, I am very favourably impressed with young Lumby—very favourably impressed indeed.'

'Very well, papa,' returned Constance; 'we shall know in time. I am not skilled in the reading of symptoms; but this affair will probably end like the rest.'

'My dear,' cried her father, 'you are ridiculous—positively ridiculous. One would think, to hear you talk, that instead of being in the very freshness of your youth, you were an old woman, and had had a life of disappointments.'

'Papa,' said Constance severely, as one whose mind was made up past altering, 'the days of romance are gone and over. Sir Cræsus Cræsus marries Lady Midas, a fat widow with a lapdog, and admires the poor pretty Phyllis from a safe distance.'

'And what becomes,' asked Mr Jolly, 'of poor pretty Phyllis?'

'That depends,' said Constance. 'Perhaps a Gnome from Staffordshire, or a Cyclops from Wales, runs away with her—that is, if she is lucky; perhaps, if she is silly enough, she marries Corydon, and lives in a cottage, and cultivates the virtues of cottage-life—envy and ill-temper and vicious-headache. Perhaps Corydon jilts her—being wise in time—and marries Lady Cræsus, a second time widowed.'

'And so, Romance is born again,' said Mr Jolly with his wrinkled smile.

'For Lady Cræsus,' said Constance. 'And there is the moral of my song, papa.'

'Which is?'

'That when you have married twice for money, you may, if you have survived that double ordeal, marry once for liking.'

'And so, Romance is born again,' said her father a second time. 'It is impossible,' he quoted, with a dim remembrance of his classic days, 'to expel Nature, even with a pitchfork.'—Constance laughed, and they rode on a little while in silence.—'You don't dislike young Lumby, do you?' he asked at the close of this pause, turning a somewhat anxious face upon her.

'No,' she answered carelessly. 'He is well enough.' Then there was another pause.

'My dear,' said Mr Jolly in a confidential tone, pressing his horse so near to hers, that his knee touched the off-side flap of her saddle, 'young

Lumby cannot have less finally coming to him than half a million. Even in these days of huge fortunes, half a million of money is something considerable.' Mr Jolly, like many men of limited income, had permitted himself to think of colossal fortunes more than was altogether wholesome for him, and his tone in speaking of money was always large and unconcerned. He thought of 'a few odd millions' like a Chancellor of the Exchequer, and would speak of them in the same vein.

'Considerable indeed,' returned Constance, who in monetary matters was severely practical.

'He is richer than Sir Fawdry,' said her father, 'and probably as well to do as young Solitair.'

Mr Jolly's veneration for the aristocracy naturally displayed itself in familiarity. I have no desire to be obscure. Let me explain. Mr Jolly in a lord's presence fawned upon the lord; but in the lord's absence, he used his name in an everyday fashion, to feed his own sense of his own importance. And a lesser reverence than his own for lordship could not have made the title seem important enough to do that. Therefore—so complicated a thing is snobbery—a most genuine reverence and worship bred a sometime seeming irreverence of speech. I am sometimes almost persuaded that if our House of Peers could guess the sum of snobbery which their presence creates among us, they would of their own free act abolish themselves, and spare the country much republican oratory.

'Papa,' said Constance, 'there is a vulgar fable about an old woman who counted her chickens before they were hatched. But,' she added, smiling again, 'the wisdom of our ancestors is wasted upon you—altogether wasted. You were counting already, you stupid dear, what could be done with half a million. I know you were.'

Mr Jolly absolutely blushed. That had been indeed the mental effort of the moment, and he had seen his daughter enthroned in Lumby Hall, and himself freed of all anxieties. 'One counts many unhatched chickens,' said he, recovering himself. 'It is the privilege of mankind to hope. When I see you settled, my dear,' he added almost with pathos, 'I can die in peace.'

'Pray,' said Constance, 'make the settlement less remote.'

The satire of this feminine thrust was too subtle for Mr Jolly; but in the fullness of hope he took a more cheerful tone. 'Cræsus is coming along, my dear—plain Mister Cræsus; but not much the worse for that, after all.'

'Cræsus,' said Constance, 'will marry Lady Midas, as already arranged.'

'And Phyllis?' said her sire, reverting to the former parable.

'And Phyllis will die an old maid.' There was not a creature in sight in all the widespread fields. A hundred yards away, the lane in which they rode dipped suddenly with a curve, and the hedge rose high, thick with prickly holly leaves and red berries. The air was as blithe and soft as that of a spring day. 'A southerly wind and a cloudy sky,' with rifts of soft blue in it, and the fresh gentle breath of the soil, and once or twice across the fields the tongue of the distant pack, proclaimed it a hunting morning. 'Phyllis,' said Constance roguishly, 'will die an

old maid.' And there, in the complete loneliness of the fields, she began to sing :

Ilka lassie has a laddie ;
Nane, they say, hae I ;
But a' the lads they smile at me
When comin' through the rye.

Her voice was just as perfect as her face—a very rich and mellow mezzo-soprano, not of so rare a type as her beauty, but as perfect of its kind. Now, it happened, as if set there as a warning to all young ladies against the practice of singing in the open air, which, though natural to youth and good spirits, is opposed to the dictates of fashionable reserve—it happened that a young man stood at that moment in the hollow beyond the high hedge of holly. He had alighted from his horse, and was anxiously inspecting a hoof, and making himself a little muddy in the process, when the first notes of the sweet voice struck upon his ear. He raised himself, let go the horse's foot, and listened. The little carol was sung with exquisite grace and archness, and the young man smiled.

'If your face matches your voice,' he said to himself, 'you won't have to mourn long, young lady.' When the voice ceased, the sound of hoof-beats on the soft road became audible ; and down the slope and round the bend in the lane came Mr Jolly and his daughter. Now, no man can paint in words a pretty woman ; and even Leigh Hunt's charming apology for failure will not greatly help him :

Let each man fancy, looking down, the brow
He loves the best, and think he sees it now.

For some of us have loved homely women in our time—what a provision of Nature that is to be thankful for !—and have found a beauty beyond beauty, in plain faces. But if no word-painter can show you a reliable, recognisable portrait of a pretty girl, what is to be done when he comes to actual loveliness ? What can he do beyond pleading the inutility of his art—its utter helplessness ? Yet, I would fain give you some semblance to the picture to carry in your mind. Fancy, then, a form—not too Juno-like, but ripe and round—clad in a habit of black broadcloth, with scarcely a single crease or wrinkle from the waist upwards ; a form which swayed with the horse's motion, and yet preserved a sense of firmness—the little gloved hands low down with a look of mastery at rest ; the little hat raking forward slightly, with an air not altogether coquettish, on a head altogether stately, with one superb knot of living gold behind ; a face charming in all its lines, and fresh with hues of health and airs of heaven, and on the face a little touch of fun, of pride, of wonder—a startled look, with hauteur and humour in it, at remembrance of the song and the sudden encountering of this unexpected stranger. And beneath this vision, a steed of price, who bore the lady as though he loved her and were proud of her, with high stately step, free yet mincing, like a cavalier in a minuet. This was the sight which broke on the eyes of Valentine Strange, when Constance and her father—whom, by the way, you may, if you choose, leave out of the picture—came dancing round the holly hedge at the bend of the lane.

Val raised his hat. 'I beg your pardon,' he

said, addressing Mr Jolly, 'but my horse has caught a stone, and gone dead-lame. I see that you have a hoof-picker on your saddle ; and I should be awfully obliged if you would lend it to me for a moment.—I'm sure I'm very sorry to detain you.'

'Not at all,' said Mr Jolly, fumbling at the strap which held the hook, with his gloved fingers.

'Allow me,' said Val ; and possessing himself of the hoof-picker, deftly whipped out the stone from his horse's hoof, and restored the little implement to its place with a cordial 'Thank you.'

'Not at all,' said Mr Jolly once more with great majesty. Constance had ridden on during this pause, and was perhaps two hundred yards ahead, when Mr Jolly, returning Val's salute, rode on again, and in little space overtook her. Mr Strange meantime having inspected all his gearing, remounted, and went rocketing up the lane in pursuit.

'What a beauty !' said Val to himself. 'I must have another look at her.' Reaching the lady and her father, he flourished off his hat once more, and drew in his horse to a walk. Want of self-possession had never been among Val's failings. 'Immensely obliged to you, sir,' he said. 'It was a most fortunate thing for me that you came by just then.'

Mr Jolly bowed, and branched off at a lane which bore to the left. 'Good-morning,' from Mr Jolly.

'Good-morning.—And again, thanks,' from Val.
(To be continued.)

NEWGATE PAST AND PRESENT.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

THE shocking state of the prison, and the consequent frequent outbreaks of the malignant form of typhus known as 'jail-fever,' which in 1750 spread to the Old Bailey Courthouse, and caused the deaths of Baron Clark, Sir Thomas Abney, the Lord Mayor, some of the jury, several barristers, and a number of the spectators, led to an examination of the building in 1770 ; the result being that it was pronounced 'so old and ruinous that it was neither capable of improvement nor tolerable repair.' A government vote of fifty thousand pounds, coupled with the gift by the City of additional ground for the enlargement of the jail, hastened the execution of the sentence of demolition upon Old Newgate. The task of rebuilding the jail was intrusted to Dance, the architect of the Mansion House ; and the first stone of the new erection was laid by Alderman Beckford in 1770.

The work proceeded slowly ; and the new prison was not yet completed, nor 'Old Newgate' entirely removed, when the outbreak of the Gordon Riots in 1780 added a new chapter to its history. The so-called Protestant Association having presented their absurd 'No Popery' petition to the Commons, and having failed to secure more than six votes in its favour, an unruly mob took possession of the streets, and for five days carried on a work of wholesale plunder and destruction. On the 6th of

June, having destroyed several Roman Catholic chapels, and the houses of many of the leading Romanists, they turned their attention to Newgate, whose governor, Mr Akerman, having received warning of the danger, had made hasty preparations for their reception. The *Old Bailey Sessions Paper* graphically describes the scene. The attack commenced on Akerman's house, which was soon broken into and fired, and his furniture dragged into the street, and broken up to supply torches and firewood for further mischief. An organised attack was then made on the various prison gates; but finding them too strong to be forced, the rioters piled the debris of Akerman's furniture against them, and fired the pile. The warders made heroic efforts to protect the gates, which they deluged with water, to prevent the metal-work from melting; but meanwhile the flames from the governor's house spread to the wards; defence became hopeless; the mob entered the burning jail, liberated the prisoners—some of them showing familiar knowledge of the intricate interior of the prison—and finally reduced all that was combustible of the building to ashes. So perished the last remains of 'Old Newgate.'

The new jail, then in course of erection, having suffered severely in the fire, the repairs were rapidly pushed forward; but it was not until three years later that the new prison was ready to receive its inmates, having cost by that time nearly double the original government grant of fifty thousand pounds. Principally owing to the representations of John Howard, who, in the course of his term of office as Sheriff, had made it his business to inquire fully into the condition and working of the jail, and had reported the results of his investigation to parliament, the principles upon which the new building was constructed were a great improvement upon those of 'Old Newgate.' But many of the worst evils remained, no provision being made for the classification of the prisoners; while the sanitary arrangements were so bad that outbreaks of 'jail-fever' were still frequent.

At the commencement of the present century, a more virulent outbreak than usual, at a time when there were no less than eight hundred prisoners within the walls, led to a resolution of the Council to remove the Debtors' prison; and this very necessary step was carried out in 1815, prisoners of that class being removed to the adjacent Compter in Giltspur Street. This building—now no more—had also been erected by Dance, to take the place of the old Wood Street Compter; but, so far as the debtors were concerned, the change was hardly for the better, their new quarters being described as 'one of the worst managed and least secure of the metropolitan prisons.' Newgate was, however, relieved of the evil of over-crowding, which had been an active agent in the spreading of disease, both physical and mental; and the first step was thus taken towards improving the condition both of the prison and of its inmates.

The present jail is a solid, stone-built edifice, designed with a view to security rather than beauty; but the massive style of its architecture entitles it, externally at least, to a foremost place

among the buildings of the City. Its principal front is three hundred feet in length, and the depth is one hundred and ninety-two feet, a portion of the older erection extending a further distance of fifty feet in Newgate Street. Like its predecessor, it consists of three distinct portions; the centre, containing the residence of the governor, with the chapel behind it, being flanked by two wings, consisting of yards, wards, and cells for the confinement of the prisoners. The internal arrangements have been completely remodelled of late years, to provide means for complete separation of the prisoners.

On the opening of the new jail, the scene of execution was transferred from Tyburn to the exterior of Newgate, the drop being erected outside the Debtors' Door. This continued to be the customary place of execution until the passing of the Act of 1864 abolishing public executions, since which, the sentence of death has always been carried out within the walls. This salutary change must have caused a considerable reduction in the incomes of householders whose windows overlooked the fatal Debtors' Door, as the interest shown by the public in the horrible spectacle of an execution, enabled occupants of houses in the Old Bailey to reap a golden harvest on those occasions. It is said that no less than twelve pounds was on one occasion paid for the privilege of witnessing an execution from the first-floor windows of one of these houses; and even the roofs used to be crowded, for hours beforehand, with eager spectators; while the street itself was blocked with carts and carriages, the occupants of which beguiled the time of waiting with cards and refreshment.

Though the building itself was an improvement upon its predecessor, the Reports of the Inspectors of Prisons, in the early days of the present jail, show that, so far as the management of the inmates was concerned, Howard's efforts had been of little or no avail. As we have mentioned, no classification of the prisoners was yet attempted. Robberies continued to be planned, and the uninitiated were bullied, as before. The Parliamentary Report of 1814, speaking of the chaplain, Dr Forde, says: 'He knows nothing of the state of morals in the prison; never sees any of the prisoners in private; never knows that any have been sick till he gets warning to attend their funeral; and does not go to the infirmary, for it is not in his instructions.' Attendance at the chapel was entirely voluntary; gambling, drinking, and the like, were the only occupations; and the old prisoners instructed the younger ones in the dearest feats of robbery.

The cause of the female prisoners was taken up in 1817 by Mrs Fry, 'the female Howard,' under whose auspices a Society, known as the 'Ladies Prison-Visiting Association,' was formed, the unremitting and unselfish efforts of whose members met with almost incredible success. Not only was the moral welfare of the unfortunate women promoted, but they were also encouraged to spend their time in various sorts of useful work, the proceeds of the sale of which were employed, partly in bettering their condition while in jail, and partly in securing for them honest employment on the expiration of their terms of imprisonment.

On the male side, however, there was no change for the better; and in 1836 the Inspectors of

Prisons spoke of Newgate as 'a fruitful source of demoralisation;' but no notice was apparently taken of the Report; for again in 1843, we find them describing the condition of the prison as such that 'the prisoners must quit the prison much worse than they entered it.' This state of affairs was rendered even worse by the fact that no employment of any kind was provided for the prisoners, and that even untried prisoners, innocent and guilty alike, were compelled to herd together with the most hardened of the convicts. It is hardly necessary to remark that a great change has been effected of late years in all these respects. Newgate is no longer a convict establishment, being now devoted only to the detention of prisoners awaiting trial at the Old Bailey, and to those who, after sentence is passed, return thither until arrangements are completed for their removal to a convict prison.

A School, to which boy-prisoners up to the age of sixteen were admitted, was started in 1814; but attendance was quite optional, and it is hardly wonderful that the boys preferred the conversation and tales of crime of the elder prisoners, to the instruction of the schoolmaster. But the Report of 1875 speaks encouragingly of the provision for the education both of boys and of their illiterate elders, though the Inspectors remarked that the duties of the schoolmaster were somewhat interfered with by his also holding the post of photographer to the prison. The chaplain's duties are also performed in a manner strongly contrasting with the laxity of Dr Forde's rule; while the bodily wants of the inmates are attended to on a scale which, though not precisely luxurious, is doubtless superior to what many of them are accustomed to in private life. For breakfast and supper, each prisoner is provided with a pint of oatmeal gruel or 'skilley,' each male receiving eight ounces, and each female six ounces, of bread in addition. Dinner, on four days of the week, consists of three ounces of cooked meat without bone, and half a pound of potatoes, with the same quantity of bread as at breakfast; while on the remaining three days, a pint of soup takes the place of the allowance of meat.

Many well-known and well-remembered names appear in the roll of inmates of the present jail. Among those who have suffered the penalty of death outside the Debtors' Door, perhaps the most notorious were the Cato Street Conspirators, five of whom were executed in 1820 for conspiring to murder the entire Cabinet on the occasion of a dinner-party at Lord Harrowby's, and for the actual murder of one of the constables employed to effect their arrest. Four years later, the sentence of death for forgery was executed upon the celebrated banker Fautleroy, who is supposed to have defrauded the Bank of England of no less than four hundred thousand pounds by means of forged powers of attorney. A curious circumstance connected with his crime was that he had kept an accurate list of those whose names he had forged, with an account of the result of each transaction, and that he had planned the whole as an elaborate scheme of revenge against the Bank, which had caused him heavy business losses by refusing to discount his acceptances. Another remarkable criminal who suffered for his crime at Newgate was Courvoisier a Swiss valet, executed in 1840 for the murder

of his master, Lord William Russell. The crime was committed in the hope of saving its perpetrator from detection for thefts of which he had been guilty while in the service of his employer. Among other inmates of the present jail, occurs the name of Lord George Gordon, whose followers destroyed 'Old Newgate.' Having been convicted in 1788 of libelling the Queen of France and the French ambassador, he fled to Holland; but was arrested, and consigned to Newgate, where he died of jail-fever five years later.

A sketch of the history of Newgate would be imperfect without some mention of the curious literature which owes its existence to the gloomy jail and its surroundings. Some specimens we have already mentioned; nor need we do more than refer to the numerous published accounts of casual visits to the prison, or to such vivid pictures of life within its walls as that in *Barnaby Rudge*; but among the less familiar Newgate literature are such rare works as *The Discovery of a London Monster called the 'Blacke Dogg of Newgate'*, a quaint tract, published in 1638, purporting to contain a revelation, in the form of a dialogue between the author and a prisoner, of the doings of some of the inmates of the jail. The author tells us that 'the Blacke Dogg is a black Conscience, haunting none but black-conditioned people, such as Newgate may challenge to be guests.' Next in point of time, we come, in 1677, to '*News from Newgate: or a True Relation of the Manner of taking Seven Persons, very notorious for Highwaymen, in the Strand, upon Monday the 13 of this instant November, 1677; and of another apprehended on Friday the 16th: all now prisoners in Newgate; with an Account of several Grand Robberies committed lately in Divers Places; and particularly, how Fifteen Countrymen returning from a Fair were set upon by Seven Highwaymen, who took from them several Hundreds of Pounds; as likewise the Robbing of a Stage-coach, and strange Discovery of some of the Thieves now in Custody, by means of two of the Passengers supposed to be Confederates with them.*'

In 1717, Newgate made two curious contributions to English literature, one bearing the title of '*The History of the Press Yard: a brief Account of the Customs and Occurrences that are put in Practice in that ancient Repository of Human Bodies called Newgate;*' from which the curious reader may gain a vivid insight into the horrors of prison-life a century and a half ago. The other is '*The Secret History of the Rebels in Newgate,* giving an Account of their daily Behaviour from their Commitment to their Jail Delivery; taken from a Diary kept by a Gentleman in the same Prison.' Here we have what professes to be the report of an eye-witness, of the profligacy and license permitted, or at least winked at, by the authorities, with some queer notes respecting the extortions practised by the jailers upon their charges. The Diary extends from April 14, 1716, to July 18, 1717, the rebels of whom it treats being some of the less notable movers in the Jacobite rising of 1715.

Passing over the *Newgate Calendar* and the *Annals of Newgate*, a series of biographies and details of trials, &c., by the Rev. Mr Vilette, then Ordinary of the jail, we come, a century later, to

a work by one of the philanthropists who took up the cause of the prisoners in 1817, entitled *A Twelvemonth's Visit to Newgate*, said by its author to contain 'a faithful account of the character and conduct of twenty-three persons, out of twenty-seven, who suffered the awful sentence of the law, in the City of London, during the year 1817.' Of more recent years, we find an interesting account of life in the City jail and of its internal economy, in '*Five Years' Penal Servitude*, by One who has endured it.' The graphic pictures which this writer has given us are too familiar to our readers to need recapitulation. His narrative of the daily routine of the jail, the strict and careful supervision to which prisoners are subject, and the ingenious mechanical contrivances which enable the warders, themselves unseen and unheard, to keep a watch upon the prisoner's every movement, presents a sufficiently clear idea of existence within the 'Stone Jug,' to satisfy the most curious, without any necessity for personal acquaintance with the interior of the prison. Many of his suggestions for bettering the lot of the criminal classes, and of obviating the risk, not only of further injury to the guilty, but, what is more important still, of irremediable wrong to the innocent, are so excellent, and apparently so feasible, that we shall hope to see them carried into effect in the new City prison, when Newgate itself exists only as a memory of the past.

THE CONJURER OUTWITTED.

THE following incident was narrated to the writer in Lisbon by the victim himself, a celebrated Austrian sleight-of-hand performer.

It has long been a stock 'dodge' of professional conjurers, and one which must be tolerably familiar to the public by this time, to excite notoriety in some way or other, immediately on their arrival in a provincial town; and one of those dodges is to hire a cab, drive to the leading hotel, and then refuse to pay the cabman. A violent altercation of course ensues; a policeman is summoned; the Professor gives his card freely—very freely—but declines to tender more solid satisfaction, on the ground that he has paid already; but that, in a momentary absence of mind, he has 'passed' the fare into the cabman's boot, or underneath the lining of his hat. Jehu for a long while indignantly refuses to remove the article of clothing indicated; but at length complies with reluctance. There, sure enough, is the required sum, or perhaps double its equivalent; and the fame of the conjurer being thus early noised abroad, he gets a good house in the evening. Should he be giving two performances on consecutive evenings in the same place, he may go to the market on the morning which intervenes between them; then, selecting an egg from some old woman's basket, he breaks it, and finds therein a gold ring, a live canary, or a sovereign. Another, and another, and yet another, are purchased and cracked with a like result; until, the cupidity of the owner being aroused, she hastily announces her determination not to sell any more, and forthwith proceeds to demolish the whole of her stock-in-trade on her own account. Naturally, she is rewarded with the discovery of nothing more

than the legitimate yolk and albumen; and loud will be her lamentations and bitter her invectives against the sorcerer who has thus beguiled her into making herself the laughing-stock of the entire market. Her denunciation, however, will rather rebound to his credit than otherwise, and manifest itself in overflowing benches at the Town Hall, Assembly Rooms, or Institute, the same night.

The true explanation is a very simple one, both being matters of pre-arrangement, for which the confederates, namely the cabman and egg-vendor, are well paid. No doubt, if a conjurer sees an opportunity of improvising a trick, and making a *bond fide* impromptu hit, off the stage, he will not be slow to avail himself of it; but such chances of creating a public sensation are rare. The same end is far more easily attained through the intermediate agency of a few moments' private conversation between his servant and the 'subject' to be operated upon. No earthly power could insinuate a coin into an ordinary boot without the wearer's knowledge and consent; nor would any ordinary woman be such a fool as to go on breaking eggs by the dozen in the hope of realising results which have obviously been effected by a *tour de force*. But it is an extraordinary circumstance that the public will never accept a commonplace, common-sense explanation of a conjuring trick. The popular idea runs on springs and traps and invisible wires; and a simple solution of a mystery is petulantly rejected, as an insult to the understanding. People like to be deceived, but they do not like to be told how easily this may be done; and sleight-of-hand performers take advantage of this human weakness to clothe some of the most ordinary feats of legerdemain with an environment of mysticism, and by so doing, render them more telling than any which are executed by all sorts of mechanical or electric apparatus.

'Suppose,' I once suggested, interrogatively, to Delisle, 'the cabman, who might be well known in a quiet country town, should tell?'

'He will—he does, the first time he gets drunk; but it doesn't matter. Nobody believes him!'

My Austrian friend was lately making a provincial tour through the south of France, and in the course of it came to a certain town which was of so little geographical or commercial importance that he had hesitated to include it in his 'fixtures.' It formed a convenient resting-place, however, between two larger and more promising places, and he resolved to halt there for a single night. Notification of the coming entertainment had, of course, been duly billed some days in advance. As soon as he had arrived on the scene, the old programme was carried out. The cabman, a dull, stupid-visaged Gascon, having got the scheme with difficulty fixed in his brain, and a five-franc piece with less difficulty fixed in his boot, was instructed to drive the conjurer round the town, and exhibit to him the principal public buildings and objects of interest—in other words, to give his fare an opportunity of exhibiting himself as the coming man—who had come; and constituting in his own person the leading object of interest to the dwellers in that monotonous little French town. Then back to the Railway Hotel, where the regulation

business began. Jean stolidly refused to accept the assurance that he had been paid; could not be induced to believe that it was 'all right'; didn't want tickets for the performance instead, and held out his hand doggedly for the money—so doggedly and with such heavy incapability of being roused to irate animation, that the disputant had himself to suggest that a gendarme should be fetched. This was quickly done by one of the by-standers; and with well-feigned protestations and remonstrance, the supposed defaulter was hauled before the local judge. And here, having strenuously asserted his injured innocence with profuse circumlocution, he wound up by stating that he had offered the driver five francs, being the amount of his fare and something in addition; but that he was so slow in taking it, that he, the donor, had caused it to pass into his boot, in a fit of impatience. Such things, he assured the avowedly incredulous magistrate and spectators assembled in the court-house, were not only possible, but easy of performance, by virtue of the magic art which he possessed; that he was sorry he had done it, since it had caused all this bother, and rendered it necessary to intrude on the valuable time and attention of justice; but that he could not afford to pay twice, and was, moreover, desirous of clearing his character from the imputation of dishonesty which had been cast upon it, and which would materially injure his financial prospects for the evening. In short, would the judge be good enough to order the cabman to take off his left boot, and he would pledge his word of honour that the five-franc piece should be found in it, before all witnesses.

The old programme, as I have said; but here a certain unrehearsed incident occurred to vary it. The simple Gascon did not deny that there might be a five-franc piece in his boot—in fact, he admitted that such was the case—but he utterly negatived the proposition that the late occupant of his vehicle had anything to do with its being there. He always kept his money in his left boot for safety, he said. And indeed, when the great cow-hide foot-covering was removed, out dropped not only the five-franc piece, but several other coins!

The magician was beaten with his own weapons. His case was looked upon as an impudent attempt at fraud on a poor untutored cabman, whose peculiar receptacle for money he had noted, and sought to take advantage of; and he had to pay a second time, and look pleasant. He returned to the hotel on foot, attended by an inconveniently demonstrative rabble, and found, furthermore, that mine host declined to furnish him with bed or board unless he were paid for everything beforehand. Indeed, the worthy landlord plainly hinted that he would not be sorry to be relieved of his custom altogether; and was only persuaded to grant him a dinner and a night's lodging by the earnest solicitations, coupled with the display of a well-filled purse, which his guest was induced to make, owing to the fact of the town boasting no other hotels.

Nevertheless, he had a fairly good house in the evening; and like a sensible man, who had seen many vicissitudes, and was prepared to turn

everything to the best account, he made what he could out of his misfortune—since there was no possibility of hiding his defeat—by frankly confessing to it, and relating the whole adventure to his audience, as a capital joke against himself. He had been fairly nonplussed, he owned, by the stupid-looking cabman—he, who had already given them some specimens of his skill, and was about to exhibit more; but he did not regret it. Such a lesson in tactics was worth double the money it had cost him. He then described the proceedings from beginning to end; the man's apparent tardiness of comprehension; his receiving the coin from the conjurer, and getting inside the *voiture*, that he might slip it, according to orders, into his boot unobserved; and the dull unintelligent demeanour he had maintained all through the little drama in which cabby had played his part to such perfection. In conclusion, he addressed himself to the back seats, and invited his Boeotian friend, if he were present in the hall, to come forward, and show himself as the man who had cheated the conjurer at his own game; when he would be very happy to hand him another five francs wherewith to drink the health of the company.

The ingenious peasant did not 'come forward,' but he was most likely present, and listening with all his ears; for next morning he called on the entertainer, as the latter was seated at an early breakfast, and introduced a lawyer, who threatened an action for defamation of character, on behalf of his client, in that the speech laudatory of his acuteness, made last night, amounted to a public accusation of obtaining money under false pretences! His client was a poor and illiterate man, but honest as the day, with a good name, and a wife, and all the rest of it, that all such people seem to have when any legal question crops up. How much it cost my friend to soothe that poor but honest man's breast, I do not know; but he assures me he will never pay another visit professionally to the town thus underlined in his reminiscences; and that for the future he shall invest spare five-franc pieces in better securities than cabmen's boots, especially those worn by fatuous-looking Gascons.

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

RECENT contributions to geographical knowledge have been both numerous and important. The publication of the English translation of Baron Nordenskiöld's *Voyage of the Vega round Asia and Europe*, once more arouses interest in the ice-bound Polar regions. Not only does this book give an account of the recent *Voyage*, with copious notes of observations taken during the time, but it contains a full account of what has been done on the same ground by earlier explorers. It forms perhaps the most comprehensive account of the Arctic regions which has ever appeared.

For a long time past, Mr E. G. Ravenstein has been occupied, under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society, in producing a map,

on an unusually large scale, of Eastern Equatorial Africa. This map will comprise twenty-five sheets, the first seven of which have just been published. Here we find the routes marked which have been traversed by different explorers, together with much useful information concerning them. Numerous blank spaces show that, in spite of the great efforts already made, there are many parts of the continent about which absolutely nothing is known. This map makes its appearance very opportunely; for, at a late meeting of the Geographical Society, two papers were read on recent travels in Central Africa. It is obvious that the interest attaching to such works is greatly enhanced by the help of such aids as this new map affords.

We learn that two Companies have been formed for the development of the coal-fields in Cape Colony. It has long been the opinion of geologists that certain parts of South Africa would yield vast quantities of coal; and for some time past, coal-mines at Molteno and Paardekzaal have been worked with very successful results. One of these mines, the Molteno, is of an unusual type. It consists of a hill which has been pierced with a shaft from its summit, with another horizontal heading driven into it from its base. This mine is estimated to contain at least half a million tons of rich coal. A line of railway is being laid between Molteno and East London; and as the district is rich in ironstone as well as coal, it has probably a prosperous future before it.—In this connection may be mentioned a projected railway in West Africa from the Gold Coast to the interior, which will open up a district rich in palm-oil, india-rubber, and other products of this fertile land.

Mr Rassam, the well-known discoverer of Assyrian relics, lately gave, at a public meeting, a brief account of his recent doings. At about twelve miles from Bagdad, a ruin was pointed out to him by an Arab; and he at once commenced some excavations there. After several days' work, the diggers came upon an enormous building, containing several chambers. Most of these were paved with brick or stones; but one had a floor of asphalt! Numerous inscriptions were found on this building; but the most important discovery was made by the workmen after Mr Rassam had been obliged to come home. In one of the rooms there were found records inscribed on nearly ten thousand tablets. These tablets are on their way to England; and until they reach the hands of experts, it is impossible to say what story they may unfold. Suffice it to add that we may be on the verge of a discovery that may prove more important than anything yet achieved in the history of Eastern research.

While on the one hand archaeological students have been busy unearthing treasures such as these, others have been doing a no less important work in solving the meaning of those inscriptions which without their labours would have had no meaning for us. Among these last may be mentioned M. Revillout, who, during the past few years, has devoted his time to the translation of certain papyri written in the demotic, or later handwriting of the Egyptians. A vast number of legal documents, dating, some of them, five centuries prior to the Christian era, have for many

years been lying at the Louvre. Of these documents, M. Revillout has made careful translations. They principally consist of marriage contracts and settlements, conveyances, mortgages, and other monetary transactions, and are full of interest, when we bear in mind the lapse of time since they were inscribed.

The wonderfully rapid progress of electric illumination has induced the Committee of the Franklin Institute to issue a Report specifying a number of precautions which should be observed in fixing wires and apparatus, so as to prevent accidents to life or property. Some fatal accidents have already occurred in this country through ignorance in handling cables through which a current was passing; and it is perhaps a matter of surprise that these accidents should have been so few, seeing that experience has been so limited in dealing with electric apparatus. The Committee recommend that all wires should be of sufficient size to carry the most powerful current used, without dangerous heating; and to avoid danger to life from discharge through the body, the wires should, whenever convenient, be placed out of reach, or deprived of danger by sufficient insulation. These are the two most important cautions conveyed in the Report; but other details of management are suggested which are well worthy the attention of all electric engineers, some of whom must necessarily be inexperienced in what must yet be considered a new industry.

A recent lecture at South Kensington, by Mr W. J. Bover of Leeds, on 'Smoke Abatement in Connection with Glass and Pottery Burning,' contained an account of Thompson's Gas Kiln. This kiln would seem to present many advantages in the way of absence of dirt, smoke, and fumes, and also in economy, over the methods of burning pottery generally adopted. By the system of gas-firing, glass and porcelain can be more perfectly fired than by the older process, for the heat is far more uniformly distributed; while there is a complete absence of those sulphur-fumes which are inseparable from the use of coke. At one factory, the cost of gas consumed and labour was one shilling, as compared with four shillings per firing in the old coke-consuming kiln. Moreover, whereas the former kiln could be fired six times daily, the latter could only be used once. There is no doubt that the same system could be applied to bakers' ovens and other uses; and when manufacturers are taught to believe that such a saving as we have indicated can be insured by the adoption of the new system, they will no longer care to decorate their tall chimneys with those vast black banners of smoke which work such havoc on the atmosphere of our large towns.

Some further experiments with the new Fire-proof Asbestos Paint were lately conducted in the grounds of the Crystal Palace, Sydenham. Two large structures made of timber, and representing theatrical stages, with drapery, curtains, and ropes, were prepared for the occasion; the one being treated with the Asbestos composition, and the other being left unprotected. A pile of shavings and other combustible materials was placed on the stage of each erection, and both were ignited at the same instant. The unpro-

tested structure was soon destroyed in the fierce heat; while that which had received a coating of the paint, resisted the fire most successfully. At the end of half an hour, some portions of the latter began to smoulder away; but there was no actual outbreak of flame. The form which these experiments took was, of course, suggested by the recent calamities at Nice and Vienna; and the results obtained clearly prove that builders and decorators have now at their disposal the means of averting the most dreaded form of disaster.

From the French scientific journal *La Nature*, we cull the following recipe for making a pretty and cheap room ornament. Procure a cheap sponge, the larger the better; place in warm water, and squeeze out all the moisture. Plant in the holes, seeds of millet, barley, purslain, red clover, grasses, &c., and in general any seeds which will germinate easily, and which will afford a variety of colour. Hang the sponge so prepared in a window, or place it in a vase where the sun will reach it, sprinkling it with water every morning for a week. It will soon be covered with vegetation—to remind those whose lives are unfortunately spent amid bricks and mortar, of the brighter world outside.

The late fatal explosion on board H.M.S. *Triumph* reveals the curious fact that our navy has for some time been provided by government with kegs of material representing 'infernal machines' of a most deadly kind. *Xerotine siccativa* is a compound of boiled linseed-oil and certain metallic oxides or salts. Under the name of 'driers,' such compounds are continually used for mixing with oil colours, so that they may readily dry; and hitherto, such harmless materials as litharge, red-lead, plaster of Paris, &c., have been enlisted into this service. Latterly, however, salts forming very unstable compounds when mixed with the oil, seem to have come into use; and for some incomprehensible reason, their dangerous nature has been unknown to the authorities. The mystery attaching to the awful *Doterel* explosion, when an entire crew were sacrificed, is now explained. We may feel certain that a calamity such as this will never again be allowed to occur from the same cause.

The want of a standard light for photometric purposes has long been felt; and since the introduction of electric illumination, some better means of measuring the light given by various systems than that hitherto adopted has become imperatively necessary. The old standard, the spermacandle, becomes, through unavoidable variations in manufacture, a very uncertain unit of light; and the Carcel burner adopted by the French is also unsatisfactory. In order that some definite agreement should be arrived at respecting this important subject, a Photometric Committee was appointed by the Board of Trade to inquire into, and report upon, the matter. This Committee has now finished its labours, and recommends the adoption of an air-gas flame—first suggested by Mr Vernon Harcourt—as the most reliable for the purpose. This contrivance consists of a brass burner with a quarter-inch aperture, giving a flame two and a half inches high. It is fed with a definite mixture of the vapour of light petroleum and atmospheric air. The flame produced is constant and trustworthy, and is in every respect suited for the purpose indicated.

The Channel Tunnel scheme, which some years ago was derided as an impossibility, seems to be in fair way of successful realisation. A meeting of the Submarine Continental Railway Company has just been held to take over from the South-Eastern Company those experimental borings which have convinced engineers that the enterprise is merely one of time and money. Sir E. W. Watkin, who presided, claimed that as there already existed in Great Britain fifty-eight thousand miles of underground tramway and roadway in our mines, we need not be frightened at the proposal to add another twenty-one miles of subway, which represents the length of the proposed tunnel. The cost is estimated to be far under the four million pounds prophesied by previous engineers—a great saving being represented by the dry nature of the workings through the gray chalk. The progress made by Colonel Beaumont's Compressed Air-borers is at the rate of twelve yards per day of seventeen hours; but a machine will presently be at work which will cut its way at the rate of one yard per hour. Thorough ventilation is maintained in the workings by the exhaust-air from the machine, and no trace of carbonic acid from the chalk can be detected by the most rigid test.

It has long been known that the Davy Safety Mining Lamp, under certain conditions, is not by any means a safeguard against explosion. With an explosive atmosphere moving through the passages of a mine with a velocity above a certain standard, the wire-gauze of the lamp no longer forms an effective barrier to the flame, and explosion then becomes possible. To meet this difficulty, a kind of cover to the lamp has been devised under the title of 'The New Tin Can Safety Lamp.' It consists—as its name implies—of a tin case for the reception of the lamp, which acts not only as a guard from the draught, but is also a great protection to the lamp itself. There is a lock on the case; and a glass front, through which its light can pass. This lamp was exhibited at the last meeting of the Manchester Geological Society, held at Wigan; and it was stated that its invention was claimed by two or three different miners, but that it was impossible to say to whom the credit of it rightly belonged.

A Report has been published which shows that during the year 1881 the managers of collieries received forty-two warnings from private persons. Twenty-six of these warnings were followed by explosions, thirteen of which proved fatal, and involved the loss of nearly one hundred lives. Most of these explosions were accompanied by high barometrical pressures, and may be traced not only to the effect of this pressure upon the coal, but also to the accumulation of fire-damp in the workings, owing to decreased ventilation from stagnation of the atmosphere above, a condition which it almost invariably assumes when the barometer is high. It may be assumed that these warnings have not been in vain; for the loss of life, as stated above, is less than half the average of preceding years.

It is well known that in the case of coal-pit explosions from gas, a great many deaths are due to the after-damp. To provide a remedy for this, it has been suggested that strong-rooms for refuge might be made at different places on each level

in a pit; but this suggestion, owing to the expense and difficulties of construction, did not find favour with the government inspectors. A correspondent writes to us, however, stating that the thing is by no means impracticable; and that if these strong-rooms, or places of refuge, were connected with the surface by a tube through which a supply of oxygen gas might be forced into these rooms, and if a small store of food, such as ship-biscuits, and water were always kept in them in case of emergency, many lives that are otherwise sacrificed, might be saved. The idea deserves to be thought out.

The French scientists are keenly alive to the importance of weather telegraphy. For the past seven years they have established an Observatory upon a shoulder of the Pic du Midi, in the Pyrenees; but not content with this, the staff employed have quite recently shifted their quarters to the summit of the mountain, nine thousand five hundred and forty-four feet above the level of the sea. Here is established a comfortable dwelling, which forms a great contrast to the meagre accommodation provided for Mr Wragge during his daily ascents of Ben Nevis. A house, with a covered-way leading to the instrument platform, workshops, and a laboratory, complete the arrangements. More important still, a telegraphic wire to the base of the mountain records daily the progress of the work above. The staff, it may be added, numbers four; and they have hitherto found the cold—under the conditions named—to be quite supportable.

Sir Joseph Hooker's Report on Kew Gardens, lately issued, contains an interesting account of the Cola Nut—the seed of the *Cola acuminata*, a tree which has been very successfully propagated in the Gardens. The Cola Nut is said to enhance the flavour of anything eaten after it, and is also said to possess extraordinary power in allaying the pangs of hunger. It is, however, chiefly used as a luxury, and is in great demand among the natives of the Gambia. The trade in this nut has much increased of late years, and in 1879 reached seven hundred and forty-three thousand pounds. The plant—a native of the Sierra Leone district—has been introduced into the West Indies, and has been distributed from Kew among the Botanic Gardens in various parts of the world.

We elsewhere allude to the useful work which has been patiently accomplished by Miss Ormerod in collecting, from various parts of the United Kingdom, evidence of the destruction wrought upon farm-crops by different insect pests, and of the means adopted as remedies. She has just completed a new series of returns that are shortly to be published. These are full of interesting matter not only to the agriculturist but also to the entomologist, and even to the amateur in search of new specimens for his microscope; for not only are our old friends—or rather enemies—the fly of various kinds, the daddy-long-legs, the wireworm, aphides, &c., fully represented, but there is here recorded the first appearance—it may be the first observation—of some kinds of destructive creatures never before enumerated in the list. The observations for the past year are thus remarkable for these new acquaintances, and, unfortunately,

for unusually severe attacks by better-known delinquents.

It will surprise some readers to learn how many more things than tinned meats are produced in Australia. The Australians, for instance, possess eight million head of cattle, seventy million sheep, and a million horses, besides pigs and goats. Much of the wool which grows on their sheep is imported into this country; and of the total of four million pounds-weight of wool which we annually receive from all sources of supply, three million pounds, or three-fourths of the whole, come to us from Australia. As some portion of this wool must go back again when manufactured, it has been fairly asked, Why not transfer some of the home manufactories to the colonies, where the operatives can be fed as well as here, and cheaper?

We learn from *Nature* that the Danish Society for the Protection of Animals—under the patronage of His Majesty the King of Denmark—offers two prizes, of two thousand and one thousand francs respectively, for the best and second-best scientific essay on that part of the Vivisection question which concerns the possibility of substituting recently killed animals for living ones, for the sake of physiological investigations. The essay should sufficiently indicate previously unknown cases, in which such a substitution of dead material may be applicable. In these essays, the possibility and desirability of replacing painful experiments on animals by some other methods of research, may also be a subject of inquiry. The essays may be written in the Danish, Swedish, English, French, or German languages, and forwarded before September 1, 1882, to His Excellency Mr A. de Haxthausen, President of the Danish Society for the Protection of Animals, at the office of the Society, Copenhagen. 'Our Society is only too well aware that the claims of humanity are not to be satisfied by these means, as extensively as it could wish. It will, however, feel itself richly rewarded, if its efforts result in diminishing the number of experiments in which animals are subjected to great and lingering agony. In this earnest hope, we respectfully request all humanely disposed scientific men of every country in the world, kindly to comply with our invitation.'

BOOK GOSSIP.

IN spring-time the forces of Nature are not wholly on the side of the husbandman and gardener. Its soft winds and dewy rains—its 'ethereal mildness' generally—while they revive the heart of the vegetable world, and waken the plants and flowers from their long winter sleep, infuse at the same time renewed vitality into various forms of animal life that have also been dormant throughout the colder season. Countless insects, many of them of destructive character, now burst their pupa encasement, showing that their period of suspended animation has ceased; and an army of maggots, slugs, and caterpillars are let loose upon the farmer and the horticulturist. If the winter has been mild and open, and marked by an absence of long or intense frosts, then the inroad of these crawling pests is aggravated, because more of the eggs, larvæ, and chrysalids have

managed to retain life throughout the winter than would have been the case if they had been subjected to very severe cold.

For both farmer and florist at such a season, we do not know a more useful book than that by Miss Ormerod, being *A Manual of Injurious Insects* (London: W. Swan Sonnenschein and Allen), with methods of prevention and remedy for their attacks on food-crops, forest trees, and fruit. It begins with a short chapter on entomology, in which an outline of this branch of science is given, along with woodcuts of the chief insect pests in their various life-stages—egg, larva, pupa, and imago or perfect insect—which cannot fail to enable the farmer at once to identify his insidious foes, and to take means for their destruction. The different kinds of vegetables, fruits, trees, crops, &c., are arranged alphabetically, and under each heading the special enemies of the plant are noticed and described under their common names, and means suggested for the prevention or remedy of their attacks. The work is the result of many years' observation and experiments, made with the assistance and co-operation of men of wide practical experience, and cannot fail to prove of signal advantage to all engaged in agricultural and horticultural pursuits.

Another new book that may appropriately be referred to at this season of the year, is Mr Heath's latest volume, *My Garden Wild* (London: Chatto and Windus). The title at first sight appears to be somewhat fantastic; but becomes less so as the purpose of the book is developed. Mr Heath, who has already written many excellent books on forestry, ferns, heaths, &c., undertakes in this volume to tell how he proposed to himself to have a garden filled, not with 'florists' flowers,' as the highly artificial productions of our flower-gardens have been sarcastically called, but with Nature's flowers—the flowers that bloom by the wayside and in the hedgerows, by the mountain streamlet and the silent lake—primroses and daisies, the wild-rose and the bindweed, foxgloves in their purple pride, and brackens in their livery of luxuriant green. The proposal thus made, Mr Heath succeeded in carrying out into practice, and those who would wish to follow so pleasant an example may find guidance and instruction in his book. The task of transferring to a four-walled inclosure in a back court the freshness and beauty of country flora, was no light one, and involved the study of Nature in her minutest phases, so that the flowers thus transported might continue to live as nearly as possible in their native condition and amid their native surroundings. All, this, however, Mr Heath did; and how he did it he tells for himself; and all who have read his *Fern Paradise* or *Burnham Beeches*, must know how well Mr Heath can tell such a story. The book is full of charming little bits of nature-drawing, which bring back to the reader the scents and sounds of forest life, till he almost thinks himself once again sitting among the ferns by the woodland spring, or wandering through meads 'with daisies pled.'

A very pleasant book for little folks is Mrs Saxby's *Snow Dreams* (Edinburgh: Johnstone,

Hunter, & Co.) The North Wind, King Christmas, Johnnie Frost—all favourite characters by the nursery fire—are here found doing and saying odd things, and playing many parts. For a group of boisterous youngsters, unthinkingly forgetful of the oft-repeated injunction to be quiet, we do not know a more amusingly warning story than that of 'The Giant's Pie,' and what it was made of. Then there is 'Tommy Kitten,' the 'round, plump, soft boy, with no corners anywhere about him;' and a host of other characters, big and little, whose adventures and sayings and doings will brighten the heart of many little ones. The book adds to its other graces that of being elegantly printed and illustrated.

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From the time of Argus, the wise old dog that after many years recognised and welcomed his much-wandering master, down to that of 'Rab and his Friends,' and later, our dogs have been much written about, and still more talked about. Their sagacity, their docility, their cleverness, their bravery, their kindness, and above all, their loving and more than human fidelity to their masters and friends, have been the theme of countless anecdotes and of unwearied interest. The number of books on our four-footed friends is always being added to, and the additions are almost always welcome. To this roll must now be added another pleasant contribution, namely, *Dogs of other Days*, by Miss Eve Blantyre Simpson (Edinburgh: Wm. Blackwood and Sons). A portrait of the author's father, the late Sir James Simpson, known over the world as the discoverer of chloroform, forms the frontispiece of the little volume, in which are recorded the lives of no fewer than nine dogs—from the great sagacious 'Nelson,' down to the tiny 'Mona,' with its long, erect, hare-like ears, and its little round bullet-head. The stories are pleasantly told, interfused with bits of quaint description and gleams of quiet humour.

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Village life in Scotland in the olden time was the true nurse of much of that individuality of character which has always been distinctive of Scotchmen as a class. The people were fairly educated, as education went in those days, yet not so much so as to be educated out of themselves. The 'levelling' process, which is one of the tendencies of our modern culture, both in society and in schools, did not then operate so extensively as now, and in villages and small towns, its influence may be said to have been scarcely felt at all. The oddities and eccentricities of character that might be natural to the individual, were therefore left to develop themselves—were not snipped off in early youth, and the child made to grow up as nearly as possible the same as everybody else. It was out of such material as these simple communities supplied, that Sir Walter Scott constructed his Dandie Dinmonts, Cuddie Headriggs, Ritchie Moniplies, and others of the same order.

And the material is not exhausted yet; for here is a book entitled *Bits from Blinkbonny* (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier), which consists entirely of a kind of character-

sketches woven into the fabric of a slight plot, many of which sketches are most admirable for the touches of homely humour and snatches of village wit which creep into them everywhere. The parish minister and his manse form the centre, as it were, of the group; but the principal figure in that group is not the minister, nor his wife, nor even the 'minister's man'—the butt of so many stories—but the minister's 'maid.' 'Bell o' the Manse' is the heroine of the book, and a well-drawn character she is, with her quaint ways, her happy expedients, her clever but never shrewish tongue, her simple yet strong fidelity to the family she served, and her wise and droll and pithy sayings. Dan Corbett, the one-eyed smuggler, poacher, mole-catcher, and a dozen other things besides, is a typical representative of a class which no Scotch village was ever without; and ranks next to Bell, perhaps, as a finished portraiture. The author, who screens his personality under the pen-name of 'John Strathesk,' has succeeded in giving us a graphic picture of what village life in Scotland was thirty or forty years ago.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

It cannot fail to interest many readers to know that the government are about to take steps to restore this fine old Norman strength to its ancient dignity as 'the Fortress of London.' The White Tower, which forms the central keep or donjon, was built in the time of William the Conqueror, and since then has had a part in every historic movement of the English people, and been the prison and death-place of many a noble personage whose names shall never fall out of English history. For long it has been degraded to a kind of storehouse for military arms; but this, it is announced, is now to cease. The arms are to be removed to some more central position, and an increased garrison is to be placed in the Tower.

CRITICS OF SCULPTURE.

Sculptors who execute busts often hear droll things said. Here are two anecdotes, taken from a French newspaper. A sculptor had produced the likeness of a celebrated personage, in whose biography it is mentioned that he regarded architecture as a very secondary art. The son of this personage visited the artist's studio for the purpose of examining the bust, when, after considering it with the air of a connoisseur, he said: 'Could you not express more clearly his contempt for architecture?'

Another time it was the husband of a beloved deceased wife who came to see her bust. 'Pray, study it well,' said the artist; 'it is only in the clay, and I can still alter it.' The widower looked at it with the most tender interest. 'It is her very self!' he exclaimed; 'her large nose—the sign of goodness!' Then bursting into tears, he added: 'She was so good! Make the nose a little larger!'

The above seems capped by the personal recollection of a correspondent, who writes as follows: 'Quite fifty years ago—for it was at the time that the Exhibition of the Royal Academy was held in Somerset House—I was paying a visit to the room devoted to sculpture. There were but three or four persons in the room, and the silence was complete, until it was broken by the exclamation of a girl of about fourteen, who was evidently under the care of a motherly sort of woman of about fifty years of age. "Oh, there's Lord B——!" cried the young girl—"how like!" pointing to a bust which was in truth an excellent representation of a well-known statesman.—"Like!" retorted the elder personage in a tone of ineffable scorn—"like! Why, don't I know his face as well as I know yours, and isn't his nose always twitching!"'

LAND-SUBSIDENCES IN CHESHIRE.

In this *Journal*, for January 22, last year, we gave an account of the operations of brine-pumping in connection with the production of salt in Cheshire, and the dangerous subsidences of the land in many localities owing to these pumping operations. The water which percolates into the salt-beds, eats away the rock, and when the liquid brine thus produced is withdrawn by the pumps, great cavities are necessarily left, into which the superincumbent rocks and soil have a tendency to sink. The danger thus arising to the villages and other buildings on the surface has recently been greatly increased, and the frequent and vast subsidences are exciting considerable alarm in the affected districts. The Dunkirk district, the scene of the great subsidence of December 1880, described in the article above referred to, has since shown itself to be thoroughly shaken. The subsidences going on there are visible from day to day; while at intervals sudden sinkings of great depth appear, and let in the fresh water to the brine-pits. This extraordinary access of water adds, of course, to the danger, as the salt-rock is thereby the more rapidly dissolved and eaten away. The amount of damage done to Ashton's works alone (which are situated close to the sinking centre) is estimated at over two thousand pounds. In Marston, the sinking called 'Neumann's Flash' extends and deepens continuously. At Leftwich, the subsidence has developed so rapidly that every few days a portion of the main highway has been drawn into the sinking. Since September last, the Local Board have filled in a series of holes forming on the same spot, which in the aggregate have amounted to fifty feet in depth.

So long as the making of salt is carried on in the district, necessitating, as above explained, the withdrawal of so much brine from underground, these dangerous subsidences may be expected to continue in an increasing ratio as the ground below is being more and more undermined.

SPLIT-LUG RIG FOR FISHING-BOATS.

We have received a lithographed sheet from Messrs W. & A. K. Johnston, Edinburgh, showing

a boat mounted with the Split Lug as a rig, instead of the Dipping Lug now generally in use amongst the more northerly of the British fishing communities. The former is believed to be superior both in respect of handiness and safety to that presently in use, and is designed by R. B. Æ. Macleod, Esq. of Cadboll. Admiral Rutherford, an officer of great experience in everything connected with the East Coast Fishings, has, in a letter to Mr Macleod, expressed himself as follows with regard to the Split-Lug Rig: 'I have observed that you are strongly advocating the Split Lug as a rig for fishing-boats, and sincerely hope that you will succeed in getting it a fair trial, because, in my humble opinion, it is the safest and handiest in all respects, and infinitely superior to the huge Dipping Lug and enormous mast now in vogue. In working to windward, the Split Lug insures the boat coming round—no dipping required. The mast is shorter, stepped further aft, and got down with more ease. When taken aback by a sudden shift, all that is required is to haul aft the opposite sheets, the sail is at once full, and the boat under perfect command. With the Dipping Lug under similar circumstances, the sail comes down with great difficulty, often with some danger, and has to be dipped and rehoisted, involving a deal of lost ground. In a gale, your mizzen set on the mainmast would make an admirable storm-sail for lying to, and if the fishermen would, when caught in a bad gale, put their boat's head off the land instead of running in, they would be in a much safer position. Fishermen, like most of us, are wedded to old opinions. Some object to the rig in question because on one tack the yard must be on the weather-side of the mast. My answer is to point to the French luggers, who keep the sea in all weathers.'

It is believed that the adoption of this change of rig—a model of which will, we hope, be shown at the forthcoming Fishery Exhibition at Edinburgh—would have the effect of saving much life and property to the fishing communities.

COLOUR-BLINDNESS.

From advanced sheets of the 'Imperial Maritime Medical Reports' for 1881, by Dr Macgowan, issued for obtaining information from Japan and Indo-China, we are enabled to give the following interesting notes on the absence of colour-blindness among the Chinese:

'In various parts of the Empire and for several years, I have sought information on colour-blindness, interrogating painters, dyers, and others likely to become acquainted with that visual defect, without finding evidence of its existence. Lately, through the courtesy of Mr Douthwaite, I obtained the services of his hospital native assistant in subjecting to examination above one thousand applicants for relief at that institution. The result of the examination, and that which I myself made among the crews of gunboats, failed to afford evidence of the existence of Daltonism. The irides of those examined were generally dark hazel, the others black, colours prevalent in China. The rarity, if not absence, in China of that defect of vision, or rather of the sensorium, and the absence of evidence of its existence except among Europeans and Americans, is suggestive of inquiry if this colour-blindness is not an ethnic char-

acteristic. The examinations instituted in India among candidates for employment on railways were probably restricted to Eurasians, and the cases there discovered may not have been those of natives. Nubians, it has been lately ascertained, are free of the defect.

'It having been demonstrated that from five to seven per cent. of Americans and Europeans are at fault in distinguishing between colours—red and green, for example (railway signal colours), it is presumable that among the hundred or more pilots of the China coast there are several who are thus disqualified from following that vocation, and it would only be in accordance with recent legislation in the West if that most useful class of our fellow-residents were subjected to the usual tests for colour-blindness.'

[In connection with the foregoing statements regarding the inability of some persons to distinguish one colour from another, we may mention that the late Professor George Wilson of Edinburgh experimented upon many hundreds of individuals, nearly eighteen per cent. of whom were more or less colour-blind! With such proof as this, it behoves railway Companies to appoint their servants only after special examination as to their ability to clearly distinguish one colour from another.—ED.]

L I N E S

SUGGESTED BY A BIRD SINGING, A WOOD-PRIMROSE
IN FLOWER, A CHILD PLAYING, AND AN
EARLY BUTTERFLY, Jan. 18, 1882.

SWEET Bird, whose carol on the winter thorn
Tells of glad Hope within thy pretty breast,
Wait ere thou singest! Winter may be born,
And all these sunny fields with snow be drest.
Yet who can blame thy song? Would I might know
The Faith and Hope that in thy joy-notes flow!

Dear Flow'ret! To *thy* thinking, Spring has come;
Thou hastenest all thy beauties to unfold,
And in a nook of thy soft woodland home,
Dost shine amid the moss like star of gold.
How can we chide thee? Oh, for strength to meet
The coming Storm—so bloom in fragrance sweet!

Fair Child, who sees no Future, knows no Past,
Sing on, and fear not! But the Storm will come:
Thy thoughtless joyance may not always last.
Yet smile within the shelter of thy Home!
Care comes with years—but thine the glad To-day.
Strength will be given, and patience for the Way!

Poor Butterfly, which flutterest in the sun,
With white wings spread, to catch its transient heat,
Thy little life, perchance ere day is done,
Will pass away. A thing so frail and fleet
Is scarce worth being born—yet flutter free:
An emblem of our day is seen in thee.

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DOMESTIC WAYS AND MEANS.

BY A FAMILY MAN.

To most, if not to all, households there comes, at some period of their several histories, a time when it becomes desirable to cut down expenses to the lowest possible figure. Pater-familias has perhaps been unsuccessful in his business; or his speculations have turned out badly; or some source of income, hitherto implicitly depended upon, has suddenly dried up. Or perhaps heavier trouble even than this has come upon the family, and he who has hitherto been its stay and support, and whose busy brain and industrious hands have supplied its wants, fills his place no longer; so that where there was a happy wife, who shared her husband's delight in the children gathered round their board, there is now an anxious widow, who has to cater for the hungry young mouths, and to provide for the wearing and tearing capacities of the active young limbs.

Indeed, time would fail us in the task of enumerating the causes which are constantly occurring to make people wish to retrench. The majority of people are seriously affected by these and similar causes—such as a long period of depression in trade, or in some cases a change in the fashions; and those who can regard these things with equanimity and absence of anxiety, are the few, and not the many. Taking the middle classes of Great Britain, we think we may fairly say that the great bulk of them, while they may possess incomes which are adequate to their ordinary expenses, are quite unable to meet any extraordinary charges. Lord Chesterfield told his son to spend no more than two-thirds of his income on ordinary expenses, as extraordinary ones would be sure to absorb the remaining third. But the majority of people do not follow the advice of that worldly-wise peer, and as a consequence, when misfortune comes, it makes them very gloomy, and the

avenues of the future seem entirely closed against them.

It is invariably the case, that when the heads of the household are put together with a view to devising a way of reducing the weekly expenditure, one of the first things to occur to them is the possibility of cutting down the cost of eating and drinking. We are of course not speaking of the people who have hunters or carriage-horses whose numbers they can decrease, carriages which they can sell, or butlers or French lady's-maids whose services they can for a time dispense with; but rather of those whose houses are comparatively small; who keep perhaps a 'general' servant, or at most a cook and a housemaid, or a general servant and a nurse-girl; and who, up to the time of the necessity for retrenchment, have not been leading luxurious or extravagant lives. As a rule, we think the necessity for retrenchment usually comes to those who have apparently not much scope for the cutting-down process; and in these cases, the anxious housewife invariably begins to think of her butcher's bill and of her groceries; and tries to find some method of supplying her family with due nourishment, at somewhat less cost than has hitherto been the case.

Books have been written on the art of economising, and from the ready sale which they have found, we may judge of the widespread desire there is to economise. Occasionally, we see correspondence in the newspapers detailing isolated experiments in living on little. Everybody apparently is interested in learning 'how to live on sixpence a day,' or as much less as possible. We once met with the case of a medical man who held the office of coroner of a large midland town, who lived for a fortnight on a four-pound loaf of bread, and who was very proud of the experiment. During the severe frost of 1880-1, a correspondent of one of the most influential provincial newspapers explained with much preciseness how he had managed to exist with great comfort and gratification to himself on the small sum of one-and-

ninepence per week. And many years ago, during the potato famine in Ireland, a medical man, who is still living and well known in the east of Scotland, set himself for several months to live on three or four pence per diem, and succeeded! His fare was bread, meal, and water.

But there is, we imagine, a prevalent feeling that instances of this kind are not valuable or practically useful to the general run of people. A domesticated housewife is apt to shake her head at the tabulated items, and to ask how she and her family would look after the experience of a month of such meagre regimen. Her husband perhaps tries the method for six days, and at the end thereof, feeling slightly unwell, gladly indulges on the seventh in a Sunday dinner of old-fashioned proportions, and feels decidedly the better for it. But we are quite convinced that there are methods of economy, and items of experience in thrift, which are worthy of the attention of all who wish to reduce their expenses, and which even the most practical need not regard with incredulity. In the instances of frugality we have alluded to, one has a sort of undefined consciousness that they have been chiefly practised by exceptional people, who, by some happy constitutional peculiarities, have been able to live and thrive on fare which would be to others the extreme of hardship. It is rather with the view of rendering some help to ordinary people, that the present writer proposes to give the results of some of his and his wife's experiences in the art of cutting down expenses.

At the outset of these details, he may explain that he and his wife are of the age of forty or thereabout; that their family consists of five strapping boys, the eldest of whom is eleven, and the youngest two years old; and that their domestic retinue is composed of an active 'general' servant-girl of twenty-five, and a useful nurse-girl aged fourteen. He may also intimate that every member of the household is possessed of fair health and appetite; the latter characteristic being perhaps shared in the largest degree by the two servants and the eldest boy; but of no member of it can it be said that he or she is an exceptionally small eater. It is the habit of the family to breakfast soon after eight o'clock; after which the two elder boys go off to a school two miles distant; number three departs to a lady's school close at hand; and the father to his business. Boys numbers one and two take with them a hearty lunch of bread-and-cheese or bread-and-butter, which they eat in the middle of the day, at which time the rest of the family assemble to dinner. At about five o'clock, the two boys return from the distant school, and have their dinner, while the other members of the family partake of tea. The scholars, after a little play, get to their lessons till eight o'clock, when they have a slight repast, and then to bed; the infants—namely, the two-year-old and his next brother, who is four—having meanwhile gone quietly to sleep. At nine o'clock, the heads of the household sit down to a simple supper, and are able to indulge in their first opportunity for the day of talking over current events and domestic affairs.

We kept an accurate account of our expenditure for eating and drinking for the first seven weeks of the year 1880, which will be of interest

chiefly because it is a genuine record of the doings of average people. It is not pretended that it displays a household economy arranged on the most artistic principles. It simply claims that it details what we nine people consumed in seven weeks, during which period we enjoyed capital health, and did a fair amount of work. The account is as follows:

Items of expenditure for eating and drinking by a family of nine persons during seven weeks:

	L.	s.	d.
Meat (average price 10d. per lb.).....	4	3	2½
Bread (6d. per 4lb. loaf).....	1	16	0
Milk (4d. per quart).....	1	14	9
Tea (3s. 6d. per lb.).....	0	19	3
Sugar (3½d. per lb.).....	0	16	4
Butter (1s. 6d. per lb.).....	0	15	4
Potatoes (6s. per cwt.).....	0	13	1½
Beer (11d. per gallon).....	0	12	9
Oatmeal (3d. per lb.).....	0	12	3
Haricot beans, lentils, and peas (2½d. per lb.)	0	5	10
Flour.....	0	4	8
Eggs.....	0	2	0
Treacle.....	0	1	9
Rice.....	0	1	9
Green vegetables.....	0	1	7½
Spirits.....	0	1	6
Fish.....	0	1	4
Mustard, pepper, &c.....	0	0	7
Vinegar.....	0	0	6
Salt.....	0	0	2
Total.....	L.13	4	8½

On perusing the above account, some items of which might of course be omitted, if necessary, we are of opinion that the item 'Meat' might with advantage be reduced, and the item 'Fish' augmented, which last is small in amount in consequence of the difficulty of procuring fish in our neighbourhood. Farther on in the year, too, the item 'Green vegetables' will be considerably increased; and we may also say that exceptional circumstances cause us to pay a higher price for tea and oatmeal than we otherwise should.

Taking the amount as it stands, L.13, 4s. 8½d. for seven weeks gives a weekly expenditure of L.1, 17s. 9½d., or 4s. 2½d. per head; or a daily expenditure per head of about 7½d. Thus, although we have not quite reached the minimum of 'sixpence a day,' we have come somewhat near it, and have enjoyed a much more diversified diet than the advocates of a 'sixpence-a-day' system generally allow.

It will be of interest to the domesticated reader to know some details of this example of living. For breakfast we take oatmeal porridge, bread-and-butter and tea, with an occasional slice of bacon, which is included under the heading 'Meat.' For dinner we have cold meat, or cold meat cookeries—we never cut our joints hot—potatoes, bread-and-cheese, and beer; diversified by the periodical addition of soups, puddings, or tarts. For tea we have bread-and-butter, toast or bread-and-treacle; and for supper, bread-and-cheese and beer, or haricot beans, lentils, or the like, cooked in various ways.

The housekeeper with a growing family soon discovers that it is necessary narrowly to watch every avenue of expense, if retrenchment is to be effected, and that nothing is more imperative than that she should have all her stores under her own eye and regulated by her absolute control. Servants are too apt, for instance, to throw away any bones which are cut off from the joint in the

process of carving. These should be collected in a suitable vessel for boiling down into soup.

Domestics are also given to using more of any material they may have to deal with than is required. If they make a pudding, they make more paste than is absolutely necessary; and the overplus is converted into an additional cake or tart, the fate of which is either to be eaten between meals by the servant herself, or given to a child; an entirely unnecessary luxury, that does good to nobody. Pieces of bread are wasted; potatoes are denuded of their coverings with too careless a hand, so that out of the parings, a rigid household economist would probably think it possible to concoct a nutritious meal; or he might insist upon the potatoes being served invariably in their 'jackets.' We may say that potato parings mixed with small-coal or slack will keep the afternoon kitchen fire going admirably.

Savoury and wholesome dishes may be made by mixing meat with vegetables or rice, which will be found a far less expensive method of using animal food than that of cooking steaks or chops. The untidiest fragments of cold meat can be made into presentable *pièces de résistance* for the economical family, by this mode. There is no more satisfying dinner than a thoroughly well-made Irish stew; while one of our favourite Saturday repasts, and one which is highly appreciated by our hungry boys, is a substantial potato-pie.

'Dormers'—which are a compound of a small proportion of meat with a goodly proportion of rice—are always a toothsome delicacy, if served up with the good gravy which a skilful house-keeper can always manage to get from her weekly joint; and directions for all these cookeries can be found in the simplest book of recipes.

It is not beneath the attention of any wise and sensible man to take an interest in these apparently small matters; and narrow means are a positive blessing, if they drive people from extravagant ways into finding out how to do well with little. It is possible to live a happy, healthy, and independent life on a comparatively small income, a life that need not be sordid and small, but which may rise to great heights of culture and refinement.

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

CHAPTER VII.—'OH,' SAID GERARD, 'THAT'S JOLLY'S SISTER.'

DURING the foregoing brief colloquy, Mr Strange had kept his eyes upon the lady's face, and had confirmed his first impression of her beauty. Constance was not unaware of his glance—what young woman would have been?—and Val's aspect was not unpleasing. He was evidently a gentleman; and then Constance, who was as little vain as most really beautiful women really are, remembered that his horse's head had been turned in the direction from which she herself had come, and she knew perfectly well that he had followed for the express purpose of looking at her once more. Men often did that

sort of thing. And she had no especial resentment for it. Feminine human nature likes to be admired; and, for that matter, even the very ugliest male amongst us is not superior to the feeling.

Mr Jolly had no sooner settled in the county, than he had begun to inform himself of the position and expectations of every eligible *parti* within its limits—as indeed became a father who was anxious that his daughter should be happily settled and out of his way. In the course of his researches, he had lighted on the fact of the existence of one Valentine Strange, who was reputed to be the wealthiest man of those parts, an orphan, whose great estates had been nursed through a long minority by guardians careful of his interests, and who now had undisputed control of his own. Mr Jolly had made inquiries about Valentine Strange, and had learned that he was a bachelor of marriageable age, and not unlikely to marry, and had even discovered at last that the said Valentine was a friend of his own son's. He had especially desired that Valentine Strange should be made free of his house; but that young gentleman having perversely gone away a-yachting, there was no more to be said about the matter, and such matrimonial traps as could fairly be laid must be laid in his absence. Mothers with marriageable daughters, and they only, will be able to sympathise with Mr Jolly. He had no wife to plot and plan for him. He had all a fond father's desire to see his daughter happily established; and apart from that, the girl was an expense and a nuisance. Therefore, he would have been sorely vexed could he have guessed that to-day he had dismissed the wealthy Mr Strange, the marriageable Mr Strange, so cavalierly.

Mr Jolly had his grand manner, and when he assumed it, he was as frosty as Mont Blanc, being of opinion that to be icy was to be majestic. He had assumed his grand manner now, and fancied that the stranger of the morning's ride had gone away in deep reverence of spirit. Perhaps Mr Jolly was less majestic than he thought himself—perhaps Val was an unusually irreverent young man. His mind was occupied with a pleasanter theme than Mr Jolly's manner. The appearance of Constance did not strike him as it had struck Gerard Lumby. The two young men were totally different in nature and manners. Gerard had a knightly tenderness and respect for all women, and had scarcely ever kissed any feminine lips but his mother's. He would have done any hard and dangerous thing rather than have been forced to pay a direct compliment to a young woman. To him, women seemed more than human—even a housemaid had a nimbus about her, a sort of protecting something which overawed him. But Val in any fresh country-house knew

every petticoated soul within it in a week, and made love to all of them in a way—hostess, daughters, guests, maids in service, with a fine merry indifference which won the female heart. And he did not worship—but prided himself on understanding—the sex; showing thereby his own weakness and folly. Here and there—after years of close and tender intercourse, broken by the rubs of life, made sweet by birth, and holy by death of little children—one man learns to understand one woman; but to strive to sum the sex were a vain arithmetic, though a man had the years of Methuselah in which to perform it.

Val rode away admiring, but by no means subdued. The encounter had taken place within a couple of miles of Lumby Hall, and he was on his way thither to surprise Gerard. And it chanced that Gerard was back in time to be surprised; for no sooner had the hounds thrown off, than there came a check; and the young fellow, after sitting disconsolately on horseback for some five minutes, waiting for the hounds to recover scent, felt the 'blind boy's butt-shaft' so rankle in him, that he turned, and rode almost savagely homewards, sorely troubled by the beauty of the incomparable Constance all the way.

'Ahoy!' cried Val, discerning Lumby's figure before him in the road.

'Why, Strange, old man,' said Gerard, reining in as Val came plunging up, 'you look like a Red Indian. Have you circumnavigated the world yet?'

'Not yet,' said Val. 'The fact is that when we got to Calais—we went there first, you know—Gilbert had a plan. Gilbert's a wonderful fellow at a programme, and his notion was that we might send the yacht down to Trieste'—

'Trieste?' cried Gerard.

'And that we might join it there. So we had a fortnight in Paris, and a fortnight in Vienna, and a fortnight in Venice; and then we got aboard again, and went to Naples. Charming place, Naples. Lots of pleasant people there.'

'Stay there long?' asked Gerard.

'Well,' answered Val with a little laugh, 'I've only just got back. Gilbert met a fellow, and wanted to go coasting round everywhere. So I let him go; and they went to Athens and Smyrna and Corfu, and all sorts of places. Then they called for me; and we have just come up, past Gibraltar and across the "Bay of Biscay, O," to Southampton—and here I am.'

'And when are you off again?'

'Don't be in a hurry to get rid of me,' said Val. 'I shall cruise again in the summer, I daresay; but I'm not going to brave the dangers of the wintry deep in a cockle-shell any more.'

'Shall you stay for the hunting?' asked Gerard. He was afraid that Strange would see his idol. He was afraid of everybody, distrustful of himself, despairing of success, and spiritually sore all over.

'Now, did you ever know me hunt?' Val asked, in almost an injured tone. 'Am I the man to risk my bones for nothing? I hate to make a toil of a pleasure. I am not ambitious to go about with a crutch. I have no yearning to be trepanned.'

'Then what shall you do?' asked Gerard. 'What's the good of being in the country if you do not hunt?'

'I don't know,' responded Strange. 'It's a bore to have plans.' Then Val began to tell of his adventures; and they reached the house, and sought Gerard's den together. Above the mantel-piece, framed in violet-coloured velvet, was a coloured cabinet portrait of Constance, which Gerard had begged from Milly. Strange stood with his elbows on the marble slab and examined it critically. Gerard, observing him, endured a ridiculous pang of jealousy.

'Who is she?' asked Val, with his head on one side, smiling at the picture through eyes half closed.

'Whom do you mean?' returned the disingenuous Gerard, feigning to be busy in the attempt to open a cigar cabinet.

'The lady here. I met her in the lane this morning on horseback, escorted by an old-Indian sort of man.'

'Oh,' said Gerard, with mighty unconcern, 'that's Jolly's sister.'

Strange, standing a little back, began to spout Bassanio's speech:

What find I here?

Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are severed lips
Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here, in her hair
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes—
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnished.

'What's all that rubbish about?' asked Gerard roughly. At these hyperbolic praises, a keen pang of jealousy ran through him. Who had a right to praise her?

'The rubbish was given to the world by the Swan of Avon,' said Strange; 'and Jolly's sister's portrait is worthy the praise.'

'Never mind the Swan of Avon,' said Gerard. 'Do you think of going back to Naples?'

So they drifted into talk again; but Strange could not or would not cease to admire the portrait.

'I say, Lumby,' he said at length—'tell young Jolly I'm back again, when you see him next; and bring him over to my place, and have a day or two with me.' He was standing again before the portrait when he said this; and a sudden resolve passed through Gerard's mind, and made him tingle all over. Late that night, when Strange had gone, and Gerard was in his own room alone, he gave words to this resolve.

'I can't afford to waste a day. I will speak to-morrow.' His heart beat against his side, and he trembled. What a thing is love! It was only a quarter of a year since he had first seen her, and, without her, life seemed not worth the living. Whatever of spiritual loveliness his manly heart and honest nature could conceive, with that he dowered her. He worshipped at her shrine with such sacrifices as such men offer; whilst she sat with dreamy eyes over a book in her little boudoir at the Grange, and looked, as he figured her, an inspiration for painter and

poet. But we know what Portia's golden casket held. Constance was thinking of Gerard, and weighing the chances of his coming, and her pulse beat evenly, and her bosom was unmoved.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS ON BOARD SHIPS.

WE often hear people talk of 'the ship of the future,' in connection with sundry speculations as to the probabilities of what that ship will be like in various respects. In point of fact, however, we may doubt whether there will ever be a typical ship of the future, any more than there is of the present. Changes and improvements are constantly being effected, and every new thing, as it is perfected, becomes but a step of transition to something else. It seems probable, certainly, that vessels have reached their maximum size; for, in spite of our present huge and splendid Atlantic steamers, a reaction is already setting in in favour of smaller craft, both in the navy and merchant service, as being more easily handled, less expensive to work, of lighter draught of water, and possessing greater capabilities of visiting narrow harbours and ports, and of lying alongside wharfs or quays—the last named being a very important item in considering the cost of taking in or discharging cargo. It is not likely that we shall ever see another *Great Eastern*.

It is not, however, to technical comparisons and details of the build or style of ships that this paper is devoted, but to those alterations which have taken place of late years in smaller but not unimportant appliances connected with their working; and all more or less directed to the economy of life and labour, such as improved mechanism for rescue or avoiding danger, and various forms of apparatus which have diminished the number of hands formerly necessary to man our ocean vessels.

A pitch-dark night; no moon or star; blowing and raining; the inky blackness relieved only by the crests of the nearer waves, which rise almost to the level of the rail as the ship rolls heavily. A cry—'Man overboard!' Bustle, hurry, and excitement, but no confusion. In less time than it takes to write these words, the man who happens to be nearest will have rushed to the stern, even as he gives the alarm, and with his jack-knife will cut adrift the lanyard that holds the life-buoy, always in readiness there, to the taffrail. This, by the very act of falling, fires a rocket, and displays a flag on the staff that surmounts it. But a flag is of as little use as ornament on a night like this; so the officer of the watch on the bridge, while giving the necessary orders for stopping or otherwise manœuvring the ship to the best advantage, prepares and throws into the sea a life-belt, to which is attached a peculiar float by a short line. This float consists of a piece of wood in which a tin canister is firmly fixed; and the preparation to which we have alluded lies simply in perforating the bottom of this canister, and cutting or breaking off its nozzle-like top—an affair of a few seconds only. It contains a mixture of chemicals, in which metallic potassium is the chief ingredient, and this burns by the contact of the water itself! No sooner does it touch the surface, than up shoots a bright

white flame, which flares away for an hour or more, quite inextinguishable by rain, wind, or submersion—burning rather the better, indeed, for all three—shedding a brilliant illumination on all around, as it mounts on the waves, and forming a valuable beacon to the imperilled man, if he have any power to make efforts for his own safety.

But while we have been looking at the buoy, boats have been swung out, manned, and lowered; a comparatively rapid and simple process nowadays, even in a heavy sea-way, by means of patent davits, combined with another apparatus termed disengaging hooks. The latter insure that the boat shall be freed at both ends simultaneously as soon as she reaches the water, so that the danger of capsizing, from the dragging of one 'fall,' as the ropes by which the boat is lowered are called, is in great measure obviated; while the former lessen the risk of its being stove in against the ship's side. To prove how perfectly these hooks act, soon after they were adopted on board a steamer in which the writer sailed at the time, during a fearful storm in the Bay of Biscay, a huge sea broke over the quarter, and swept all the after-part of the deck, a wave so big that it lightly touched the bottom of the captain's gig, though it was swung high on the davits and 'in board'—that is, hanging over the deck, and not, as is usual in fine weather, over the ship's side; and away went the gig with its lower hooks into the seething chaos beneath, while the upper ones remained dangling from the falls; a conclusive though costly tribute to the ingenuity of the inventors Messrs Hill and Latimer Clarke. Every one will agree that these Holmes's buoys and speedy boat-lowering arrangements are not the least admirable of modern improvements in nautical matters.

Heaving the lead and heaving the log are familiar expressions to the ear; but are a little apt to be confounded by landsmen, who derive their ideas of things maritime from nautical dramas and novels, in which the characters roll about and shiver their timbers and splice the main-brace, and otherwise talk and act as no sailor ever did or ever will. The lead is, of course, a weight of that metal attached to a long line, employed for ascertaining the depth of water, and is used in two forms. One, the smaller, is swung backwards and forwards in the hand of a sailor who stands on a ledge over the ship's side—technically, 'in the chains'—until it has acquired sufficient momentum to reach the water as far forward as will compensate for the speed at which the vessel is travelling; so that by the time the lead touches the bottom, the man, though still standing, is over the spot where it lies, and the rope is as nearly as possible perpendicular; certain knots, marks, and pieces of coloured rag on it indicate the depth in fathoms, which he immediately calls; for this takes place only when a ship is in shallow water, such as on entering or leaving a harbour, where, if care be not taken, there might be a danger of getting aground.

The other or heavier lead is used farther out at sea, not so much for the purpose of learning the exact amount of water, as to enable the navigator to judge from the depth, and more

especially from the character of the bottom, as indicated in the sample brought up by the wax or tallow in the concavity underneath the lead, the exact position of his ship, and the propinquity of the land. Thus, a vessel coming from any part of the south or west, often arrives in the English Channel, especially in foggy or other bad weather, without having sighted the Lizard Point, Cape Ushant, or any of the other promontories on the English or French coasts. How is the captain to know where he is? He stops, and heaves the deep-sea lead. A result of seventy or eighty fathoms tells him that he is somewhere in the chops of the Channel; and this will gradually decrease, as he goes farther up, to about fifty fathoms. Then, as to which coast he is approaching. In mid-channel the bottom consists of sand and small broken shells at its western extremity, and of 'ooze'—blue clay-like mud—farther east; towards the Scilly Isles it becomes coarse and gravelly; near Ushant the lead will bring up very fine sand without shells; and a little farther along the French side, the tallow will catch nothing at all, since the bottom is rocky or composed of large smooth pebbles. It is in this deep-sea lead that all the recent improvements have been made, the most notable being Sir William Thomson's patent. Instead of a lump of lead, a brass cylinder is used, which contains in its interior a kind of registering barometer, which in itself indicates the exact depth by recording the superincumbent pressure of water. Thin pianoforte wire is used instead of a hempen rope; and the great advantage of the whole arrangement is, that it can be used while the ship is going at full speed, since the amount of line which runs out is of no consequence, even though it go far astern. Besides registering the depth, this ingenious contrivance brings up specimens of the nature of the bed.

The log, which is hove under ordinary circumstances every two hours, is a little conical bag made of canvas, the mouth of which is kept open by a wooden pin. When thrown over the stern, this float remains practically stationary while the line to which it is attached runs out, the slight tendency to be towed by the motion of the ship being nullified by the resistance of the bag, whose distended mouth lies towards the vessel. A sand-glass of fourteen seconds is turned as the log goes overboard; and when its time has expired, the log is checked, and the nearest mark on it carefully noted. These knots and marks are so arranged that the line is graduated in parts, which bear the same relation to a knot or nautical mile that fourteen seconds do to sixty minutes—hence the name, not a corruption of *nautical*, as some have said—and the speed per hour is thus obtained. A smart tug on the rope disengages the pin, and allows the bag to collapse and be hauled in by the apex, otherwise it would be extremely difficult to bring it home on a ship going at the rate of ten or twelve knots.

Such is the old log, which has been used from time immemorial, and though not yet entirely superseded, is rapidly becoming so by late inventions. Numerous patent logs have now made their appearance, of which we may notice Massey's and Walker's as fair examples, the rest differing from these only in minor details. The first-

named may be roughly described as a small brass tubular box, to which is attached a screw, like the propeller of a steamer in miniature; this revolves more or less rapidly, according to the speed at which it is dragged through the water, and records the number of its revolutions on an index inside the box. Some few elaborations have been added; but this is the primary principle; and as each revolution means a certain distance traversed—measurable exactly by the pitch of the screw—it is easy to see that when the log is hauled on board, the index will show how far the ship has travelled in a given time. Walker's Registering Taffrail Log has a screw only at the end of the line; this twists the cord, and causes it to work certain mechanism behind a little dial which is fixed on the rail, and thus indicates at any time, without the necessity of hauling in, the distance in miles which has been traversed and the actual speed at the moment. It also strikes a bell at the completion of every knot, and is altogether a wonderful and ingenious though simple apparatus. Captain Woolward has devised a windlass for pulling in the old log, which not only effects a great saving of labour, and gives a more correct result, from the impossibility of the line getting fouled, and the action of the mechanical break in stopping it, but does away also with those exceedingly painful 'brush-burns' which the men were liable to get from the rope running swiftly through their hands. The constant heaving of the log, especially in a steamship, will soon cut even the brass plates on the taffrail into deep grooves.

Topsails and even topgallant-sails can now be set, taken in, and stowed from the deck without sending any one aloft, by means of an arrangement of rollers very similar to that by which we pull up or lower our window-blinds. Nearly all the standing rigging is now made of wire; and not only hawsers but 'whips,' or ropes for raising cargo from the holds or lighters alongside, of the same material, are employed; such ropes being not only stronger, but one-third the weight, and one-seventh the bulk only, of hemp or manilla. The flukes of modern anchors are made in one piece, bent at a right angle like an arm, and united to the shaft or shank at the elbow by a hinge, on which it revolves, so that when the anchor is down and one fluke has laid hold of the ground, the other, instead of sticking up uselessly and mischievously, and liable to entangle the cable, is folded down flat on the shank.

By-the-way, it is a curious thing that the little anchors one sees dangling from watch-chains or worn as pins or engraved—invariably foul of a rope—in various ornamental devices, are always incorrectly fashioned, the flukes and the stock or cross-bar at the other end of the shank being represented in the same plane, whereas in the real article they lie at right angles to each other.

A well-glazed chart-room on the bridge not only affords the officers of the watch a constant opportunity of consulting the charts without leaving their posts, but shelters the man at the wheel and those on the look-out in bad weather. This innovation has not obtained ground without great opposition, naturally from the 'old school' of captains and ship-owners, who by their

training are firmly, though erroneously, of opinion that no man can keep watch properly out of an oilskin coat, sea-boots, and a sou'-wester, as they had to do from their youth upwards; and that a sailor is likely to keep a better look-out when buffeted by wind and rain for four hours, half-blinded with the spray, which obliges him to continually shut his eyes, and it may be, muffled up to the ears to keep off frost-bite, than when 'pampered' under a roof and behind a screening window. Companion-ladders are very different things from what they used to be; no scrambling up the side by a trembling, swaying lattice of ropes, known as a Jacob's-ladder, now, when every well-appointed ship has two or more commodious staircases, with landings and handrail, let down for the accommodation of boats when in harbour, and folded up longitudinally against the rail at sea.

The commissariat arrangements, also, are greatly altered for the better. Higher speed and shorter voyages have diminished the intervals between different ports, so that fresh meat and vegetables can be obtained oftener; while the introduction of tinned comestibles—milk especially—has been a grand thing for sailors. Whatever prejudices our workhouse inmates may have, Jack does not object to a good lump of Australian beef or mutton to vary his rations of salt junk from the 'harness-cask.' The ice-trade has done much for comfort on shipboard in this department, by rendering it possible to keep meat, fish, fruit, and vegetables for almost an indefinite period, to say nothing of deliciously cool drinks in the tropics; indeed, the luxurious table and accessories of some of our ocean liners might compare advantageously with any hotel in the world. The writer has conveyed English game, salmon, and Devonshire cream to friends in the West Indies and at the antipodes. It may be remarked in passing, however, that certain delicate tropical fruits, such as mangoes and avogado pears, will not bear transmission; and that fish, though remaining perfectly free from any taint, loses consistence, and becomes soft in ice.

In steamers, so many alterations are being constantly made in the engine-room department, that the limits of this paper would afford no scope even for the mere enumeration of one-tenth part of them. They are, moreover, mostly of a purely technical and scientific character, and would possess no interest for the general reader. The great invention of compound engines, by which the same steam is used twice, has reduced the consumption of coal in big steamships from eighty or a hundred tons a day to thirty or thirty-five—no trifling consideration, when we remember that the cost of that grimy fuel is about two pounds per ton on the average, at home and abroad. Many fine sailing-ships have been fitted with auxiliary steam-power for use during the prevalence of head-winds or calms, working a screw, which can be disconnected when not required; and most of them over a certain size now carry a steam-engine of some sort on board, to assist in the working of cargo. Perhaps the greatest advantage of this is, that it does away with the distressing possibility of the supply of fresh water ever running short, as it can always be condensed from sea-water by the steam apparatus. The application of this power in the internal adminis-

tration of vessels is also increasing daily. Steam winches and cranes hoist up and lower the heavy bales with which they are freighted; steam capstans lift the anchor, or haul taut the immense hawsers that bind the ship to the shore; sails are set and taken in by steam, pumps worked and decks washed, yards and derricks raised to their position, and big guns shifted; ventilation effected by currents of air transmitted through perforated pipes, which in case of fire could discharge water or steam instead, in any direction; punkahs swung in the tropics, and heating appliances supplied in cold regions—all by steam, generated at one common source, which urges an ironclad of ten thousand tons on its destructive battle-rush, and boils coffee in its pantry at the same time. Lastly, there is the appliance for steering by steam—one of the most important of all. One man with a little wheel—a mere toy in comparison with the huge double arrangement required for hand-steering—now holds the biggest ship on her course; whereas on the old principle rarely less than two under the best circumstances, and in bad weather four, six, or eight men were necessary to keep her steady or put the helm over quickly. When steam steering-gear was first introduced, it was simply applied to the wheel mechanism; and the connecting rods, chains, and levers remained as before; now, however, the steam acts directly on the rudder itself, and a great saving of force is effected. Noiseless hydraulic cranes are coming into vogue, and will prove a relief to those whose ears have been dinned by the rattle of winches overhead.

Swinging saloons, supposed to obviate seasickness, have been tried; but have not proved a success as yet. Gas is more suitable for boats in the North Atlantic trade than for those which run to the tropics, as it causes the cabins, corridors, and saloons to become insufferably hot. Electric bells are now common in all passenger vessels; and the electric light is used in some for illumination below; more frequently it is employed for side, mast-head, and other signal lights; and the French mail-boats carry a sort of lighthouse on the fore-castle head, fitted with powerful radiators and reflectors, in which the electric light can be displayed at any moment by pressure of a spring on the bridge. This throws a powerful glare on the water all around and far ahead, and facilitates entrance into harbour on dark nights, recovery in case of people overboard, and avoidance of collision in thick weather. In certain war-ships, the guns are fired by electricity.

The greatly improved commercial code of signals which has taken the place of Marryat's older system—though to some extent founded on it; the perfect telegraphic communication between the bridge and the engine-room; and the various automatic tell-tales and indicators in different parts of the ship, which not only give the direction of her course, her speed, the position of her helm, and her deflections from the upright or level attitudes in any direction, but enable an officer to see at once whether the order he gives to the helmsman or engineers is obeyed—all these must be noted as excellent alterations or additions in a ship's economy; and not less so, the regulations of the Board of Trade, that sweet little

cherub who sits up aloft to watch over the life of poor Jack, by making his employers keep him decently warmed and fed; allowing him a certain amount of space to sleep in; giving him lime-juice to keep off the scurvy which his salt provisions might induce; ruling the mode and manner of his payment, that he may suffer no injustice; providing certain boats and buoys, in case he falls into the sea, or gets wrecked; painting a mark on the ship's side as the limit beyond which his floating home may not be submerged by overloading; supplying him with drugs, lest he fall sick; and, when he musters in sufficient number, sending a surgeon with him to look after his health. All these tend in a measure to ameliorate what we have, on former occasions, taken leave to speak of as a hard and often thankless occupation.

A STRANGE STORY.

TOLD BY A LINCOLNSHIRE CLERGYMAN.

CHAPTER I.

It was a dark, gloomy evening towards the end of November. The rain, as it beat in gusts against my study window, was heard plainly enough, in spite of closed shutters and drawn curtains. It even came pattering down the chimney, hissing in the clear fire, and bespattering the brightness of the fender, upon which I rested my slipped feet, as in loose coat I leaned luxuriously over its genial warmth. I was enjoying a good cup of coffee, and congratulating myself at not being obliged to face again that night the inclement weather, from which I had just entered almost wet through, in spite of overcoat and waterproof.

I had been out many hours, and had ridden over many miles of open unprotected unsheltered roads; for it was one of my days for parochial visitation. I was vicar of a large scattered district in Lincolnshire, in which was combined a good share of the Fen country, and I had very many outlying parishioners. I had just returned from a long and tiresome journey to attend a dying person in an abode of poverty; and the bright contrast of my comfortable little study, with its crimson curtains, the blazing fire shining so cheerily on the book-shelves, not to speak of the pleasure of a change of dry clothes, made me indeed inexpressibly thankful for the temporal blessings I enjoyed. My little vicarage had never appeared happier or warmer to me than it did that evening. No wonder I congratulated myself at not being again obliged to face the soul-chilling rain.

Even while I thus thought, I distinctly heard above the gusts of wind and dropping rain, the noise of wheels on the gravel of the drive, and immediately after, a loud pull at the door-bell. Susan, the housemaid, evidently lost no time in running to the door, judging by the rush of cold air that penetrated into my snug quarters; and from the sound of voices, there seemed to be some amount of parleying in the outer hall. I got up in consternation, sincerely hoping that this might not be another summons to leave home.

Susan put her round rosy face in at the door. 'Oh, if you please, sir, here's a gentleman as wants

to see you on business—Mr Pullingtoft, of the Marsh End Farm, sir, near Grantham; and he's that wet as won't let him wait or send the trap to the stable; and he's a-standing dripping on the door-mat.'

Of course, I instantly hastened to him; and found a tall, stout, burly man, in a shining black waterproof, and a broad-brimmed hat, unwinding a few yards of woollen comforter from around his neck. He was so big he made the hall look small, and so wet that a fog seemed to surround him like a halo, settling like early frost on the polished mahogany table. I was aware that there was a Mr Pullingtoft in existence, a wealthy farmer and cattle-feeder, whom I had never seen, as he lived beyond my borders, but whom I rightly judged this man to be.

'Sorry to intrude on your valuable time, sir,' said Mr Pullingtoft, uncoiling, and disclosing a large face, with double-chin, a large mouth, large white teeth, and small gray eyes of particular shrewdness, a red complexion, and most good-humoured expression. 'And more sorry still to bring such a wet mess into your nice house; it's a night not fit for a dog to be out in.'

'Pray, come into a room with a fire, Mr Pullingtoft,' I said; 'and let us put the horse in the stable and give him a rub down. You are not in such haste but you can stay while that is being done.'

'I haven't a moment to lose,' said Mr Pullingtoft hastily. 'I'm behind time now for an appointment I have at Boston; but I've most particularly wanted to see you, sir, for some time past, but haven't been a-nigh your parts; and now I've come ten mile out of my road a purpose to, and such a ten mile! If I hadn't my carriage-lamps alight, I'd have been drowned in the fen over and over again; and coming on so slow, picking one's way in a strange road, has thrown me back and made me late. Thank ye kindly for asking me in; but I can't do it. So now to business.—How many year, sir, have you a been parson here now—ten?'

'Twelve,' I replied.

'Ha! Well, I thought it must have been in the old un's time it was done.' [It was thus he referred to my reverend predecessor.] 'Now, sir, mayhap you remember Phœbe Meadows as was in the school here? She knows you.'

'To be sure I do. Little Phœbe—a nice good girl. She went to service, I remember, out your way, Grantham, two or three years ago.'

'She did. But she left there; and now she's with us; and my wife sets such store by her—and, to tell you the truth, so do I—that I've come to you on her account. Do you happen to know Phœbe's story, sir?'

'Yes—upon a little consideration, I did. I was aware that both her parents were dead, and that she had been brought up by Mrs Kirby, a poor old woman in the village, and sent to service when strong enough—the old woman very poor, and now receiving parish relief.'

'Right so far, sir. Now, do you happen to know who Phœbe's uncle is, sir?'

'No.'

'None other than Mr Seth Scruby.'

'Seth Scruby!' I was greatly astonished.

Mr Scruby was the richest farmer in the parish, and owner of much land in it, as well as of

another estate, north of Lincoln. Well might I be surprised, and rather incredulous regarding what I heard.

'It is true,' continued Mr Pullingtoft, as if reading the doubt my face expressed. 'Though it only came to my knowledge a few months ago, by chance-like, when I asked what her surname might be. "Meadows?" said I. "I know that name; it's a Spalding name. There was a miserly old farmer there that wouldn't insure, and he was burnt out and ruined."—"That was my grandfather, sir," said Phœbe. "I often heard my poor father speak of it, when I was a very little girl."—So this led me on to make inquiries; for I knew Ned Meadows made a runaway match with Jane Scruby—and Jane's father never forgave them. Now, do you see it?'

'But surely, Mr Pullingtoft, in common humanity, had Mr Scruby known his niece to be left in poverty, he would have provided for her. Here she has lived in his own parish until two years ago; and how is it that old Mrs Kirby never told me of this fact?'

'Can't tell,' rejoined the burly farmer, shaking his comforter, preparatory to putting it on again. 'There are some things one can't understand. Anyway, it seems that this precious uncle has never in all his life so much as acknowledged the existence of his niece. The poor little thing tells me that both her dead father and old Mrs Kirby told her always to run out of his way when she saw him coming; and so she always did, and she still looks with fear and trembling when his name is mentioned. It seems that, old Scruby having turned his back on his daughter, his son Seth dutifully keeps up his father's intentions.—But now, sir, as time flies, I'll come to the gist of the matter, and cut a long story short. Old Scruby died without leaving a will.'

'How did you learn this?' I asked.

'Lord bless you, it's a fact, known to all the country round, that a will never was found; and Seth Scruby being the only son, came in for everything. Now, sir, what I ask is this: Could old Scruby's daughter Jane be deprived of her legal share in her father's movables, simply by her brother taking possession of everything? If there was no will, and if she was entitled to her portion of her father's movable estate, why, then, isn't Phœbe, this child of hers, provided for? Tell me that!'

A new light now dawned upon me. Certainly there was some reason in the question. Mr Pullingtoft went on:

'This child has never been acknowledged, as far as I see; for what reason, I should like to know. Old Scruby didn't like a poor son-in-law, no more than I should myself; but then, Jane was an only daughter; and she wasn't the first girl that has married a handsome lad with no brains; and what business is it of Seth Scruby's to carry on the grudge against his dead sister? I tell you, sir, it goes sore against my grain and my wife's to see a girl as good as my own children, as far as family goes, wheeling the perambulator and waiting on us. So I am now determined to have a bit of a fight for it at law; and I've come to ask you to be so good as to copy me out the certificate of Jane Scruby's marriage with Edward Meadows; for it was at your church they were married by

the old vicar, and I'll take it to my solicitor at Grantham.'

'I'll get it you with great pleasure, and send it by post.'

'Ah! but you see, sir, I want to take it back with me. Now, could you get it at once? I stay to-night at Boston; and will call for it to-morrow morning at six, on my road home, if you would have it ready, and just leave it out. You see, sir, I want to set about it at once.'

Yes, certainly, I would do it.

It was not a pleasant prospect to get up at five in the morning to go over to the cold church; but after the inconvenience and trouble Mr Pullingtoft was taking in so good a cause, I was ashamed to hesitate, and therefore fairly promised. The worthy farmer hereupon laid down two wet half-crowns on the hall-table, as a fee for searching the register, but which I insisted he should take up again, to go towards the cause of the orphan. Once more I begged him to take some refreshment; but this he declined. We shook hands heartily at parting.

When I opened the hall-door, a gust of wind brought in a torrent of rain and sleet, the draught almost extinguishing the lamp suspended over our heads. The darkness was so intense, that it was some little time before I could dimly distinguish the outline of the horse, covered by a rug, and holding its head low down. The oil-lamps in the wagonette burned but dimly; the black oilskin cover which the farmer had thrown over his trap, made it assume the form of a gigantic coffin, a blacker spot on the black background. Mr Pullingtoft climbed into his vehicle; and it was with great admiration of the worthy man's devotion to the cause of the orphan, that I saw him drive away into the rain and darkness.

I returned to my comfortable seat by the fire, my mind occupied by the tale I had heard, and tried to recall the people he had spoken of as I found them on first coming to the neighbourhood. Old Mrs Kirby lived in a small cottage a mile or so from the village. She had at that time a poor young man, who was slowly dying of consumption, living with her—some sort of relation, I always thought. He would come to church on fine Sunday afternoons, leading his little girl Phœbe by the hand—a pretty little gentle thing, who afterwards came to the school, and was a favourite with every one. As the woman grew older, times had become harder. The few chickens she reared, and the honey from her hive, were insufficient for their support. The little girl at an early age went to service at some distance, and the old woman had to fall back upon parish relief. I had often been to see her; but she was a remarkably reticent and somewhat surly old woman; and she had never told me that little Phœbe had gone to live at Mr Pullingtoft's, nor that a relationship existed between the girl and the rich farmer Mr Scruby.

Then, again, Mr Scruby. He was never, although a churchwarden, a particular favourite of mine. He was a hard man, with a hard face, that did not change its expression when he spoke; a clever man, and a mean one. He drove hard bargains, and prospered, and seldom gave to charities. Although he farmed much land and fattened his cattle at Coryton, in my neigh-

bourhood, he lived there only occasionally, his favourite house being on higher ground, near Lincoln. The old father I had never known; he died before my time; but I passed his tomb every time I went across to the church. A marble tablet recording his virtues and sound judgment, was on the wall behind the reading-desk; while immediately below it, in front, was the square pew belonging to Coryton Farm, and occupied by Mr and Mrs Scruby; she in rustling silk fit for a dinner-party, that crackled every time I said 'Let us pray'; and waving feathers in her bonnet, that always caught my eye over the edge of the Bible, in reading the lessons. Yes; Mr Scruby certainly seemed exactly the kind of man to keep up the resentment of his father towards the unfortunate sister and her no less unfortunate child, Phœbe, especially as he had three sons of his own, for whom he was saving fortunes, scraping, and making the hard bargains already mentioned.

I fully entered into Mr Pullingtoft's view of the case. Surely Jane Meadows had been entitled to something from her father, even though he had died without a will; and if such was the case, then it stood to reason that her only child Phœbe ought in the ordinary course of things to have inherited that something. Pondering thus, I could not but contrast the interest shown in her by a stranger, and the unnatural conduct of the rich uncle, who must often have ridden past the poor child going to school, or wending her forlorn way along the muddy roads. I would get up early in the morning, and go over to the church, and copy out the certificate of her parents' marriage; and afterwards I would call on old Kirby, and see what she had to say.

The thought of getting up from my warm bed to go out in the dark of a raw November morning, here selfishly occurred to me, and I thought, Why not go to-night? Better to get it done with, and have it ready to be put into Mr Pullingtoft's hand the first thing in the morning.

An extra violent gust of rain beat against the window, as if to put my resolution to the test; but I had determined; so, springing up, I hastened to provide myself with a candle and a box of matches, and taking from their nail the keys of the church, I rang for my boots, re-donned my still wet gaiters and waterproof, and again sallied forth. It was with some difficulty I held up an umbrella, as it nearly turned inside out at the corner of the house. The church was only on the other side of the road; but there was a short avenue leading to the churchyard entrance, and a long winding path through it to the church-door, graves and tombstones on each side. The clock struck the half-hour from ten as I went through the turnstile, to which I had found my way by habit, for I could see nothing but the tops of the rows of poplars as they oscillated to and fro against the stormy sky. Before or since, I never was out in such a dismal night, nor had I ever visited the church at so late an hour. I was rather startled, as I passed old Scruby's tomb—a clumsy sarcophagus, respectably inclosed within iron railings—by something moving stealthily away as if retreating from my presence. A startling coincidence, certainly.

With a little groping, I reached the church-

door, but had great trouble in opening it. Firstly, the key would not turn, as the lock was rusty. Then I had to push the door with all my strength, when I had turned the key; and although I knew it was only a counter-draught, yet it seemed for all the world like some one pushing against me at the other side. I do not think I am a particularly nervous man. I knew my church well, and was proud of the old Norman doorways and windows, its scraps of ancient glass, and its remains of dingy old carvings, and hoped to get it restored some day. But that night it was with an extremely unpleasant sensation that I pushed open the heavy door and entered the silent church.

I lighted my candle, which burned dimly, and had a perceptible halo around it, and the darkness was thereby deepened and intensified. My footsteps sounded unnaturally loud as I walked to the vestry. When there, I placed my candle in an old iron sconce that branched from the wall, and proceeded to unlock the iron safe where the registers were kept. Scarcely, however, had I placed the key in the lock, when I was unexpectedly startled by a noise in the body of the church through which I had just walked, that sounded like the violent banging-to of a door. Thinking I might have left the church-door ajar, I took up the candle, and retraced my steps to secure it. But I found it quite fast. As I walked slowly back up the middle aisle, I looked at the pew-doors on each side, which were open more or less, just as the congregation had left them on the previous Sunday. Yes; all were open save one—that one the last in the aisle, the square pew of the Scrubys, immediately in front of the reading-desk, and it was fast closed. But there was nothing strange in this, as the family had not paid one of their visits to Coryton latterly, and the pew had been many Sundays unoccupied.

I next went round the side-aisles, where some pews had been converted into open sittings; but the doors of all these pews were likewise open. That of the Scrubys was the one exception. I was rather puzzled as to what had produced the noise, unless perhaps it had been the door of Scruby's pew that had so suddenly closed. I must also add that my nerves were somewhat unstrung by the coincidence.

Taking out the old heavy thick volume of the marriage register, I laid it before me open on the table; and after some little time, found the entry I sought. Yes; there it was, plainly enough—EDWARD MEADOWS, aged twenty-three, son of JOHN MEADOWS, farmer, of Spalding; and JANE SCRUBY, twenty-one, of this parish, &c. Two witnesses—THOMAS and MARY KIRBY, and signed by JAMES WILLOCK, Vicar—my predecessor.

Procuring pen and ink, I carefully copied out the entry; then, replacing the volume, I relocked the safe, put the key in my pocket, and was preparing to quit the vestry, when, suddenly, without the slightest warning or preparatory noise of any description whatever, once more a door was sharply banged-to with a great noise. This time, I was certain, from the direction, that it was the church-door. I at once hurried thither, and observed in passing Scruby's pew, that the door which was before shut was now open! I was therefore now certain that some one had been in the church.

Hurrying to the church-door as fast as I could, I shaded the candle with my hand and looked out, but could see nothing, and the night was too stormy for one to hear footsteps outside.

I cannot describe the weird, agitated feeling that took possession of me as I re-entered the church. If some one had really been in the church, as I was inclined to believe, what had been his object? Could it have been robbery or some other form of sacrilege? or had my own life been in danger? I felt nervous and faint, and for a few minutes was obliged to sit down in the nearest pew.

But I would not allow such weakness to affect me; so, shaking off this unpleasant feeling, which I may say was altogether new to me, I boldly walked to Scruby's pew once more and entered it. It had a damp, mouldy smell, and the old chintz-covered cushions and drapery looked faded and musty. There were an old Bible and two old Hymn-books in a corner, where the rich farmer was wont to sit, a little beyond his proud help-mate. But I could see nothing to account for the presence of any one there that night; and while certain that some one must have opened that pew-door after I had seen it shut, I gave up puzzling over it for the time, determining to return and examine the church again by daylight. Anyhow, it was with a feeling of great relief that I got outside, locked the door, and sped as fast as I could through the churchyard. In a few minutes, I was once more in my study, leaning over the blazing coals, and feeling as if just awakened from some unpleasant dream.

PAVEMENT PORTRAITS.

'DOT.'

'SHE is a beauty; ain't she, sir? You may go a long day's journey afore you meets wi' the likes o' 'er, I can tell you. Now, give me your candid opinion, sir; what do you think she is?'

The speaker, who stood under the grim shadow of Newgate Prison, was a blind man, with a quaint, chestless, backboneless sort of body, propped insecurely on a pair of the weakest-looking legs I ever saw; a man who was most assuredly 'limp' in his construction. But above his body there was a very intelligent face, albeit the complexion was a half-and-half mixture of freckles and dirt. The features were pinched and hungry-looking; but the mouth was sympathetic, the lips seeming ready to express any emotion of pleasure or of pain; but the eyes, alas! useless to their owner. Lanky red hair hung on each side of the face in the same slovenly way as lanky, very shabby clothes hung on his poor shrunken form. In front of this man was a small wooden tray, supported by a narrow strap, which passed round his neck. His right hand rested on this tray, from which it occasionally picked a watch-key, or shirt-stud or pencil, which it then held for a minute or two, pitifully appealing for custom to the passers-by; while round his left was tied one end of a very stout string, to the other end of which was attached 'the beauty.'

Attracted by the appearance of the blind man, I

had stopped to have a chat with him; and it was during the course of our quiet colloquy that the foregoing interrogatories were made. Strange to say, the questions were both of them difficult to answer; and as I looked at the subject of them, I felt like a matriculating student longing for a 'crib'; for I wished to pass a creditable examination, in order to ingratiate myself with the master of the model of this 'portrait,' and I really hardly knew how to do so while adhering strictly to the truth.

'She is a beauty; ain't she?' was the first question; but when I looked down and saw lying in the right angle made by the wall and the pavement something which looked like a yard of good-sized drain-pipe, covered with dirty sacking, from one end of which protruded a black-and-white head—not unlike that chalk-wagging head which is the chief attraction in a diabolical animal sold as a toy rabbit in poor neighbourhoods—while a very long black-and-white tail protruded from the other end, and lay along the ground like a curious piece of piebald rope, I found a difficulty in giving the desired affirmative answer. And then question number two came tripping up the heels of query number one, and it was fortunate it did so, for I was thereby considerably helped.

'What do you think she is?'

Of course I was bound to believe that 'she' was a dog. Here was the blind man, here the string, and what else could the remainder be *but* a dog? But as to the kind of dog it was, I am sure that the whole committee of the Kennel Club would have failed to decide *that*; and how could I be expected to know more than those learned ones?

I made a rush, and passed my 'Little-go exam.' in blind men's dogs triumphantly, as I answered, fearlessly and clearly, 'A very fine creature indeed; no *particular* breed; but, I should say, good all round; a capital companion, and evidently knows a thing or two.'

'Knows a thing or two; you're right, sir; she knows everything. There ain't nothin' as I sez to my missus, there ain't nothin' as she sez to me, as that "Dot" down there don't know. Wherever I goes, she knows why it is as I goes there. When I stops at 'ome, she guesses rheumatics! as properly as I feels 'em. There never was a more cleverer dog; an' in all things she's as good as a 'uman; better, I think, than most 'umans, for she knows 'ow to 'old 'er tongue, an' you can't say that quite truly o' most o' the women an' men as I know.'

'Dot,' hearing herself thus ranked above human beings in point of intelligence, roused herself, and four long lean legs emerged from the sacking, stretched themselves to their full length both 'fore and aft,' and then, with great display of leverage, slowly raised up the whole of the canvas cover some fifteen inches from the ground. The drab drapery did not cling in classic folds to the figure of the fair 'Dot,' and there she stood, revealed in the open day, as strange a canine combination as ever mortal eyes lighted upon.

'There she is,' continued the blind man, as he felt the agitation of the string caused by the

animal moving—"there she is. Look at 'er now! What do you think of that? Ain't that artful? An' so like a 'ooman! She 'ears a little praise, an' at once she wants to show you 'ow well she deserves it."

"How old is she?" I asked.

"Well, sir, we mustn't talk about *that*; she doesn't like it." And as the master answered thus, the dog stuck one of her fore-legs straight out, and prodded me on the knee, as much as to say: "You rude man, don't ask such questions;" and she waved her tail about—I can't say she wagged it, for it was too long for wagging—as if asking: "Aren't you going to give us a copper? What's the use of your stopping here, if you're not?"

But I was not going just then, even to please the impatient 'Dot;' and I asked the blind man to tell me how she had been trained to lead him about. And he told me.

It seems that the poor fellow has a friend, who must be an original in his way. This friend carpenters all day, and spends his evenings in training dogs for blind clients. As far as I could make out, the plan pursued is this: Blind men, however poor they may be, have a certain number of places to which in the course of their daily life they desire to go for business, begging, or pleasure purposes; and those who, possessing the advantage of the acquaintance of the carpenter referred to, wish for a dog to pilot them safely to these places, give the trainer a list of them. The carpenter having found a likely four-legged pupil, arranges that a nice little feed shall be prepared at one of these places on a given occasion, or several given occasions; and then, having put the poor animal on short allowance, he sets off with it for that place, first informing it where it is going, and continuing to remind it all the way of the name of the place. Arrived at their journey's end, the dog is well fed; and it connects the meal with the name; and under proper conditions will, if it is an apt pupil, always go to the same place again when told to do so.

This, or something like this, was at anyrate the way in which Dot had been trained; and that she would have passed very high in any London Local Examination for dogs, I can safely affirm.

Dogs have, however, as we all know, dispositions as well as talents; and although the latter are easy to discover, the former are often somewhat inscrutable. And so it was with Dot, as the following incident will exemplify.

"You must know, sir," said my friend the blind man, on another occasion to that already referred to, and when I had become quite well acquainted with him and Dot—"you must know, I've got a brother who, though 'e is my brother, I must say is a most out-an'-out scamp. 'E's got a good trade, bricklayin'; but 'e won't work steady at it. One day on an' two days off, that's 'is line; an' it ain't a line as pays, of course. But 'e's got a wife, as nice a little 'ooman as ever stept; an' it was more along of 'er that I 'ad Kensin'ton, where they both lives, drummed into Dot's 'ead, so that I might go an' see 'em from time to time. An' I used to go pretty reglar; but the visits were by no means nice to make, for there was always somethin' uncomfor'ble 'appened; sometimes a row between 'im and 'er, sometimes between 'im an' me, an' at last there was words between all

three on us at once; so I made up my mind as I would scratch Kensin'ton off my list, an' leave them as lives there to shift for themselves.

"One o' the pleasantest places as I go to, I must tell you, is at Kennin'ton, close to the Hoval; an' what takes me over there is to see an old lady who is very good to all blind folks, me in particular; an' whenever I goes, I gets a good blow-out, an' somethin' in my pocket to "pay my fare 'ome," as the old lady calls it—only she knows quite well as it goes to the 'ousekeepin' expenses. Well, I'd been 'avin' rather a bad time of it a little while ago—since I see you last—an' I thought I'd go over an' see my good Kennin'ton friend; an' last Tuesday fortnight, I puts on my best coat, an' after breakfast I tells my missus where I was a-goin', an' I gets Dot well in 'and for a start, an' I sez to 'er, sez I, "Kennin'ton!" At least I was goin' to say "Kennin'ton;" but when I got as far as "Ken," I catches a great sneeze, an' the rest o' the word was lost.

"Dot an' I sets out; an' we goes all right from Somers Town, where I lives, across the Euston Road, down Gower Street, across New Oxford Street, down Endell Street as far as Long Acre. But when we come to the corner o' Long Acre, Dot, instead o' goin' across the street, an' so down Bow Street for Waterloo Bridge, turns sharp to the right, an' lugs me some yards up Long Acre afore I knew what she was up to. I tries to pull 'er back; but she gets quite obstinate, an' wont listen to a word I've got to say, but drags me on at a killin' pace, all along Cranbourne Street, right as far as Regent Circus, Piccadilly. 'Ere she 'ad to stop a minute because o' the difficulty in crossin', an' I takes the hoppportunity to speak to 'er quiet like; that is to say, as well as I could in the noise there always is about that part. She wouldn't let me pull 'er in to talk to 'er proper an' close, for she's stronger nor me, an' she kep' the string quite taut. I told 'er most solemnly as I wanted to go to Kennin'ton; but she wouldn't 'ear of it. Now, what was I to do? I knew by this time what she was up to. She was off to that brother o' mine at Kensin'ton; an' I, who 'ad vowed never to go near the place any more, was bein' conveyed there entirely against my will! It was 'orrid! an' the pace she went too; a 'Ammer-smith 'bus, in which I went once, is nothin' to it! All along Piccadilly, all through Knightsbridge, was I dragged by that there Dot, an' we never stops until she pulls up at the greengrocer's shop where Bill—that's my brother—lives. No sooner did we stop, than I 'eard a voice which cut me to the 'art. It was Nancy, my sister-in-law, who comes runnin' out an' flings 'erself on me, a-cryin', "O Tom, 'ow good o' you to come. 'Ere's Bill got 'is leg broke, an' took to 'orspital, an' a man's in possession o' our room for the rent!"—"Well, I am blessed," sez I; "'ere's a rum go. An' what are you a-goin' to do?"—"I don't know," sez she. "Can't you 'elp us?"—Well, I turns the matter over in my mind presently, an' I tells Dot to go 'ome. She went 'ome; an' the nex' day we goes right enough to Kennin'ton, an' the day after to Kensin'ton once more, an' the man was paid out, an' Nancy was free."

At the end of this curious recital, Dot, who looked at this epoch like one of Pharaoh's lean kine, reared herself on her hind-legs, nearly dragging her master down, as she tried to see

what a harmless City waiter had on a lunch tray which he was carrying to a neighbouring office; and as I said 'Good-bye' to the master, I quite fell in love with the dog.

THE ADVENTURES OF AN AMERICAN 'SPECIAL.'

BY ONE OF THEM.

FIRST PAPER.

THE profession of journalism in the United States partakes of a character of individuality unknown in England. If we except George Augustus Sala, James Greenwood, and one or two others—war correspondents not counting—we can find no English journalist who fully answers the requirements of an American 'special.' He must be able to undergo excessive fatigue and hunger, and assume as many characters as Proteus, if need be, at a moment's notice. When his work is done, he must rush back to his office, no matter how long he has been out, and dash off his 'copy' ere he retires to rest.

Politics, the drama, vigorous description, and even religion, must in turn be the subjects of his pen. When 'on the war-path,' his ingenuity must stand a severe strain, in order to devise the means of ferreting out news and stealing a march on his contemporaries. The *New York Herald*, for example, pays immense sums for exclusive news, and should its 'special' prove himself worthy, never grudges him the sinews of war. Some ten years ago, the writer received from it five hundred dollars and expenses for exclusive facts relative to the Newfoundland fisheries, the collection of which took him barely a month. The *Herald* was threatened at the time with no less than twelve lawsuits by enraged 'bulls,' who found the market suddenly going dead against them. The *Herald*, however, stood by 'the chatterings of an irresponsible bohemian,' and invited them to test their grievances, if they were so disposed. Needless to add they did not pick up the gauntlet, and the new commercial treaty—the fish-treaty, as it was called—was indirectly the result.

The American special enjoys numerous privileges. He may travel 'dead head,' or without paying his fare, from Golden Gate to Nantucket Shoals in common with those other bohemians the Pinte and Blackfoot; but I believe these latter only enjoy this luxury on the Central Pacific. Hotels are glad of him at a reduced price; and in most cases he is made a present of his bill, mine host being aware that he may get more than its value back in some cunningly worded description. He marches into the theatres on the free-list; and stalks through a crowd of policemen at a fire, as a ship rushes through the unopposing waters. Indeed, the writer remembers one case in which a special was arrested amongst some hundreds of other citizens at a gambling resort, and was immediately released by the police court judge with an apology, while he censured the sergeant in charge of the raid. 'The mere fact of Mr So-and-so's having been there, ought to have been sufficient evidence to you that he was there in the execution of his duty,' said the judge to the crest-fallen executive.

There was some ground of excuse for this, sad as it may appear to the English reader, from the fact, that in all criminal cases the specials run the police hard in ferreting out the truth; and in some instances the case is 'worked up' in a daily journal before they know the full details at headquarters. Often and often the writer has seen a baffled detective accost an enterprising special, and in a mournful tone ask him if he knew anything. Instances have been known, notably in the Nathan murder case—which is still a mystery—in which it was freely alleged that the police themselves set to work to baffle newspaper-men.

The remarkable coolness of the special in time of peril is also worthy of note. Witness a case in point. On the ever-to-be-remembered twelfth of July, when the Fenians of New York turned out some thirty thousand strong, resolved that three hundred Orangemen should not parade the streets, as they had done on the previous St Patrick's Day, the Empire City witnessed a scene of carnage which is never likely to be seen again. Protected by the ninth, seventh, sixty-ninth—an Irish regiment—and one or two other militia regiments, these three hundred men marched past the grand Opera-house surrounded by a yelling multitude, who fired revolvers and darkened the air with brickbats. At last, patience ceased to be a virtue. Several soldiers had already fallen desperately wounded. The Colonel halted his men, and gave them orders to fire at the mob.

The writer was one of a numerous band of specials—specially sworn in as constables—amongst the mob. A friend in the ranks shouted 'Look out—we are going to fire!' a warning which was sufficient to cause him to throw himself flat on his face. The mob vanished, leaving the space clear; and while he was wondering how to get out of the dilemma, what was his surprise at seeing Pember of the *New York Times*, in the midst of the fire, calmly roll himself over on his side, produce his note-book, and go from one wounded man to another, jotting down his name, his age, where he lived, and the nature of his hurt. This, while bullets were flying, and unfortunate specials were menaced by the military on one side and the furious mob on the other. This reckless exposure of life and limb was in order that the journal Pember represented might 'be the first to have 'List of the Killed and Wounded!' on its bulletin boards.

So much for pluck. Now for wit. But the cases are so numerous, that it is difficult to know where to choose. When the Siamese twins died, Philadelphia surgery had the honour of dissecting them; and under the peculiar circumstances—one having died of horror consequent on his brother's death—the public were in a fever-heat of expectation to learn whether they could have existed apart. Various were the artifices resorted to by the specials to gain a knowledge of this fact, the doctors having sternly declared that they would not admit the press, as it looked like pandering to the morbid appetite of the public. Medical students and full-blown doctors with duly 'vised' certificates from other cities increased to an alarming extent. Hospital porters were offered premiums to vacate their positions for one day only.

But all was of no avail; the doctors closed the doors, and the operation began. At its conclusion, it was ascertained that the twins could have undergone a successful severance in life. At that interesting moment, or in the debate which followed, one of the doctors observed an unusually life-like hue upon a subject waiting for dissection. But what was his horror, and indeed the horror of them all, as the remark fell from his lips, to observe the corpse suddenly jump up and make for the door. He opened it in time and fled, followed by the enraged doctors. A cab was waiting outside, and into this popped the supposed corpse, to be driven like mad to the railway station, where the complacent special safely arrived with the knowledge that he had made a big 'beat.'

Another, though not so startling a case was the impudence of 'Joe' H—, who having been thrust with his male companions out of a woman's suffrage meeting, returned half an hour afterwards as a female delegate from New Hampshire, and was requested to take the vice chair! It was not until the meeting was half over, and Joe, in the enthusiasm of the moment, forgot his trick of voice, that the fraud was discovered, and he was forced to fly from the room, pursued by indignant amazons. Joe subsequently distinguished himself by bringing about the memorable 'Blue Monday,' in which New York was for three days in a state of revolution, and the newspaper offices were filled with soldiers, while their editors were under arrest. Joe languished at Fort Lafayette for this; and had it not been for the immense political influence of his friends, would have been shot.

Thus much by way of showing the pluck and wit required by a special; and now for a personal reminiscence or two.

In the summer of 1873, a man appeared at the office of the journal on which the writer was then engaged, and stated that having gone down to Connecticut to assert his claim to some property left him by his father, he had been arrested at the instance of his relatives, and transferred to the Middletown Lunatic Asylum. He had made his escape; and, nothing daunted, was going down again to press his claim. He wished the aid of a powerful journal in case he should a second time be locked up. His statements were so alarming, that it was resolved to send a special to ferret out the system by which a citizen could suddenly be deprived of his liberty. A week after his departure, as nothing more was heard of him, the writer received orders to work up the case.

'But first of all,' said the managing editor, 'we must be able to get you back in New York State on requisition, in case you get locked up; for, if you get entangled in the meshes of the State of Connecticut Blue laws, it would take even a Philadelphia lawyer months to get you clear.'

Accordingly, the writer went up to police headquarters, and while talking to his old friend the Chief of Police, contrived to pick the pocket of Sergeant A—; for which he was promptly arrested, and the proof of his guilt being found on him, conveyed to a cell. A window had been carelessly left unfastened. The special lost no time in getting out of it and making his way to the railway station, whence

he was speedily carried to the State of Connecticut. Stamford was the place in which the alleged lunatic had been last heard of; and accordingly Stamford became the base of operations. Before the evening was out, the special found that the escaped lunatic had been re-apprehended; and that 'the first select man,' with the alleged lunatic's brother, and a lawyer, had been the means of getting him out of the way, and were interested in keeping him out of sight. 'The first select man' answers to an English justice of the peace, and held in his hands an amount of power which was simply alarming. By an old law, he could order the commitment of a vagrant to the State prison for so many weeks; but should a doctor certify that the vagrant was not responsible for his acts, he could be sent to the Middletown Lunatic Asylum, there to be detained until the commission which examined cases quarterly decided that he was not insane. The State paid half his expenses, his relative the other half. Now, it so happened that the first select man in this case was also a duly qualified practitioner. He had merely as a doctor to certify to the man's insanity, and in his magisterial capacity to commit him. The two respectable citizens who were required by the Act to testify to the fact that the person was a fit subject for incarceration were the alleged lunatic's brother and his brother's lawyer. These facts were ascertained by a purely American process known as interviewing, and deadly indeed it is in finding out truth. It must be borne in mind that the various persons interested were interviewed separately on one pretence or other, and their answers taken down on the reportorial note-book as soon as uttered. Patches of conversation taken here and there made in the aggregate very damaging testimony against themselves.

The writer will never forget the sounds of rage which greeted his ears at the old Homestead—the property in dispute—when the virago, who had been pouring forth her account of 'the doings,' under the impression that he was the first select man's clerk, suddenly discovered, by the arrival of her brother, that it was 'a pizen-press feller.' Some two hours previous, he himself had opened his mouth rather too much, believing that he spoke to a land-speculator who had come to him from his lawyer, and had only just been undeceived by him. Indeed, had it not been for the presence of a loaded revolver, a pitchfork which the man picked up might have cut short the writer's career. The next move was to rush down to New Haven and get a lawyer to take out a writ of habeas corpus. While that was pending, Middletown was visited, and the chief of police taken into confidence.

'I'm glad you've come to write up that sink of iniquity,' he said; 'some of the goings-on there are awful.'

'How am I to get in?' demanded the writer. 'I must see the unfortunate man; for I fear that now they know there is some one on the track, they may try to make him mad. I have heard of such things.'

'I'll fix it,' he replied; 'they can't refuse me.'

This proved to be the case; and by pretending that he had a message from the alleged lunatic's sister, the writer was enabled to see him. But

there deception ended; for the unfortunate man fell on his knees in a passion of joy, crying, 'God bless you, sir; I knew you would not let me be buried alive and tortured out of my mind.'

'Tortured out of your mind?'

'Yes, sir. Because I got angry, they pretended I was dangerous, and clapped me in the strait-jacket in a dark cell.'

'It is only due to you, sir,' the writer said, turning to the governor, 'to tell you that far from being a relation of this man, I am a reporter of the —, bent on exposing the nefarious practices which have resulted in this man's imprisonment; and I warn you that any ill treatment of him will be at your peril.'

'This deception is most unfair,' responded the governor, a benevolent-looking man. 'The man is a dangerous lunatic.'

At that moment, the alleged lunatic called the special over, and in an agitated manner gave him a piece of paper, on which a used stamp was pinned. 'Take it,' he said; 'I was going to throw it out of the window.'

Slipping it in his pocket, the special bade him keep his courage up, and took his leave.

To his astonishment and disgust, when he examined the paper, it read as follows:

To the POPE, No. 1 Printing House Square, New York.—I am in Purgatory. Get me out, or the Queen will never forgive you.—A. LINCOLN.

This was a crusher. Clearly, one who could write such nonsense must be mad, after all. There was nothing for it but to go back to New York, and confess that one had been on a wildgoose chase. The chief's dictum put a new face on the matter. 'He may be mad,' said he; 'but there's villainy in it somewhere. Anyhow, I can give you facts enough about the place to make people open their eyes.'

Under the fear that the habeas corpus would be too slow in its operation, and that in the meanwhile the unfortunate prisoner might be driven mad, the special resolved to return to Stamford, and by threats of exposure compel his release. On the following morning, he presented himself at the office and stated his case, accompanying the same with an intimation that it would be as well for the parties to 'knuckle under.'

'Have you any fixed residence in Stamford?' demanded the lawyer.

'No.'

'I should like to know that you are a duly authorised agent of the paper you mention. Will you show me your papers?'

The special explained that he had none; at the same time informing the lawyer that he might ascertain for himself by wiring to the editor of the journal in question.

'I know nothing about the State of New York,' replied the lawyer; 'the State of Connecticut is good enough for me; and by the law, you are a vagrant, and guilty of an attempt at black-mail. You'll wish you'd never entered this State, young fellow.'

Two constables were in waiting, as the special's appearance had been anticipated. He was hauled before 'the first select man,' and by him sent into custody. But ere the week was out, he had the

satisfaction of seeing two detectives come with a requisition for him, on a charge of pocket-picking at New York; and hearty was the laugh at headquarters when he related his adventures.

With the exposures that followed, this article has nothing to do; but the extraordinary part yet remains to be told. Some New York lawyers took up the case; and the alleged lunatic, who had in the meantime made his escape from the asylum, received ten thousand dollars; while his brother and the lawyer were indicted for conspiracy, and convicted. A year after that, the alleged lunatic went really mad in Chicago, after relating his adventures to a reporter of the *Chicago Tribune*.

Whether he was always mad, as his relations declared, or whether the excitement proved too much for him, the reader must judge. The probabilities are that he was one of a numerous not over-strong-brained class of men who get along well enough if they are let alone. There is one thing certain, however—if the writer had been consigned to that horrible asylum, he would not have answered for his own sanity at the end of a month.

THE MAHWA TREE.

THIS is one of the Indian food-trees. The name is spelled in a variety of ways, Mhowa, Malwah, and as above Mahwa, and is applied not only to the *Bassia latifolia*, but to *B. butyracea* and *B. longifolia*, which also bear edible fruits. The singularity of the genus consists in the fact, that not only is the fruit eatable, but the fleshy deciduous corollas are also largely employed by the natives of India for the same purpose, constituting in point of fact a staple, and indeed sometimes the only article of diet available for the very poorest classes during some months of the year. The tree is not unlike our oak in form, size, and the colouring of the foliage; it grows from thirty to forty feet high; flowers in the months of March and April; is found in nearly every part of Central India, and is cultivated in other districts, but not so largely as it might be, considering its valuable properties.

The flowers ripen towards the end of February or beginning of March, the corollas becoming fleshy and tinged with the juices they secrete. They then gradually loosen from the calyx, and falling to the ground, are carefully gathered by the natives—women and children being chiefly employed in this business. They start in the early morning from their villages, carrying baskets and a supply of water for the day's use, to where the Mahwa trees grow.

Just before the blossoms are ready to fall, the grass is burnt away in a circle from beneath the trees, in order that none of the precious blossoms may be hidden by it, and so lost. The gleaners of the Mahwa crop remain in the neighbourhood of the trees all day, collecting and sleeping by turns, and return home at night laden with spoil. When the gleaners have come from a long distance, they often make a temporary encampment of huts, formed of branches of trees, and live on the ground until they have collected all the flowers. They never strip the trees entirely of blossoms; in good seasons, each tree will produce from two to three hundred pounds of flowers;

and a good many are allowed to remain to seed themselves.

The natives clear a piece of ground in front of their huts, and on this spread out the flowers to dry in the sun. When quite dry, they are reddish brown in colour, and have shrunk to about three-fourths of their ordinary size, and lose at least half their weight.

The tree is a hardy one, and even in poor ground flourishes well. It could therefore be cultivated on land which would not yield ordinary crops. The trees are rented, and the rent varies with various circumstances, such as their abundance in the district, and the quality of the previous rice harvest. Mr V. Ball, of the Geological Survey, says that in the Murpa district the prices paid for permission to collect vary from twopence to four shillings; and from one hundred and twenty to four hundred and eighty pounds per rupee—two shillings—is the price paid for the saved crop. Very often the exchange is made in kind, in salt or rice; the merchants then give a small quantity of salt, and six or eight pounds of rice for a *maund*—eighty pounds—of Mahwa. During the time of the famine in Manbhoom, the average price of Mahwa was twenty-four pounds for one rupee.

Two *maunds* of Mahwa are said to be enough for a month's food for a family of five. It is not generally eaten alone, however, but mixed with different seeds, those of the *Shorea robusta*, the *sal* tree; and very often rice is added also. When dried, Mahwa flowers rather resemble inferior figs. When fresh, they have a sweet taste, but a by no means agreeable odour. The fruit succeeds the blossoms. It is about the size of a very small apple; and the kernels contain oil, which is of an inferior colour and rancid taste, but is very generally used by the poorer natives for lighting purposes, as well as for cooking; and it is also applied externally as a remedy for wounds, sores, and cutaneous diseases generally.

The freshly dried flowers yield, on distillation, a very intoxicating spirit, called by the natives *daru*. It is usually diluted with from five to ten times its bulk of water, and is then offered for sale at about a penny per quart. Its smell, which is most offensive, cannot, even by the most careful distillation, be wholly got rid of. The natives, however, do not seem to mind it in the least; and even British soldiers acquire a taste for the liquor in time, though they generally hold their noses while drinking it. One hundred-weight of flowers is said to yield from four to six gallons of proof-spirit. The very carefully distilled and rectified spirit is put into oak-casks, becomes of a yellowish colour with keeping, and is said to be little inferior to the best Irish whisky.

The oil is manufactured from the seeds by bruising, rubbing, and subjecting them to heavy pressure. It is a coarse sort of oil; but in the manufacture of soap is largely used in the country, and also for candles. For that purpose, it would be worth in England from twenty-five to thirty-five pounds per tun. It has been tried by candle-manufacturers, and pronounced very suitable, and a valuable oil for such purposes.

Useful as the Mahwa tree is, and valued as it is by the natives, still, they do not protect

or foster its growth as much as it might be thought they would, considering that the flowers and fruit are alike useful for food, drink, and domestic purposes. The cultivation of the tree is not so great as it well might be. This culture might, with very considerable advantage to the country, be fostered by the government, as the trees would yield a revenue, by the duty on the spirit distilled from them, as well as afford food for the poorer native population at certain seasons of the year. No outlay is necessary, as they are very easily grown from seed, the trees propagating themselves in those parts of India in which the tree is indigenous, the seed being generally self-sown. In the Concans, the Circar Mountains, Bengal, Rajputana, Guzerat, &c., the Mahwa tree grows in considerable numbers, and it might easily be spread from thence over all India. The natives are sufficiently alive to the value of the trees to protect them in those places in which they exist, but do little or nothing towards increasing their numbers; and the increase of cultivated land prevents the seedlings springing up, as they would otherwise do in many places. With a view to securing the preservation of Mahwa trees in village areas, it is not now allowed to cut them down, even when they have ceased blooming, without permission. This is a step in the right direction; and if attention is turned towards the cultivation of seedlings throughout India, one of the best food-trees of the empire will be preserved from extinction.

THE DÆMON.

SPAKE my Dæmon unto me :
'Wherefore discontented be ?
Farest thou Life's jolting ride,
Long as I am at thy side ?
Spurs thou hast and supple heel,
Hangs not there thy trusty steel ?
Lo ! I follow in thy train,
Careless, whether fire or rain.
See ! my bridle-rein is tied
Firmly to thy saddle's side.
Where thou goest, I will go,
All the dangerous pathways show.'

Then I turned, and there beheld
A Rider following in the wild.
Careless of the storm, he moved
Like a traveller tried and proved.
Strange—his steed was like my own ;
Strange—his face I should have known.
'Brother ! ridest thou my way ?'
Cried I in mine ecstasy.

But my Dæmon made reply :
'Thou shalt converse by-and-by.
This day's journey thou must make ;
On the morn, another take ;
Many more perchance thou hast ;
But, when lagging on thy last,
Love shall light the lonely realm,
As a crest upon thy helm ;
And this Rider thou shalt see,
As the better part of Thee.'

C. McK.

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THE QUEEN'S HOUSEHOLD.

THE Throne and all that pertains to it is always a subject of interest to British people, not only from the historical associations attaching thereto, but from the deserved popularity of its present occupant, our gracious sovereign the Queen. We do not at this time propose to make any reference to the higher institutions which are grouped around the Throne, and which combine in its support; but to lay before our readers what we are sure will interest them, namely, a brief sketch of the Queen's Household—the first Household in the land—and the duties of its various members.

The number of officers and attendants of all kinds who form the Queen's Court is not far short of a thousand, many of whom hold hereditary posts, and nearly all of whom receive liberal, and it may be thought in some cases extravagant, salaries. The principal officer is the Lord Steward, who has absolute control over the entire Household, and whose slightest command must be instantly obeyed by every officer and servant belonging to the court, excepting those of the Queen's chamber, stable, and chapel. He has authority to hold courts for administering justice and settling disputes among the domestic servants of the Queen. This part of his duties is, however, rarely performed; and although he possesses very extensive patronage in the appointments of subordinate officials, &c., the more active duties of his position are left to the Master of the Household, an officer who constantly resides within the precincts of the palace. The Lord Steward appears at court on all State occasions; and the salary he receives is two thousand pounds per annum. The office is a political one, and is in the gift of the ministry of the day.

Next in rank to the Lord Steward is the Lord Treasurer, who has no particular duties to perform, but is supposed to act as deputy to the Lord Steward (in his absence) at all State ceremonies; and for this service he receives the respectable salary of nine hundred and four pounds per

annum. The Comptroller of the Household is another office of a similar nature, with nominal duties and a similar salary.

The Master of the Household is an important officer, if we may judge by the amount of his salary, which is eleven hundred and fifty-eight pounds per annum. He, as the real deputy to the Lord Steward, has full control over Her Majesty's domestic establishment, and has, moreover, a large staff of officers to assist him. In addition to his own Secretary, who has three hundred a year, there are attached to the Board of Green Cloth—which consists of the Lord Steward, the Treasurer, Comptroller, and the Master, and has the power of adjudicating upon all offences committed within certain limits of the palace—another Secretary, with three hundred a year; three clerks with good salaries, who keep all the accounts of the department; a Secretary to the Garden accounts, a Paymaster of the Household, an Office-keeper, three Messengers, and a 'necessary woman.' The Master has also the privilege of dining at the Queen's table.

Next in order comes the Clerk of the Kitchen, with a salary of seven hundred a year and his board; and to aid him in his work he has four clerks, who keep all the accounts, check weights and measures, and issue orders to the tradespeople; he has also a messenger, and a 'necessary woman.' Beside these officials of Her Majesty's Kitchen, there is the *chef*, with a salary of seven hundred a year; and four master-cooks, at about three hundred and fifty pounds per annum each—who have the privilege of taking four apprentices, at premiums of from one hundred and fifty pounds to two hundred pounds each—two yeomen of the kitchen, two assistant-cooks, two roasting-cooks, four scourers, three kitchen-maids, a storekeeper, two 'Green Office' men, and two steam-apparatus men. And in the Confectionery department there are a first and a second yeoman, with salaries of three hundred and two hundred and fifty pounds respectively; an apprentice, three female assistants, and an errand-man; and in addition to these there are also a pastry-cook and two female

assistants, a baker and his assistant, and three coffee-room women. The Ewer department, which has charge of all the linen, consists of a yeoman and two female assistants only.

The gentleman of the wine and beer cellars—or, properly speaking, Her Majesty's Chief Butler—has a salary of five hundred pounds a year. He has to select and purchase wines for the royal establishment, to superintend the decanting, and send them up to table. Next to him are the principal Table Deckers, with two hundred pounds a year each; the second Table Decker, with one hundred and fifty; the third, with ninety; and an assistant, with fifty-two pounds—their duties being to superintend the laying out of the Queen's table before dinner is served.

The Plate pantry is under the care of three yeomen—with salaries of one hundred and sixty, one hundred and fifty, and one hundred and twenty pounds respectively, beside lodging-money and board—a groom, and six assistants. These offices are of great trust, and are not overpaid, seeing that at a rough guess the gold and silver plate at Windsor Castle alone is probably worth about *three millions* sterling, and includes some very precious specimens of art workmanship. The getting in of Her Majesty's coals must also be an important and arduous task, as no fewer than thirteen persons are employed all the year round on this duty alone.

There are a great many porters attached to the royal establishment, the list being headed with the Gentlemen Porters—who draw good salaries in addition to board-wages—an assistant-porter, and three groom-porters. The Gentlemen Porters are only required to be on duty in alternate weeks, and therefore have a very easy time of it. Next in rank to them come the ten State Porters, namely, a Sergeant Porter—who is dubbed 'Esq.'—five yeomen porters, and four under-porters. There are also ten night-porters, who receive a guinea each weekly, and a good supper nightly, the remnants of which they are permitted to carry home with them the next morning; a first and second lamplighter, with one hundred pounds a year each, beside lodging-money and board-wages; and seven assistant-lamplighters. This number existed before the introduction of gas, so there has been no benefit derived from the invention—at least not on the side of economy in the Queen's Household. In the Steward's Room, there are a yeoman and five assistants; and in the Servants' Hall, an usher and three assistants.

There is a regular court of justice attached to the Queen's Household with its officers and necessary police-constables. It is called the Court of the Marshalsea; and the expense of keeping it up costs about one thousand nine hundred and twenty-four pounds in salaries alone. This ancient Court dates from the reign of Henry VIII.; and its duty is to administer justice between the Queen's domestic servants, 'that they may not be drawn into other courts, and thereby the king lose their services.' As we have already stated, the Lord Steward is the judge, and his jurisdiction extends to all places within twelve miles of Whitehall.

The Knight-Marshal, or chief of the police of this court within a Court, receives five hundred pounds a year; and there are eight Marshalmen, with one hundred pounds a year each, and fees; their duties being principally to attend at the

entrances to the House of Lords when the peers are sitting; and at levees, drawing-rooms, &c. at St James's Palace.

There is one more office to mention before we have done with the Lord Steward's department, and that is the Almonry, the two principal officers of which are the Hereditary Grand Almoner—held by the Marquis of Exeter—and the Lord High Almoner—held by the Dean of Windsor. These are entirely honorary appointments. The former distributes at coronations the alms collected in a silver dish, retaining the dish as his fee; while the latter superintends the distribution of the royal alms on Maundy-Thursdays, and twice a year at the office in Scotland Yard. There is also a Secretary to the Almonry, whose salary is three hundred and fifty pounds per annum, or about the amount distributed to the poor on Maundy-Thursdays.

Next to the Lord Steward's department comes that of the Lord Chamberlain, whose duties are very numerous and important. They include the superintendence of all the officers and servants belonging to the Queen's chambers excepting those of the Bedchamber, who are under the Groom of the Stole; of the officers of the wardrobe at all Her Majesty's houses; of the removal of beds, wardrobes, and tents; of revels, music, comedians, huntsmen, messengers, artisans, heralds, physicians, apothecaries, and chaplains. He is also supposed to inspect the charges for coronations, royal marriages, public entrées, cavalcades, funerals, and furniture in the Houses of Parliament and rooms for receiving addresses to the Queen.

The Lord Chamberlain's salary is two thousand pounds per annum; and he has a Vice-Chamberlain to assist him, whose salary is nine hundred and twenty-four pounds a year. He has also a Comptroller of Accounts, an Inspector of Accounts, three clerks, a porter, and three messengers, the united salaries of these officials amounting to three thousand one hundred and ten pounds. In this department comes also the Keeper of Her Majesty's Privy Purse, whose duty it is to act as a kind of financial Secretary to the Queen, signing all cheques on the Queen's bankers, and making payments to various people and for various objects, as Her Majesty in the exercise of her benevolence may be pleased to direct. The salary attached to this office is also two thousand pounds per annum, being a percentage of three pounds six shillings and eightpence on Her Majesty's Privy Purse of sixty thousand pounds.

Next in rank in the Lord Chamberlain's department are the Mistress of the Robes, with a salary of five hundred pounds; the Groom of the Robes, with eight hundred pounds (and a clerk, a messenger, and a furrier as assistants); and eight Ladies of the Bedchamber. The duties of the latter consist in waiting on Her Majesty for a fortnight at a time in rotation; thus each lady would be called upon three times a year for this duty.

Following these in rank are the eight Maids of Honour, who represent a very old institution in connection with royalty. In 1625, shortly after his marriage with Henrietta of France, Charles I. issued the following rules for the guidance of the Maids: 'The Queen's Maids of Honour are to come into the Presence Chamber before eleven of the clock, and to go to prayers; and after prayers

to attend until the Queen be set at dinner. Again, at two o'clock to return into the said Chamber, and there to remain until supper-time. And when they shall be retired into their Chamber, they admit of no man to come there; and that they go not at any time out of the court without leave asked of the Lord Chamberlain or Her Majesty; and that the Mother of the Maids see all these orders concerning the Maids duly observed, as she will answer to the contrary.'

Nowadays, the Queen's Maids of Honour do not have such restrictions placed on their liberty, and merely take their turn, two at a time for one month, to attend on Her Majesty. After these in rank stand the eight Bedchamber Women, who serve in rotation in the same manner, and are only expected to figure on state occasions. Henrietta, Duchess of Suffolk, in one of her letters, gives an interesting account of the duties of these 'women' in her time. 'The Bedchamber Women came into waiting before the Queen's prayers, which was before she was dressed. The Queen often shifted in a morning. If Her Majesty shifted at noon, the Bedchamber *Lady* being by, the Bedchamber *Woman* gave the shift to the *Lady* without any ceremony, and the *Lady* put it on. Sometimes likewise, the Bedchamber *Woman* gave the fan to the *Lady* in the same manner; and this was all that the Bedchamber *Lady* did, about the Queen when she was dressing. When the Queen washed her hands, the Page of the Back Stairs brought and set down on the side-table the basin and ewer. Then the Bedchamber *Woman* set it before the Queen, and knelt on the other side of the table over against the Queen; the Bedchamber *Lady* only looking on. The Bedchamber *Woman* poured the water out of the ewer upon the Queen's hands. The Bedchamber *Woman* pulled on the Queen's gloves when she could not do it herself. The Page of the Back Stairs was called in to put on the Queen's shoes,' &c. All this is now obsolete; the situations are quite honorary so far as work is concerned.

The salaries of the Maids of Honour and the Bedchamber Women are three hundred pounds per annum each.

Next come the eight Lords in Waiting, the Grooms in Waiting, the Gentlemen Ushers of the Privy Chamber and Daily Waiters, Grooms of the Privy Chamber, Quarterly Waiters, Grooms of the Great Chamber—with salaries amounting in the aggregate to eleven thousand one hundred and ninety-three pounds per annum—and thirty-two Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber. Of all the court officials, these last-named gentlemen are the rarest specimens, for they are courtiers, and have to attend on royalty without any pay whatever, beyond the 'honour of the thing.'

The Marshal of the Ceremonies is an important post, but, compared with the other salaries, is considerably underpaid, the honorarium being only three hundred a year. His duties are to attend all State ceremonies, and to conduct the foreign ambassadors, &c. to the Queen's presence; a thorough knowledge of all the petty details of etiquette and precedence being a necessary qualification for the post.

There are five Pages of the Back Stairs, with salaries of four hundred pounds each; and their duties are to wait on the sovereign, one of them being always in attendance at the door of the

Queen's apartment from eight in the morning until she retires for the night. Two of them wait at the royal table. There are also two State Pages, and a Page of the Chambers.

There are six Pages of the Presence, with salaries of one hundred and eighty pounds each, whose duties are to attend on the Lords, Ladies, and Maids of Honour at breakfasts and luncheons; to be in communication with the Pages of the Back Stairs; and to wait on Her Majesty's visitors. There are also three pages-men to wait on these six Pages.

Next come the eight Sergeants-at-arms, whose duties were originally to 'capture any traitors about the court or other great offenders; also to hold watch outside the royal tent in complete armour, with bow, arrows, sword, and mace of office.' It is unnecessary to remark that the gentlemen who now hold this office are never called upon to do any such loyal and practical service. The salary of a Sergeant-at-arms is one hundred pounds per annum.

There are, beside the Sergeants-at-arms, three Kings-of-arms and six Heralds, besides messengers, inspectors of palaces, and housekeepers. Of these last there are nine, with salaries ranging from one hundred to three hundred pounds per annum. There are also three Linen-room Women, three 'necessary women,' upwards of sixty housemaids, and two attendants to show the public through the state-rooms at Windsor Castle.

The ecclesiastical staff of the Household is a large one, and costs a large sum in salaries. It consists of the Dean and Sub-dean of the Chapel-Royal, St James's; the Clerk of the Closet; three Deputy Clerks; a resident Chaplain; a Closet Keeper; forty-eight Chaplains in Ordinary, and ten Priests in Ordinary; besides four Chaplains, three Preachers, and three Readers for the Chapels at Whitehall Hall, Hampton, Windsor, and Kensington. There is also a choir of boys who wear gorgeously embroidered coats, four Organists, two Composers, a Violinist, a Sergeant of the Vestry, and a Master of the Boys.

Next comes the Sanitary establishment, including all the doctors, &c., in attendance on the Queen; and this costs no less than two thousand seven hundred pounds per annum. The physicians, however, are paid by fees; Dr Locock, the first physician accoucheur, having been known to receive for his attendance on the Queen at the birth of her children as much as a thousand pounds for one fee.

The State Band of music costs no less a sum than nineteen hundred and sixteen pounds per annum, although their services are seldom brought into use except on very great occasions, such as coronations, marriages, royal concerts, &c. The Band consists of a Master, at a salary of two hundred pounds a year; a Conductor, at one hundred pounds; and twenty-five members, at forty pounds each; besides a Sergeant Trumpeter, at one hundred pounds per annum; and nine Household Trumpeters, at forty pounds each. The Drum-majors of the Foot Guards are also in receipt of an annual allowance, as 'Household drummers,' in addition to their regular pay. Her Majesty also possesses a private band, which, during the lifetime of the Prince Consort, used to play every evening at the Palace during dinner.

Among all this army of officials, we must not forget to mention the Poet Laureate, who is an officer of the Queen's Household, although he receives but one hundred pounds per annum for his services, or only a seventh part of the sum which is allotted to the chief cook. Then there is the Examiner of Plays, with four hundred pounds per annum; besides a fee on the licensing of every play, interlude, farce, or song intended for the stage; all of which it is his duty to examine, to see that they contain nothing immoral, disloyal, or disrespectful to Church or State.

There is also a Master of the Tennis Court; but this is merely a nominal office now, although the holder of it receives the sum of one hundred and thirty-two pounds annually. Next come the Burgomaster and two Watermen, whose united salaries amount to four hundred pounds; a Keeper of the Swans; a Keeper of the Jewels in the Tower; an Exhibitor of the Jewels; a Principal Librarian; a Librarian in Ordinary; a Painter, and a Surveyor of Pictures.

The corps of Gentlemen-at-arms is an ancient as well as an expensive one, and was instituted by Henry VIII. under the name of Gentlemen Pensioners, which title they bore until the accession of William IV. It was composed originally of members of the highest families, chosen by the sovereign himself. This is not, however, the case now, as it consists principally of half-pay officers; but *tradesmen* are not allowed by any means to enter the corps. The appointments in it are regularly bought and sold, and fetch good prices too. The cost of the corps is over five thousand pounds. The Captain and Gold Stick has a salary of one thousand pounds; and the Lieutenant and Silver Stick has five hundred pounds a year, this berth having been known to fetch in the market ten thousand pounds. Each of the forty Gentlemen-at-arms receives a salary of one hundred pounds yearly; and when ordered on country service, three guineas a day extra for travelling expenses.

Next comes the Body-guard of Yeomen, or as they are popularly termed, the Beef-eaters. This corps is more ancient still, having been instituted by Henry VII. in 1485, previous to his coronation. The members still wear the fantastic garb of the Tudor period; and on state occasions they form part of the procession, carrying halberds in their hands. The appointments are worth about ninety pounds a year each, and are now bestowed on retired sergeant-majors from the army. Their Captain, who is invariably a peer, receives a thousand pounds per annum, and the appointment is a political one.

Here we must note that in addition to the Master of the Horse and the different Equerries and Pages of Honour—the latter being sons of noblemen, and usually getting commissions in the Foot Guards when they reach a certain age—there are a Sergeant Footman, fifteen footmen, twelve coachmen, twenty grooms, and upwards of fifty helpers. All these situations are in the gift of the Master of the Horse, and are rewarded with handsome salaries and perquisites, the sum appropriated to this service being twelve thousand five hundred and sixty-three pounds.

This sketch of the first Household in the land would not be complete if we failed to mention an appointment, the holder of which is almost

as popular a personage as the Queen herself. We refer to the office of Her Majesty's Personal Servant, held by Mr John Brown. He is the possessor of a gold medal bestowed upon him by the Queen for faithful and zealous service; and the British Public would look with surprise, and perhaps disappointment, upon any State procession in which the well-known figure of John Brown, clad in Scottish costume, did not play a part.

This, then, is the list and duties of the chief members of the Queen's Household; and although some of the situations may to the uninitiated seem useless, one thing is certain, namely, that this regiment of servants possesses one of the best mistresses—if not *the* best—that ever presided over any Household, British or foreign.

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER VIII.—'MY DEAR,' SAID MR JOLLY, 'I TOLD YOU SO.'

GERARD arose haggard, and looking like a murderer, to his own distempered fancy, as he regarded himself in the glass. All night long he had tossed to and fro, acting over and over again the drama of to-morrow. He was a thousand times rejected in the prophecies of these terrible waking dreams. In sweet tumultuous moments he was accepted. Once or twice came the fancy that he was loved in turn; but there seemed somehow an irreverence in it, almost a desecration. True love is humble, and Gerard's love was true. All night long he tossed, and dreamed his waking dreams; and though sometimes his heart defied Fate, and manly courage reasserted itself, for the most part he trembled at the thought of the ordeal before him, and the augury of his visions was evil. At the breakfast table his looks alarmed his mother; and he was so self-absorbed during the meal and ate so little, that at its close she followed him to his own private room with matronly solicitude.

'It is only your mother,' she said, when Gerard opened the door in answer to her rapping. 'Gerard, my dear, what have you been doing to look so unwell? You have over-exerted yourself, Gerard. You ride too much, I am sure.'

Gerard laughed, and set back his broad shoulders. 'There's nothing amiss with *me*, mother.'

'Let me look at your tongue,' she said.

Gerard laughed again, and answered lightly. 'I am beyond *The Simple Herbal*, mother.' Mrs Lumby, out of that precious volume, dosed the village children.

'I am sure it's furred, Gerard. I can tell it is by your complexion and the look of your eyes. And red at the edges, Gerard.'

He drew her to his side and kissed her. 'You're a good old mother, aren't you? There's nothing the matter with me. I'm as tough as whipcord, and as hard as nails.'

'Then, Gerard,' said the old lady, standing still within his embrace, and looking gravely up to him—'then, Gerard, you are disturbed

in mind.' The big Gerard looked down at her gently and kissed her again. But she would have been no mother if she had not seen the blush upon his cheek. 'In mind or body, Gerard, you *are* disturbed. And it's of no use to kiss me in that hypocritical way, if you won't tell me what's the matter with you.'

'I have had rather a bad night,' Gerard confessed.

'I knew it!' said Mrs Lumby, in a sort of lugubrious triumph. 'You have had many bad nights, lately. There is something on your mind.' And without knowing it, she went to work on what philosophers call the exhaustive method. 'Is it money, Gerard? Because, if it is'—

'No,' he said; 'it isn't money. It's insomnia.'

'Have you quarrelled with any of your friends?'

'My dear old mother,' said Gerard, 'I haven't quarrelled with anybody.' He was hypocritical enough to kiss her again at this juncture.

'Have you been making a book on that dreadful Derby?' inquired Mrs Lumby.

'The dreadful Derby was run six months ago,' said Gerard in reply; 'and I never make books.'

'Then, Gerard,' she said, 'is it what I think it is?'

'How can I tell?' asked guilty Gerard, blushing to the eyes.

'Gerard!' she cried, 'I see it now! I guessed it a long time ago. And, O Gerard, not to tell me! Who is it? Is it Miss Jolly?' And here the young man was fairly trapped, and looked as guilty as any small boy caught in the act of pilfering sweetmeats. The question has been asked before—But why *does* a man who is in love look ridiculous? Young women under kindred circumstances, according to such limited observations as I have been able to make, look super-angelic, and make the men, by very force of contrast, look the foolisher. 'It is Miss Jolly!' said Mrs Lumby, turning from inquiry to asseveration.—'Don't make love to me, Gerard. I am not going to forgive you—yet. And how long has this been going on, without your saying one word to me about it?'

'There hasn't been anything going on at all,' protested Gerard. 'I've—I've scarcely spoken to her.'

'But you are going to,' said Mrs Lumby, with feminine keenness; 'and that is what disturbs you.'—Gerard's face and attitude were sufficient for confession.—'I suppose,' she added, wiping her eyes, 'that I am a silly old woman, and that I ought to have looked for it.'

'Don't say that, mother,' pleaded Gerard.

'And now,' pursued Mrs Lumby, 'somebody else will be snapping Milly up, with such a fortune as your father can afford to give her, and I shall be left alone.—Do you know what sort of an answer you will get?'

'No,' said Gerard with a desperate sigh.—'Don't ask me any more just now, mother; I'll tell you all about it when I have spoken.'

'Are you going to the Grange to-day?' asked his mother anxiously.

'Yes,' answered Gerard; 'I am going this morning.' And at that his mother gave him

her blessing, and a pile of good advice for which he had no ears.

An hour or two later, he rode away, his mother watching the well-set, broad-shouldered figure out of sight, and following him and his suit with hopes that were almost prayers, and yet with a sinking at the heart. Here once more was Time's lever at work, forcing a way into the joints of family masonry, and rending stone asunder from stone. She said nothing to her husband; but she told all to Milly; and Milly soothed her, and having quite succeeded in restoring her to cheerfulness, went away to her own room and cried for an hour. That is woman's way. Heaven remembers those hidden and unselfish tears!

Meantime, the object of all this solicitude rode sadly, unable to pluck up heart of grace at all. 'It's like my cheek,' he said, for he was not used to clothe his thoughts in poetic language—'it's like my cheek to think that she'll look at me twice. But I can't help it; and I couldn't help it if I were a crossing-sweeper, and she were a queen. I think the more the distance between us, the more I should—the worse I should be.' He could not finish the sentence, even to himself, by the simple words 'love her,' because of the presumption it seemed, and the holy thing his passion as yet was to him. Then he suddenly bethought himself—for he had laid no plans as yet, and scarcely knew his way at all—that in the first instance it would be his duty to face not Constance, but her father, and at that thought his fallen courage rose a little. No angelic majesty sat enthroned on Mr Jolly's crinkled forehead, even for Gerard. The stake was no less than it had been; but the young fellow felt more equally matched with the father than with the maiden. So he put in spurs, and galloped on in altered mood; but when he came within sight of the house, flaring courage fell again, and it seemed only a dogged despair that prompted him to go through with his cause and have it over. When he had passed the lodge, his heart came into his throat with a great bound, for there he saw Mr Jolly walking with Constance at his side. He threw himself from his horse and approached on foot.

'My dear,' said Mr Jolly in an undertone, on first beholding Gerard, 'I told you so.'

Constance said nothing just then, but received Gerard with a radiant smile. But her wonderful eyes were always radiant, and there was no gladness at his arrival or tenderness for him within them. Mr Jolly called a gardener who was sweeping one of the paths, and bade him take the horse; and Constance, with another charming smile and an inclination of her head, took a wordless leave and walked into the house. Her beautiful face was framed in the soft white of a woollen cloud, and to Gerard she looked more ravishing than ever. Her father wisely gave the young fellow time to gather mental breath, and talked of anything meanwhile—the weather, the hunting, the terrible price of hay.

'I have come thus early, Mr Jolly,' Gerard began, 'because I wish to speak to you of a matter of the most urgent importance to myself.' His voice was shaky, and there was a pallor beneath the brown upon his face.

'Indeed?' said Mr Jolly, with beautiful inno-

cent simplicity. One can almost fancy him dressed as a shepherd *à la Watteau*, in an Arcady where nobody ever grows old, and where, as a consequence, there are no fathers to consult about love-making, he was so charmingly ignorant of Gerard's motive.

'I will come to the point at once,' said Gerard. He paused, however, long enough to give Mr Jolly time to say 'Yes,' in a manner all suave, half assenting and half inquiring. 'I love your daughter, and I am here to ask your leave to tell her so.' That was Gerard all over. When he had a thing to say, he said it with no verbal beating of bushes.

Mr Jolly knew pretty well what was coming; but this curt announcement almost took his breath away. It was like a cold *douche*. He walked on mechanically for half a minute before he could reply. 'Mr Lumby,' he said then, 'this is a little sudden, and—unexpected. The manner of your avowal bespeaks sincerity, genuine sincerity.' He walked on a little farther, the wooer pacing at his side. 'Our acquaintance, Mr Lumby, has not been a long one; but this sort of affair goes on rapidly whilst we old people are asleep. My daughter knows nothing of your wishes?' His innocence was quite Arcadian.

'Nothing,' answered Gerard.

Mr Jolly, holding the tip of his chin daintily between his finger and thumb, looked meditatively upon the gravel at his feet. 'M-m-m!' said Mr Jolly with an aspect of reflection. 'Your parents, Mr Lumby—are they aware of your intentions?'

'I told my mother this morning,' said Gerard with great simplicity. 'I haven't spoken to my father yet. I shall—on my return.'

'Amongst people in our position,' said Mr Jolly, 'marriage is a serious matter. Everything should be above-board. There should be no reservations. I need not tell you, Mr Lumby, that I know nothing of my daughter's feelings, and that I cannot even pretend to sound them. Only a mother can undertake so delicate an office, and my poor child was deprived early of a mother's care. For myself, I can only promise to throw no opposition in your way, provided that your father's explicit assent is given. Beyond that I cannot go, at present.'

'I can answer for my father,' said Gerard. 'He likes Miss Jolly very much; and in a matter like this he won't cross me.'

'Consult him, Mr Lumby—consult him,' advised the Arcadian, with palms raised in gentle protest against Gerard's headlong wishes.

'Very well,' said the impetuous Gerard. 'I'll ride back now, and be here again in an hour.'

'My dear Mr Lumby,' said the Arcadian, 'I am an older man than you are, and I may perhaps, without too much presumption, venture to advise you.'

'Surely,' said Gerard.

'Thank you. Do not, in a matter of so much importance, act in too great haste.'

'Mr Jolly,' said Gerard, speaking not without dignity, 'I should be much more unworthy than I am, if I could take one step or speak one word about it, without being certain of myself at least, or without having weighed every word and counted every step beforehand.'

'Mr Lumby,' said the Arcadian, quite moved,

'I esteem your candour and your earnestness at their full value. And whatever termination this affair may find, this interview—the manner in which you have conducted a matter of this delicate nature—has added, I will say most highly, to my esteem for you.'

'Thanks, very much,' said Gerard with more placidity than he had hitherto been able to command. He was in love with Constance, not with her father, and he did not care to be patronised even then, and even by him. His tone declared as much, quite plainly.

'Confound him!' said the Arcadian inwardly, feeling a little discomfited. He kept his outer suavity, however, saw the lover remount, and waved him a friendly adieu. Once clear of the drive, away went Gerard like the wind, with the fresh air whistling past his ears, and a thousand sweet hopes stirring at his heart. He never drew rein till he reached home, when he dashed into the house like a messenger of war.

PAWNBROKERS.

WHILE Savings-banks, Building Societies, and Co-operative Associations disclose the steady progress of economical intelligence among the people, there are still many evidences of unthrift and recklessness. One of these is the pawnbroker's establishment. In the humble quarters of our larger towns, the three gilded balls are to be seen, attesting the existence of a class familiar with misery, and ignorant of the very alphabet of finance. In the great thoroughfares of trade, where rents are high, the pawnbroker also takes his place. As in other businesses, there are brokers superior and brokers inferior. The gains of some are inconsiderable; others make good incomes and eventually fortunes. Taking an average, they no doubt make more money, in proportion to the capital invested and the cost of working it, than many other classes of traders. And the capital is unusually safe from the hazards of commerce. Rarely does a pawnbroker appear among bankrupts. In the compact with impetuosity, the broker stands at an immense advantage. On his side is ready-money that can be translated into anything; on the poor man's side is the pledge-article, utterly without circulating value. It is true there are purchasers of worn clothes, of household gear, of the miscellaneous belongings of beggaredom itself. But the money offered for them by second-hand dealers, is generally below the sum that would be advanced by the pawnbroker.

Considering how profitable and how safe the business is, it might be supposed that a greater number of money-seekers would be found pursuing it. According to the latest return, there are only four thousand three hundred and seventy-two pawnbrokers in the United Kingdom—a small number, considering the class of customers with which they deal. There are almost as many bankers and money-brokers dealing with the needy sections in the higher walks of society. But it must be added that many pawnbrokers have branch establishments.

With all its pecuniary gains, pawnbroking is not an attractive pursuit. It is looked at askance by the well-doing and economical. It is of dubi-

ous respectability in the eyes of others. It is grouped with the quasi-dishonourable professions by fastidious persons; and by the absurdly prejudiced, its members are placed among the dangerous classes. Certainly, the members of the trade are treated by government as if they were open to any amount of suspicion. They have to pay a heavy premium for permission to transact business, and are under stringent police supervision. At one time, this was deserved. Before the trade was regulated by parliament, it was largely in the hands of Jews of the Fagin type. Quantities of stolen property came into their possession, and many were little better than wholesale 'fences.' The taint of past times still clings to the brokers, though as a rule they are now as straightforward in their dealings as other business men. They are certainly ranged with the police against the predatory class, both from self-interest and as good citizens; and their trained eyes sharply discriminate stolen from unstolen goods. The average of stolen pledges is only one to fourteen thousand legal pledges! and the purloined property is of low value generally. Honesty is truly the best policy for pawnbrokers, any deviation from it being sternly punished by the law. The broker who permits himself to be deceived by a thief, loses the money lent and the time spent in court; besides, he is tarnished in the opinion of his neighbours, and gives offence to the trade. The latter desires to exalt itself in the public estimation, and every police case brings it into odium.

Another objection to the business is its unhealthiness. For something like twelve hours a day, on Friday and Saturday still longer, the broker and his assistants are confined to the dingy, stuffy, unwholesome atmosphere of the shop and storerooms. In poor localities, the pledges are mostly garments and linen from the person, or items of bedding. Of late years, owing to the deadly diseases communicated by filthy and infected clothing, pawnbrokers have insisted upon linen and bedding being in a newly washed condition. But it is impossible to exercise any scrutiny in the case of outer garments. The magnitude of the pawnbrokers' dealings may be conceived by the fact that upwards of two hundred million pledges pass over their counters annually! By far the greater part of this astounding total consists of wearing apparel, which oscillates continually between the backs of the owners and the shelves of the brokers. No wonder the lungs inhaling the foul gases contained in such masses of clothing become diseased, and that the young broker is often bleached to the hue of a wax-flower, or disfigured by skin eruptions. A member of the trade who reaches old age gives proof of possessing a herculean constitution.

To outsiders, it may seem a simple matter to set up and carry on successfully a pawnshop; but it is really a difficult business to manage, and requires much training and knowledge of human nature. The pledge-value of the ten thousand various articles that 'mine uncle' is asked to advance to his infinitely numerous relatives, is a nice technicality, not to be appraised by a novice. Let us instance a couple of cases in explanation. At the counter stand two clients; one, a poor dissipated-looking woman, who asks for half-a-

crown upon a well-worn black vest, obviously not worth that sum as a vendible article. With a very cursory glance at it, and without demur, her request is complied with. Moreover, she is favoured by the quick attention of the broker, while the other customer is kept waiting. This latter is a gentlemanly-looking youth, evidently ill at ease. In any other sort of shop, he would have taken priority over the squalid woman beside him, owing to his better appearance. Not so here. Further, the woman receives the favour of a smile and some jocular remarks. The young gentleman is treated with comparative coolness, when he presents his new and elegant vest to the broker with the request for the highest possible loan upon it.

'Two shillings,' is the fiat, after a minute examination of it and its pledger. The youth pleads for five shillings. But the broker is inflexible, and pitches the vest back again, turning on his heel. Judging from its material, mode, and newness, the vest is worth ten shillings. Why is it disparaged? Why was the woman's rag so esteemed?

The wretched woman has pledged that waistcoat for the past two years, and has paid a higher interest for the loans upon it than any usurer would dare to ask. The garment belongs to her son, who must have it for Saturday evening and Sunday wear. This the broker knows; and he is as certain of his half-crown and the *month's* interest charged for the loan, though it is repaid in a few days, as he is of his supper. If the vest were redeemed five minutes after pledging, a full month's interest would be exacted, and no more if it remained for the full thirty days. The young gentleman is no pawnier; perhaps is in some money scrape. Yet the chances are that he will leave the vest in his 'uncle's' care for a year, and it may at last go to swell what we shall presently describe as 'unredeemed pledges.'

The woman is a regular customer, well deserving the high consideration and attention due to her excellent cliency. She begins on Monday morning her diurnal visits to her friend the broker. The Sunday clothes of her husband and son are pledged piecemeal to buy food. She purchases just enough for the coming repast, nothing more. This goes on till Friday night, when the wages come in. By that time, all the spare clothes and some of the bed-linen are pledged; and a great proportion of the family income will be appropriated to redeeming them for wearing once more.

This is no exceptional, and certainly no imaginary case, as some good souls, living remote from the *infernus* of self-inflicted poverty, might suppose. Unhappily, it reveals the ordinary mode of existence of thousands of households in the United Kingdom. The people who represent the great majority of the two hundred millions of annually pledged articles, are not the unfortunate poor. They are the wilful, self-made wretched, who by drink, by *gluttony*—mark the word!—and by an abhorrence of common-sense, put on the shackles of financial bondage, and insist upon wearing them till life's end.

Foreigners reading the statistics of our pawnbroking may draw the natural conclusion, that the British poor are the most abject in the world; and that there must be some hideous fault in our

social system, which is creating a class of slaves more harassed and degraded than any existing or historical. But there is no ratio between the actual poverty of the people and the number of pledged articles. On the contrary, it is in the time of good trade, when the wealth of the country makes 'leaps and bounds' forward, that the pawnbroker drives a roaring trade; when improvident, sensual, self-indulging people can go to the fullest lengths in mad recklessness. The writer in his inquiries has not found an exception to the opinion expressed by one of the principal pawnbrokers of the North—'that bad times are perhaps worse for the trade than for any other business.'

The truth of this is apparent, when the essential character of pawnbroking is understood. It is a money-lending business, depending for success upon the quick return of capital, plus interest, to the brokers' coffers, in order to be lent again. For goods intrusted to the hands of the pawnbroker the pledger receives a certain sum and a ticket, upon the presentation of which *within a year* after the transaction, and the repayment of the cash loaned, plus interest, the latter recovers the articles pledged. If a year is allowed to elapse before the articles are recovered, they become what are termed 'unredeemed pledges,' and, being thus forfeited, become the property of the broker. In bad times, capital becomes locked up in pledges, which the owners cannot redeem within the statutory twelvemonth; and when 'forfeited,' they can rarely be sold with advantage. Even in good times the broker makes an indifferent profit by forfeited goods. Small as the sum loaned upon them may have been, it is only enhanced by a trifling margin of gain, if any, when sold peremptorily under the hammer. When the broker becomes the legal owner, and places the goods in his window for sale, he does not always find ready deliverance; months, years may elapse before his sales bring his capital once more into a circulating condition. Meanwhile, deterioration has done its work. Fashions change; garments become grotesque; while watches and jewellery take on the air of 'pawnbroker's tarnish.' Did all pledges go to this dismal bourn, the trade would not be worth following.

This leads us to another phase of the business—the sale *département*. The public suppose that *all* the articles exposed in the broker's window are lapsed pledges. This is by no means the case, for, irrespective of lapsed pledges, pawnbrokers buy goods for sale like ordinary shopkeepers. In this they show a rare comprehension of human nature. They buy such things as find ready sale at fancy prices. Small pictures are among them—little landscapes, groups of fruit, flower-pieces, cottage interiors 'after Teniers.' The writer has known several artists, whose works never reached the walls of any Academy, who nevertheless found name and fame in the patronage of their 'uncles.' One of these, a sadly dissipated fellow, but of real talent, kept half-a-dozen of his Lombardian relatives supplied with the fruits of his brush. Bright little things, they were, chiefly in still-life. Half a guinea was the average he received for them; and I have known some to sell for ten times that sum an hour or two after they were placed in the broker's window. A brewer-

Mæcenæ has made a collection of them, now that the artist has gone to the land of shadows, and he values certain of these 'dashographs,' knocked off in an hour, at fifty pounds!

Watches, jewellery, and nick-nack fripperies are made specially for pawnbrokers, and the profits upon them are higher than the customer's gratitude, when time proves to him that the broker knew how 'to sell.' Slop-clothes are disposed of at remunerative prices, the buyers believing exclusively in their own sagacity, and not in that of the vendor.

But the outward and visible trade is insignificant compared with the inward and occult. The well-dressed, well-pursed man who buys art-bargains from the window, knows nothing of the fetid, sottish, reckless people who are the beloved of their accommodating uncle, and whose place is in the dark stalls of another and concealed counter. Pledgers have a morbid dislike to be seen by any but their financial father-confessor. He appreciates the feeling, and ministers to it by providing a rear-entrance and a crypt-like bureau for their comfort. Out of every ten of these furtive visitants, nine at least are necessitous by their own fault. Intemperance is the bane of most; but gluttony, as observed previously, is a potent cause. There are working-class gastronomes who devour in a Saturday night supper and Sunday dinner the moiety of their earnings. When new potatoes are sixpence a pound, and lamb is one shilling and sixpence, there are many of the hardy sons of toil who revel in these early delicacies, forbidden as impossible luxuries on the tables of the well-to-do. Ten shillings will be spent upon a dinner by those whose earnings do not surpass thirty shillings per week! In such a household, and they are by no means uncommon, the wolf begins his weekly howl over the bare cupboard on Monday morning, to be appeased by the kindly ministrations of the pawnbroker, who doles out shillings on the lien of the shabby clothes of the gourmand. As the week goes on, 'short commons' become attenuated to mere bread and thrice-saturated tea-leaves. Friday, until evening, is observed as a day of scrupulous fasting; not from any profoundly religious motive; not from an ascetic pause in a gluttonous career; not to give a whet to jaded appetite before new indulgences; but from sheer emptiness of larder, pocket, and credit.

Drunkards and others who go headlong to the bad, are not esteemed by the brokers. They are too much addicted to converting their pledges into abiding souvenirs of misplaced confidence. Instead of releasing their property, like honourable men and women, on Friday and Saturday night, they take a mean advantage of the poor man's bunker, and leave him 'loaded' with securities that turn out badly in the process of liquidation. Pecuniary noodles, again, despised by 'an unfeeling world,' are consoled by the respect shown to them by the pawnbroker. They confide their many troubles to him, and by his aid are helped through the perplexities of life in a wonderful manner. There is unhappily always a catastrophe at the end of their companionship; the noodle is picked up stunned or killed outright; the moth flutters round the candle till it gets singed at last.

It might seem as impossible to swindle a pawnbroker as to rob a policeman of his number. Yet among the curiosities of our commercial civilisation are the people who live by 'doing' pawnbrokers. Notwithstanding acids, scales, microscopes, vast practical knowledge of things and men, and boundless suspicion, the pawnbroker is frequently beguiled into the most irritating 'sells,' and has to write against his profits some of the most unbearable losses known to the whole world of trade. All that glitters is *not* gold, says a venerable apothegm, and the pawnbroker's apprentice is impressed with it from his first hour. Yet it not unfrequently fails to protect even the wariest of brokers from the hallucinations of Brummagem!

A STRANGE STORY.

TOLD BY A LINCOLNSHIRE CLERGYMAN.

CHAPTER II.

It was long before daylight on the following morning, when I heard the trap of punctual Mr Pullingtoft rattling over the stones into the yard, and then out again; and I knew that the certificate I had obtained the night before was put into his hand. Upon rising that morning, I found I had a severe cold, yet was determined to carry out my intention of visiting the old woman Kirby. I was received by her in the same manner as I had always been, not uncivilly, certainly, but cold and quiet. She was a tall, stern, dark-complexioned old woman, one who might break, but never bend, and who bore in her face the marks of the tides of trouble that had flowed over her.

I told her I had seen Mr Pullingtoft, and that Phoebe Meadows was well, and a favourite, by the manner she was spoken of by him.—'By-the-by, Mrs Kirby,' I said, 'how is it you never told me she was niece to Mr Scruby?'

The old woman gave me a quick glance from the corner of her dark eyes. 'Why should I tell you?'

'Because, Mr Scruby ought not to have allowed her to be supported by you unaided,' I returned.

'That stone,' she said, pointing to the hearth, 'is not colder than that man's heart, or less unconscious. He has never noticed that poor child all her young life through, nor spoken of his sister since she married. But there; don't speak to me of these Scrubys. There are some things, sir, as my flesh and blood won't stand, and that's one of them.'

The old woman seated herself beside her scant fire, looking at it, and folding her arms in a determined manner, compressing her lips firmly, to signify her intention of not speaking any more on *that* subject.

'I am sorry the topic is unpleasant to you; but one question I must ask—from no impertinent curiosity, I assure you. Who died first—old Mr Scruby, or his unfortunate daughter?'

'He did. Jane was ill at the time; and when she heard that her father died without sending for her, it just broke her heart; and she followed him five months afterwards.'

'And no will?'

'No, sir; no will was known of, I suppose. But no one knows less of them all than me—nor don't want to know.'

There was a frown of displeasure on the old woman's face at my questions; but I had learned what I wished to know—namely, that Jane Scruby was living at the time of her father's death. If no will existed, was she not entitled to some share in her father's property? And would not Phoebe's claims be consequently legal, and her champion Mr Pullingtoft very likely to gain the day? I knew not the law on the subject, but it certainly seemed strange that a daughter could be thus hardly dealt with.

All the morning, I had been thinking of my experience on the previous night in the church, and trying in all ways to account for the shutting and re-opening of Scruby's pew, and the closing afterwards of the church-door. I therefore, in walking home from seeing Mrs Kirby, went round by the church. The woman whose duty it was to sweep it out, was in the porch beating the mats. I questioned her as to whether any windows by which a person might enter the church were ever left open, but she replied with so decided a negative that I gave up this way of solving the difficulty. Some one, I thought, must have watched me entering, and for some purpose or other, possibly out of mere curiosity, had followed me in. Probably, after all, nothing more dreadful had to do with what had so alarmed and disturbed me than simply the prying curiosity of some belated rustic. From that time I almost entirely discharged the matter from my mind, and troubled myself no more about it.

For the rest of the week, I heard nothing more of Mr Pullingtoft; but, to my surprise, the wealthy farmer Mr Scruby, with his wife and eldest son, took their accustomed places in their family pew on Sunday. Mrs Scruby, a hard proud woman, was the farmer's second wife. His family consisted of three sons, the children of his first wife—an amiable and gentle creature, whose heart, it was said, was broken by her husband's tyranny and harshness. The eldest son, Walter, was endowed with all his mother's generosity and kindness of heart. Of the two younger sons I knew less, as they were still at school at a distance, and I had only occasionally seen them.

Before the day was over, I learned that Mr Scruby had come the previous week to Coryton to stay till after Christmas. Hence his unexpected appearance at church.

In the course of the following day, I received a letter from Mr Pullingtoft, informing me that on proceeding to Mr Scruby's house near Lincoln, on the previous Saturday, he had found that the family had gone to Coryton; and as I was in possession of all the facts of the case, asking me to call on Mr Scruby, for the purpose of stating the whole story of his niece Phoebe Meadows; and on the result of his reply, would depend whether or not the case should be placed in a lawyer's hands. This, of course, I was willing to do; indeed, it appeared natural enough that it should be my place to open the subject, on many accounts. Therefore, on the following morning I repaired to Coryton.

A large field with a drive leading from the lodge gates, led to the house. The house itself was square, compact, and comfortable, surrounded by large flower-gardens and greenhouses; while

beyond were the orchard and outbuildings of the farm. Before I gained the hall-door, it was opened for me; and young Walter Scruby came running out to welcome me with bright face and beaming eyes—a fine handsome youth, the personification of health and good-temper. In his open, cordial frankness, he linked his arm in mine, leading me through the handsome entrance-hall into the dining-room.

Mr Scruby was seated in an easy-chair near the fire, with a large book of accounts before him, in which he was casting up long rows of figures. There was a careworn look on his grim face, and I thought an unusual frown on his brow, that was not a propitious augury for the subject I had undertaken. He arose and received me civilly, but with the dignity of a churchwarden and the consciousness of wealth, which gave him a manner unnecessarily condescending—a manner that said: 'You are the parson of the parish, so I must be civil; but I could easily buy you up a dozen times over, any day in the week!'—as no doubt he could.

Although he insisted upon his son placing a chair for me near the fire, I noticed he never put down his pen; a hint that he did not expect my visit to be a long one. In fact, there never had been very much cordiality on one side or the other, ever since my first coming to the parish. We had constantly met, discussed business matters—in which he was particularly clear-headed—never had a wrong word in all these years; and yet did not, I am convinced, possess a single sentiment in common, nor make a single advance to any feeling of friendship.

Our present conversation as usual opened upon the subject of the weather, and then to parish affairs, in which Mr Scruby expressed his extreme dissatisfaction with a rumour that a new school-room was wanted, when the old one would stand for as long again, with a few new tiles on the roof, and a few flagstones substituted for the rotten wood flooring. 'As for your hobby of getting the church restored, as you call it, that will never be—never, sir. Take my word for it; I set my face distinctly against it!'

He looked shrewdly at me, as if inferring he knew that that was at the bottom of my present visit to him. I hereupon informed him that my visit was partly on business, but nothing concerning the church's restoration at present—in fact, relative to some private family affairs of his own; and perhaps he might prefer that his son should not be present. Young Walter rose directly to quit the room, with smiling alacrity, but was peremptorily ordered by his father to remain. Then turning to me, he said, coldly and formally: 'I have no private family affairs to which my son may not be a listener; and I am at a loss to know to what you are about to refer.'

Again, when I mentioned that perhaps he might somewhat regret Walter's presence, he only waved his hand in a magnificent manner, and replied: 'Pray, proceed, for we are losing time.'

Upon this I went over the items of the case as already known to the reader, Mr Scruby sitting expressionless, but looking rather more grim than usual; Walter, with open mouth, eyes, and flushed cheeks, his surprise and interest very visibly excited. When I had quite finished, there was a silence for a short time. Then

Mr Scruby rose, and stood upright and solemn on the hearth-rug, his hands behind him, under his coat-tails, and replied in his usual cold manner: 'The heads of what you have stated are true; but that I have a niece, I deny. Once upon a time I had a sister. Upon her disgraceful marriage, her family discarded her. She has been dead to us all from that moment. I positively deny all knowledge of the persons you speak of; and much regret that a gentleman of your supposed many occupations should lose time in allowing himself to be a cat's-paw to a vulgar man like Pullingtoft, who has long sought opportunities of venting spite and jealousy.'

Young Walter looked from one of us to the other.

'Tell me one thing, Mr Scruby—did your father wish your sister to be left entirely unprovided for? And did he leave any written declaration to that effect?'

'I distinctly deny your right to make any of these impertinent inquiries into my family affairs, and wish you good-morning.'

'One moment, Mr Scruby—did your father make no request—express no wish to see his daughter, while on his deathbed? There is such a thing as deathbed forgiveness.'

'My father was seized with a paralytic stroke a week before he died, and never spoke again.—Good-morning to you.'

'But, father,' cried Walter, springing up with an eager face, 'dear father, Phœbe Meadows is a cousin all the same—she is, indeed. Oh, I am so glad I have a cousin!—and a girl too—an orphan. Send for her here; she will be the sister to us we have all so wished for.'

'Walter,' said his father, frowning on him, 'say those words again, and I shall wish to see you dead at my feet!'

The generous boy shrank back abashed.

I wished Mr Scruby a good-morning after this, determining that it should be business connected with the parish, and that of an urgent nature only, which should ever induce me to seek another interview with him. After all, I had no right to be disappointed with the result; for it was very much what might have been expected from him, judging from the information I had received of his previous conduct, and from my own idea of his hard character. But I was sorry to have nothing encouraging to communicate to Mr Pullingtoft, and said in my letter to him on the subject, that he was quite justified in setting the machinery of the law in motion as speedily as possible.

Two or three days after this, I was rather surprised to receive a visit from young Walter. He appeared to be in great haste, and rather flurried. He told me he had taken an opportunity of coming to me, unknown to his father, to say how sorry he was neither his father nor stepmother would take what he himself considered a proper view of the case regarding his cousin Phœbe. He had heard his father telling Mrs Scruby of my visit; and the latter quite coincided with her husband, moreover binding Walter down to tell nothing concerning this story to either of his younger brothers, who were shortly coming from school for the Christmas holidays. 'And that is hard,' persisted Walter; 'for I know they would think just as I do. But will you do me a favour?—I'm sure you will—that is, to give this money

to my cousin, or to Mr Pullingtoft, for her. Mr Pullingtoft is a kind, good man, and he will take care of it. It is ten pounds, sir,' he continued, putting five sovereigns into my hand, wrapped up in a five-pound bank-note. 'My own, honestly my own, that I have every right to do with as I like, so do not scruple to take it.'

I did not scruple to take it, and shook the brave boy warmly by the hand. His heart was in the right place, at all events.

'And now, I must go,' said Walter, 'in case I should be missed, and found to have come here. Good-bye.' He ran to the door; but made a step or two back again, saying confidentially: 'I mean to get a peep at my cousin, one of these days. I shall soon be obliged to be at Grantham for father, and I shall ride round by Marsh End Farm, and manage to see her somehow.'

Really, it was a good and a brave thing of the boy to bring that money, and I felt even inclined to think a little more leniently of Mr Scruby in consequence. A father who possessed a son with these feelings, surely must have some sort of good in his nature, underlying that thick crust of pride, avarice, and heartlessness, fossilised as it were on the outer surface.

But now comes the strangest part of my story. A day or two after Walter Scruby's visit to me, having no urgent business to detain me at home, I determined to make an excursion to Grantham, to place the ten pounds in Mr Pullingtoft's hands, as well as to learn how the affair stood, and what preliminary steps in law-matters were being taken. But previous to going, I would get Cripps the carpenter to look at the supports of the reading-desk in the church, which I suspected, from its creaking and groaning on Sundays, was in a dilapidated condition in the foundations. I sent, therefore, for the carpenter, and went over to the church, where the sexton and the pew-opener were employed in cleaning the vestry. In crossing the churchyard, I encountered the schoolmaster, who had a long account to give me concerning a refractory pupil; and he entered the church with me. We were in the midst of an argument respecting the best mode of dealing with stubborn children, he advocating severity, and I kindness, when Cripps with his basket of tools arrived.

'The first thing to be done, sir,' said Cripps, after I had told him of my suspicions as to the infirm state of the beams, 'is to get a fair look at it underneath; and to do that, all that fret-work and carving must be taken down. That there bunch of hables and leaves is natural; and them two hoddities is Hadam and Heve; and that there snake a-twisting about like a heel, is meant for wot tempted Heve, I suppose.' Such was Mr Cripps's criticism on a lovely bit of carving worthy of Grinling Gibbons.

Well, yes; it certainly was necessary to remove the front of the reading-desk, and therefore, of course, part of Mr Scruby's pew; and it must be done at once, as I should like to see how much repairing was really required; for if extensive, it would have to be submitted to the churchwardens. This, however, I did not think, from the trifling character of the repairs, would be necessary.

Cripps went forward to the desk for the purpose of removing the front, and stood for a few minutes, as is the habit of this class of workmen, looking at

the structure he was about to attack, as if considering which would be its most vulnerable point. At length he inserted his chisel as if to prise off the front of the desk, when he suddenly stopped, and reaching his hand up to a knot of carved leaves, he drew from behind it a small bit of paper. He looked at it.

'There be writing on this, I see, sir,' he said, handing the scrap to me.

I looked at it, and found from the phraseology that it was evidently part of some kind of legal document, though of what nature I could not tell. But I was curious to know if there were any more of these fragments, and told Cripps to prise off the board carefully. As he shook the front of the desk in his efforts to remove it, a few more pieces of crumpled paper fell out of the same aperture, and lay at my feet.

'Here's a lot of rubbish,' said Cripps, touching the scraps with his hob-nailed boot. In the meantime I had picked up the pieces.

'Perhaps some old manuscript,' said the schoolmaster. 'Do read it, sir, for it may throw some light on the hiding-place of the silver vessels that were said to be hidden from Cromwell, and have never been found.'

'Good heavens!' I exclaimed, as, having unfolded a larger piece of the paper, I glanced over its contents. 'What's this? Why—it is—it is a will!'

I shall never forget the excitement of that moment—the schoolmaster, the sexton, Mrs Dumps, and the carpenter who couldn't read writing, all crowding to look over my shoulder. With hands trembling with excitement, I put the torn pieces of paper together, and ascertained the document to be perfect, dated five-and-twenty years before, signed John Scruby, and duly attested by two witnesses. Old Scruby's will, doubtless!

Our astonishment was intense. How had it come there? It could not have been long in this place of concealment, or the church cleaners would have seen it before now.

'Perhaps it wor rats,' said Cripps, 'as tore it.'

'But how came it all crumpled up and tumbled?' asked the sexton.

'It's my opinion there's been dirty work,' suggested Mrs Dumps, with the natural sweetness of her sex in jumping at charitable conclusions. 'People as shall be unbenamed by me, who lets a pore woman open and clean their pew for nigh twenty year without giving her a single alf-crown at Christmas-time, is capable of anything!'

Indeed, it was my own opinion also. It did look like foul-play. And I thought on the mysterious visitor to the church that evening I was there for the marriage extract, and the shutting and opening of the Scrubys' pew-door. But I kept my thoughts to myself.

'It ain't much consequence whether there's a will or no, now,' said the sexton; 'for Mr Seth has everything, and his pore sister's dead and gone long ago. It was thought a queer thing at the time that there wasn't a will; for old servants as had lived with him many a year and done their duty faithful, were not provided for; and old Jacobs as had been the shepherd forty odd year, died in the Union—he did.'

These items were entirely new to me, and

confirmed my opinion of Mr Scruby being a hard man, if not something worse.

'My friends,' I said, 'finding these papers may or may not be of importance; but I shall take them at once to a well-known lawyer at Grantham for his opinion of their legality and genuineness. In the meantime, let me entreat you to keep the matter quiet until my return. Do not let it get wind that we have made such a discovery, and you shall not go unrewarded for your silence. If this is a genuine will, it is better that the fact be announced from a solicitor to Mr Scruby, than by village gossip. At any rate, you will all be ready to swear to the fact, if called on as witnesses?'

Of course they would, and gladly. They'd be ready at any moment, day or night.

Leaving strict orders to Cripps to finish his carpentering as quickly as possible, I hastened to the stable, ordered the dogcart to be got ready immediately, packed a few necessaries in my carpet-bag, and then spreading out the tumbled sheets of my treasure-trove on the table, made myself master of their contents. As far as I could judge, this was a regular will, drawn up by a solicitor at Boston, unfortunately long since dead. It enumerated much property—in land, farms, and stocks. The upper farm at Lincoln, and some smaller ones in the north of the county, with their stock and product, were left to his only son Seth. Coryton Farm, stock, implements, with the land in this parish, and half the sum in the funds, were left to his dearly beloved and only daughter Jane and her heirs for ever, after having paid legacies to several distant connections and servants, and subject to many annuities to old servants; and I saw mentioned with much sadness, an annuity to be paid quarterly to the poor old shepherd Jacobs, of whom the sexton had so recently spoken.

Another surprise awaited me at the end of the bequests; for after the signature of John Scruby, one of the witnesses' signatures was Thomas Kirby—the same handwriting I had seen in the register as witness to the marriage of the parents of Phoebe Meadows—the old woman Kirby's husband. It must, yes, it must be the genuine will—that which never was found.

My impatience was so great to be gone, that my man, naturally slow, and never having from me any especial cause to hurry in his preparations, thought, I believe, that I had taken leave of my senses. I had to put up my horse and hire another on my way, to enable me to reach the dwelling of Mr Pullingtoft, Marsh End Farm, that evening.

MORE REMARKABLE DREAMS.

IN continuation of this subject, on which articles have from time to time appeared in this *Journal*, we here give three narratives, by separate correspondents, of remarkable dreams.

Superstition is not, I flatter myself, one of my failings; and in placing before the public the following brief narrative, I would desire it to be distinctly understood that I have no wish to impress upon them that I ascribe the circumstances to which I am about to allude to any supernatural agency. I must confess, however, that from the first I have been sorely puzzled with the whole occurrence; and in now relating

the story, I am partly actuated by a wish to place on record what must be admitted to be a remarkable fulfilment of a dream. I may mention that my statements can be attested by many still living, who were fully aware of the events as they happened.

A few years ago, I was on the staff of a newspaper in a town in Yorkshire. One night my slumbers were disturbed by a twice-repeated dream of a very unusual character. I thought that intelligence was brought to the office of the journal with which I was connected, that an explosion of gas had occurred at the W— Colliery, distant about two miles from the town. I further thought that, in my professional capacity of reporter, I proceeded thither, and found that an accident had happened, by which over a score of miners had perished. Means were taken to bring the bodies of the dead to the surface; but, while exploring operations were going on, a second explosion became imminent, in consequence of fire breaking out in the workings; and after a consultation of mining engineers, it was determined that the mouth of the pit and the ventilating shafts should be fastened up, for the purpose of preventing the ingress of air. By these means it was hoped to stifle the conflagration which had been discovered. The plan was carried out, most of the bodies of the unfortunate colliers having to be left in the pit.

At this point, on both occasions of its occurrence, my dream broke off. As may be imagined, these visions of the night considerably impressed me. While at breakfast, I referred to the freaks of my imagination during the night; but those who heard me, though admitting the singularity of the dream, pooh-poohed the idea of the likelihood of its being in any way realised. On going to business, so struck was I with the peculiarity of the matter, that I related the circumstances to the editor of the newspaper, who was also its proprietor. He listened with some interest to my story; but, like myself, he could not but smile at the apparent absurdity of the whole affair.

An hour later, we were astonished to receive intelligence that a terrible explosion of fire-damp had taken place at the W— Colliery, at eight o'clock that morning, and that over twenty persons had been killed. This was the very mine of which I had dreamed. In company with the gentleman of whom I have just spoken, I proceeded to the scene of the accident. Along with an exploring party, I descended into the workings; and it was found that twenty-three persons had lost their lives. Owing to the presence of choke-damp and repeated outbursts of gas, fortunately of small volume, the relief parties experienced great difficulty in recovering the bodies. When some eight or ten had been sent to the surface, and while we were still in the workings, it was ascertained that the explosion had set fire to some props and a portion of the coal in part of a 'benk' into which the explorers had just then, for the first time after the accident, managed to penetrate. Gas was found close by at the same moment; and the alarm being given that a second explosion was to be feared, there was immediately a stampede of nearly all in the pit to the bottom of the shaft, and thence, as

fast as the limited cage accommodation would permit, to the surface.

Very soon all but two or three of the explorers were brought to the bank; and a number of mining engineers, along with the government inspector, commenced to deliberate on the course to be pursued to extinguish the fire which had broken out in the workings. The plan most in favour was the sealing up of the pit. Here, however, the course of events ceased to run parallel with those in my dream; for in a little time the message was brought up from below ground that one of the explorers, who had courageously stayed behind, at the greatest possible personal risk, had succeeded, by means of extraordinary exertion, in putting out the fire which had been so threatening. In a few hours, the bodies remaining in the mine were all recovered.

Among my personal friends, my strange dream and its equally strange fulfilment were for some time the cause of no little comment; but until now, the narrative of the remarkable coincidence has not been given to the public. Before concluding, I may say that I cannot in any way account for the dream; for I had not previously been reading of mining accidents elsewhere, and no catastrophe of the kind had happened in the neighbourhood for a long series of years.

An article on the 'Chiltern Hundreds' in your magazine (No. 891, January 22, 1881) reminded me of a curious dream I had upon the subject some years ago. I had gone to bed rather tired and excited by circumstances which I will by-and-by explain; and presently it seemed that I was walking over a lonely plain just as the sun was setting. A short way in advance was a solitary house, of which the windows were broken, the garden gate off its hinges, and with sloppy pools of water lying where the garden had been. As I looked, a ghostly whisper close to my ear said: 'That is the Chiltern Hundreds.' Turning in a fright, I found that the voice came from Grip, the raven in *Barnaby Rudge*. Some unseen power forced me to enter the house, Grip hopping merrily ahead. In the first room, I found numbers of rats scrambling about; in the second room, more rats and a number of unwholesome pigs, olive coloured and mangy, trotted busily about, snapping up now and again a rat, and crunching it between their teeth.

I ascended the rotten staircase, and entered a bare room, the plaster dropping from the walls, and the wind whistling through the broken window-panes. A slight noise made me look down, and I saw that the floor was covered with ravens, hopping softly about, and whispering earnestly to one another. Gradually they all drew round me in a ring, and I felt the sudden pain of Grip's claws stuck into my shoulder.

'Look here, old fellow!' he said in a hoarse confidential whisper; 'we always claim the eyes of all visitors here; but the fellows have agreed to take only one of yours, as you are a pal of mine.'

'Yes; only one,' said all the ravens in chorus. 'Just one,' said Grip soothingly; and opening his yellow caliper-like beak, blood-stained at the end, he made a determined grab at my eye. I struck at him in horror; and in fighting all

the ravens, who fell on me at once, I woke to find myself in bed in a profuse perspiration with the fright.

Now for the interpretation of the dream. On the morning prior to the night in question, I had been cleaning a model engine, and by accident a spiral spring slipped from my fingers, and passing within an inch of my eye, fell on the table, and gave several elastic jumps before it lay quiet. As I have only one eye, that accounts for the scene with Grip. In the course of the day I had been turning over Hablot Brown's illustrations to *Bleak House* and *Barnaby Rudge*, some of which contain all the elements of the ruinous house I saw in my dream. The pools of water were from *Mariana in the Moated Grange*; I had read the poem in the evening. The Chiltern Hundreds came from a newspaper paragraph on the retirement of some member of parliament. Another newspaper paragraph had drawn attention to a German opinion that pigs eating rats get infected with *Trichina spiralis*. So the whole dream is fully accounted for point by point.

The other evening, a few ladies and gentlemen had a conversation on the subject of dreams, suggested by the phrase from Hood's poem:

And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God.

In the course of the talk, one of the party told a story, which he alleged to be founded on fact, and which, as I am not a novelist, I can only tell in the most simple way, leaving my readers to think it out for themselves.

The narrator said that, some years ago, he was 'best-man' at the marriage of a friend, who afterwards proceeded with his bride to a large town in England. The lady possessed great personal charms, and had quite a following of suitors, the most conspicuous of whom was a young chemist, who did not bear the most irreproachable of characters; but shortly before the marriage, this young man disappeared. The married couple were very happy for several months, till an event happened which bears on the story. Returning from a concert one evening, the young wife received a slight chill, which threatened to rest on the lungs, and medical assistance was procured. The doctor came; and after ordering a simple prescription, he retired, remarking that his patient would be all right in a day or two. This anticipation, however, was not fulfilled. To the great grief of the husband, his wife showed symptoms of extreme lassitude; and the most skilful diagnosis of an eminent physician failed to account for the abnormal condition. Medicine was of course prescribed freely, but with no beneficial result. Exhaustion supervened; and at this crisis the husband telegraphed for his friend in Edinburgh to come and perform some little business.

The summons was readily obeyed, as the friend had a sincere admiration for the husband, and the greatest respect for the suffering wife. Seated that night in a Midland carriage, with no companion—but his thoughts, the young man recalled all the circumstances of the marriage, not forgetting the sinister incident of the disappointed apothecary's disappearance. As he thought on all these matters, he fell asleep. He

awoke with a start, and found he was at Carlisle. His sleep had not been refreshing, for it had been disturbed by a dream that troubled him. Unsentimental by nature, he tried to laugh the fancy away; but it refused to be exorcised. Still harping on some of the incidents, he reached his friend's home, and found the young wife in a hopeless condition. The husband was saddened and perplexed; and his friend, realising that action of some kind was necessary to raise the mourner from his stupor, succeeded in getting him to talk about the business he wished transacted. They went through a number of streets conversing familiarly, when all of a sudden the husband found himself grasped by the arm, and looked round to see his friend gazing eagerly into the window of a shop. Recovering himself in an instant, the visitor talked freely, and did not volunteer an explanation of his rather erratic conduct; but on returning to the house, he requested the servant to bring the bottle containing the medicine last given to the suffering woman. The girl brought the bottle, and said she had just washed it, as the doctor had ordered her to go for another dose.

This was disappointing, certainly. But the friend was a born detective, and not to be balked. The girl went for the medicine. When she returned with it, the young man took the bottle, and without acquainting the husband of his intention, left the house with the prescription, returning after a brief interval with the medicine. During the night, the breathing of the patient became easier, and when the doctor called the next day, he was able to report symptoms of recovery.

In the evening, the friend, accompanied by a man of severe demeanour, entered the room where the husband sat, and requested him to come out on a little piece of business. They walked in silence through several streets, and at last reached a police station, which they entered. Behind the desk there was seated a man with his face buried in his hands. The officer on duty, without much circumlocution, told the business which had called them there. Addressing the husband, he said that the man seated in the office was charged with administering noxious drugs. When the accused stood up, the party saw the altered features of the missing chemist. A light seemed to flash over the husband's face; and after he had made all the necessary depositions, he hurried home. At the next assizes, the chemist was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude; and as he pleaded guilty, the public knew nothing of the circumstances more than was contained in the charge. One of the prosecutors, however, had manifested a great interest in the case; and as the husband and his friend were leaving the court, he requested the latter to give him some explanation of the manner in which his suspicions were first called forth against the criminal. The friend at once told his story.

In the railway carriage, he had dreamed that he was walking through a large city which he had never visited. At length he came upon a row of shops, and at a window of one of these he observed the face of a man, debased and vindictive in its expression, and quite familiar to him. The man held a mortar and pestle in

his hand, and while he mixed up some drug, there was a baleful light in the fishy-looking eyes. Then, the sharp whistle of the engine awakened the dreamer. The sequel was plain. Walking with his friend through the labyrinth of streets, could he despise his sleeping fancy when he saw before him the actual row of shops, while at one of the windows stood the figure that haunted his memory like a nightmare? It was a perfect revelation. When he returned, and secured the medicine and prescription, he went to another chemist, and procured the needed restorative, and then called upon an analyst with the first bottle. It was found to contain a deadly narcotic; and the police authorities having been satisfied with the main facts, ordered the arrest of the jealous and wretched man, before the guilt of actual murder lay at his door.

OWLS AND OWLETS.

WHERE a wish exists to make uncomplimentary remarks on the intellectual capacity of an individual, it is not unusual to exclaim that he, or she, is 'stupid as an owl'; and this notwithstanding the recognised fact that the owl has been from time immemorial the emblem of wisdom, and is always pictured as the special attendant of Pallas Athena, goddess of wisdom in heathen mythology. Persons taking the trouble to observe the habits of owls, will also maintain them to be remarkably intelligent and singularly wary birds; having, in their own particular walk of life, really nothing to learn.

Owls are not often seen in a domesticated state, because, although devotedly attached to their immediate belongings, and exemplary members of their own community, they are not, save in a few exceptional cases, inclined to allow the advances of human friendship with common politeness. They have indeed a somewhat unpleasant manner of resenting any approach to undue familiarity, by attacking the hands and face of an intruder; having, it must be confessed, a very awkward preference for the eyes; which tendency, combined with their formidable beak and claws, is naturally not encouraging to those who would otherwise be inclined to make friendly advances. Even very small owlets will bite the fingers of their best friends to the bone; doing without the least compunction their utmost to inflict personal injury. We would therefore seriously advise romantic young lady-students of natural history, who would fain take 'a little downy owl' to their heart, in the spirit in which they would love 'a dear gazelle,' to consider the propriety of adopting some less vindictive favourite.

Where owls are seen in captivity closely associated with other birds, no one can fail to be struck by the eminent respectability of their appearance. In their staid and dignified demeanour—their evident resentment of any approach to 'equality and fraternity'—their calm but shrewdly observant eyes, and acute hearing, added to a suppressed consciousness of power—they always

seem to preside over the assembly, like a Lord Chancellor in an ornithological Upper House, or a feathered Chief Baron in a birds' Court of Law. When roused to anger, however, they instantly evince a determination of character that speedily teaches the offender there is 'that within which passeth show.' A certain degree of mystery which attaches to the movements of owls undoubtedly makes them additionally interesting. The rarity, too, of their public visitations, made only at dusky eve, or 'the witching time of night,' throws a weird halo around them. Consequently, amongst the unsophisticated inhabitants of rural districts, these peculiarities have become the basis of many idle superstitions. The shrill wailing of the bird, heard in retired spots at the dead of night, is so ghostly a sound, that it is not much to be wondered at if these delusions should prevail. The gliding, noiseless flight of the white-robed wanderer, supposed to be of such evil omen, is well calculated to deepen the impression. Where an unoffending owl merely flies across a road, the circumstance is considered to betoken that ill-luck awaits the passer-by; and whatever undertaking may be the object of the journey, will not conduce either to happiness or prosperity. Should disaster ensue, the ominous apparition of the unconscious bird—industriously occupied in the pursuit of its natural avocations—will be duly recorded: if no untoward result takes place, it will be—as in other superstitions—conveniently forgotten.

In writing to the *Graphic*, Mr G. Manville Fenn gives the following curious particulars regarding owls and owlets. He says: 'It is commonly known that owls have two or three sets of young in the course of a season; but as far as I can make out, after sitting upon the first egg or pair of eggs, and hatching the birds, no farther effort in incubation is made. Directly after the owlets are out of the shell, the hen-bird lays one or two more beautiful white eggs, but does not sit, devoting herself to feeding the insatiable little monsters she had started into life, and the warmth of their bodies hatches the next owlet. This one hatched, another egg is laid with the same result, that it is vivified by the young ones' warmth, escapes from the shell, and once more an egg or two occupy the nest, so that in the same corner in a shallow downy spot may be seen an owlet three-parts grown, another half-grown, another a few hours old, and a couple of eggs—four stages in all; and, if inspected by day, the three youngsters will be seen huddled together in very good fellowship, one and all fast asleep, and the eggs in the coldest place outside. The sight is not pleasing, as may be supposed from the above description of the young owls; but if the eye be offended, what is to be said of the nose? Take something in a bad state of putrefaction and arithmetically square it; the result will be an approach to the foul odour of a nest of owls in hot weather. The reason is not far to seek, when it is borne in mind that the owl is a bird of prey; but all the same I have visited the nest earlier in the season, and found the place quite scentless, and that too at a time when ranged in a semicircle about the young were no less than *twenty-two* young rats and full-grown mice, so fresh that they must have been caught during the preceding night, the larder being supplemented by a couple of young rabbits.

If then a pair of owls provide so many specimens of mischievous vermin in a night, they certainly earn the title of friends of man.

'It may be argued that, inhabiting a pigeon-cote, the youngsters were the offspring of two or three pairs; but as far as I can make out, a single pair only occupy the cote from year to year, the young birds seeking a home elsewhere; and I may say for certain that the old birds do not come near their young and eggs by day, generally passing the time in some ivy-shaded tree while the sun is above the horizon, far away from the cote containing their sleeping babes.

'When fully fledged and nearly ready to fly, if the strong scent is risked and a visit paid, the birds start into something approaching to wakefulness, and, huddling up together, will stare and hiss at the intruder, ready to resist handling with beak and claw—and a clutch from a full-grown owl's set of claws is no light matter; for Nature has endowed them with most powerful muscles, and an adaptability for their use that is most striking. When hunting for food, the owl glides along on silent wing beside some barn or stack, and woe betide the cowering mouse or ratling that is busy on the grain! As the owl passes over, down goes one leg, and four sharp claws have snatched the little quadruped from the ground, the four points seeming to slope towards a common centre, so that escape is impossible. Every seizure is performed with the claws; the beak being reserved for dividing the animal when too large, and not degraded into forming an instrument for seizure or carriage of the prey. I have had owls calmly seated upon my hand but for a very short time, and I cannot recommend ladies to try them for pets; for the sooner they are perched elsewhere, the more pleasant it is for the skin, their claws being exquisitely sharp.'

Owlets, taken from the nest, have been successfully reared in a hay-loft or other outhouse. If allowed their liberty when fully fledged, they have regularly returned to their adopted home, quite contented with their new abode. A pair given to a lady remained for some years in her possession. She had a nest made for them in the hollow trunk of a large tree near the house, whence she could personally watch over their welfare. Food suited to their tender years was supplied, and they were perfectly reconciled to their fate, becoming unusually tame; one, especially, would fly down when called by his name. They were a constant source of amusement, and well-known characters in the neighbourhood. When full-grown, they flew away nightly to gradually increasing distances, always returning before daybreak to their hospitable owner's care. On one occasion, however, during the temporary absence of their mistress, both the birds came to an untimely end, in a manner which was not discovered. Never were pets more truly regretted.

Another case of adoption occurred, in which the nest of a pair of Tawny or Wood Owls was watched, without disturbing the lawful proprietors. After a while two eggs appeared; then two little balls of down, eventually developing into fine young owlets, whose large eyes flashed indignantly at any intrusion on their privacy. One day—during the absence, it need scarcely be said, of their natural protectors—after

some desperate scratches, incurred in a prolonged and vigorous struggle, both were secured, borne triumphantly home, and lodged in a large rabbit-hutch, which was duly darkened for the convenience of the nocturnal occupants. Their bill of fare consisted of mice, rats, frogs, &c. With this diet they did not appear to require water, contrary to the usage of other birds, so that portion of the daily commissariat was omitted.

Owls have an extraordinary capacity for swallowing large solid substances. While quite small, the pair in question would, without the slightest hesitation or difficulty, dispose of a large frog or mouse in its entirety. Soon after the capture of the young Wood Owls, on their being visited at dusk, two venerable specimens—doubtless the parent birds—were seen cautiously alighting in front of the hutch; where, after having been received with every demonstration of delight by the inmates, they proceeded to put food through the bars, which the juvenile prisoners eagerly devoured. Thereafter, the reunited family separated; but this touching proof of parental affection was subsequently repeated each evening, at the same hour, with singular punctuality, until the young birds grew large and strong, when the visits were gradually discontinued. The elders having some difficulty in passing the delicacies brought by them through the bars, two of these were removed, which kindly meant act led to a disaster; one of the junior members being shortly thereafter found with a broken wing, probably due either to the attack of some neighbouring cat, or to its own endeavours to make its escape through the enlarged aperture. Both are, however, thriving to the present time. They have safely undertaken a long railway journey, and are now residing in a less isolated part of the world, on the Surrey hills. An extensive wooden edifice has been erected for them, and placed on a stage several feet from the ground, under the shade of a large elm-tree, where, by means of a ladder, all their wants are supplied; and they are thus provided with board and lodging for life. A bath, though an unwonted luxury, seems to be highly popular. Having arrived at years of discretion, they are allowed to have unrestricted liberty, but do not appear inclined to desert their comfortable quarters. One was lately seen, while enjoying a rather too early evening ramble, surrounded by a throng of noisily vociferating sparrows, who drove the stranger homewards in a rapid and most undignified flight. No sooner did the owl enter the precincts of his private residence, and turn upon his pursuers, than they fled in most amusing dismay.

[If all keepers of wild-birds were as thoughtful and kindly disposed towards their charges as the correspondent who has furnished the foregoing particulars, there would be less reason to pity the feathered captives. Still, except in certain cases where the cause of science is to be advanced, we would reprehend the practice of abstracting wild-birds from their parent homes and detaining them in cages or even in large aviaries; and more especially would we protest against the immurement of birds such as falcons or owls, the mission of the latter being of such especial importance to the agriculturist, and therefore to the general community.—Ed.]

CONSOLATION.

Through the village, o'er the river, to the breezes glad-
ness flinging,
With the glory of their music, are the church-bells sweetly
ringing.

Wearied, sad, and disappointed, hope borne down by many
a fear,
I, a stranger, pause and listen, as their glad some sound
I hear.

In my heart sweet memories waken, round me gleams a
glory vast,
Linking all bright thoughts together of the future and
the past.

Holy music, rich in blessing, is the gladness of the song,
That the breezes o'er the river from the church-bells bear
along.

In my heart, hope reawakens, bringing strength and life
and light,
Love to suffer, will to battle and to conquer for the right.

Though cast down, yet not despairing, glorious words I
seem to hear,
Words to make me strong in daring, words to cast out
doubt and fear.

In the belfry stand the ringers, while the silver song still
swells,
But they cannot hear its beauty for the clashing of the
bells—

Only others, not the workers, hear the glory of the strain:
While we bless them, they must labour; theirs the suffering,
ours the gain.

This, perhaps, the noblest lesson that the holy music tells,
While across vale wood and upland, all its silver glad-
ness swells.

Ye, who live, who love, who labour, bearing, daring all
you can,
So you may, by God's good blessing, ease one suffering
heart of man;

Help one brother to grow better; cause one sinful soul to
see
God's great care and love and patience ever waiting, ever
free—

Freer than His holy sunshine, or the blessing of the rain,
And the freest to those sad ones who are worn with
doubt and pain:

Oh, take heart! perhaps no knowledge, no sweet thanks
for help well given,
May be granted for thy cheering in thy life on this side
heaven;

Love thou on in earnest working, and perchance, thou
yet mayst see
That some hearts whom thou hast solaced, have been
blessing God for thee.

G. G.

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ON THE PLANK.

IN taking up a newspaper, for city or country town, there is one species of paragraph frequent in its occurrence, to this effect, that certain individuals were brought before magistrates for thefts, burglaries, assaults, or some other delinquency, for the second, third, or fourth time; and the charge being undeniable, they were forthwith sent to prison for an assigned period. We learn by these facts that there is a portion of the general population who are off and on criminals, and whose names and characters are inscribed on the books of the police. In reality, we live in the midst of two kinds of population. One of them consists of persons who quietly pursue courses of honest industry, and are never heard of by the police at all. The other are the wild and predatory classes, who from youth to age live for the most part by some kind of mischief or pilfering. They may do a little honest work at a time, when it agreeably comes in the way; but destitute of foresight or any upright principle, they lapse into crime on the slightest temptation.

These plain truths have never been thoroughly realised. Philosophers go on theorising, to the effect, that all human beings are very much alike as regards intellect and emotions; whereas it is clear that a considerable number of people within the bounds of so-called civilisation, and of improving influences, are a kind of half savages, disposed, like monkeys in a menagerie, to steal from the cages of each other. Education is supposed to be the panacea for curing this unfortunate state of things. In time, when education, now happily set on foot on a comprehensive scale, has thoroughly permeated the community, we may expect that the criminal classes will be materially lessened in number, and that the more gross order of crimes will be of rare occurrence. As matters now stand, according to a late Report of the Directors of Convict Prisons, 'it must be considered as established that education does not furnish such a specific preventive of criminal

tendencies as it was once supposed it would. It may, however, be admitted that it has had some effect, and that it may probably have much altered the character of the crimes which come under the correction of the law, and of the immoralities which do not.'

When transportation was given up, imprisonments for long or short periods were substituted, as a cure for crime. After the experience of a number of years, it has to be acknowledged, with a degree of regret, that the number of criminals remains much as it was before. In the midst of the general perplexity on the subject, one thing occurs to us. It is the strange fancy of endeavouring to effect a cure by repeated imprisonments, which, taken singly or in accumulation, are little better than a mere off-put of time and wastefulness of expenditure. It does not seem to be properly recognised, that the modern prison, established under the sanction of learned and philanthropic sanitarians, is, physically speaking, a very comfortable place, where bed, board, washing, and medical attendance are to be had for nothing; and which, in comparison with the ordinary habitations of those who require to be so treated, is by no means an unpleasant resort. To be sure, there is a certain social degradation in being sent to prison, but that is only where there is a sense of being degraded. The class of persons we speak of have no more a notion of degradation by being immured within the walls of a prison, than sheep have in being driven into a penfold. It is all a matter of course, and probably comes quite handy, as a change of scene, diet, and occupation.

On lately talking to a gentleman who is medical superintendent of a criminal prison in which there is generally from six hundred to seven hundred inmates of the two sexes, he tells us that there is no condition of society within his knowledge where there is such excellent health as in the cells of which he has the supervision. The prisoners come in dirty, miserable, ragged, half-hungered, and in a condition altogether pitiable. In a little time, by means of regular

diet and work, and regular rest at night, along with a certain amount of open-air exercise within the yards appointed for this recreation, they pick up in a wonderful manner. Within three months, they are different creatures. Unfortunately, when the period of their imprisonment expires, they are turned out into the broad world; and ten to one but they relapse into their previously horrible state of wretchedness. And again, after a short time, they come back under a fresh sentence for a new delinquency. We ask, if this system of repeated short imprisonments is consistent with common-sense?

We have only to walk along the thronged and older part of some cities, to note the wretched condition of the class of persons, men and women, who from time to time are kept at the public cost in the prisons. There they are, lounging, dirty, ragged, and hopeless. Men standing in groups, with clay pipes in their mouths, with their hands in their pockets, staring about in the stupor of idleness. Some of them, perhaps, have a battered eye, covered with a patch of some sort, or they exhibit some other infirmity. As for the women, they are generally poor-looking creatures, who cannot be seen without pity.

Is there, then, no remedy? In the present tentative condition of affairs, we can only offer a few hints. In the first place, the town-resorts of the habitually criminal classes should be eradicated; but that never can be, while narrow lanes and courts, scarcely pervious to the light of day, are suffered to exist. We would lay it down as a primary principle in social organisation, that no means should be afforded for huddling into dingy resorts, like rats and wild beasts. The safety of society requires that all human dwellings should have such a frontage as will bring the inhabitants in a reasonable degree within reach of the public eye. Show us a town or city abounding in structural obscurities, deficient in air and sunlight, and there we will show you hordes of the demoralised and dangerous classes, to say nothing of groups of unhappy beings laid down with typhoid and other deadly diseases. Municipal authorities are slow in recognising the truth of these remarks. The world at large does not give itself the trouble to think upon the subject.

The thorough eradication of these loathsome resorts—the slums of popular slang—would, we think, go far towards a wholesome preventive alike of crime and disease; and we have evidences that such would be the case, from the attempts that have been made in this direction under legislative authority. We are not so sanguine as to expect that while the human heart remains as it is, crime will be got rid of altogether; but we aver that it would be possible to effect very material ameliorations. By letting things take their course, crime is to a certain

extent cultivated or played with. The resorts we speak of are the nests where it is fostered and brought to maturity; and all such nests, as a matter of police, should be extirpated, perhaps not abruptly, but at least within a reasonable length of time.

Next, as regards punishment. The method of awarding repeated imprisonments has evidently proved a failure. The petty offender seems first to get a week, next two weeks, then a month, then two months, then three months, and so on he works his way to eighteen months; beyond that he passes under a higher jurisdiction into penal servitude, first for five years, and afterwards for longer periods—in many instances, incorrigible to the last. That appears to be the routine. As this process of dealing with criminals has not answered, let us try something else. Possibly, it would be advantageous in many cases to return to schemes of flagellation. Whipping, we understand, has proved so effectual a deterrent, as to have put a stop entirely to the crime of garroting. Why not extend its application, particularly as regards youthful male offenders? It is a punishment especially adapted to all crimes that are mean and despicable in their nature, such as assaults on women and wife-beating. For offences of this description, a certain number of lashes on the bare back should be added to the ordinary penalties.

Other forms of personal discomfort without endangering health might likewise be found to be so awkwardly disagreeable, as to terrify habitual depredators, and to force them into the salutary belief, that after all it is better to be honest and trust to regular work, than to continue a course of thieving. The tread-mill is one species of discomfort that has had its day in deterring criminals. The latest discomfort that we have heard of is ordinarily known as being put 'on the plank.' With a considerable degree of satisfaction, we learn, that if properly and persistently administered, it is likely to do the business. It is neither more nor less than causing prisoners to make their bed of a hard deal board, or guard-bed, as it is technically called, from its resemblance to the bed used in guard-houses. When on the plank, prisoners are not altogether unprovided with means for keeping themselves warm at night. They are supplied with two single blankets in summer, and three in winter, a bed-rug, and two sheets. Why the luxury of sheets should be awarded, is beyond our comprehension. But let that pass. The pillow is of wood. This, as far as we can discover from 'Instructions from the Prison Commissioners,' is the destiny of all convicted male prisoners between thirteen and sixty years of age, unless excused by the surgeon, and continues to be so until 'they have earned two hundred and forty marks; after which they shall be allowed a mattress for five nights in each week till they have earned four hundred and eighty marks; when they shall be allowed a

mattress for six nights in each week till they have earned seven hundred and twenty marks; after which they shall be allowed a mattress every night. But they are liable at any time to be deprived of the mattress for idleness or misconduct, till they have earned such a number of marks as the Governor may deem advisable, in addition to any other punishment he may award.'

From this statement, it would appear that all convicted male prisoners begin with a plank-bed, and that a modification only takes place by a certain course of good behaviour; and it is likely enough that the suffering experienced induces the prisoner so to conduct himself as to secure a mattress and soft pillow at the earliest opportunity. It would be interesting to know, however, how far the deterrent so modified has a permanent effect. From their repeated imprisonments, after short intervals, the modification of the plank seems to lead to no effectual eradication of crime. It may produce decent behaviour while in prison; but in the long-run, that is of minor importance. We should like to see the plank administered with such persistency as to greatly lessen the number of offenders. We feel confident that, properly applied, the plank is the best thing yet thought of to diminish criminal practices.

We are not unprepared for hearing that any proposal to introduce a more frequent application of the whip, as also an unmitigated use of the plank-bed, should be stigmatised as cruel, barbarous, and so forth. A plain answer to objections of this kind is, that misdemeanants have a free choice. If they prefer all the usual comforts of civilised life, liberty, and a good bed included, let them remain honest and peaceable subjects. If they prefer the reverse, let them take the consequence. Nobody counsels severity as a matter of taste, but as a sad necessity, and with a hope that by such means a distinct impression will by-and-by be made in lessening the number of habitual delinquents. But the severities spoken of would render the majority of prisoners intractable! So will say all who wish the present state of affairs to continue. It is plausible bugbears like this that keep the world from advancing.

Were it generally known that being committed to prison is equivalent to lying on a hard board during the whole period of incarceration, magistrates, we anticipate, would soon find their occupation pretty nearly gone. There might be little diminution in the number of first offences; but second, third, and fourth offences would have a fair chance of being extinguished, or reduced to a minimum. At all events, a reform in this direction is greatly needed. The present system of repeated imprisonments for short periods is a grievous scandal, which cannot be too soon removed. Others may have some schemes for reforming the abuse, worth listening to; our

proposal is simple, and likely to be efficacious. It is, longer imprisonments after the first, and throughout, a stern administration of the Plank.
W. C.

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER IX.—SHE ANSWERED 'YES.'

'HILLO! hillo!' cried Lumby senior, going lamely across the hall. 'What's the matter, Gerard?'

'I'm in a bit of a hurry,' said Gerard, cooling down a little. 'I want to speak to you, that's all.'

'It's worth no man's while to risk his neck to hear *me* talk,' said Lumby senior, with a chuckle.—'Come in, my lad. What is it?' He sat in a big library chair; and Gerard having closed the door, walked up and down for a minute or two, and then planting himself before his sire, he spoke.

'Father, I'm thinking about getting married.'

'Ah!' said Lumby senior, with his features a little twisted by a sudden twinge of gout. 'Is that a general or a particular statement? Is it an abstract sentiment, or is there a lady in the case already?'

'There is a lady in the case already.'

'Who is it?'

'Miss Jolly,' responded the lover, looking and feeling like a defiant criminal.

'Very good taste, my lad,' said the elder man—'very good taste indeed. Don't tell your mother I said so; but if I were younger—A—ah! That isn't conscience, but the gout. Well?'

'I have spoken to her father this morning.'

'The dickens you have!' said Mr Lumby, with another facial distortion.

'He demands,' pursued Gerard, 'that your explicit consent shall be given before he can entertain my proposal.'

'He demands that my explicit consent shall be given before he can entertain your proposal, does he? Gerard, your language is worthy of your university. An Oxford training has not been wasted on you. What do you want to get married for? Why, only the other day you were a legal infant. Gerard, my lad, keep clear of my plaguy foot, and come here and shake hands. You had only to choose a lady to be sure of my consent. And I know she's pretty, and I know she's clever, and I think she's good. Go and win her, my lad, and wear her worthily, and let your old dad nurse his grandchildren before he dies.'

The old man was riper and mellowed than the young one. As they shook hands, Gerard's look was a trifle sulky. He could not show emotion gracefully, and he was deeply moved. But the grip of the young giant's fingers made his father's hand ache for five minutes afterwards, and a good deal more love went into that handshaking, from both sides, than some very fluent people ever know in all their lives. So, bearing the paternal as well as the maternal blessing, the wooer rode once more away. He went gallantly this time, riding like a lover. Could he fail to win with such good auguries behind him?

'My dear Constance,' said Mr Jolly, entering the room in which his daughter sat, 'Mr Lumby has honoured me by a formal proposal for your hand.'

'And you,' said Constance, who had watched the interview from her window, 'have sent him about his business?'

'Yes,' said her father, with his wrinkled smile. 'His business is to obtain his father's consent. I have no doubt of his attachment to you; that has been evident from the first; but as I told him, in a matter of this kind everything must be above-board, and I could not dream of allowing my consent or yours to be extorted, until all things were made clear on his side.'

'And when he comes back, I am to say "Yes," papa?' asked Constance.

'My dear,' said Mr Jolly, shrugging his shoulders ever so little, 'I am not an ogre, or a wicked father in a novel in the *Young Ladies' Tea-table Gazette*. You will exercise your judgment. Mr Lumby, armed with his father's consent, will seem to me a most desirable and eligible husband.' He spoke of Gerard as an auctioneer speaks of a family mansion.

Constance sighed faintly. 'I think he is a good man, papa,' she said; 'and I know he is very much attached to me. But' (Mr Jolly shrugged his shoulders again, a little more pronouncedly)—'I like him too,' she said—'but'—

'Once more, my dear,' said Mr Jolly, 'I am not the wicked father of a cheap romance; but if you throw away such a chance as this, I shall think that you deserve never to have another.'

'Very well, papa,' said Constance; 'I will do as you wish.'—He kissed her with unusual warmth and kindness.—'And now,' she said, 'let us say no more about it till the knight-errant comes.'

The knight-errant was not long in coming. Soberly enough he came in sight; but there were evidences on gallant Rupert's sides which told of haste, and Gerard's absence had been marvellously brief.

'I have seen my father,' he said to Mr Jolly, 'and I carry with me not merely his approval, but his warmest wishes.'

'That smooths my way completely,' said Mr Jolly. 'There remain only my daughter's wishes to consult. And there, Mr Lumby—let me be candid with you—I can exercise no influence, no control. You have my cordial good wishes. I can offer you nothing more.' Again the Arcadian rather overdid it.

'Mr Jolly,' said Gerard, somewhat stiffly, 'do me the justice to believe that I would not win by coercion, even if I could.'

'I can't have a row with the fellow now,' said the guileless shepherd inly. 'But when they're married, I shan't see much of them. I can go back to the Albany. It's the only decent place to live in.' He added aloud: 'Our sentiments are happily at one upon that matter.—And now, Mr Lumby, what is the next step? Shall I smooth your way at all by preparing my daughter to receive your proposal, and by telling her that you make it with my sanction? Or would you prefer to wait?'

'I don't think,' said Gerard, 'that there can be any advantage in delay.'

'No?' asked Mr Jolly, smilingly. 'Well, perhaps not—perhaps not.' Within himself, he exulted. Constance had been a great anxiety to him. It was a big thing to book a young man with half a million in perspective—not quite the biggest thing the daughter of such a man as Mr Jolly might have done, he thought, but eminently satisfactory. 'Will you excuse me, then?' Gerard, too much agitated for speech, inclined his head in answer; and Mr Jolly left the room. 'Constance,' he said, himself a little shaken, 'you have quite made up your mind?'—She nodded with a faint smile. She had had no dream of love, but always until now there had been a hope that the dream might come and fulfil itself. And now? Well, Gerard was very nice and manly—she had little fault to find with him; but she did not love him. She would have liked to have loved her husband a little. As her father had said only the day before, Nature returns, even when expelled with a pitchfork. All her training had gone against marrying for love, and she had heard it condemned as silly, and even as sometimes wicked. She sighed a little, smiled a little at the sigh, and so surrendered. She arose, and surveyed her own regal and tender beauty in the mirror, regarding herself critically. Her bosom heaved with a passing sense of triumph, and as she turned, Gerard entered. She surveyed him demurely. A man at least, every inch of him. Not a mere creature of the ballroom and the Park. Now that she looked at him with this new interest, that he was to be her husband, she saw much to admire in him. She waved him to a seat; but he stood before her and pleaded his cause.

'Miss Jolly; your father has already prepared you for my visit?'—Her bowed head bent a little lower in affirmation.—'I am glad of that, for I should not have liked to startle you by my abruptness.'—A little smile flickered across the hidden features at this statement. Poor Gerard thought that this virgin fortress was here for the first time assailed. Constance remembered a score of such scenes, and almost the only difference between them and this was that she had always said 'No,' and was now to say 'Yes.' There was the least possible quiver of earnestness in his voice. 'I suppose,' he said, with unintentional quaintness, 'to tell anybody straight out, "I love you," would be a little hard; and I think the truer it is, the harder it is.'—Constance, who was perfectly self-possessed, smiled again at this. The simplicity was manly: it even touched her a little.—'If I speak clumsily, I will ask you to excuse me. I have only known you for three months, and that is but a little time. I should have laughed three months ago to think that such a love—the word cost him a great and evident effort, and it was plain that it was sacred to him; the listener knew it—'could have grown in a man's heart in such a time. But it *has* grown there, and my life is in your hands. I ask a great thing—I ask a thing of which I know I am unworthy—I ask you to share my life with me. It shall be my continual study to make you happy.' There his very earnestness broke him down.

'Mr Lumby,' said Constance—she could say nothing ungracefully, and though she was as

cool as a cucumber, he thought she looked and spoke like a pitying angel—'you ask a great thing—a great thing on both sides. Let me ask a little one. Give me a day to think of your offer.'

'Give me an answer now!' he pleaded. She was sitting before him looking upwards, and for the first time in this interview he saw her eyes and looked into them. There is no exaggerating the matter—he was head over ears in love—and love, even in a man who means to be self-possessed, will have its way. The glance of the wonderful violet eyes brought him down upon one knee before her. One white hand was stretched a little towards him. He took it in both his. 'Give me an answer now!' he murmured, with pleading eyes fastened on her face—'give me an answer now!' This was a phase of love-making on which Constance had not counted, and it was new to her. The man was kissing one hand, and had possessed himself of the other—a prodigious and unheard-of situation. It was not unpleasant, though at first a little alarming. 'Say Yes,' said this audacious Gerard, murmuring with his breath upon her cheek, and both her hands in his. And it was wonderful and strange—if Nature were ever wonderful and strange—to see how the stronger male nature triumphed; for caught in this unexpected snare, wooed for once like a woman, by a man who loved her, in place of being talked to by an automaton as though she were an elegant waxwork, she answered 'Yes,' and for one bewildered minute her head lay on Gerard's shoulder, and the first kiss that ever love had planted there was warm upon her lips. Then, fairly frightened at his impetuosity, she sprang to her feet, and escaped to think and wonder. And when she saw herself in the glass, she saw a more lovely creature reflected there than ever her mirror had shown her until now; for her eyes were all agleam, and her face was rosy, and there was a marvellous new look, she had never seen before. And as she stood there, she made one utterly feminine remark aloud—a remark so womanly, that it startled her to know that it could have crossed her as a thought: 'I ought to be a happy woman to be loved so much.'

Was the dream to come after all? Was she too, like the spurious heroines of romance, to have a husband whom she could love, and not merely tolerate?

The poor Gerard went home feeling criminal, and yet conscious of a certain sense of satisfaction. And after all, if a woman does not want to be kissed, what right has she to be downright bewitching? An unanswerable query.

BOLOGNA.

'GENOVA *la superba*,' say the Italians when characterising their cities; but '*Bologna la Grassa*;' for it is no less true that if Genoa be proud, and justly so, of her vast and stately palaces, so Bologna reposes lazily upon her laurels, with the comfortable certainty that she is the best fed and the fattest of all her compeers in the bright Italian land. She draws her nourishment and sustenance from the rich Emilian plain;

so fertile that the vine festoons between the mulberry trees droop to the very ground with the luscious clusters of purple grapes—unable to support, even with the friendly aid of assistant trees, the weight of the heavy bunches. The golden heads of the Indian corn, with its tall stature and its waving leaves, are half hidden in the abundant and ever-springing verdure of the level plain, with its frequent ducts of water, carefully planned irrigation, and the garden-like cultivation which meets the eye mile after mile. In this fertile plain, girt within her circling walls, does indolent Bologna repose, with the careless content of the blameless Ethiop of old, scarce raising her eyes to the far-off guardianship of the misty Alps, and the nearer boundary of the faintly blue Euganean Hills, and the distant glitter on the horizon of the Adriatic Sea.

Entering the portals of her lofty walls, the traveller is struck by the somewhat heavy-headed look of the colonnaded town, supported arch after arch on massive piers, which lend a rather gloomy appearance to the streets. The tall and frowning palaces are decked with sculptured marble heads, and have the look, rare in Italy, of being both well kept and lived in. The churches own mostly unfinished façades, which Bologna will doubtless some time, when she awakes, bestir herself to complete. The Seven Churches of St Stephen—one of them an ancient basilica of the early church—contain two richly carved antique sarcophagi, used as the altars of the saints Vitalis and Agricola. One was enriched with peacocks, wondrously sculptured, and the other with lions and a stag. The church is also adorned with costly columns of marble, once forming part of the temple of Isis on this very spot, now hallowed by the bones contained in the lovely pillared shrine of St Petronius. Behind it is an *ambo*, perhaps of the ninth century, beset with beautiful reliefs of the four evangelists. Nor can that ruined cloister of the Celestins ever be forgotten, with its double arcade of lightly springing arches; reminding one in some dim way of the Ducal Palace at Venice, and all inlaid with marble mosaic between the arches, in various hue of peacock wings—purple and red and green and golden and blue: a harmony of suggested colour, which, even to recall, gives inexpressible delight.

A vast and ancient font of long-past Lombard kings stands in the *atrium*; while in the cloister, the curious and picturesque monkish well must not be passed over unnoticed; nor yet the tomb of St Petronius, built, it is said, upon the model of the Holy Sepulchre. This inclosure of the Seven Churches, with its singular assemblage of associations, heathen, Christian, sacred, and profane, is a veritable chapter of history written upon stone, which would well repay many an hour of curious and minute attention: for echoes of old Egypt make themselves heard in this pillared silence, and voices of Rome, whose wealth transported all this marble from Africa's burning plain; the blood of Christian martyrs cries from their tombs, and ruder notes arise of barbaric conquest by Lombard invaders, when Rome itself, like Babylon, had fallen. The careless modern spirit succeeds to this heritage of the ages; and it is chiefly as an object of curiosity and interest to travellers that these half-ruined aisles

still stand, to testify of a faith whose decay is nowhere more manifest than in Italy.

Out again from these cool silent shades we pass into the busy streets, avoiding collision as far as may be with mules and asses driven recklessly fast in tiny chaises along the paved and narrow lanes. The women are all attired in white cambric jackets, and white silk kerchiefs tied gracefully on their heads. An old beggar, in a dark, red gabardine, holds out his hand as we go by; indeed, beside every church-door sits a crowd, holding out countless hands in endless solicitation. In the Piazza, the stately figure of Neptune poises lightly in the air, wielding his trident in his upraised hands, to bear evidence of his maker John of Bologna's happy skill; and the cool plash of the great fountain beneath him falls pleasantly on our ears; for the sun is blazing, and thoughts of a *siesta* suggest themselves obtrusively.

But the Academy must be visited, where Raphael's St Cecilia stands rapt in ecstatic vision of all things lovely, as if to vindicate pure art against the later conceptions of it outspread upon these walls, in all the triumph of bared limbs and lovely faces and luscious colour, and utter irreligion. Guido Reni was the veritable victim of his time, and of the decadent taste which characterised it. His real power lies in the command he exercises over all the resources of his art. But his fine taste in colour is annulled by his evident desire to compose pictures which shall cover the walls of palaces, and be admired by wealthy cardinals and art-loving nobles. His 'Slaughter of the Innocents' is a fearful example of all that religious art should not be; while the matchless and exquisite beauty of his sweet dark-eyed 'St Catharine,' shows what lay in his power to achieve. But his century conquered him. He was not great enough to master and direct it, as his colossal predecessors in Art had done. The Caracci helped on the further decline of art by manufacturing a certain class of picture which forms the staple of, alas, how many galleries! Elizabeth Sirani shows a better aim. Her 'St Anthony of Padua' has a naive grace; and her execution is wonderful, when her youth is considered, as are also her efforts, compared with the gold-medalled students of modern Bologna, whose canvases provoke unkind criticism by their mannered pretension and vulgarity.

Some of Francia's most beautiful work is to be seen at Bologna. His rich colouring atones for the stiffness and rigidity that seem almost inseparable from the most real devotional element. Nevertheless, the tender grace of his little children and his saintly mothers fills us with a strange and secret delight, which greater men sometimes fail to inspire.

But the masterpiece of Bolognese art remains yet to be mentioned, and that is the *Arco* or shrine of St Dominic, within the church which bears his name. Sculptured and wrought by the faithful hands of Nicola Pisano, its bas-reliefs are so deep and rich that three distances may be distinguished in them. It is guarded by four most lovely angels at each corner, one of which is from the hand of Michael Angelo, and is kneeling in mute adoration. One feels, however, in contemplating this ravishing work,

that it is but the culminating stage of pure art, reached from the rude Lombard tombs in the Piazza, aided and developed by the fruitful genius of a mind like that of Pisano, nourished on the finest traditions of antique beauty. The tame and feeble bas-relief on the altar font, the work of the last century, instructively completes the tale, showing, when Art falls, the depth to which she can fall. Hence, in this day of ours, to know what to admire and how to admire it, is counted as an art, and they artistic who though themselves executing nothing, yet know by nature or cultivation how to discern the true from the false, the good from the bad.

The old Dominican friar who acted as escort to the shrine of his patron, spoke with a sigh of evil days, and of thirty 'fathers' dwindled to three; and a bare existence on sufferance in a free country, where the faith he professed is the one most bitterly hated and scorned by the powers that rule. The poor still crowd into the stately churches, and still cast themselves down in utter abandonment of devotion upon the marble floors, before the favourite shrine of Madonna or saint; but the rich, the educated, and the ruling classes, where are they?

The traveller will not be permitted to leave Bologna without seeing the Campo Santo, formerly the Certosa or Cistercian convent, but occupying the actual site of the Etruscan burial-ground. Hundreds of interments were found, each silent one lying, coin in mouth, ready to pay Charon's fee.

Amongst the endless sepulchral monuments which adorn these vast corridors, one statue, a Silence, is well deserving notice. He who lies beneath fell in a duel, in the flower of his youth. And there the figure sits, with finger on her lip, and hand upraised, as if to protect the dead. Let us follow her example, and raise no questions. He at anyrate has passed beyond the reach of our judgments. The same Campo Santo shows us, almost side by side, the tomb of the noble Bevisani, so tranquil, so full of thought and repose, with the statued children in life-sized marble, in frilled garments and laced-up boots, and pinafores and hats, which the modern taste admires, and which are chiefly carved in the city where Pisano worked, and Francia painted, and Da Quercia and the great Michael left their works, to shame their successors in the noble arts. A final mention of the Olivetan Convent, now suppressed, outside the walls, and we have done. It is to-day a royal but uninhabited villa, and is as vast as it once was splendid. Perhaps it was not exactly very strict, for each brother kept a coach-and-pair, and the prior a coach with four white horses, in which the pious friars with great contentment drove abroad, when wearied with the contemplation of their palatial residence, with its many and indifferent works of art, and the lovely view thence obtainable of Bologna with her towers, pinnacles, and palaces lying outstretched beneath their vine-clad verdurous hill!

And so we leave Bologna *la Grassa* to her peaceful existence, her sausages, her excellent provision markets, and her unfeigned appreciation of the good things of this world. No lean and hungry Cassio she; but rather like the Justice, 'with good capon lined;' and perhaps

our next steps may lead us onwards to the Venice of our dreams, or the Florence of our waking imagination; or even to mightiest Rome, mother of nations, wolf-nurtured, sitting augustly upon her Seven Hills.

A STRANGE STORY.

TOLD BY A LINCOLNSHIRE CLERGYMAN.

CHAPTER III.

It was dark when I drove up to Mr Pullingtoft's door; but as I descended from the dogcart and came within the range of light, with which he had hastened out to greet his visitor, it was with the exclamation of 'Bless my heart!' and a hearty grasp of the hand, that he recognised and welcomed me.

Mr Pullingtoft gave me no time for explanations; for as soon as I had removed my hat and greatcoat, he threw open the parlour-door and proudly announced me. Mrs Pullingtoft, who was in exact proportion to her husband, was seated near the lamp, darning little socks. She rose as I entered, and wheeled an easy-chair to the fire, begging me to be seated. Many children surrounded the table, the girls at needlework, the boys colouring prints in the *Illustrated News*; while the farmer, holding up a well-thumbed book, informed me it was *Sandford and Merton*, from which he was reading to the young people the story of the Grateful Turk.

Among the busy heads round the table, there was one fair one that was lifted as I entered the room, and a familiar pair of blue eyes beamed modestly upon me. It was Phœbe Meadows. The young girl was so much improved in appearance, although very fair and delicate, that had I been unprepared for seeing her, I should not have recognised her; and it was evident that the worthy farmer had quite adopted her as his protégée, and treated her like one of his own children. My arrival caused the breaking-up of the juvenile party, who were sent off to bed. Mr Pullingtoft, however, would not hear a word of the business upon which I had come, until we had had supper.

After this hospitable entertainment, Mrs Pullingtoft discreetly withdrew; my host heaped up the fire, and drawing our chairs closer in, I unfolded the tale of my memorable night's adventure to the good man, who listened with open mouth and open eyes; but when I came to the events of a few hours ago, namely, the finding of the will, who can describe his astonishment and delight? I opened and smoothed out the crumpled pages on the table, the farmer reading it attentively word by word; he had been familiar with old Scruby's signature, and firmly declaring the will to be genuine, bestowed an unlimited number of choice epithets on the son. In vain I tried to convince him that a man may not be called bad until he be proven so. Mr Pullingtoft emphatically declared Seth Scruby to be a knave. 'And not only that, sir, but a villain!'—with a slap of his fist on the table that made the glasses dance and jingle.

Of course I stayed all night; and during the

evening I had again to relate my experiences in the church on the night of the farmer's first visit to me, with the slamming-to of what I took to be Scruby's pew-door—the seeing of it shut, and afterwards open—and the banging of the church-door as after some one who had just gone out; and to this narrative my host listened with renewed attention.

'It may have been Scruby himself,' he cried excitedly. 'It was Tuesday se'enight as I visited you on, and it was on that very day Scruby and his family arrived at Coryton Farm. He must have heard that I was thinking of doing something to get back for Phœbe what was her mother's, and taken this means of putting the will out of sight till the storm should blow over.'

I could not, however, agree with this view of the matter. Had Mr Scruby wished to hide the will, he would not have stuck it in at the back of an ornament on the church reading-desk, where the first pew-cleaner who came along to dust the desk could not have failed to see it.

On the following morning, after having carefully pasted together the pieces of the will, we drove over to Grantham to see Mr Shaw the solicitor, and have his opinion of the document that had come so strangely into my possession. He was a well-known, shrewd lawyer, of integrity beyond suspicion, and having many years before succeeded his father in his business, was better acquainted with the affairs of the squires and farmers within a wide circle of miles, than many of them were themselves. I think it would have been impossible to have brought Mr Shaw a greater treat than that soiled document, regarding the finding of which I gave him full particulars. Like the bloodhound scenting blood, or a red Indian finding a trail, he pounced upon the will. He looked at it upside down, held it up to the light, studied it; and finally unlocking a box of deeds, produced a parchment drawn up in the same handwriting, being that of the dead and gone Boston solicitor who had drawn up old Scruby's will. He had no hesitation in pronouncing the document genuine, and thought we ought to see Mr Scruby without loss of time.

It was resolved, therefore, that we should all three start for Coryton early next morning; and as I had a decided objection to entering Mr Scruby's house a second time, it was arranged that Mr Scruby should be summoned to the vicarage, to meet Mr Shaw of Grantham on particular business.

It was about noon next day when, on arriving at Coryton, we despatched a messenger to the Farm. Fortunately, Mr Scruby was at home; and he very promptly made his appearance, actuated, no doubt, by curiosity as to what the business could be, and with a lurking suspicion, probably, that it again concerned Phœbe Meadows. If so, he was right in his forebodings. What awaited him in reality, he little guessed. He entered my study with his face all puckered and pinched into a set hardness; and his shrewd eye glanced inquiringly at our faces, as we politely made our salutations. Mr Shaw plunged into the heart of the business by suddenly laying the will open before him on the table, simply saying: 'Do you recognise this document, Mr Scruby?'

Never shall I forget the expression of the man's face, as his eyes fell on those faded sheets of paper! To our watchful eyes, it was sufficient confirmation of his guilt. We saw that he recognised it. Horror, fear, dismay, succeeded each other over a leaden-coloured countenance. The struggle was dreadful to witness; and yet the man's habitual self-command was so great, that in less time than it takes to relate this, he actually composed his features to their ordinary grimness, and boldly and firmly replied 'No!'

'I must beg of you to examine it with attention and care, Mr Scruby,' said our lawyer, never taking his spectacled eyes from his face, 'and give us your opinion upon it; for we firmly believe it is the will of your late father.'

'My father left no will,' said Mr Scruby fiercely; 'and I refuse to read this forgery, for such it is.'

'Take care what you say, Mr Scruby. I affirm it to be a perfectly legal document, drawn up by my old friend the late Mr Collyer, the well-known solicitor of Boston, with whose handwriting you must be well acquainted, seeing he managed your father's affairs for so many years. I beg you to examine it.'

'I deny the existence of a will altogether,' said Mr Scruby; but as he said the words, I remarked that his hand, which rested on the table, trembled, in spite of his efforts to appear calm.

'See!' continued Mr Shaw; 'here is your father's signature, and those of the witnesses—namely, Thomas Kirby and Mary Greenwood.'

'Thomas Kirby, indeed!' cried Mr Scruby scornfully; 'a paltry farm-bailiff, that I had to turn away for drunkenness; and Mary Greenwood, a half-blind, half-deaf, old housekeeper, who died crazy. Pretty witnesses you have brought forward, truly!'

'Doubtless, they were the only available ones at the time.'

'It is a deep-laid conspiracy,' he cried furiously, as he moved towards the door. 'I see through it all. I deny your statements. Go to law, if you like, and I'll fight you inch by inch.' And seizing his hat, Mr Scruby strode from the room, casting on us a withering look of contempt, expressing that he had unmasked a set of rogues, and fathomed their plot.

'Let him go to law,' exclaimed Mr Shaw, rubbing his hands with satisfaction; 'I desire nothing better.—And now, my dear sir, as time flies, may I ask you to introduce the witnesses one by one, if they are here yet, that I may take down their depositions. I hope you have summoned the old woman Kirby as well; I must have a talk with her, before I go.'

'I have sent for her,' I said; 'she must be here by this time.'

The schoolmaster was the first to enter the room; and he gave a clear account of meeting me accidentally in the churchyard, accompanying me into the church, and the subsequent finding of the will. The sexton, carpenter, and Mrs Dumps followed one by one, and corroborated each other's testimony in every respect. During this time, old Mrs Kirby had been thawing at the kitchen fire. I therefore hoped she would prove more communicative on this occasion than I had previously found her.

Mr Shaw had his own way of opening his

campaigns; and I perceived it was his tactics to come down suddenly on people, to open fire in an unexpected manner, taking them by surprise; by which means he gave no time to invent answers, and very often lighted upon the truth at once. He commenced with the old woman exactly in the same way as with Mr Scruby, by placing the paper bearing the signatures open before her on the table; and laying his finger below that of her husband, asked her if she knew that writing. Mrs Kirby, putting on her spectacles, peered into the writing, and I saw the old withered hand that leant on the table tremble. She gave a quick look over the top of her glasses at the lawyer, and murmured in a low anxious voice: 'Then, it's found at last!'

She and Mr Shaw looked straight at each other in silence—a silence that was significant; for from that moment they arrived at a very clear understanding, without the aid of words. Then the old woman sank back in the arm-chair I placed for her, and the poor wrinkled hands shook perceptibly.

'You recognise your husband's signature then, Mrs Kirby, and unless I am much mistaken, seem to be aware to what document it is attached?'

'I do—I do!' replied the old woman, to the lawyer's question. 'And if you knew—if you only knew what I, and he who's gone, suffered along of that will—for I know it is the lost will—it broke my poor old man's heart; and mine, sir—and mine!'

The icy barrier that had surrounded this woman for so many years, was disappearing. For once, she shed tears. I offered her some wine, which she rejected.

'Wait till I've told my story all through,' said she, 'and then maybe I shall be glad enough of it.—You must know,' she began, addressing Mr Shaw, 'that I was not always the poverty-stricken woman I now am. I was in my younger days as comfortable as I could wish to be. My husband was farm-bailiff to old Mr Scruby, and that nice house at North End was our home. Mr Scruby had been a schoolmate of my husband; and though lifted up, through making money like dirt, yet he wasn't a bad-hearted man, though awful passionate; and having an old friendship for my husband, he sent for him, and offered him the place. And many and many a year we lived on good terms—till his death, I may say. Well, sir, as you know, the old gentleman had only two children—this man Seth, and the daughter—poor Jane. He brought her up quite like a lady—in silk gowns, and a gold chain round her neck. He loved her like the core of his heart; for she was so pretty, so affectionate, but wilful and spoilt-like; and at last he saw he must send her to school; for the poor girl had no mother, sir, and ran rather wild at home; and it was quite time she went, for she was twelve years old. So she was sent to Lincoln; and came home three or four times a year for holidays; and every time she was improved, and was growing prettier and prettier.'

'Soon after she first went, her father had a bad attack of gout, so bad, that he set about making his will. One day, when my husband came home, he told me that he had been over to Boston to bring Mr Collyer, for the old gentleman was making his will. Now, Mr Scruby

thought much of my husband, and was more confidential with him than anybody; and after the will had been signed, he told him he'd left all his property in this parish, and half his bank-money, to Jane, and she'd be one of the richest girls in these parts; and that my old man had been a witness to the will, as was also old Mrs Greenwood, who'd been his housekeeper many a year, ay, ever since the death of poor Jane's mother. Bad luck it was that those two were the only two handy, at that time; for, you see, they're both dead! Well, sir, I didn't only hear this from my husband, but from Mr Scruby himself; for one Sunday afternoon, when the old gentleman was mending, I went to sit with him, while Mrs Greenwood went to church. He was always chatty and friendly to me; and after we'd talked of his illness, and what a mercy it was he hadn't been taken, we talked of his daughter; and then he gave me the key of an old bureau that was in his room, and told me to open it, look in one of the pigeon-holes, and bring him a roll of paper, tied with a red string. And I did; and he read me what he had left Jane, for she was ever uppermost in his mind; then he said: "Collyer said that it was not law to leave witnesses any legacy;" but he hoped he'd done as well; and pointing with his finger, he made me read, that he had set down for his son Seth to keep my husband for his farm-bailiff for life; and to keep Mrs Greenwood also, or provide for her. And I read those words, gentlemen, in that very will!

(It was true—words to that effect were there.)

'Well, sirs,' continued the old dame, 'that made my life seem happier still, for we were provided for life. For other six years all went well, and then troubles began. Jane had a lover, a handsome young fellow she had met and danced with at some parties at Lincoln—the son of a farmer near Spalding, who was a cousin of my own. Mr Scruby did not like the notion of his daughter marrying at all so young; but at that time he hadn't any particular dislike to Edward Meadows, though he would not hear of an engagement. But said to tell, my cousin was burned out one night in winter—his farm, his stock, all burned to the ground; and he wasn't insured; for he was an obstinate man, and old-fashioned in his notions; and when folks had told him he was tempting Providence not to insure his stock at least, would cry: "How can any fire happen here, with all this water and all these ponds close to the house? Why, we should put it out in no time!" But the fire did come—in weather like this, when all the ponds were frozen—and he was ruined. He had some money left in the Boston Bank; and with this he tried to start again in a small way; but the old man had no heart left, so of course he failed, and was soon a bankrupt; and then he broke down altogether, and died.

'Well, sir, after that, Mr Scruby would not allow his daughter to think of young Meadows at all; and indeed he was no match for her; and my husband and I thought so too, although he was a relative of our own; and we would not let him stay long in our house when he came over to see us, and did everything we could not to encourage these two foolish young people; for we were under obligations of much kindness to Mr Scruby, and would not run contrary to him; and it would have

been a shabby return, knowing how his money was left, to make up a match between a rich girl and our penniless relation. But in spite of all, Jane was headstrong. It was generous of her too, poor girl. She declared that she had loved Edward in his prosperous days, and refused to break off with him when he was in adversity. I think, perhaps if these young people had waited, it might have come about in a few years; for her father loved her too well not to have given in at last. But, gentlemen, they did not wait; for as soon as she was twenty-one, when old Mr Scruby had gone to London on business, Edward Meadows got a license, and they came one morning to this church to be married. Mr Willock was the vicar, and though very much put out at having to marry them, he couldn't refuse to perform the ceremony; and yet, when he saw nobody with them, was sure it must be a wrong thing. So he sent post-haste for us, sir—my husband and I—to come immediately to the church; for we were relations of the bridegroom, and so would be respectable witnesses. You might have knocked me down with a feather, when we came to the church and found those two young people standing there, quite thoughtless of the wrong they were doing. We all begged and implored them to think of Mr Scruby; but Jane declared her father would forgive them when it was done and they were once married—and seemed to have no fear; so there was no help for it; and with heavy hearts, my husband and I saw the ceremony, and signed our names as witnesses—signed our own death-warrants, as I may say. We were dreadfully frightened at the part we had played; and my husband thought it best to start directly for London, and tell the bad news to Mr Scruby himself. The rage and sorrow of the old gentleman were awful. He tore down here like a madman, and went on like a madman, and turned Jane out of doors when she came to ask forgiveness, vowing he would never see her again. He never did.

'He blamed us, and blamed Mr Willock, more than he'd a right to; for how could we help ourselves? However, we were all very sorry for him, poor man, but thought he'd soften after a time to his only daughter; and so, I think, he would, only his son was furious against his sister and the match she'd made; and against us, who, he declared, had connived at it, and brought it about. We expected to be turned away; but old Mr Scruby was, you see, a just man at the bottom of his nature, and though never friendly-like with us again, did not take away our livelihood. But it did not last long. In less than two years, Mr Scruby was dead; and we heard that his son came into everything, as his daughter had been disinherited. It was the talk of everybody that no will had been produced. Mr Collyer had died a week before Mr Scruby; and my husband and I had notice to quit North End Cottage, Mr Seth saying my husband was always tipsy, and he would not have an intemperate man for his farm-bailiff, though his father had put up with him so many years. And so—and so, we had to begin the world over again. In vain we told him how we had witnessed a will, in which Jane was left a mint of money, and we were provided for. No; it was no use. No will whatever had been found, he said; he was confident his father had

destroyed it, when his sister so wickedly married. "Much good you and your husband got by it, when you got up that match," said he with a sneer.

'Mr Seth was not married then, yet he turned away old Mrs Greenwood, to make room for a malapert hussy who was hardly thought good enough to milk cows in his father's time. Poor Mrs Greenwood went to live with some relations, where she soon afterwards died. She could not bear to think of her place being filled by Madge Ralston—sister of old Miles who lives in the cottage at the pond. A bad un she always was, that Madge, as we and many others know to our cost. Not long after this, Seth married his first wife, who got a good word from every one who knew her, and would have been kind to us old folk, had Seth allowed her.

'But I must go on with my story. After we were turned out, my husband got work, first in one part of the country, then another; but he never held up his head again, and we sank lower and lower. At last, we came back to this village, as he was best known here, and had a lease of that poor little place of two rooms that I live in now. There he died. And there I received Edward Meadows, when wasting with consumption, and poor dear Phœbe, his helpless child.'

'And what had become of Jane, then?' asked Mr Shaw.

'O sir, she went to her grave five months after her father, broken-hearted. Poor Edward Meadows had worked for her hard; but he got ill, and broke down at last. He had turned his hand to anything that came in his way. First, he broke horses and went to cattle-fairs for the farmers; then he took to keeping accounts for the shopkeepers at Northampton. But Jane's death finished him; and he came to me as his nearest relation, begging me to bring up his poor little child. And there, sirs, that is all—you have the complete history of a ruined family, if ever there was one!'

'And what did you imagine had become of the will that old Mr Scruby showed you?'

'I thought his son destroyed it. Yes, gentlemen, I thought ill enough of Seth for that—heaven forgive me for wronging him! Seeing it is in your hands, convinces me how bad I have been.—But where did this will come from? Who had it all the time?'

'It was found hidden away,' I replied. 'Who hid it, we do not yet pretend to say.'

'It was only natural I should think Seth destroyed it,' said the old woman; 'for oh! he is a hard man, never to inquire how his sister died, or about her little child. You have often asked me why I did not come oftener to church'—turning to me—'but it did me no good—no good! I saw that cruel man prosperous, praying; and the child poor, barely clothed, and only the care a poor old creature like me could give her; and it made me angry instead of humble; and I said to myself, instead of praying: "Why does not a judgment overtake that man? Why does he flourish?" And so my heart would keep on burning within me.'

This was the account given by the old woman. Its truthfulness was apparent, and her version of some of the contents of the will exact; and

Mr Shaw and I were more than ever convinced that there had been foul-play on the part of some one.

SUDDEN DEAFNESS.

WHAT part of the human frame is more exquisitely and mysteriously formed than the ear, with its delicate auditory nerve; with its hundreds of branches, so minute, that they can with difficulty be even microscopically examined; the sound-cells, or arches of Corti, about three thousand in number; its wondrous telephonic system, far more certain and perfect than anything man's ingenuity can ever hope to fashion? Each part is so perfect, yet so frail, that a very slight shock, a trifling accident, may injure some portion; and upon the sound, healthy condition of each part depends the whole power of hearing. Even nowadays, when so many clever men have made the ear their study, we find two of the most clever among them agreeing that, as regards 'the mode in which the ultimate subdivisions of the auditory nerve are distributed upon the lining membrane of the labyrinth, it does not seem possible to give a certain account'—so various are the opinions.

Certainly, our forefathers knew little about this portion of the human frame, or such a punishment as boxing the ears would never have been thought of for a moment; and it seems almost incredible that in these days of severer mental cultivation, when even the mistress of a village school is supposed to be able to teach her pupils about the human form divine, such an action should be possible as that brought last year against a schoolmistress for using this punishment. Nevertheless, that this ignorance exists is plain, from the fact that the tradition of earwigs creeping into people's ears, and laying their eggs there, is still fully believed in by the lower classes; and a curious case came before the writer's notice only a few years ago. A village schoolmistress took her child, which had become deaf, to have its ears syringed. As she was leaving, after the disagreeable little operation was over, she said very anxiously: 'I suppose, Doctor, the water will come out of his head presently.' Evidently she thought that otherwise there would be a certainty of water on the brain.

But the purpose of this paper is to give three or four curious cases of deafness, caused by grief or sudden fright. They are all perfectly true.

A lady who, just before the Peninsular war, had been married, heard suddenly and quite unexpectedly, that her husband had been ordered out to the seat of war. So great was her horror, that she became instantaneously and perfectly deaf, remaining so for many months; and it was feared that her case was incurable. Some months later, she was in church on a Sunday morning. The congregation began to sing a hymn, and quite suddenly her hearing returned, so much to her surprise, that, forgetting where she was, she jumped up and called out: 'Why, bless me, I can hear as well as ever I could in my life.' She retained her powers of hearing to a good old age.

Some years ago, in a country village which lies between Bath and Bridgewater, we used to see an old woman being wheeled along the dusty

roads by a workhouse child, in a primitive carriage formed by putting wheels on one of those heavy, green, wooden tea-garden or bar-room chairs—a most cumbersome and primitive contrivance. By the side of the chair, occasionally helping to push the heavy vehicle, walked an elderly woman, who looked robust and hale enough; but we discovered that she was stone-deaf, and the invalid sister had to shout at her in a most exhausting manner. We made the acquaintance of this worthy couple, and one day the deaf sister told us the cause of her privation. When about twelve years old, she had typhus fever very severely, and at length fell into a trance-like faint, which was taken by all for death. She was laid in her coffin, being unable to give any sign of life, but hearing quite plainly all that was going on. Just as her friends were about to close down the coffin-lid, from sheer horror she revived, but only to find herself stone-deaf, and she never recovered her hearing. Typhus fever so often produces deafness, that some may attribute this loss of hearing to that fearful complaint; but she does not appear to have lost it until the coffin-lid was being closed; and nothing in this world can be more utterly terrifying and shocking to the nerves, than the knowledge that one is being buried alive.

A poor lady, governess in a family, was standing one day in the hall when one of the children of the house, who was sliding on the banisters, fell over them, and was killed at her feet. The poor lady, from horror, became immediately perfectly deaf.

Perhaps one of the most curious cases is that of a child of seven, apparently quite strong and healthy, who seems to have actually become deaf from the effects of nightmare. The story is worth telling here, if only in the hope that it may make some reader less eager to despise childish night-terrors. How often nurses, and even mothers, and those very loving and tender ones, try to scold a child out of these night alarms, 'foolish' as they call them; yet how many are there of their elders who have not experienced such terrors?

There had been great Fifth-of-November riots in one of our south country towns. Men in hideous masks had patrolled the usually quiet streets; two citizens, who had offended their fellow-townsmen, were burned in effigy; and of course there was the regular accompaniment of squibs and crackers, and in the end a tremendous street disturbance, needing the intervention of the police. So alarming and annoying had the disturbance been to quietly minded citizens, that it was resolved never to allow a Fifth of November to be observed again in the town; and great was the rejoicing in quiet households over this decision of the town-council. A few days before the return of the fateful day, some children had been playing happily together, and, as far as can be discovered, nothing had been said or done to alarm any of them. They went to bed as usual, but had not been long in the dark when the youngest, a little girl, ran into her elder brother's room, and exclaimed: 'Oh, I feel so frightened, I can't help thinking of the Fifth of November; and when I shut my eyes, I see those horrid masks, and I can't get to sleep.'

The brother was very gentle and tender with her. He assured her there would be nothing done

in the town on the fifth, and carried her back to bed, telling her she must be good, and remain there, and that no harm would happen to her. A few minutes after, she ran back to his room, again describing her utter terror; she could not help seeing those dreadful masks, and she felt so dreadfully frightened.

Again he took her back to bed, and tried to coax her to sleep, with apparent success; but after a little while, she ran down to her mother, exclaiming: 'O mamma, I feel so dreadfully frightened, I cannot help seeing those horrid masks; and I wish papa would come home and syringe my ears, for I am quite deaf.'

The mother took her on her knee, and coaxed and fondled her till she fell asleep; then she took her to bed, and waited in much anxiety for her husband's return. She told him of the child's dreadfully excited state, and took him up to see her; but she was sleeping so placidly, it seemed a pity to wake her. Sleep was the best medicine.

Next morning, when she woke, they discovered to their horror that the child was stone-deaf; and not only has she remained deaf ever since, but being so young at the time of her affliction, she has also become almost quite dumb. Evidently the sound of her own voice in her head was most painful to her. Sudden, abrupt noises she could still hear. No doubt, she would be able to derive some benefit from one of the new inventions—the audiphone—for enabling the deaf to hear, from the vibration of sounds conducted from the teeth to the ear; but all efforts to restore her hearing have been useless. The injury to this tiny, imperceptible nerve had so affected all the rest, that the idea of being examined by a doctor seemed entirely to unhinge the child. Some of the cleverest aurists of the day were consulted. All advised the same: 'Leave her alone. Any effort to conquer these fears, is only likely to increase the injury to the nerves. Time may cure it; nothing else will.'

MY AUNT'S TALE.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE DAYS OF BYRON.

WELL, young folks, you must know that while your grandfather was in command of a brigade during the Mahratta war of 1816-20, I met my mother in England for the first time since I was a baby; for like most children born in India, I was sent 'home' to be educated, when I was very young. I was then past fourteen, but though *petite*, looked even older. I had one brother, named Willie—your father; but he was several years my junior. My mother was an accomplished lady, and, upon her return from India, resolved that I and my brother should receive a continental education.

Accompanied by my mother and my brother Willie, we left England, and on the 1st October 1818 reached Paris by slow stages, without mishap or adventure. There we halted several days, to see the sights; and thence travelled to Lausanne, and on to Brugg, afterwards visiting the Valley of Martigny. We were a very pleasant party, and did not hurry ourselves. On the day appointed for crossing the

Simplon, although the early morning was very fine and clear, the stars shining brightly in the sky, and not a breath of air stirring, our host at the inn strongly urged us not to proceed, as he was sure there would be a heavy snow-storm. Thinking he was dissuading us from personal motives, we determined to go on; but two other parties who were there at the same time remained behind. We had not proceeded far, when, sure enough, a few flakes of snow began to fall; and very soon afterwards the first storm of the season burst upon us. As the horses attached to our carriage could not drag it along with us inside, we had to dismount, and walk close behind the diligence. As we ascended, not a soul was allowed to speak; even the bells were taken off the horses, for fear of bringing down avalanches. As it was, we saw several both in front and in rear of us, thundering down the mountain-sides, and disappearing in the precipices below. So heavy was the fall of snow, we could not see many yards ahead; and our carriage several times nearly toppled over in turning the sharp curves of the roadway. We reached the chalet or place of refuge about five P.M., and found a party of five or six, who had come from Italy, belated like ourselves. The chalet consisted of only two small rooms; and in addition to twelve or fourteen travellers, there were a man and his wife in charge; hence, how to provide accommodation for so many was a puzzle. The horses were duly placed in an outer shed; and as we had neither beds nor bedding, and but few wraps, some of the straw intended for them was brought in for our use; and bears being numerous, it was necessary to barricade both the stable and our own doors. Our next difficulty was the commissariat. As both parties were confident they could get through the Pass during the day, they had brought no food with them. All we could get from the chalet-keeper were two small chickens, two small loaves of black bread, an onion, and a little cream-cheese.

A German Count, his wife, daughter, and lady's-maid, were among the benighted. He carved the chickens into as many pieces as there were people present. We each got about an inch square of meat. I was ravenously hungry; but I never could eat black bread, onions, or cream-cheese, so mine was almost a Barmecide's feast. We spread the straw in the two rooms—to the smaller of which the gentlemen retired; whilst in the larger, we ladies huddled together for warmth. My mother sat by the fire all night and kept up a blaze, without which, we should have been frozen to death. The Countess had a large feather coverlet, which she desired her maid to offer to any of us who would accept it; but we all declined with thanks. She then told the maid she had better lie down and cover herself with it; to which the maid impertinently replied that she 'was not going to sleep on dirty straw.'

'What will you do, then?' demanded the Countess. 'Surely, if we can lie on straw, you can too.'

The maid, with a toss of her head, replied: 'You are travelling for your pleasure, and can do as you like; but as I am forced to accompany you, whether I like it or not, to gain my livelihood, I shall not do so.'

'What will you do, then?' again asked the Countess.

'I shall sleep in the carriage,' replied the maid.

The chalet-keeper, who had overheard this from the adjoining room, called out in French: 'Pray, do not allow her to do so, as bears are very numerous; and once the doors are bolted, they cannot be opened again till daylight, and the probability, nay, certainty, will be that she will be killed.'

But the maid persisted in her intention. The diligence was dragged up close to the chalet, and she got in. The carriage was fortunately very strong, with double doors and windows, the outer ones being of panel. These were securely fastened inside by the maid, and outside by the chalet-keeper. The doors, then, of our own apartment were barred inside and bolted. We ladies lay down on the dirty straw, using such wraps as we possessed for covering; but the cold was intense, and the fire, straw, and covering were only sufficient to keep us alive. Sleep was impossible. The night was pitchy dark; but the snow ceased soon after dark.

About eleven P.M. we heard sniffing and scratching at the door, and my mother nervously whispered to me: 'Bears!' which indeed they proved to be. In a very short time these unwelcome visitors made a determined effort to get in; but luckily the door was a very strong one, well fastened; and though they tried over and over again, it resisted their attempts. They then tried to get at the horses in the shed; but here again they were foiled, though the horses became much alarmed, and snorted and kicked for the rest of the night. Next we heard piercing shrieks from the maid; but to help her was impossible. None of the gentlemen were armed; nor could the doors be unbarred, as there were so many helpless ladies present. The shrieks became fainter and fainter, and at last ceased; and we knew not what the fate of the maid had been. The bears made violent efforts to get in either into the shed or into our apartments the whole night long, keeping us in a state of terror; but fortunately they were unsuccessful. At last, greatly to our relief, with the daylight the bears disappeared, and upon the doors being unbolted, their tracks were visible, not only at the doors, but all round the chalet. Under and round the carriage, the panels were scratched all over by their claws in their endeavours to get in; and the maid was discovered more dead than alive. Fortunately, unconsciousness had intervened soon after the bears' attack, and relieved her of her miseries and fears; but she declared she could feel the animals rubbing themselves underneath the carriage, climbing up to the roof, and that their very breath came in through the cracks in the doorways. It was a lesson on selfishness and obstinacy, which she probably never forgot.

Soon a large party of men appeared, and cleared the snow off the track. We got safely to the top of the Pass, and down to the village of Simplon, where we breakfasted; and thankful we were too, to get something to eat—the first, we may say, for thirty-six hours. We went down merrily in sledges to the village of Domo d'Ossola, on the Italian side, which in its bright-

ness and regularity more resembled a tropical clime than the icy regions we had passed over. Here we halted a few days, and then visited Turin, Milan, and Florence. In the last city, we resided at a large boarding establishment, kept by a Madame du Planti, in a house which had formerly been Madame de Staël's, in the Via Scala. There were some thirty boarders in this house; and here we remained two years, occupied with our studies.

During a part of this time, the poet Shelley, his wife and infant, were inmates of the same house; and we soon made their acquaintance. They were very kind to us; and Shelley proposed to mamma, that if she would accompany them to Pisa, where Lord Byron was resident, he would himself undertake William's education; but mamma declined, saying she was fearful her husband would be displeased if she allowed an intimacy between her family and Lord Byron's. (Indeed, she was half afraid he would not approve of our friendship with Shelley and his wife.) During my leisure hours, I was always in the Shelleys' apartments. The poet would place his infant in my lap, and bid me amuse myself with a live doll, whilst he continued his writing. Both Shelley and his wife were delightful; and when they left, some months afterwards, we were very sorry. One day, Shelley told me Lord Byron was coming next day to visit him. In vain I implored mamma to let me be with them when the great poet came; but she would not hear of it. I told Shelley this with tears in my eyes; and he said: 'Well, little woman, if mamma won't let you be in the same room with the ogre; if you are very anxious to see him, look through the keyhole, and I will place him so that you shall have a full view of him.' So, next day, Willie and I went on tiptoe to Shelley's door, and peeped through the keyhole. We were so fascinated, alternately watching the great poet, that we remained there some time. At last, Byron began to fidget, and said: 'I say, Shelley, I don't know how it is, but I feel as if some one was watching me.' Shelley smiled; and pointing to the door, told him what we were doing, and who we were, and also that mamma would not allow us to make his acquaintance. 'I had no idea,' said the poet, 'I bore such a very bad name. I should be very glad to know the young people, and their mother too, if she would permit it.' He then got up and came towards the door; but we fled down the passage, whilst he and Shelley stood laughing. That was the first and last I saw of Byron.

From Florence we went to Rome, and stayed there six months. Here I received my first offer of marriage. Viscount B—— was very rich, but rather elderly, and a widower, and asked mamma for my hand. She did not know what to do. I did not care a bit for him; but whilst mamma was in doubt, the English ambassador called on her, and said: 'If not taking too great a liberty, might I ask if it is true that the Viscount B—— is a suitor for your daughter's hand?' Mamma said: 'Yes; but I don't know what to say.' 'Then,' replied the ambassador, 'do not let her have anything to say to him; for though enormously rich, he bears a very bad name; and as he is a dangerous enemy, take my advice, and leave Rome quickly.'

So at an early date we quitted Rome for Naples. Willie had bought a pistol; but the driver of the diligence begged it might be taken away and hidden; for if we came across bandits, and any resistance was made, all our throats would be cut. A short while before, a party of brigands had entered a boys' school, and had carried away some twelve or thirteen of the scholars, for whom they demanded a large ransom. The parents foolishly sent the money by some soldiers; and the ruffians suspecting treachery, beheaded the hapless boys, and stuck their heads on poles; where they still were, when we passed by. Near Portella, on the frontiers of Naples, the driver pointed out some objects, still far distant, which he declared were bandits making for us. He dared not go out of a walk, for fear of being shot at; but he said, as it was dusk, one of us might get away unperceived, and go to an outpost of the Austrians, not more than a mile away. So Willie and I ran on as fast as we could, keeping close to the hedge, and reached the guard more dead than alive, and made them understand we needed their assistance to save our party from capture by brigands. Twenty-five men at once hastened back, and were just in time, for the diligence had been brought to a stand-still by a couple of robbers. The main body, however, was still at some distance, and on seeing the soldiers, decamped. The soldiers fired a few shots, to hasten their movements. We had to pay rather heavily for this assistance, as we had to give each soldier a present; but we were thankful to be out of the scrape.

Our troubles were not at an end yet; for on the police at the frontier demanding our passports, we found only mamma's and Willie's name entered, mine having been omitted by mistake. What to do, we did not know, as the guard would not allow me to pass with the rest; whereupon I boldly declared I was the wife of one of the Austrian officers who had preceded us. I was then permitted to go on, accompanied by gendarmes; and we entered the first large café we came to, where there were numerous Austrian officers lounging about. Austria had just then occupied Naples; and of course the Austrians, especially the soldiery, were supreme. We sat down at the first table. I had tears in my eyes, and both mamma and Willie looked troubled. The gendarme stood outside. At last an officer came up to us, and said: 'Pardon, Madame, but if I am not mistaken, you are strangers and in trouble. I am the Commandant C——, and shall be happy to be of assistance to you in any way.'

Mamma explained our difficulty, and the ruse I had adopted to get beyond the barrier. The Commandant laughed, and said: 'Mon Dieu, Mademoiselle, I am too old to pass myself off as the husband of so charming a young lady; and moreover, everybody knows I have a wife and children, or I should only be too proud of the honour! But I will see what can be done.'

He then went to a table where there were many officers, and we heard much merriment. At last, a young officer came up, and offering me his arm, said: 'Permit me the happiness of being of assistance to Mademoiselle, and to

personate for a few brief but happy moments the rôle of husband ;' and putting my arm into his, he led me up to the gendarme, and said : 'This is Madame. That will do. You can return to your post.'

The man saluted, and went away ; whilst my liberator took me back to our table, and left me with many bows and polite speeches.

We remained two years in Naples, and were the best of friends with the Austrian soldiers, who were a fine and gentlemanly set of men.

The Commandant took an especial fancy to William, and persuaded mamma to let him enter the Austrian service, which he did as a common soldier for six months, and then he got his commission as cadet. He got to like the service very much ; and when papa wrote that we were all to return to India, and that he had got a cadetship for Willie in the East India service, he begged to be allowed to remain where he was. The Austrian government offered him a Lieutenant's commission at once, if he would remain ; but papa would not hear of it, as he was now a general officer, and had sufficient interest in India to push William on. So poor Willie had to throw up his commission, and to return with us to London.

Six months after our return to England, we embarked for India ; but I was so ill, that I could not proceed ; consequently, mamma and I were landed at the first place we touched at, whilst Willie went on alone.

I was married soon afterwards. Papa had got his off- reckonings, and had returned home for good ; so mamma joined him there ; whilst your father followed his career in India. The rest you know.

THE MANUFACTURE OF FABRICATED WINE.

THE increasing use and production of fabricated wines in Switzerland are giving rise, says a Geneva correspondent of the *Times*, to serious apprehensions, if not to actual panic, among the vineyard proprietors of the western districts of the country. The prosperity of several cantons is based either wholly or in part on the success of viticulture, and anything that threatens to hinder the production or curtail the consumption of wine, naturally creates great alarm. The canton of Geneva alone, which possesses only fifty-six thousand acres of cultivable land—vine-lands included—produces wine of an estimated value of four million francs yearly. The present trouble comes neither from phylloxera nor mildew, neither from frost nor hail, but from the competition of *fabricated* wine with the genuine article, and the seeming impossibility of meeting this competition. Adulterated wine can be dealt with. It is easily detected ; it is injurious to health, and immense quantities of deleterious stuff are every year confiscated and destroyed. But the merely fabricated article contains all the constituents of real wine, and the most careful analyst can find nothing in it that he does not find in the fermented juice of the grape. It is composed of ninety per cent. of water, five to six per cent. of alcohol, and four to five per cent. of tannin. The water, which costs the viticulturist as much as any other of the constituents of wine, costs

the fabricator next to nothing ; the tannin and the alcohol he extracts from imported raisins. Thus the liquor he concocts can be sold by the maker at the low price of about one shilling and twopence a gallon, and still make a handsome profit. The retailer sells it at about double the maker's price, his profits thereon being probably five or six times more than he gains by the sale of naturally prepared wine. Nor is this all. Experiments are being made with a view to finding a chemical substitute for the raisins used in the manufacture ; in which event, fabricated wine could be produced at a cost little exceeding that of slightly alcoholised water, and viticulture would be as utterly ruined as madder cultivation has been ruined by the discovery of the alizarine process of Turkey-red dyeing.

The making of wine artificially, dates in the canton of Geneva from the time when the phylloxera began its ravages among the vineyards of France, and it has now become an extensive and profitable trade. The difficulty of putting it down, especially in Switzerland, where the constitution guarantees the fullest liberty of commerce, seems almost insuperable. There is no law whereby a man can be prevented from manufacturing an article which he calls fabricated wine, and selling it to whomsoever will buy. Many customers of the retailers of it are, doubtless, under the impression that the liquor served out to them is wine and nothing but wine. How are they to know that it is not ? If one of them, more suspicious than the rest, takes a sample to the public analyst, he will simply be told that it contains all the constituents of good wine, and no substance that good wine ought not to contain.

In these circumstances, it is not surprising to learn that the proprietors and peasants of the district, almost every one of whom is more or less interested in the culture of the vine, should demand the intervention of the State, and have petitioned the local government to devise means for the suppression of a trade which 'seriously menaces the dearest interests of our agriculture.' As proof of the reality of the evil to which they draw attention, the petitioners mention that, albeit the last vintage was less productive than usual, the price of wine is under the average of previous years. This result they attribute altogether to the competition of the chemical wine manufacturers. 'It is hard,' says the correspondent above quoted, 'to see what the local government can do. Without an amendment of the federal constitution, they have no power to put down either the manufacture in question or any other ; and even if it were put down, the fabricators would only have to cross the border, concoct their compounds in Savoy or the French Jura, and introduce them into Switzerland as, say, a mixture of alcohol and water. This might increase the cost of production, but it would not extinguish the trade. The difficulty might perhaps in some measure be met by imposing on the manufacture a moderate excise duty ; but as this expedient would also involve a breach of the constitution, it is equally out of the question. The problem presented to the Genevan Council of State is assuredly one which it will tax all their ingenuity to solve.'

But Switzerland is not the only vine-growing

country that is suffering from the manufacture and sale of fabricated wines. The French on the Loire have, owing to the ravages of the phylloxera for some seasons past, turned from being growers to being manufacturers of wine; and they have found, says another contemporary, much of their raw material 'in the hasty and wholesale productions of the neighbouring districts of Italy and Spain. A great proportion of this crude wine, hurriedly and carelessly made, is consequently unsound and immature. It is refined to the palate in skilful French hands. And this supply of the juice is supplemented by a supply of the grapes themselves. A vast trade has sprung up in these grapes. The vine-growers of north Italy and of northern Spain are now sending their grapes to France and Germany, and are for the time giving up wine-making. It is even reported that in some of the great Marsala districts—so far away as Sicily—so great and so profitable is the export of grapes to France, that this year there is danger that no marsala will be made.'

The great demand for *light* French wines comes from England; and as the French cannot, by reason of insect ravages, supply those wines pure, they have taken to supplying them in an adulterated or fabricated form. In this way, they make a shift to keep up their trade connections in this country; because they know that if the liquor is so diluted as to be below an alcoholic strength of twenty-six degrees—which is the Customs' standard for light wines—it will have entry into England on the reduced tariff; while the excellent and wholesome wines of Spain and Portugal, because their strength somewhat exceeds this standard, are charged upon a very much higher tariff, and are consequently shut out of the English market. It was long a popular belief that 'natural' wines never contained much alcohol, and that when their alcoholic strength exceeded twenty-six degrees, they might be held as adulterated. This is now found not to be the case, perfectly sound and wholesome wines frequently exceeding this limit.

The production of these fabricated wines is rapidly increasing; and, looked on merely as scientific triumphs, they are wonderful. In Hamburg, we are told, one can nowadays taste, without possibility of detecting any difference, two bottles of Johannisberg, the one genuine grape juice of the Johannisberg vineyards, and the other a liquid guaranteed to contain no grape juice whatever. The same authority states that in the neighbourhood of Marseilles we may purchase 'claret' which has no single ingredient that has any connection with vines, whether of the Bordeaux or any other district. All these concoctions, as already mentioned, are due to the fact that the English must have *cheap* claret; and what they call 'cheap' claret must be below twenty-six degrees of alcoholic strength; and this standard of alcoholic strength, like many other legal nets, captures the small rogues and allows the big ones to escape—that is, it places a restriction on the sale of Spanish and Portuguese wines that are mostly good and wholesome, and encourages the trade in light French wines that are to a very large extent either adulterated or entirely fabricated and artificial. The remedy for the evil, so far as

this country is concerned, would seem to be to raise the standard of alcoholic strength sufficient to admit of the entrance of the higher-class wines from Spain and Portugal into the English market; and as soon as the latter wines came into competition on equal terms with those from France, the market for the adulterator and the fabricator would be gradually closed, and their occupation correspondingly diminished.

PRIMROSES AND OTHER FLOWERS.

A HINT TO TOWNSFOLK FROM A COUNTRY GARDENER.

If we were so unfortunate as to be compelled to cultivate one class of plants only, we would be much inclined to choose primroses. A first-love makes a permanent impression, and primroses—the simple wild ones—were our first horticultural love. Long ago, we had a small plot planted almost wholly with primroses. That was before we were old enough to go to school. By-and-by the hedgeside primroses were gradually displaced, for kind friends collected and presented us with garden kinds. How rich we felt when we became possessed of these! We never will feel so rich again. And what miser ever exulted over his accumulated hoards as we did over these lowly gems! What lover of gold ever so gazed at his treasure, as we at these lovely yet simple flowers!

One day during the past mid-winter, we plucked one single bloom, which had ventured to salute the sun; and as we looked on its loveliness, all the past spring-times of a quarter of a century came rushing back upon us. Again we looked on the crumbling wall, last relic of the home where for generations our forefathers lived, beside which the treasures of our boyhood grew. Again our mother was by our side with her ever-ready instructions. There stood our father, returned from an evening's angling in the quiet river; and there our sister and our brother, as they were before the one grew to womanhood, and the other went to sleep beneath the primroses that were once his own. And as the sight of the grave to which these flowers were transplanted, comes up before us, we drop a tear, which might have been bitter but for the sweetness cast into our lot by the pure love of the simple wayside flower.

Surely every one loves primroses! Most persons whose youth was spent in the country, do; those whose homes are in the town, sigh for such treasures. The days when they gathered primroses are past with them in their brick-and-mortar-bound prisons, and if they ever think at all about them, it is with regret at their not being able to possess them. We shall, however, show that this fancied unavailing regret is a mistake to every one who can command a window-sill, a box, and a little common soil. Skill isn't wanted; but a love for the flower is. True, it does not bloom all the summer; but, unlike nearly every other flower, it doesn't mind sharing its lot with other things that will bloom when it goes to rest. A few crocuses and snow-

drops will enliven your little box almost ere the snow has left the hills, just as effectively as if no primroses were there. These should be placed round the sides. They will not be harmed if a few hyacinths should be placed singly between the clumps; and we all know that these will bloom in early spring. In summer, you may have a few sweet-peas, fastened to a string at one end, trained up one side of your window; and a climbing Indian cress or *Tropaeolum* at the other, framing your window with sweet-scented glowing flowers. When your snowdrops and other bulbs disrobe for their summer's sleep, a pinch of seed of the ever-popular and delightful *mignonette*, scattered along the sides, and lightly covered with soil, will speedily grow and hang over the sides in the most delightful drapery, and scent your room if you only move up the sash a little to allow of the fresh air entering. Talk of hangings and furnishings! what hangings ever surpassed or even matched glorious living blossoms and tender green leaves!

While love of flowers will enable any one to grow them, even under very great difficulties, sometimes a few hints are of service, especially to beginners; and as our life is spent cultivating plants, we are in a position to give reliable advice so far as it goes. We will say nothing about the construction of a window-box, for no doubt you have seen them, and the shape matters nothing. However, we would advise you not to make yours less than six, or more than nine inches in depth.

The next thing is the soil. If you have friends in the country, you can easily procure that. If your friend is, or knows, a gardener, so much the better. What you want is loam, and this is old fibry turf well decayed. A good substitute is decayed twitch-grass, and that can easily be got. Failing that, choose moderately heavy soil from a *field*; and when you have got it, mix it with one-third of decayed manure, or, better, thoroughly decayed leaves—what gardeners call leaf-mould. A tenth of sharp sand or small gravel, and a few pieces of charcoal or potsherds, will make a nice, sweet, rich, porous soil, in which all the plants we have named will grow to perfection.

The placing of the soil in the box properly, is a matter of much importance. To allow the surplus water to escape, you must provide drainage. To secure this, a few holes must be bored in the bottom of the box; and over these holes, one inch of broken cups and saucers, imbricated like the slates on the roof of the house, with the concave sides down, must be laid. From the soil, pick out any fibry matter, and spread it, after shaking out the loose soil, over the corks; this will prevent the soil working in among them, and choking the drainage. Worms must also be removed, or they will work the whole soil into a puddle. Then fill the box with the soil, and press it firmly; for loose soil holds too much water. Don't exactly ram it hard, or the tender roots will fail to penetrate it. Leave half an inch at the top of the box empty, to hold water.

Now you are ready to begin; now you possess a garden. All you want now are a few seeds and plants. If you begin in spring, and that is the best time, you had better procure a few plants

of the kind you love from a friend in the country, or buy them from a nurseryman. Go in for what you love.

We will not add to the list, for it would only bewilder a beginner, and those further advanced don't need instruction—experience has taught them what to grow. Primroses may be planted either in spring or autumn; snowdrops, crocuses, hyacinths, and bulbous plants late in autumn; annuals, such as *mignonette* and Indian cress, in April; sweet-peas and hardy annuals generally, in March. In sowing seeds, always cover them with soil twice the thickness of their own diameters, and take care that the soil never becomes parching dry or puddled with wet. In watering, fill the box to the brim with water, and it will soak all the soil. To allow it to pass freely away, let the box stand on two pieces of wood, so that the water may have free egress. Never water by dribbles, for that sours the surface and starves the bottom; and never water till water is actually wanted.

MUSINGS IN THE TWILIGHT.

In the Twilight alone I am sitting,
And fast through my memory are flitting
The dreams of youth.
The Future is smiling before me,
And Hope's bright visions float o'er me—
Shall I doubt their truth?
I know that my hopes may prove bubbles,
Too frail to endure,
And thick-strown be the cares and the troubles
That Life has in store.

But 'tis best we know not the sorrow
That comes with a longed-for to-morrow,
And the anguish and care:
If the veil from my future were lifted,
Perhaps at the sight I had drifted
Down into despair:
If I knew all the woes that awaited
My hurrying feet,
My pleasures might oftener be freighted
With bitter than sweet.

And yet, though my life has been lonely,
Some flowers I have plucked that could only
From trials have sprung;
Some joys I have known that did borrow
Their brightness from contrast with sorrow
That over me hung.
For the moonbeams are brighter in seeming
When clouds are gone by,
If only a moment their gleaming
Be hid from the eye.

Sad indeed would be Life's dewy morning,
If, all Hope's bright promises scorning,
O'erburdened with fears,
We saw but the woe and the sorrow
That would come to our hearts on the morrow,
The sighs and the tears.
So 'tis best that we may not discover
What Fate hath in store,
Nor lift up the veil that hangs over
What lieth before.

EMMIE J. BARRATT.

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PLATONIC FRIENDSHIPS.

THE subject of Platonic friendships or attachments is a tempting one to an essayist; yet its treatment is difficult and delicate, on account of the dangerous ground over which we must tread. Without going back to the theories of the old Platonists, some of which are exploded, and most of which have been considerably modified, we all know what is meant by the term 'Platonic friendship' in the phraseology of the present day. The words are indeed generally used in rather a sneering tone, and there are many unbelievers in the existence of such a relationship. Most people think it quite an ideal connection, only to be realised in some Utopia, to which we are all obliged to relegate in turn most of our cherished illusions. Still it is a beautiful conception; and as there undoubtedly have been well-authenticated historical instances of such an intercourse, we may be permitted to treat of it as at least possible, if rare. It will, however, first be necessary to define strictly what a *bona-fide* Platonic friendship is, as the name is often degraded, and made to mean very different things by different people.

A pure Platonic friendship, then, is, as we shall speak of it in this paper, a close and constant attachment between two persons of opposite sexes, into which, from beginning to end, nothing of the passion of love has ever entered, and in which neither of the parties has ever contemplated marriage as the result of their friendship. It is, we must confess, a connection so rare, even amongst men and women of exceptional characters, and under exceptional circumstances, as almost to justify the prevailing scepticism as to its possibility. Yet we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that there have been such friendships. We have biographies and letters of well-known literary characters which testify to the existence of what we have called Platonic attachments lasting for years, or even for a lifetime, and which have been beneficial

and comforting to both parties. We also, some of us, know cases in our own experience, or in that of those around us, of friendships which have so closely justified the definition given above, that there would be a difficulty in placing them in any other category.

It is easy to account for the rarity of the connection. We all know, alas! to our cost, and to our sore trouble of heart, how rare a thing a true mutual friendship is, even between persons of the same sex, and how many disappointments we meet with in our way through life. How much more rare a thing, then, must be a true, unselfish, strong attachment between those of opposite sexes, when we consider the snares and pitfalls which lie in its course. If the two parties are perfectly free in heart, they are of course subject to the danger of permitting their friendship to develop into something closer and deeper; and if, on the other hand, they are bound to others either by congenial or uncongenial ties, there is the worse danger of jealousies, and of that interference with 'vested rights' which is always to be deprecated. It is therefore easy to see why the Platonic sentiment has come to be so generally sneered at and distrusted.

It is probably due to the character of our social laws and conventionalities and old prejudices, that such connections are very uncommon in this country. This may result as much from want of the opportunity to bring such friendships to perfection, as from there being anything in nature to forbid them. We may remark, indeed, how very rarely our novelists or poets—who touch on almost every possible relationship of life—have portrayed for us a steady typical Platonic friendship. We can scarcely recall an instance of even one such, in thinking over all the fictions we are familiar with. Even when there has seemed a promising case in the beginning, as Adam and Dinah in *Adam Bede*, Tom Thurnall and Grace in *Two Years Ago*, or Daniel Deronda and Gwendolen, it has always failed in the end, and the destructive element of love—destructive, that is, to the continuance of the Platonic connection

—has obtruded itself, sometimes on one side, sometimes on both. It is not difficult to see why this should be. The most natural termination to a close and tender attachment between the sexes, where both have hearts unoccupied by others, or by 'a memory,' is love, pure and simple, even though the attachment may have begun, and continued for years without any admixture of this passion. On the other hand, in the case of two people who have other ties, the Platonic connection is seldom desired, and is always dangerous.

The chief components of a true Platonic friendship are, on the man's part, affection, respect, and entire confidence; on the woman's, devotion, self-sacrifice, and a constant regard for the well-being of its object. It partakes more, as we have said, of the nature of the relationship of brother and sister, or, if the ages differ much, of that of parent and child, than any other affection. Those among us who have happily realised this ideal friendship, or think they have done so, may be permitted to rejoice in it. It is a relationship which it seems a pity to believe impossible, or even uncommon, and is one which we can conceive of as being fruitful in beneficent results to both men and women, a sweetener of existence to many solitary hearts who, from other adverse circumstances, incompatible ties, or other causes, have failed to find much comfort in the more ordinary relationships of life.

Men who have met with a real and lasting disappointment in love—and there are such cases—either from death, treachery, or an unhappy marriage, are the most likely subjects of all others to form a strong Platonic friendship for any kindly, sympathetic woman with whom they may be brought into contact. Indeed it is almost certain that they will do so, as it is scarcely possible for any one to live without at least one close friend; and the heart may be too dead for a second trial of the closest passion of all, or there may be obstacles in the way of indulging it. On the other hand, those who are called 'disappointed women' are not such promising subjects. Being generally too faithful to a love or a memory to care for any new tie, they solace themselves with their remaining domestic connections, or with the love of children.

There are, however, women free in heart who are specially capable of Platonic attachments. Some women from the tone of their mind, or from the habit of hourly and daily intercourse with the beloved male members of their own family, grow to like the characters, conversation, and companionship of men better than they do those of their own sex; and they therefore form attachments for, or at least are strongly attracted by, men of their acquaintance, whom they know well, and who may chance to be congenial spirits. And this may be so without a thought of love, especially if love is not offered to them. Men who are disappointed in their wives, as far as intellect goes, often seek mental companionship elsewhere, and generally choose a woman for such. This is, however, one of the dangerous cases; and the woman chosen must indeed be so exceptional as to be an almost impossible character.

There are often what may be called spurious Platonic attachments, as there are spurious

loves, which bring discredit on the real article; some in which one or both parties think they are acting *bond fide*; others in which the name of the half-recognised sentiment is made use of for unworthy purposes. There are men, for instance, who are capable of a very good imitation of a Platonic attachment, and who indulge in such in all good faith. We can all recall cases of this kind. They chiefly occur between cousins, or old friends from childhood, who have been thrown much together, and have many interests and thoughts in common; but often between mere casual acquaintances, where the girl is soft, sympathetic, and kind, and above all not exacting. The men in these cases may truly love elsewhere at the same time, and make the secondary love, so to speak, the receptacle of the confidences to which their male companions would not have the patience to listen. These little episodes in a man's life are, however, very far from fulfilling all the conditions of the true or ideal Platonic friendship, which is in its purity and intensity a thing of the life and of the heart, and one of the chief elements of which is constancy.

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER X.—THE GHOST OF GARLING'S PAST.

GARLING, trusted cashier and manager to the great house of Lumby, sat in his own apartments in Fleet Street. The streets outside were filled with fog, and the lamps burned yellow in the haze. Voices of passers-by, footsteps, roll and roar and rumble of traffic by seething Temple Bar, came faintly, as though filtered through wool before reaching Garling's ears. There was a half-extinguished fire upon the hearth, the red glaring with dying anger through gray ashes. At a large circular table, lighted by one shaded lamp, sat the secret man, his hands resting passively in the light, his face in darkness. Outside the circle of the shaded lamp, everything lay in doubled darkness; and shadows lurked behind the meagre chairs, hiding in gloomy corners, as though, like Garling's face, they had drawn back from the tell-tale lamp. Muffled like the outer sounds, the voices of dead youth spoke through the fogs of many years. Unformed and indistinct, like the shadows in the corners of his room, the faces and figures known in that dead youth time moved before him. He had no wish or will to summon back the Past, but it flowed in upon him like a phantom tide. He could no more resist its coming than he could have swept back a real sea upon an actual beach. It rose about him with voices sad and terrible, and, as it were upon the crest of every phantom wave, old faces smiled or frowned again, and in the murmur of that tide of time old voices spoke.

Out of this mood he came into another, to which the first seemed but the natural prelude. Scenes came before him: gray, as in dreams, with no light upon them. And, indistinctly—as he saw the scenes—he heard the voices of those who acted in them, filtered through the fogs of years.

'You are going,' said one phantom, 'to the coast!'

'Yes,' said another; 'down to Devonshire.'

The latter phantom was himself of three-and-twenty years ago; the other, a friend who died.

'I am uncertain where to go,' said the voice of the first phantom, speaking in Memory's ear. 'Shall I join you? Do you mind?'

'Come by all means,' said the ghost of Garling's past; and the scene changed, yet the people were the same.

'I am recalled,' said the shadowy friend, 'and must return at once. I must travel hastily. You had better take my luggage on, and bring it back to town with you.'

The scene changed again. His self that was, had lighted at a village inn alone. He saw the ghost of a coachman, the ghosts of a team of horses, the ghost of a coach, the ghost of an old portmanteau. The portmanteau bore a name—E. MARTIAL—painted in white letters. There was an unsubstantial waiter on the scene, touching a shadowy forelock with vague finger. 'Your luggage, sir?'

'Yes,' said the ghost of Garling's past; 'mine.' And so he was there as 'Mr Martial.' He had not thought of these things for years.

It was moonlight in the summer-time, and the gray waves vaguely seen were crumbling on the cliffs below. Roll and roar and rumble of traffic by seething Temple Bar came through the fog, and helped the picture, with noises as of the sea. His dead youth was here again.

'You love me well enough to trust me?'

'I love you better than any words that I can find will say.'

Is this a careworn woman, in a squalid room, with sewing on her lap, looking up at him as he enters? No. That was only a break in the vision, and the girl's face was fair—fair, with a tender bloom upon it; and in the eyes which turned to look in those of the ghost of Garling's youth, the light of love. Passive, dull-eyed, sate Garling in his own room, pondering on this dream. Was there any touch of pity in him—any stirring of remorse?

A village church—a quiet wedding—a clergyman, quite blurred with the fog of many years, was speaking; but ill-remembered though he may be, his voice was clear enough—'Wilt thou, Edward Martial, take this woman to thy wedded wife?' It was Garling's voice which answered 'I will:' his own hand traced the false name in the ghostly register. Garling's dead youth had kissed the bride, and the picture faded. Was there any touch of pity in him—any stirring of remorse?

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Suddenly, in one high corner of the room in which the cashier dreamed these dreams, a bell rang. Moving his hand in a startled way, he tilted the shade upon the lamp, and all the shadows that had lain behind him swept across the room, as the visions fitted from his mind. He threw open the door, wide, so that the lamplight might fall upon the stairs without, and passed down them. 'Who's there?' he cried.

A voice spoke through the letter-slip, and stirred the little cloud of yellow fog that lingered round it. 'I want to see Mr Martial.'

'Who are you? What do you want?' asked Garling ungraciously, as he opened the door.

A tall figure stood in the fog, dimly visible by the light of a street lamp. The cashier peering at him, made out that he was respectably attired. 'What do you want?' he asked again.

'I want to see Mr Martial,' said the man. 'Is that you, mister?'

'Mr Martial has gone away from here long since,' said Garling.

'That's a pity,' said the man. 'His wife's dyin'. She sent me to this address—at least her daughter did.'

'Come in.'

The man entered, closing the door behind him, and followed the cashier up-stairs. Garling turning round upon him there, as he stood full in the lamplight, looked at him for half a minute, and then replaced the shade of the lamp. 'Who are you?' he demanded.

'I'm a lodger in Mrs Martial's house.'

'What's your name?'

'Hiram Search,' replied the messenger.—'What's yourn?'

Garling returned no answer to this query; but from under down-drawn brows regarded his visitor, rather as if he looked beyond him than at him.

'Can you tell me where Mr Martial is to be found?' asked Hiram.

'No,' said Garling; 'I can't.'

'And wouldn't if you could,' said Hiram to himself. The cashier's manner certainly conveyed that inference legitimately enough.

'How long,' asked Garling, 'has his wife been ill?'

'She's been ailin',' Hiram responded, 'for a long time; but she's only been real bad about a week.'

'Who says she is dying?'

'Doctor,' said Hiram laconically. Neither of the two men liked the other. There was an instinctive antagonism between them. 'Says she can't live the night out,' he added.

'Go and call a cab,' said the cashier.

'There's one outside,' responded Hiram.

Mr Garling drew on an overcoat, goloshes and gloves, wound a muffler about his throat, put on his hat, all gravely and deliberately, and then turned down the lamp. Hiram led the way down-stairs, and they entered the cab which waited at the door. 'Drive straight back,' said Hiram, 'an' make haste.'

Roll and roar as though a tide were rising near at hand. Spectral appearances and disappearances of red-eyed monsters, mistily discerned as hansom cabs, growing out of fog-like exhalations, and melting back again. Roll and roar of the unseen tide along noisy Fleet Street and loud Ludgate Hill and by echoing St Paul's, and then a dulled quiet in Cheapside, as though the breakers had fallen into sudden frosty silence. Then from the asphalt to the stones again, with renewed bellowings of the unseen tide. Nothing seeming real to either of the travellers but themselves and the vehicle they sat in. Even the cab, verifying its existence by painful joltings, was drawn, in quite a ghostly and unreal manner, by nothing but the phantom hind-quarters of a horse.

All this time Hiram speculated as to the identity of his companion, resolving now that he was the husband of the dying woman, and

now that he was not. 'If I know anything about human nature,' said Hiram to himself finally, 'he's the sort of man who'd find lying come easy to him. Sooner lie than not, I fancy.' He was most unfavourably impressed with Mr Garling, and judged rashly. The cashier had, in point of fact, no preference either way, but told the truth or not, as it suited him.

The cab began to turn and twist amongst narrow and ill-paved streets, and by-and-by drew up before a mean and dingy door. Even in the fog, Garling knew it, and alighting, laid his hand upon the knocker; when Hiram seized him by the wrist, and whispering, 'Gently does it,' leaned above the area railings and tapped softly with his fingers at the window.—'I've lent my latchkey to the nurse,' he explained. In a moment, the girl who had answered Garling's summons on his former visit, opened the door, and stood aside for them to pass. She carried a candle, and, protecting the flame with her hand, threw its feeble light upon her own face. Garling stood still and looked at her for a second or two; and she returned his gaze with some astonishment, not unmixed with fear.

'You love me well enough to trust me?' It was the phantom voice of an hour ago—the echo of the voice of his own dead past, sounding in Garling's ears.

'I love you better than any words that I can find will say.' Question and answer murmured in his ear as he regarded her. She was the revival of what her mother had been. Was there any touch of pity in him—any stirring of remorse?

'Where is your mother?' he asked.

'She is waiting for you,' the girl responded. 'Come this way.' Holding the candle aloft, she passed up the stairs with the light shining down upon her hair, and making a halo upon it. Garling followed. The girl tapped at a chamber door; and a woman dressed in black opened it, and making a motion with her hand, as if to warn them both to silence, admitted them.

'Is she awake?' said Garling, in a hoarse under-tone.

The woman shook her head, and whispered: 'Sit down.' She motioned to a chair; and Garling obeyed her.

The girl, still shading the candle with her hand, retired. One night-light burned feebly in the room, and the sleeper's face was shaded from it. The fire had died within the grate, and the air was cold, and tinted yellow with the fog. A clock in another room ticked irregularly, with a sort of broken gallop in its sound, as though Time were tired, and hastening with uncertain footsteps to its close. As Garling listened to it, it came suddenly to an end, leaving an ominous pause. Distant breakers on great London's shore rolled from silence into silence. The pale shadows of his waking dreams were back again; the thin voices murmured on his inward ear. 'You love me well enough to trust me?' Again his own question. How had he repaid the trust he once invited?

The sleeper moved uneasily; and, rising, he drew the curtain a little to one side and looked at her. Her face was pale, and held no resemblance to what it had been, or any remembrance

of it. The change was chiefly of his making. He dropped the curtain noiselessly and sat down. The distant breakers on great London's thoroughfare heaved slowly up, rolled over, and died again to silence one by one. Any rustle of the nurse's dress was quite an episode. Any closing of a door in the street without, any passing footstep or voice that said 'Good-night,' any ash that shifted in the dead fire—took a weird importance. And so an hour went by, and the sleeper awoke.

'Has Mr Search come back?' she asked, feebly, with a pause between each word.

'Yes,' said Garling; 'and I am waiting here.'

'Leave us alone,' said the dying woman to the nurse, who bent above her. The nurse lingered, touching things here and there, and then retired, closing the door gently.—'Come here, Edward. Let me see you.'

'I am here,' he responded, 'in answer to your message.'

'Edward, I am dying.'—He made no answer.—'I never wronged you.'—The words 'I know it' were almost on his lips, but he did not speak them.—'I have no reproaches.' She could say no more for very weakness.

'Is there anything,' he asked, in a dry and husky voice, 'that I can do?'

'Yes,' she breathed, looking at him with bright sunken eyes—'Mary.'

'You wish me to take care of her?' The closing eyelids silently indicated 'Yes;,' and he said coldly: 'I will do it.'

'Edward!' she breathed.

'Yes?' he answered in the same dry tone.

The merest motion of her head beckoned him down, and he inclined his ear.

She murmured word by word: 'I have forgiven everything.'—He never moved or made a sign in answer.—'If I did wrong—if I tried you'—the words fell one by one, and were barely audible—'forgive me now.'—Perhaps, if the inward voice had been less loud, he might have spoken.—She raised her wasted hand to his cheek, and he started upright at her touch. It was the first caress from any hand which had been laid upon him for now many years, and it was harder to bear than even the inward voice of accusation.—'Edward,' she whispered, 'kiss me.'—He bent stiffly down, and kissed her icily on the cheek. It was horrible to do it. Any pretence of love from him to her was such a lie, that even he revolted at it.—She closed her eyes, and lay breathing faintly; whilst he stood looking down at her face, and listening to the noises of the streets. By-and-by he could hardly tell that she breathed at all, and creeping stealthily from the room and down the darkened stairs, he knocked at the door of the lower apartment. It was opened by the girl who had admitted him to the house. He entered, and glanced about him. There were few changes. The table was still littered with cloths and the floor with shreds, and there was some unfinished sewing cast over the back of a chair. The nurse sat brooding at a dispirited fire, and looked up as he entered.

'Go to your patient,' he said; and the woman, moving as if she resented the order, or disputed his right to give it, left the room.—He turned upon the girl. 'Do you know who I am?' he asked.

'My mother said, after you came last time'—She was in evident dread of his eyes, and shrank from him.

'Your mother said—what?' he demanded drily.

'She said you were—my father.'

'She has sent to me, upon her deathbed'—the girl clasped her hands with a look of terror—to recommend you to my care. It is too late now to enter into the reasons which caused your mother and myself to part. I have promised that you shall be provided for; and if I find you dutiful and tractable, you shall be well provided for.'

'Her deathbed?' cried the girl, as if all the rest had passed her by unheard.

'I shall be here again to-morrow between one and two o'clock,' he continued. 'You will then tell me what you need, and I shall make it my business to provide it.' He might as well have spoken to the wind. She passed one hand across her eyes in a blind and vacant way, and looked at him with no discerning. He smoothed with his coat-sleeve the hat he held in his hand, and with a curt 'Good-night,' was gone.

The fog was denser than before, and the air had grown so raw, that though he was well wrapped up, and walked hurriedly, it chilled him to the bone. The ghostly and unreal semblance which everything bore in the fog, was in consonance with his mood, and was perhaps answerable for it. 'I did not marry *that* thing,' he muttered to himself, as the drawn face of his wife presented itself. He knew the vileness of that exculpation, and his thoughts goaded and irritated him. Dead Love, asking for some tenderness of pity, and being thus refused, brought fire instead of tears. He walked on, hurrying through the shadowy streets, carrying his own landscape with him, peopled with its shadowy creatures. Admitting himself at length at his own door, he mounted the stairs and entered the half-lighted room. He had never been a nervous man, and never a coward until now; but there was such a chill of terror on him that his hand shook as he turned up the lamp. The shadows fleeing back from the growing light, put him in mind of secret marauders hiding; and in great tremor, which not all his own scorn for it could subdue, he ranged over his two rooms, lamp in hand, examining every crevice, looking beneath the bed, and opening the curtains of the shower-bath which stood in one corner. The noises in the street were more subdued, for the hour was growing late. The fire was dead in the grate, and the air of the rooms was cold and thick with fog. He took two or three bundles of wood from a cupboard, and lit the fire anew, and bending above it, warmed his chilled hands at the smoky blaze. There were shadows lurking at his shoulder—hands raised to strike—hooded forms with hidden eyes afire—he knew how the eyes blazed behind him, though they were shrouded and unseen—came nearer, noiseless, step by step. And though he sat in stern disdain of these unreal horrors, and knew them for what they were, they were still fearful to endure. He scorned to turn and scatter them; and he knew that if scattered, they would come again. 'A vacant mind,' he said aloud, 'can breed these things by the thousand.' His voice sounded

hollow in the silence, and he half expected to be answered. 'I must give myself an hour's hard work,' he said, again aloud, 'or I shall not sleep to-night.' So saying, he crossed the room, unlocked the safe, and drawing forth his ledgers, fixed his lamp, and began to study the long rows of figures. To-night, he seemed endowed with a duplicate mental existence, for though he mastered the figures, and grasped all their conclusions firmly, he was still acutely conscious of the slowly creeping shadows and the threatening hands, and was at once afraid, and spiteful of himself for being so.

He rose at last, and standing with his back to the fire, which now burned brightly, he moved his hands before his breast, casting the palms outward, as if waving off his fears. 'I have planned too long and too well,' he murmured, 'to surrender the prize to any shadows. "Shadows to-night,"' he went on, smiling grimly, "have struck more terror to the soul of Richard, than can the substance of ten thousand"'. The grim smile faded. Whatever the ten thousand were who filled the place of Richmond, they were disagreeable companions. Garling had never been a handsome man, and when he smiled, he was further removed from beauty than even when he frowned. 'Shadows—every one of you!' he said, with the renunciatory wave of the hands renewed. 'Absolute trust. Not a doubt in any mind, after ten years. And the plan perfect.'

As he spoke thus, there was even a sort of triumph in his face; and taking the lamp in his hand, he crossed the room firmly, entered his bedchamber, and undressed. He who defies himself, is bold; and Garling slept with no perturbation of conscience. He slept, and the hours went by him; and every second the warp and woof of Circumstance shot in and out, and he had no knowledge of the web they wove.

(To be continued.)

ABOUT PLOVERS' EGGS.

'ONE shilling and sixpence each, sir, and just now cheap at the money,' was the answer given to a gentleman who inquired the price of some small olive-coloured eggs marked with irregular black spots, contained in an ornamental basket standing on the counter of a West-end London poulterer. They were the eggs of the green-plover, better known as the lapwing or peewit, and the time of inquiry, it is but fair to add, was very early in the spring. Displayed in an adjoining basket might be seen a tempting lot of apparently fresh-laid eggs, of the domestic fowl, which were for sale at one shilling and sixpence per dozen. The contrast in price was certainly striking.

Recently, there went the round of the newspapers a little narrative of the cost of a fashionable London wedding-breakfast, stating that a certain rich man had on one occasion sent a trusty messenger across the German Ocean to Holland to bring him two dozen plovers' eggs for the use of his guests, in consequence of his not being able to procure those delicacies in London, and that the

twenty-one eggs—all that could be found at the time—cost, including travelling expenses, one sovereign each! The price stated may probably be a little exaggerated, and should be taken, perhaps, with a grain of salt; it may nevertheless be ranked in the category of tales occasionally told, of the peas at a penny and strawberries at a shilling each, which are now and again provided for great banquets, in order that wealthy persons may have out-of-the-way viands on their dinner-tables. But however incredulous the general public may be on the subject, plovers' eggs at certain seasons command an inordinate price, and it appears, from investigations we have made, that they have always done so.

Enormous numbers of these eggs are annually disposed of in London and other large cities the inhabitants of which are accustomed to the changing luxuries of the seasons. Many thousand dozens, indeed, are gathered to be sold; and although eighteen shillings a dozen for the eggs may seem an extravagant price, it is not an extraordinary one. When plovers' eggs are scarce and the demand brisk, in consequence of numerous wedding-breakfasts and fashionable luncheon-parties, a pound a dozen has been frequently asked and obtained by the retail dealers. And even when they are more than usually plentiful, plovers' eggs are seldom to be purchased at less than from threepence to sixpence each. The season during which the eggs can be brought to market is, of course, a short one, and the most is made of it by dealers, who, however, are careful, in the event of a glut, not to lower the prices below a given figure, hundreds of eggs having been known to be destroyed in order that a good price might be obtained for what were kept!

The supplies of eggs which reach London, Manchester, and other large cities, are gathered by persons who have trained themselves in the business with great assiduity, and who are familiar with the localities where they are to be found. As novices are apt to be lured from the spot by the well-known artifices of the parent birds, it requires a trained eye to discover the rude but well-placed nests of the lapwing, which seem so much a portion of the surrounding moorland ground as not easily to be discerned except by those who possess a special aptitude in the business. Upon one occasion, an amateur at the work went over about seventy acres of ground where plovers were to be found during the egg season in great plenty; but was only able, after a search extending over seven hours, to bring back with him eight eggs. Next day, a farmer's boy discovered on the same ground, in half the time, thirteen plovers' nests. But young Giles was well accustomed to the work. At one time, persons in the county of Kent, in order to make the most of the business while it lasted, took pains, like the continental truffle-hunters, to train dogs to find the nests. This statement

was denied by one writer on the subject; but a reliable person has lately stated that he succeeded in training a Dandie Dinmont terrier to perform this sort of work. 'I had her out with me when a puppy,' he says; 'and when I found eggs, I showed them to her, walked away, made her find them again, and then rewarded her with a biscuit; and thus she learned to find them of her own accord.' Although, doubtless, a rare accomplishment, it is certain that dogs have been trained to find the nests of various kinds of birds, the plover among others. 'And why not?' said a gamekeeper to us. 'The dog is an animal of rare intelligence, and only requires to have that intelligence developed and utilised, to do any service that is required of him.'

In Holland, whence, during the season, large quantities of plovers' eggs are exported to London, the bird-watchers and egg-gatherers are reputed to be so expert in their calling as to be able to tell by its mode of flight whether a plover is, or is not, about to deposit its egg. The supplies consumed in London used, twenty years ago, to be gathered from the counties of Kent, Essex, Norfolk, Cambridge, and Lincoln; but now they are sought farther afield, and Scotland, with its extensive tracts of moorland, supplies large numbers every year. All parts of the kingdom, indeed, are now laid under contribution for these delicacies of the table, the Emerald Isle yielding its quota of what is required.

When the nests have been discovered, great care has to be exercised in selecting the eggs; those which have been sat upon for a few days being useless. Some egg-seekers are so informed on this point that they know, we may say intuitively, those which must be rejected. The rough-looking eggs may be accepted as new laid; but those which have a smooth and oily feel have been sat upon, and have made some progress towards hatching. Some professional egg-seekers, in order to place the matter beyond dispute, carry with them, in addition to their egg-basket, a small pitcher containing a little water, in which to test whether or not the eggs have been sat upon; a point which they easily determine by watching the pitch or posture which the egg assumes in the water. Some collectors are even able to tell if an egg has been sat upon for the space of twenty-four hours. Careful collectors return such to the nest at once, so that they may be hatched, and thus add to the future stock of laying plovers. Eggs which have been sat upon even for so short a period are found when boiled to have the slightest tinge of a dullish gray or white colour on their round end, and are not so crisp and delicate in flavour as those which have not been sat upon. If they have been under the hen for a longer period than twenty-four hours, they are found when boiled to be quite soft, and almost destitute of the beautiful transparent jelly which the fresh eggs contain, and which is so greatly prized by the

epicure. Much care requires to be exercised in boiling plovers' eggs, because of the brittleness of the shells. They should be boiled in a flat stewpan, no more eggs being put in than will cover the bottom of the vessel. Let the cold water, in which has been dissolved a liberal handful of salt, cover the eggs to the extent of an inch; place the pan with its contents on a dull fire; and as soon as the water boils, lift it off, setting it aside till the water is quite cold, when the eggs may be removed for use at table. Some parcels of eggs, especially those gathered at a great distance from a market, are boiled at once; but most of the eggs used are sold in their natural state, and cooks cannot be too careful in preparing them for table, the shell being apt to break with a very slight pressure. Plovers' eggs when boiled do not keep long; they are apt to turn sour or become otherwise unpalatable.

It has often been asserted that many other kinds of eggs are sold as being those of the lapwing; but it is not so easy as some people seem to think to deceive persons who are in the habit of eating these dainties. 'Rooks' eggs,' we have read, 'are frequently sold as the eggs of the peewit;' but that is not the case, as the difference in size, weight, and configuration would be at once and easily detected. A dozen lapwings' eggs weigh about eleven ounces. That the eggs of several wild-birds other than those of the rook have been and often are sold as plovers' eggs to those who do not know better, is pretty well known. Among such substitutes may be mentioned the eggs of the redshank and another member of the plover family, the flavour of the eggs of these birds being not unlike that of the peewit's egg.

To obtain a shilling for an egg that may have been purchased from its collector for a penny, is an object to some people; artists, in consequence, have arisen in London who, by means of a few touches of their pencils, are able to produce an article capable of being palmed off as the genuine produce of the lapwing, or for the matter of that, any other bird. The eggs to be operated on are first boiled, and then dressed up in the spots and colours of the plover. A London artist of Bohemian tendencies, told us that he was able to imitate most kinds of eggs by dyeing and otherwise manipulating them; his chief employer being a person who dealt in all sorts of natural curiosities, and was constantly employed in assisting young collectors to stock their cabinets. During the season, this person used to purchase hundreds of eggs of all kinds of birds, for the purpose of selling them to customers. The nests and eggs were supplied by men who travelled the country to obtain them, the money paid being trifling; such as, for magpies' eggs, a penny a piece; bullfinches', threepence each; those of the cuckoo, fourpence; those of the jay and rook, twopence. The eggs of commoner birds were disposed of usually

at about two for three-halfpence. Ingenious changes were made on the commoner kinds of eggs; the contents being 'blown' out, and the shells so manipulated, that they might be sold at a handsome profit; the purchasers being of course ignorant of the frauds which had been perpetrated.

No statistics can be obtained of the exact number of plovers' eggs which reach London and other populous places; but the quantity consumed is enormous, and has been more than once stated at tens of thousands of dozens. As many as two hundred and fifty dozens have been gathered in one district in the course of a season; which would represent the robbing of seven hundred and fifty nests, there being generally four eggs in each nest. How comes it, we may ask, when so many thousand eggs are annually used, that the supply can be kept up? The birds are numerous, we know; we have seen thousands in the course of an afternoon's drive. London alone is reputed to use every spring over two hundred and fifty thousand eggs. How then is this enormous supply maintained? On this point, a gentleman who is well versed in the natural history of the bird, says there is no doubt that if lapwings are robbed of their eggs early in the season, they will make a new nest and lay again; and the fact that young plovers unable to fly, are sometimes seen as late as August, affords presumptive evidence of a second hatching having in some instances taken place. A collector also whom we consulted at one time as to whether these birds would go on laying if robbed of their first eggs, assured us that, according to his experience, they did, and at once too. But a more extended inquiry leads us to believe that this replenishing of the despoiled nest can only take place in exceptional cases. The point, however, is worthy of the special attention of naturalists.

A STRANGE STORY.

TOLD BY A LINCOLNSHIRE CLERGYMAN.

CONCLUSION.

It was drawing towards the gloaming of the short winter's day when old Mrs Kirby departed. While the dogcart was preparing to take back my guests, we took a turn up the road, that I might point out Coryton Farm to the lawyer. It was only a dim outline, to be sure, in the waning light; but he could form some idea of its size and importance. As we stood looking through the handsome gates, Mr Scruby's gardener came hurriedly to them and threw them open. We then heard the sound of horses' hoofs on the hard frozen ground, and presently Mr Scruby's carriage came at full speed down the drive. We beheld the rich farmer's wife seated inside; but whether from the cold or the dim light, she appeared ghastly pale. The carriage turned out of the gates, and whirled along the high-road as if it were an engine going to a fire. We all stood still in the middle of the road, gazing after it.

'Whatever can be the matter?' said Mr Pullingtoft.

The gardener came up to us breathless. 'There's dreadful news come to the Missis,' said the man. 'The two young gentlemen who came home from school yesterday, went down to the pond this afternoon to skate; the ice broke, and both went in. Master, who had walked round that way, was there, and plunged in after them; and had not Master Walter come up in time to assist his father, Master would have been drowned as well as the two young gentlemen.'

'They are both drowned, then?' we cried, naturally shocked by the sad calamity.

'Ay, ay,' said the gardener; 'both drowned. And what between grief and the drenching as he gave himself trying to save the two lads, Master has been taken frightful bad. He lies in Miles Ralston's cottage, and is said to be a-raving and a-raving awful. Missis, as you saw drivin' out, is a-going to him.'

'And Master Walter?' said I.

'Master Walter has never left his father since he was carried into the cottage, and keeps every one out of the room except Miles Ralston's old sister, who was once on a time housekeeper to Master, and knows more about him and his affairs than any one cares to say. A strange un is Madge!'

As he spoke, he gave a significant nod of the head, and walked away. I was about to detain him, to ask the nearest way to the cottage he had spoken of, when a man came hurriedly up to me and touched his cap. He had been sent by Mr Walter Scruby, to ask me to come at once and see his father, as the doctor expected he could not live more than a few hours.

With a request that Pullingtoft should await our return at the Rectory, I at once accompanied the messenger to the cottage—leaving Mr Shaw to follow more leisurely. I was met at the door by Walter, who I was glad to see had obtained dry clothes. It was only necessary to look at his face to read the mental anxiety under which he laboured.

'How glad I am to see you,' he said, as he grasped my hand. 'But I fear you will be of but little use to my poor father, for he is now quite unconscious. He has neither spoken nor opened his eyes for some time, and the doctor fears he cannot last long.'

I spoke kindly to the young man, striving as far as I could to mitigate the bitterness of his sorrow; and then entered the room where his father lay. I found him as described. The doctor was present, and explained to me that Mr Scruby had for some time after the accident manifested symptoms of the most violent mental excitement, and from what he gathered from his broken utterances and ravings, there was evidently something lying heavy on his mind—probably something that may have been tormenting him for months, and the occurrences of that morning had brought it to a crisis. But for this, unless the patient may have also sustained some internal injury while among the ice, he did not think the accident would have told so fatally upon him. He was now in the last stage of exhaustion, and could not live many hours.

This was spoken to me at some distance from the bedside, and out of hearing of Mrs Scruby, who was now sitting sunk in grief by the side of her unconscious husband. The doctor added

that he did not think it was necessary for me to address myself to the patient, as he was now beyond the reach of mortal voices, and the lethargy in which he lay would shortly end in death.

I went forward, and spoke a few words with Mrs Scruby; but the patient himself lay still as a statue, and past all comprehension of his surroundings. After reading the prayers for the sick and dying, and shaking hands with Mrs Scruby and Walter, I left the room.

The doctor met me at the door of the apartment, and drew me into a little room that served as kitchen and general sitting-room for the inmates of the cottage. I found Mr Shaw there before me. After closing the door of the apartment, the doctor asked us if we knew of any trouble into which Mr Scruby had got with regard to a missing will, as he had gathered from his incoherent exclamations while in a delirious condition that some such thing was pressing upon his mind. The poor man had further repeatedly called for one Madge Ralston to come at once and confess herself; but if the woman referred to was she who lived in this cottage, she must, the doctor said, have disappeared shortly after his arrival, and had evidently for the time absconded or hid herself. What would Mr Shaw advise doing?

Mr Shaw stood thinking a moment, and was at length about to speak, when the silence was abruptly broken by a suppressed groan, which I at first thought must have proceeded from the chamber of the dying man. But the doctor had sharper ears. Walking forward to a door on the far side of the apartment, and opening it, we there saw, sitting huddled in the corner of a closet, her face buried in her hands, the woman of whom we had just been speaking. She rose up slowly, and coming out of the recess, sat down on a chair by the fire, rocking herself to and fro, and emitting heavy sighs and groans, as if in physical agony.

I had occasionally seen the woman before. The tall spare form, masculine gait, and deeply marked features were such as, once seen, the observer does not readily forget.

'Good woman,' I said, going forward to her and placing my hand upon her shoulder, 'if there is anything that lies heavy on your soul at this moment, confess it, for the love of your Maker, and for the sake of the man that is dying in the next room.'

'Do not call me good!' she said, with an impatient gesture. 'I have never been a good un—never have been. But the man as lies dying in there knows more on't than I do.'

For some time it seemed as if she were determined to say nothing regarding her relations with Mr Scruby; but upon Mr Shaw representing to her that the dying man had said enough to justify them in suspecting her of having at least aided and abetted him in the hiding and keeping secret of his father's will during so many years, it would be necessary, unless she was prepared to speak out frankly, to take her at once before a magistrate. Thus threatened, she began to show symptoms of yielding, and at length, though at first unwillingly, made a confession to us of what she knew.

To follow her through all the ramifications and

wanderings of her wild talk would only weary the reader, and I need only repeat its general import.

At the time of old Mr Scruby's death, Madge Ralston was, and had been for some years, a servant in Coryton farmhouse. While in this position, and being somewhat handsome in her youth, she had succeeded in ingratiating herself with young Scruby, and in gradually supplanting Mrs Greenwood as housekeeper. The latter, however, was not finally turned off till after the old man's death. The latter events, as already mentioned, occurred somewhat suddenly, Mr Scruby having been stricken down by paralysis, after which he lived only one week, but during that time never spoke a word or showed the slightest symptoms of consciousness. During the days immediately preceding Mr Scruby's death, his son had been actively engaged in making a search of the house, for the purpose of ascertaining if the will, which he knew his father had made, had been preserved by him or not. Up to the very hour of the old man's death, Seth had been unsuccessful in his search, and was evidently pleased to think that the will which gave so large a portion of the property to his sister Mrs Meadows, had apparently been destroyed.

After his father's breath was out, Seth could scarcely help indicating to his favourite Madge the delight which he felt at not finding the will, when Madge asked him if he had looked into a little locked recess in the wall at the back of his father's bed, where she knew the old man had sometimes placed money and other valuables for safe custody. Seth had not previously known of this hiding-place, or had overlooked it in his search; but on turning to it now, he found that the will was really there, along with an injunction in his father's handwriting enjoining him as he would hope to have a father's blessing and avoid a father's curse, to see the will faithfully executed, especially as regarded his sister Jane, towards whom the father's heart in these last months of his life had evidently begun to relent.

The finding of the will disturbed Seth greatly, especially as Madge Ralston had been a witness of its recovery. Had he discovered it unobserved, he would at once have destroyed it. Now he was in a measure in his servant's power, and had no alternative but to take her into his confidence. He was determined that neither his sister nor her husband should ever profit by the will, and at once therefore proceeded to engage Madge in a plot for the suppression of the document. At first, she was strongly averse to joining in so dangerous and wicked a scheme; but on being reminded by Seth that Edward Meadows' father had at one time turned her and her parents out of house and home—which in a sense was true—her determination was shaken; for though she had loved her young mistress Jane, she hated Edward Meadows with a bitter hatred. Add to this that Madge was young, handsome, a favourite with her young master, and avowedly ambitious—being likewise not without some hope, which had been encouraged by certain expressions dropped by Seth, that she might herself yet be mistress of Coryton farmhouse—and we have motive enough for a woman of her character engaging in the cruel and heartless scheme to rob poor Mrs Meadows of that which had been

bequeathed to her by her father. Entering, therefore, into the scheme, she represented to Seth, with a cunning view to her ultimate power over him, that the will *must* be kept, for a copy of it might exist somewhere, and that would be awkward for them. Besides, his sister, from her state of health, could not live long, and her husband and child were both weakly persons, and in a few years it might be possible, on pretence of finding the will, to make it known, and thus enjoy the inheritance without danger. Accordingly, it was given out by Seth Scruby that no will could be found, that his father must some time before his death have destroyed it, on account of his sister's undutiful conduct and foolish marriage; and nobody stirring in the matter in behalf of Jane Meadows, her husband, or her child, the gossip that had at first arisen in the district regarding the subject soon died down and was forgot.

For some time after his father's death, Seth Scruby was kind and attentive even beyond his nature to his handsome housekeeper, who on her part lost no opportunity of doing what might advance her interests with him. But after some months, it was obvious to her that Seth was not going to commit himself to the final step of marriage with her, and her suspicions on this head were further awakened by a rumour which reached her, to the effect that the young farmer was shortly to be married to an amiable and wealthy young lady, the daughter of a farmer in a neighbouring parish. Revenge now took the place of affection in her breast, and her first step was to secure, before her master's apprehensions were in any way awakened, possession of that will which she had conspired with him to suppress. This she managed to do; as she had, unknown to Seth, a duplicate key of the desk to which the will had been transferred. The document was contained in an open cover indorsed in the handwriting of old Mr Scruby; Madge therefore withdrew the will from this cover, and inserted in its place a packet of paper similar in appearance to that of the real will. The latter she carried with her to her brother's house, whither she had removed on Seth Scruby's bringing home to Coryton his first wife.

Madge knew that Scruby would not fail to discover in course of time that the will had been removed from the desk in which he had placed it; and she had a fiendish pleasure in anticipating the agonies he would suffer when he found it was gone. That time came; but singular to say, not till after his first wife's death and the birth of his three children. He seems to have been quite assured of the safety of the document, and perhaps, like the guilty wretch he was, did not care to disturb his conscience by dwelling upon an action which had left his sister and her husband to die in poverty, and their little daughter Phoebe to be dependent for her upbringing upon the charity of others.

But previous to the home-coming of a new housekeeper after his wife's death, Mr Scruby, looking over the house, and making an inventory of its furniture and contents, had opened, for the first time for many years, what he supposed was the packet containing his father's will, and to his utter consternation found that the real will had been removed. Madge Ralston was not long in

knowing that he had discovered the theft; for one afternoon he came to the cottage and put certain questions to her as to the condition of various things in the house while she was there. The matters were commonplace enough in themselves; but she could see, notwithstanding his assumed outward complacency, that the fires of self-torture were already lighted within him; and that his future, by day and by night, would be rendered horrible to him by the knowledge that the will, in the concealment of which he had sacrificed both his personal honour and his peace of mind, was in the possession of some one else—he knew not whom—and might at any moment be brought to light, with the effect of placing him in the felon's dock, and branding his name with merited infamy. To a man in his position, the very thought of this was terrible; and Madge Ralston smiled with wicked delight as she saw him walk away from the cottage, bearing with him the unseen millstone of agony which she had thus hung about his neck. She knew he suspected her, though he dared not speak.

Time wore on, and Mr Scruby married again; but Madge could see in his face and his manner—in his restless wanderings hither and thither, and his growing violence and impetuosity of temper—that the burden he had to bear was weighing him down, and would eventually crush him into the grave. Yet she made no sign. She would have destroyed the will altogether, but that its destruction would leave Scruby, the man she hated, in the full and free enjoyment of his unlawful possessions. On the other hand, after keeping the will so long, she was afraid to make its existence known, even though it would benefit Phœbe Meadows; for she had by her long silence concerning it, made herself art and part in the felony of its concealment. Indeed, she in turn began to experience anxiety regarding it; and now that the sense of gratified revenge over Scruby had begun to lose its first freshness, she was almost in as deep a state of perplexity as Scruby himself. Yet she spoke not. She had recourse to the bottle; but the temporary alleviation of misery which this afforded her, only sunk her deeper in her own eyes and those of the world. She at length found herself equally shunned by her neighbours and despised by her friends.

About this time, it began to be bruited abroad that some friends of the girl Phœbe Meadows were, in the absence of the will in question, to make a claim upon Scruby for the share of money and other movables which of right belonged to Phœbe's mother. This news reached Madge Ralston, and she heard them with mingled feelings. For the first time these many years, her harsh cold heart began to relent—but not towards Scruby. It was towards Phœbe Meadows, as the child of her young mistress in days long past, that her feelings softened; and one evening she resolved to come to me at the vicarage, make a full confession, and let the law against her take its course.

It was a wild stormy night, and her resolution more than once failed her on the way. Just as she approached the vicarage, she saw me come out, cross the churchyard and enter the church. All at once the idea flashed upon her, to get rid of the will in a way that would

relieve herself, while it might cast suspicion upon Scruby; whereas, to confess to the parson would only incriminate herself. She therefore, shielded by the darkness, stole into the church after me, and proceeded, while I was in the vestry, towards the Scruby pew, where she had resolved to hide the will, and where it was almost certain before long to be discovered by the church-cleaners. In approaching the pew in the darkness, she had unwittingly come into contact with the door of it, which shut with a bang. This bringing me back into the church, she hid in an adjoining pew till I had again entered the vestry; when she once more reached Scruby's pew, and by quietly tearing the will into several portions, she succeeded in stuffing the whole of it in behind the carved woodwork on the front of the reading-desk. She then crept back to the church-door, trembling in turn lest I should see her, and got safely out; but in her trepidation allowing the door to shut heavily behind her.

What followed on my part, I have already told the reader. As for Madge, she rushed homewards as if a wild beast had been in pursuit of her; and for the time had a kind of satisfaction that the hated deed was now out of her possession. But this did not continue long. On this, the very afternoon of the day when Scruby's two sons were drowned, and himself laid on a bed of death, she had seen Scruby approach her cottage. He was by himself, his three sons being on the ice; and as he opened the door and walked in, there was a fierce light in his eye such as she had never seen there before.

'Madge,' he said, 'I am told a will, which is said to be my father's, has been found. Shall I send for the police, and tell them that you were the thief?'

'Yes, you may, if you please, Seth Scruby,' retorted Madge haughtily; 'and perhaps I shall be able to tell them who it was that suppressed the will, and kept it concealed at the farmhouse for so many years after your father's death.'

The retort sent the blood out of the farmer's face, and he was about to speak, when the terrible cry was raised that the ice had given way. He rushed out of the house like a madman, and in a few minutes the terrible catastrophe we have already described had taken place.

I need not dwell upon the events of that day, or the closing hours of a career such as that of Seth Scruby's. He died in the course of the evening; and his body was, with those of his two sons, removed to Coryton Farm. That same night, Madge Ralston disappeared, and was never again seen in the district. Mrs Scruby, the stepmother of Walter the young heir, did not remain at Coryton many days after her husband and his two sons were buried, and is now, I believe, living with her friends in one of the western counties.

As for the will, it was duly proved and acted upon; Walter, with his natural generosity, rendering every assistance in restoring to Phœbe Meadows the property of which she and her mother had been so unjustly deprived.

This that I have told you happened four years ago. Since that time, Phœbe Meadows has been making up for the education she lost

in her youth, and Walter Scruby has been out-living the years of his minority. And such has been the happy tenor of events during these years, that the two cousins have resolved to live as such no longer, and I am invited by the worthy Pullingtoft, who is to give the bride away, to perform the ceremony that shall make them husband and wife.

OIL AT SEA.

FROM correspondence with captains, and others connected with maritime pursuits, and judging from the notices that are now beginning to appear in the newspaper press, we have reason to believe that our repeated and urgent suggestions regarding the use of oil in allaying broken waves, are at length receiving some measure of attention. The following additional instances, which we have compiled from various sources, speak for themselves, and show that those who go to sea especially in open boats, unprovided with oil, run risks which might otherwise be avoided.

'About thirty years ago,' says a correspondent, 'I happened to be detained for some time on the island of St Helena. Oil-wells were unknown in those days, and whale-fishing was pursued with considerable energy in the south seas by the Americans. St Helena was a point of call for ships employed in this industry, and so it happened that I had many opportunities of observing what kind of vessels were employed as whalers. Instead of finding them new and strong, as I expected, I found that many of them were old vessels, which had for years been employed in the ordinary mercantile service, and that when doubtful for that trade, they were considered good enough for whaling. How could this be? A single instance will explain. One whaler came into Jamestown, transhipped four hundred barrels of oil, took in stores, and left for the fishing-ground. She was very old; but the sailors said she was safe enough—she never had to contend with angry seas. Wherever she went, she carried with her a charm that smoothed the crest of the angriest waves. What with exudation, pumping, and throwing overboard refuse from the coppers in which the blubber is boiled, the old ship effectually insured herself against being either struck by a heavy sea, pooped, or having her deck swept.'

About twenty-eight years ago, in the month of May, there arrived in Hobson's Bay a small fore-and-aft schooner, which may be called the *Jeanette*. She came from New London, United States, was deeply loaded, and carried besides a heavy deck-load of timber. She caused a good deal of speculation, for the following reasons. She was only sixty tons register, was loaded like a barge, had had a very stormy passage of four months, and reached Melbourne without loss of any kind. The captain was a shrewd Yankee, who knew that vessels of this kind were in great demand in Australia for the coasting-trade, there being then but few steamers there. He had brought her out for the purpose of selling her, had

made as much freightage out of her as could be made, and knowing that she was overloaded, he had, before leaving New London, taken on board a barrel of oil, which oil, when necessary, had been sprinkled over the taffrail. The huge waves ran after the *Jeanette*, but not to hurt her. They overtook her, glided gently under her, and left her, to be followed by others in the same gentle manner. After being 'an eight days' wonder' in Melbourne, the *Jeanette* was sold to remain in the country, and one of her crew shipped with the writer to return to England. This man, himself a skilful seaman, used to say that the safe arrival of the *Jeanette* in Hobson's Bay was entirely due to the practice of sprinkling oil upon the waters.

The following letter from Captain Allison, steam-ship *Loch Awe*, has been addressed to Captain Mitchell, Dundee: 'At the time the steam-ship *Loch Awe* was lost (in the first week of January), there being so little prospect of saving our lives in the remaining boat, it occurred to me to try if a small quantity of oil would smooth the breaking sea, and keep our frail craft as long afloat as possible. Accordingly, before the boat was swung out, a three-gallon can of oil was placed in her. After abandoning the vessel, and drifting before wind and sea, on observing a breaking sea approaching, a small portion of the oil was poured out, and always succeeded in smoothing the broken tip of the sea before it reached the boat. Of course, the boat was proceeding at a considerable rate through the water, which allowed the oil to get to the approaching sea before it reached the boat.'

'It is my opinion that if vessels running before a breaking sea were to pour a small quantity of oil over the stern, or have a strong canvas bag, filled with oakum and saturated with oil, suspended over the stern or side of the vessel in such a position that it would occasionally dip in the water, it would in a great measure keep the sea from breaking on board and doing serious damage. I have seen bags of the above description used in small vessels engaged in the fish-trade between Newfoundland and Europe, and the fishermen all spoke greatly in favour of oil being used to keep the sea from breaking. It is also well known that a dead whale or other oily fish floating on the surface of the water will keep it quite smooth for a considerable distance, even while the sea may be breaking heavily where there is no oil on the surface.'

A correspondent writes to us from Marseilles: 'I have just been reading the last article on "The Use of Oil at Sea" in your *Journal*. You mention the use made by Mediterranean divers of oil to procure a still surface, adding that this, with other instances, "were merely hearsay." As I take an interest in this matter, it has struck me to communicate to you the following fact, which might possibly be considered worthy of being embodied in a future article.'

'The sea-urchin, or *oursin*, is considered a delicacy by the Provençaux. Many fishermen are engaged in fishing for this mollusc during the season when it is in best condition; their small flat-bottomed boats may be seen close to the coast and in the numerous inlets, the

humble occupant leaning over the bows holding a pole, which is provided with bent prongs, by which he steadily draws the spiny creatures from the rocks below.

'It can be readily imagined that to be able to see the urchins, the surface of the water must be placid. When the sea is ruffled, he accomplishes his purpose by dropping oil now and again from a little bottle suspended from the bows of the boat. A single drop has an almost instantaneous effect in smoothing the surface for a short distance round him.'

From the *Hobart Mercury* of November 7, 1881, we learn that a Tasmanian ship which had arrived at Hobart from Mauritius, had encountered a terrific storm, and owed her having ridden it out in safety to the use of oil. The gale was so fierce and the seas so heavy, that no food could be cooked for two whole days, every place where water could find ingress having to be closed up. 'The vessel was only saved, so Captain Leslie firmly believes, by his using oil to smooth the water and prevent it breaking on board. The course adopted was saturating swabs in oil every two hours, and casting them over the sides of the ship with weights attached, to keep them in position. The effect was truly marvellous; for mountainous waves would be seen approaching the little barque, and were expected to completely envelop and crush her; but as they met the oil floating round the vessel, they glided on with merely a heavy swell, from which she suffered no harm. Every drop of oil on board was used for the purpose, and it proved of inestimable worth.'

Several interesting experiments were recently made at Peterhead, by the laying of pipes charged with oil, across the bar of the North Harbour. The oil, which exudes from the pipes by force-pumps, rises to the surface and forms a smooth expanse of considerable extent. The invention is due to the sagacity of Mr Shields of Perth, who made the experiments at his own cost, and has now presented, as a free gift, the completed apparatus to the town of Peterhead. This apparatus consists of some hundreds of feet of piping, having three conical valves, seventy-five feet apart from each other, which prevent the oil from escaping, except when the force-pump is in operation. Days most suitable for testing the efficacy of the oil in stilling the troubled waters were selected, the sea coming in and as usual breaking right across the bar. The pipes were charged with oil at high water, and shortly afterwards the oil rose to the surface, covering the sea for a considerable distance, and converting what was previously broken water into a glassy, undulating sheet. The experiments were a complete success; and Mr Shields' invention is one which deserves to be taken into careful consideration by those connected with harbours.

Still another interesting experiment has been made in the harbour of Montrose. On the forenoon of 30th January last, about an hour before high-water, a number of the crew of the lifeboat went out in the *Mincing Lane* to try the experiment of stilling the waters by pouring oil upon them. After crossing the bar, on which there was a pretty heavy sea running, about a gallon

of oil was thrown out, and the effect was instantaneous, and considered very satisfactory. The boat was afterwards pulled round by the Annat Bank, on which a heavy sea was dashing, and another quantity of oil being discharged, a like effect was produced. Other experiments were made further out, in every case the waves being smoothed down around the boat. The fishermen expressed themselves highly pleased with the success of the experiments, and agreed that oil should be carried in their boats when going to sea.

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

ALTHOUGH, happily, we have for many years been spared the horrors of war, our military and naval authorities, as in duty bound, are always prepared for what may happen in the near future. The implements of war are always being rendered obsolete by newer patterns or fresh inventions; so that in numberless cases improved arms are approved, made in quantities, and issued to the troops; but before the din of battle overtakes them they are recalled, and new weapons take their place. Huge ships, each representing a rich man's fortune, are devised, launched, and after a butterfly existence, floated to the ship-breaker's yard. The British tax-payer may grumble, but he cannot well point out how this expensive training by experience can be obviated. The history of every important human contrivance, from the electric telegraph and the steam-engine to minor inventions, teaches us that there must be slow and progressive work until anything like perfection can be attained.

These remarks are prompted by the publication of an extremely valuable book by Sir Thomas Brassey, *The British Navy, its Strength, Resources, and Administration*. Here we have an exhaustive account of what has been done, and what is being done at the present time, to maintain the boasted position of Britannia as 'ruler of the waves.' The work comprises a complete history of the building of modern ships of war, from the time of the attack upon Gibraltar in 1782, when iron bars were suspended over ships' hulls, to protect them from the comparatively feeble projectiles then in use, to the present day, when steel plates two feet thick form the protective armour. The title of the book does not altogether do it justice; for it includes copious descriptions of the modern ships of war of all nations; and this latter section is one of its most interesting and valuable features.

Every month seems to bring forth some new invention by which armour-plates are made more resistant, or on the other hand, by which the shots which are to pierce them are rendered more penetrating. The battle between the plates and the guns has been waged so long, and with such skill on both sides, and the combatants have grown to such huge and unwieldy proportions, that there is great difficulty in either moving the ships to their destinations, or keeping them afloat when they get there. Perhaps we shall some day reach a time when ship's armour will be considered obsolete; just in the same way that fighting-men have long ago agreed that chain-mail and

the heavy cuirass are impediments to their work. In the meantime, we have to record an improvement, or discovery in the science of gunnery, which is likely to lead to important results.

It has always been the aim of artillerymen so to proportion the size of the powder-chamber in the gun, the amount of powder, and the size of the projectile, that the full power of the explosion shall be brought upon the projectile without any escape of gases, or unburnt material. The cartridge, which would seem to the uninitiated to explode all at once, does not in reality do so. It burns through from end to end, and as it does so, the expanding force of the gases evolved acts with increasing power on the projectile as it moves along the bore of the gun. Now, it has been proved by experiment that if slow-burning powder be exploded in a vessel sufficiently strong to withstand the shock, it can be ignited—turned into gas—and held, as it were, in subjection for any required time. This fact has been taken advantage of by Captain Maitland, R.A. By means of a metal ring fixed round the base of the shot, he retains it in the breech of the gun until the powder is sufficiently fired to produce a pressure of about two tons to the square inch. By this means an altogether unprecedented velocity is obtained. It will be understood that the method is only applicable to breech-loading ordnance, and that the retention ring is somewhat larger than the bore through which it has ultimately to be forced by the pent-up gases.

In once more bringing before parliament his Bill for the protection of Ancient Monuments, Sir John Lubbock had the opportunity of a quiet satire on our boasted civilisation. He pleaded that the pay of a competent Commissioner to look after such relics would not amount to more than the cost of a few trial-shots from one of our big guns. In the course of his remarks, he stated that interesting archaeological relics had in many instances been destroyed, because the materials were wanted to mend the roads, or to help towards the construction of new buildings. Only last year we saw workmen engaged in digging stones out of the wall of the celebrated old Roman camp of Brementium, in Northumberland, in order to assist in the erection of an additional cottar-house within the limits of the ancient inclosure. It seems strange that Britons should take far more interest in such treasures abroad, than they seem to do in those of their own land. Constantly we hear of the demolition of old buildings which form landmarks in our history, without any effort being made even to preserve their outlines for the pleasure and instruction of posterity. But an honourable exception must be made in the case of 'The Society for Photographing Relics of Old London' (Henry Dixon, 112 Albany Street, N.W.), whose labours we have before noticed.

Smeaton's lighthouse on the Eddystone Rock, which has now been superseded by a similar structure, can hardly be looked upon as an archaeological treasure; but the movement which is on foot to preserve it as a national monument is one certainly to be commended. The old building, which has withstood so many storms, must be removed, or it will fall into the sea, not from any structural fault, for it is as strong as

when it left its builder's hands, but because the restless sea has undermined the rock on which it is built. It is suggested that this old tower should be removed and built on Plymouth Hoe, or that it should recommence a new lease of life on some spot where its light would continue to be of use to those at sea.

In connection with the course of Cantor lectures now being delivered at the Society of Arts (London) by Captain Abney, there is in the same building an interesting exhibition of Photographic Processes and Apparatus. The gradual progress of the art-science from its first feeble attempts to the grand results possible by modern methods, is well illustrated by specimens lent by the pioneers of photography. Photographs burnt in upon porcelain by Mr Henderson's method are specially worthy of notice, and the exhibitor suggests a very useful field of employment for such pictures. The foundation-stone of a building can have cemented into it a slab or slabs of porcelain bearing an inscription with a picture of the structure itself or of the buildings which it replaced. Such inserted slabs can also be used for gravestones, in this case bearing the portrait of the deceased. It need hardly be said that the permanence of a burnt-in picture is beyond suspicion.

In one of his lectures, Captain Abney demonstrated in a very practical manner the intense sensitiveness of a photographic plate as now prepared. A wheel having black-and-white sectors painted upon it, was rapidly revolved in front of the camera, but in complete darkness. An electric spark from a battery of six small Leyden-jars was suddenly caused to illuminate it. The experimenter estimated the duration of the spark at less than five-millionths of a second. The resulting photograph displayed an image of the wheel seemingly at rest!

The importance of a knowledge of chemistry to the modern agriculturist has been recently exhibited in a very practical manner in France. In the northern part of the country there are many growers of beetroot who are also distillers. A residue from beet distillation, called *vinasses*, is found to contain the nitrogen, phosphates, and salts of potash which the plant has originally drawn in from the soil. This liquid is now returned to the ground, and by its aid a good crop of beet can be looked for every two or three years. It is customary to alternate the beet-crops with wheat on the same ground; and it was found that in one case, although the beet maintained its quality, the wheat deteriorated. Upon an analysis of the soil being made, it was found deficient in phosphoric acid. Phosphates of lime were then put on the soil, after which treatment the wheat rapidly recovered its normal vigour.

A specimen of the desert land tortoise was recently shown at a meeting of the San Francisco Academy of Sciences. This animal, which is about the size of an ordinary bucket, seems to have some very peculiar characteristics. It carries on each side a membrane attached to the inner portion of the shell, holding about a quart of pure water. Its food is the giant barrel cactus, and from this watery plant it no doubt obtains its supply of liquid. The animal inhabits tracts of country where there is no water, and very little vegetation, with the exception of the cactus just

named; so that a thirsty traveller could on an emergency kill a tortoise for the water it contained. The Mexicans highly prize them for the excellent soup they afford.

M. Tissandier lately pointed out, in the pages of *La Nature*, the utility of the microscope in forming a rough analysis of articles of food in common use. Thus, a little starch moistened with water and placed on the stage of the microscope, will soon show its characteristic form; while any adulteration by gypsum or other mineral body can be immediately detected. In like manner, coffee, chocolate, pepper, milk, &c., can be submitted to critical examination. The only drawback of the system is that no durable record of the observation is made. But this difficulty can be easily obviated by the use of the photographic camera. In the municipal Laboratory of Chemistry in Paris, photographs of microscopic observations form a notable help to the work carried on there. M. Tissandier suggests that these photographs should be published, for the guidance of amateurs.

To any one who remembers the early years of the present century, when a large number of persons, men and women, whom you met were marked by smallpox, when poor beggar-men blinded by smallpox were pitifully led about by dogs, and when on all hands you heard of the multitudes that were swept away by smallpox—we say, to any one who remembers all this, nothing seems more surprising in the annals of human perversity than the bitter antagonism that still prevails among certain persons concerning the utility of vaccination. Notwithstanding the most convincing statistics which prove that the dreaded smallpox has been arrested, there are many people who will persist that vaccination has proved a curse rather than a blessing. It is some satisfaction to notice that the Society for the Abolition of Compulsory Vaccination, lately invited an opponent, in the person of Dr W. B. Carpenter, to speak at one of their meetings. Dr Carpenter showed that the mortality in England from smallpox had gradually declined from about four thousand per million, to two hundred and seventy-six per million. We trust that anti-vaccinators will bear his facts in mind, and profit by them.

According to the recent returns of the Registrar-general, a week of London fog has a most fatal effect on the health of the Metropolis. The death-rate of London, which during the winter months is generally less than twenty-two per thousand, rose in one week of fog to the abnormal proportion of 35.3 per thousand. This occurred, it must be remembered, in the absence of any severe frost, and when there was no prevailing epidemic to account for the increase. From being one of the most healthy cities of the empire, London is thus by one week of fog suddenly relegated to the lowest position on the list.

Dr Fothergill, during a lecture in connection with the Smoke Abatement Exhibition at South Kensington, said that 'if the fog of the last few days, which had got down our throats and impeded the action of our lungs, did not make people take an interest in the abatement of smoke, he did not know what would.' From the returns of the Exhibition, which is now

closed, it would seem that a vast number of people have taken an interest in this important question—a question not only affecting the Metropolis, but one which will in time force its attention upon every large town in the kingdom. Many foreign countries have sent over reporters to this Exhibition; and corporations and public institutions in various parts of the kingdom have been represented among the visitors. More than one hundred and sixteen thousand persons have entered its doors; and although there is a deficit of eight hundred pounds, the object of the display in bringing forward recent inventions bearing upon smoke-prevention has been fully attained. We may hope that the movement thus begun, which will be supplemented by similar Exhibitions in Manchester and other large cities, will lead to some permanent results. The reluctance of many manufacturers to consume their own smoke, and thus effect a saving in their coal-bills—irrespective of the sanitary point of the question—is to us unaccountable.

The *Builder* calls attention to the different method of treating lime for making mortar which prevails in Italy, from that commonly adopted in this country. In Italy, the first operation is to dig a pit for lime, in which it remains covered with water for two years before it is used. In England, on the contrary, lime is slaked and used the same day, any remaining over and above the quantity actually required being regarded as so much rubbish. Most building specifications mention newly-slaked lime as a *sine qua non*. The friable and powdery character of the mortar in a newly-built house, which can often easily be picked from between the bricks by the finger-nail, would lead to the conclusion that there is something radically wrong in its composition. It forms a great contrast to the hard and stony condition of the mortar used in many buildings which have stood for centuries. Long attention to the subject of buildings in Italy, leads the writer in the *Builder* to assert that the Italian method is the right one.

The Exhibition of Electrical Apparatus and Appliances, at the Crystal Palace, was opened on the 25th of February, and is likely to prove of great utility in the advancement of electrical science in this country. The Exhibition is in every respect most complete, and illustrates almost every department of electrical science at present known. In some respects it is even more important than the Paris Exhibition, as the experience which inventors there gained led many of them to make important improvements on their apparatus and appliances previous to sending them to the London Exhibition.

BOOK GOSSIP.

ANGLING, whether viewed as an art or a recreation, has ever been agreeably associated with much that is beautiful in nature and pleasurable in society. One of its earliest and the best known of its advocates, Izaak Walton, gave to the pursuit a distinctive and pre-eminent place among kindred sports when he christened it, on the title-page of his book, the 'Contemplative Man's

Recreation.' And he further added to its attractiveness by blending with his angling instructions and adventures, pleasant dissertations—or rather digressions—on men, and animals, and birds, and flowers; lifting the whole subject out of the sordid ruck of merely worldly amusements, in which the money spent is expected to yield the money's worth, and placing it almost in the higher rank of literary and artistic pastimes, wherein the mental pleasure of the effort itself is to the person who puts it forth, a sufficient and satisfactory reward. Walton has had many followers, especially in the present century, with its Christopher North, its Ettrick Shepherd, Thomas Tod Stoddart, William Stewart, Francis Francis, and a host of others, whose writings have in a greater or less degree attracted public attention to the angler and his art, throwing around the subject a halo of literary brilliance, and dressing it out in all the rich and fantastic trappings of poetic sentiment and artistic fancy.

Another contribution to the same department of life and literature comes to hand, in the shape of a second series of collected papers by the Members of the Manchester Anglers' Association. The volume is entitled *Anglers' Evenings* (Manchester: A. Heywood & Son), and its illustrations, as well as its letterpress, are principally the work of Members of the Association from which it emanates. In all respects it is a creditable volume—a few of the papers being something more than creditable. We have fishing adventures in England, Scotland, Wales, and Norway; each narrative containing not only a certain fund of amusement, but for those who ply the rod, bits of genuine experience and instruction as well. Some of the papers show considerable narrative power; and the descriptions of scenery, from the wild surroundings of the White Coomb in the Southern Highlands of Scotland, to the marshy levels and osier-bordered meres of Staffordshire, have about them that touch of genuine appreciation, without which all scenic description is as lifeless as the back-scene of a theatre. The book is sure to be a favourite with those who are anglers; and it is almost equally sure that it will likewise be a favourite with many who are not.

The meaning of culture, says Matthew Arnold, is 'to know the best that has been thought and said in the world.' How best to attain this knowledge is one of the questions of the day. The Universities give the great weight of their sanction to the dead languages—to the classical productions of Greece and Rome; and in this they have been followed by individual thinkers. John Stuart Mill has said that 'the noblest enthusiasm, both for the search after truth and for applying it to its highest uses, pervades the classical writers. In cultivating, therefore, the ancient languages as our best literary education, we are all the while laying an admirable founda-

tion for ethical and philosophical culture.' But in recent years the opinion has been gradually emerging more and more into prominence that the dead languages have not the value as an element of culture which many would assign to them—that they are not the be-all and end-all of our educational wants.

Foremost among the advocates of this new doctrine—this heterodoxy of the schools—is Professor Huxley, and in his latest publication, *Science and Culture* (London: Macmillan & Co.), he has discussed the subject at some length, and with his accustomed vivacity of thought and breadth of illustration. But this does not form the sole topic of the volume. There is an admirable biographical and critical lecture on the life and opinions of Joseph Priestley, the Birmingham divine and scientist; another on the 'Method of Zadig'—Zadig being a more or less apocryphal character who lived long ago at the court of Babylon, and who is credited with having had a singular faculty of observation—the same kind of faculty indeed which makes a man of science at the present day. The essay on the border territory between the animal and the vegetable kingdoms, is replete with startling information bearing upon the question of what is plant and what is animal. These in the main are readily distinguishable; but as we approach the frontier, so to speak, of either kingdom, the power of defining between what belongs to the animal and what to the vegetable becomes more and more difficult, the one apparently leading into the other through such an insensible series of gradations that it is impossible, as Professor Huxley holds, to say at any stage of the progress—here the line between the animal and the plant must be drawn.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

HOUSE OF REST FOR WOMEN IN BUSINESS.

THERE is an Institution in the south of England about which we believe many of our readers may have never heard, and about which not a few of them may be the better for knowing something. We refer to what is called the House of Rest for Women in Business, at Babbacombe, in Devonshire. Pleasantly situated close to Babbacombe Downs, and surrounded by beautiful scenery, this unique establishment is under a Committee of management, consisting of the Duchess of Sutherland and other ladies, along with the Rev. John Hewett, Vicar of Babbacombe. The distinctive object of the Institution is to afford temporary rest and change of air to *women engaged in business*; and it is further intended rather for the prevention than the cure of sickness. It is well known that a short cessation from the cares and worries of business will often prevent a long illness; but the difficulty with many is not only to obtain the requisite opportunity for rest, but to know where to spend their short holiday. It is to meet this want that the Babbacombe Institution was organised; and it is especially intended for milliners, dressmakers, shopwomen, post-office clerks, and the like, many of whom in London and elsewhere break down for want of a rest *in time*. It is also available for such as desire to spend their annual holiday at

the seaside, but are deterred from doing so by the discomfort of solitary and expensive lodgings. Domestic servants, however, are not included in the list of those eligible for admission to the Institution, which is thus strictly reserved for 'women in business.'

The place is managed more on the principle of a large country house, than as an *Institution*, and those residing in it are treated rather as *visitors* than as lodgers. Pleasant intercourse and music indoors, and outdoor rambles, constitute some of the attractions. As such an Institution might be found useful elsewhere throughout the country, we may state that it is upheld partly by subscriptions, and partly by the revenue from visitors. The sum charged to visitors is twelve shillings per week. Donors, however, for each guinea which they give as a yearly subscription, are entitled to a ticket of admission for a period of three weeks. This ticket may be presented to any 'woman in business' whom the donor chooses in this way to assist, and the holder of the ticket is thereby entitled to reside in the Institution for three weeks, at the reduced rate of five shillings a week. The intending visitor, moreover, by sending a post-office order to the Rev. John Hewett, for the amount of a single railway fare to Babbacombe from the place where she resides, and a stamped and directed envelope, will receive from him a voucher for a *return* railway ticket; thus halving the expense of the journey. The Rules of the Institution, which may be obtained from the lady superintendent, Miss Skinner, Bayfield, Babbacombe, provide that each visitor must bring a reference either from her employer or from her clergyman; and that no one can be admitted as a visitor who is suffering from serious illness, or who is recovering from any infectious complaint.

Both the above Institution in particular, and the principle of its organisation in general, are, we think, worthy of the attention of those who have at heart the health and welfare of our 'women in business.'

'HOW FISHER-FOLK MIGHT PROVIDE FOR A RAINY-DAY.'

With reference to our article on this subject, which appeared in No. 947 of *Chambers's Journal*, we have received from a correspondent certain printed documents relating to a Mutual Benefit Society in Liverpool, which documents contain information that may be of interest in connection with the proposal advanced in the above article, for the institution of a Friendly Society among our fisher-folk. The Mutual Benefit Society alluded to is that of the Montreal Ocean Steamship Company, whose offices are at Wellington Dock, Liverpool. The members of the Society are the officers, seamen, shore hands, and others, employed in the service of the Company. The objects of the Society are (1) to afford assistance to the members in case of accident, and (2) to provide a stated sum in case of death. It is managed by office-bearers selected from its own membership. The officers and higher class of officials pay to the funds two shillings entry-money, and the sum of eightpence weekly; while seamen, firemen, and the like, pay one shilling entry-money, and fourpence weekly. Among

those members who pay fourpence weekly, any one of them who shall meet with an accident while in the Company's service shall be entitled to receive the sum of twelve shillings per week for the first twelve weeks, nine shillings per week for the next four weeks, and five shillings per week for other four weeks; then all claims for weekly allowance shall cease. In the case of death, the widow or relative shall be entitled to the sum of ten pounds. Those members who pay eightpence weekly are entitled to double the before-mentioned sums. The members number fifteen hundred and seventy-eight; and the Society, which was established in 1863, has already nearly twelve thousand pounds of invested funds.

The above shows what might be done in the way of self-help by our fisher-folk, were a similar organisation formed for this purpose. The small sum payable per week by each member would scarcely be missed; while the fund thus secured would form a valuable protection and support to families in the event of accident, illness, or death overtaking their bread-winners.

We may add that two other companies now exist in this connection, namely, 'The Scottish Boat Insurance Company (Limited),' and 'The Scottish Fishermen's Accident Insurance Company (Limited),' the head office of both being at 20 Seaforth Street, Fraserburgh, whence, or from the branch offices elsewhere, information may be obtained as to the conditions of insurance either for life or boats.

FLORAL DELIGHTS.

BACK again to wood and dell,
Come the flowers we love so well.
Foremost in the flowery train,
Violets bring their sweets again,
Lingering from their early birth,
Till primroses shall deck the earth,
Which with golden cowslips blent,
Shall greet our gaze with sweet content.
And the blue forget-me-not,
With graceful cheer shall bless each spot;
And orchard blossoms, wild and sweet,
Shall rain their petals at our feet;
The while the tasselled larch shall bring
Further tokens of the Spring;
Till tree and hedge in Summer dress,
Shall each day grow in loveliness,
And Winter, sour and harsh, shall be
Quite banished from our memory. J. H.

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REMINISCENCES OF THE MINOR STAGE.

BY AN OLD STAGER.

PART I.

SINCE the days of the early mysteries and moralities down to our own time, the attractiveness of all matters appertaining to the stage and its votaries has become proverbial. My reminiscences in matters theatrical carry me back fifty years, yet I can recall with vividness my early emotions, my close identification with the *dramatis personæ*, their joys and sorrows. But although keenly alive to all tender feeling, I never remember to have been afflicted by terror, or even fear; yet was there a certain complex passion arising out of these which would occasionally result in a sensation of profound awe, in such scenes as the Ghost in *Hamlet*, the murder in *Macbeth*, or the death of Virginia.

In the days of which I speak, tragedy with a 'star' in the chief part, was a luxury not to be indulged in every day; hence we were fain to content ourselves with ordinary fare—melodrama and farce. This was by no means a hardship. The food was melodrama pure and simple, laughter and tears closely allied, a combination dear to the adolescent heart. I do not hesitate to affirm that the ecstasy experienced by a Columbus or a Vasco da Gama in the discovery of a new continent, is only to be equalled by the felicitous delight of a first night at the play! Doubtless, many of my elder readers can revert to this very memorable event in their lives, and corroborate me. In my own case, a half-holiday from school was held to be necessary, in order that a preparatory admonition as to behaviour might be administered while being inducted into my theatre-going gear; my usual ready appetite became absorbed in the novelty of the whole thing, and utterly forsook me at the early tea. But for this deprivation I was compensated later on.

In these early days, the doors of the theatre were opened at half-past five or six o'clock, the curtain rising at half-past six; and as every

lessee competed to give full value for the admission fee, the time of closing was rendered problematical. To lose any part of the entertainment, was of course out of the question; the forecasting housewife therefore provided herself with a plentiful supply of eatables, to satisfy the cravings of nature; and as 'apples, oranges, and ginger-beer' were an institution, there was no lack of provender for either body or mind.

I suppose that every boy has had his hero, and duly given him his boyish worship. Mine were numberless. Some of them, it is true, had shuffled off this mortal coil hundreds of years ago, and become immortal; but the larger proportion were of my own creating; genuine to the core, without flaw or speck. In like manner, my heroines were all angels; and if our heroes were immaculate, our villains were of the most disreputable type, most emphatically-pronounced rascals.

Our low comedian was a comic man, albeit gifted by Dame Nature with the saddest countenance ever beheld. I never saw upon his face the remotest approach to a smile, and yet withal, his quips and cranks were provocative of incessant merriment. His fate and his fortunes were cast in unpleasant places: his perplexities were simply delightful, and in his direst misfortunes we vouchsafed him no sympathy. Always in difficulties, his life seemed a burden to him; and but for the tender feeling existing between himself and the pert *soubrette*, I think he would have succumbed. Of course he married her in the end; but as a boy, I used to have my doubts as to whether they were happy ever afterwards.

In the year 1834, I was bound apprentice to a London house-decorator in the Westminster Road, nearly opposite to Astley's Amphitheatre, then under the management of the famous Ducrow; and in the practice of my vocation, it not unfrequently happened that I was employed in a theatre, hence my predilection for the amusements thereof.

My first visit to the above establishment was made some years earlier than this. My parents had taken me to witness the Battle of Waterloo.

The noise and smoke deafened and choked me; but the visit was made memorable by two circumstances. I dropped into the pit a huge piece of currant dumpling, for which I was severely reprimanded; and I saw Gomersal as Napoleon! This gentleman I had many opportunities of seeing subsequently in the same part; indeed, so clearly was he identified with it, that I never remember to have seen him play any other. Figure, gait, and costume combined with more than ordinary talent tended to make the impersonation quite unique. He died at Leeds in 1862, aged seventy-four.

The battle over, and complete suffocation not having supervened, we had the scenes in the circle—Ducrow as the Courier of St Petersburg, with his eight horses; Miss Woolford; Stickney as Shaw the Life Guardsman; and the enjoyable humour of Bullock the clown, a fellow of infinite jest. This part of the entertainment suited my taste far better than gunpowder. But Widdelcombe the ring-master, the Widdelcombe, must not be forgotten. Picture to yourself a short, stout, swarthy man, clad in the most resplendent uniform, profusely decorated with various orders. His long black hair, well anointed and perfumed, was parted over a low forehead, and hung in ringlets across the broadest and whitest of shirt-collars, open at the throat, and worn *à la* Byron. His eyebrows and moustaches were trimmed to perfection; and his boots, so small and so highly polished, were at once objects of envy and admiration. Mild and unassuming in private life, his natty person was as well known in the streets of Lambeth as is that of John Bright in the House of Commons. He served the various managements at this house for a period of four-and-thirty years, and died in 1854, at the age of sixty-seven.

John G. Cartlitch, the 'original Mazeppa,' was born in Manchester in 1793. Allured by the attractions of the sock and buskin, he took to the stage in early life, and afterwards became known as the principal tragedian in Richardson's show at the various fairs throughout the country. From there he was engaged for Astley's. He was, as stated, the original Mazeppa, and played the part more than fifteen hundred times. He then went to America; and after many vicissitudes both as manager and actor, he settled down in Philadelphia as the keeper of a café in Fourth Street; there he died as lately as December 1875, aged eighty-two.

Cartlitch was not by any means a bad actor, neither was he a very good one. Touching the 'business' of his part he was perfect; but his acting was deficient in light and shade; the glare and noise of the strolling booth seemed to be always clinging to him; yet with his stentorian voice and emphatic gestures he held us in thrall.

Now Palmer, though equally loud-toned—it was a fashion in those days—had greater variety, an easier movement, and could on occasion be pathetic without being maudlin; a fair average actor, of whom we shall see more anon. Mrs Pope, an estimable woman, who afterwards became the

wife of Mr Shepherd, late lessee of the Surrey Theatre, was our leading lady, and played Olinska. A more unsuitable part for this excellent actress could not well have been found. Instead of the lithe youthful figure of the Polish maiden, we had the statuesque and matronly graces of a Hermione. Well grounded in her art, tall and majestic in person, slow and measured in speech, she belonged to the stately school of the Kembles, and at this date was altogether unfitted for the performance of juveniles.

But if my reader will in imagination follow me to the Far East, to the old Garrick Theatre—long since burnt down—I will attempt a portrait of her at her best, at the same time affording a glimpse of some of her coadjutors. The drama is *Rob Roy*, with Charles Freer in the title rôle. As this gentleman has been dead nearly five-and-twenty years, the present generation of playgoers can know nothing of him excepting by report. He was a celebrity in this part of the town for a long period. Industrious, and endowed with fine talents, he soon became an acknowledged favourite; nor was his popularity undeserved. Strongly built, and about the middle height, gifted with a resonant voice—which became somewhat coarse in his latter years, from constant exertion—he was capable of giving full expression to every emotion. If you did not obtain from him that degree of intellectual insight into individual character as exhibited by a Macready or a Vandenhoff, you at least discovered a ready appreciation of the text, coupled with a singular power of illustration. His performance of the Highland outlaw was good and satisfying. Poor Charles Freer outlived his talents and his fame; and increase of years, and consequent loss of power, reduced him to the lowest ebb. On the evening of the 23d of December 1857 he wandered across Westminster Bridge, and entered a small coffee-house situated in a narrow turning at the foot thereof. Having partaken of a scanty meal, he was shown to his room, and was never more seen alive. During the night, while in a fit of temporary insanity, he committed suicide. But the evening I speak of was long before this melancholy period.

Mrs Pope appeared as the wife of the Macgregor, her personality, as described above, eminently qualifying her for the part. Helen does not appear until the third act, when she confronts Thornton and his men in the Pass of Lochard. Her sudden entrance on a point of projecting rock, claymore in hand, to interrogate the Captain, sent a thrill through every vein, and her first words, 'Hold there; stand! Tell me, what seek you in the country of the Macgregor?' roused us to enthusiasm. There was no bravado in her defiance; the brave and injured woman stood there upon her 'native heath,' prepared to do or die. Her deliberate manner and slow utterance served only faintly to conceal the surging passion in her wounded heart. You saw the fierce light of the coming struggle settling on her face, and felt that come what might, she would be equal to either fortune. Anything more august than her bearing after the conflict, I cannot conceive; her eyes sparkled with triumph, and victory seemed to radiate from every limb. Much too elated to be vindictive, I thought I even detected a covert sense of humour in her interview with the Bailie;

but the 'Lament,' heard from afar, struck her dumb for an instant; and before recovery was possible, came the news of her husband's captivity. Now the fire kindled by her wrongs burst into flame, the floodgates of her wrath were burst in her desire for instant vengeance; if smitten, she would return the blow with signal vehemence. The situation here is a fine one, and our actress made the most and best of it; self-contained, there was no ranting, but such an exhibition of suppressed power as is rarely witnessed on the stage nowadays.

The Garrick Theatre was at this period under the management of Conquest and Gomersal—the Gomersal. Conquest being the principal low comedian, was announced to appear as Jerry Sneak in Foote's now almost forgotten farce, *The Mayor of Garratt*. It was a most amusing performance. In 1852, on the death of Rouse, Mr B. O. Conquest became the proprietor of the Grecian Theatre in the City Road, and conducted its affairs with much success until his death in July 1872, at the age of sixty-eight. The evening's entertainments concluded with Howard Payne's drama entitled *Clari, the Maid of Milan*, Freer and Mrs Pope enacting the chief parts. Freer was admirable as Rolamo; but the leading lady failed to convey the remotest idea of the betrayed maiden; she sung the song of 'Home, sweet Home,' plaintively and with expression; nevertheless, the entire assumption was a huge mistake.

Let us now step across the water once more, and take a glance at the dramatic doings on the Surrey side. Can any of my readers call to mind the various excellences of that thoroughly good actor Elton? I dwell upon his histrionic exploits with affectionate remembrance. Though occasionally engaged at the larger houses, his home was on the minor stage, where he was always a welcome favourite. It must, I think, have been about 1834 when I saw him play *William Tell* at the Victoria before one of the most enthusiastic audiences that ever graced a theatre. Unlike Macready, the original exponent of the part, he was small in person, and not by any means robust, did not, in fact, look the character, as did his friendly rival at Drury Lane; but once engaged upon the scene, the genius of the man magnified the actor, until his proportions seemed to grow almost heroic. A fine elocutionist, endowed with a rich melodious voice, exquisitely modulated, he threw such an amount of patriotic fervour into his declamation, that gratification was imminent, and applause compulsory. The looking-glass curtain and the juggler Ramo Samee, who performed in front of it, were additional attractions.

I next met with Elton at the Rotunda in the Blackfriars Road—rather a notable place in those days—where he was engaged to deliver a course of lectures on Shakspeare's plays with illustrations. These were admirably rendered, and obtained much success. An amateur at this season, and eager and willing to learn, in order that I might plant my foot on the lowest rung of the professional ladder, I profited greatly by his instructions. Only twice subsequently did I have the pleasure of seeing him act, and these performances took place on the Surrey stage. The first occasion was made remarkable by its

being one of the final performances of Dowton, previous to his retirement, a fine old actor of the best school. The play was *Henry IV., Part I.* Dowton enacted Falstaff; Butler, Hotspur; and Elton, Prince Henry; the minor characters being filled by members of the regular working company. Again I saw him in Sheridan Knowles's *John of Procida*, an excellent, but unappreciated tragic drama, without dreaming for a moment that that was to be our last meeting. Full of hope, with good engagements awaiting him, abreast of his highest power, he was justified in anticipating a long and prosperous career in his profession. Elton had been fulfilling an engagement in Edinburgh, on the completion of which he took passage in the steamship *Pegasus*, which plied between Leith and Hull; bad weather ensued, and the vessel was lost, July 18, 1843. He had just completed his forty-ninth year.

In the autumn of 1835, a translation from Scribe's *La Juive*, entitled *The Jewess*, was produced at Drury Lane; and the proprietors of the Victoria, not to be behindhand with their patrons, determined on placing a version of the same piece on their own boards. This was accomplished in the December of the same year; and the result was a succession of crowded houses to witness what was perhaps one of the finest spectacular displays ever exhibited. On this occasion, a remarkable feature was introduced—a raised platform was erected, which encircled the pit; and this was traversed by the procession from one side of the stage round to the other. Nor was good acting wanting. Thomas Archer—the original Gessler in *William Tell*, was the Jew Eleazar; N. T. Hicks appeared as Leopold—his first stepping-stone to popularity; Gann was the Cardinal; and Mrs Selby played Rachel the Jewess. This cast was scarcely inferior in talent to that of Drury Lane.

Consequent on the prosperous issue of this venture, the management wisely resorted to the facile pen of Mr J. T. Haines, who furnished them with an excellent historical drama in *Richard Plantagenet*. In brilliancy of effects, this production successfully vied with its predecessor. We had nobles and knights armed cap-à-pie in complete steel and in coats of mail, with richly caparisoned horses; in short, all the gorgeous paraphernalia of a mediaeval pageant. Nor was the attractiveness of this costly display at all diminished by the relative merits of the company engaged. We had Charles Hill, a Surrey favourite; Palmer, from Astley's; Haines, Marshall, and Suter, as principal members; and Miss Richardson, who now became leading lady. Beyond question, the main dramatic interest centres itself in the characteristic portraiture of the insurgent leader Wat Tyler. Haines—of robust habit—invested the part with his own vigorous personality, and made it exceptionally prominent. But indeed the cast all round was equal and efficient; and yet, with all these approved adjuncts, which brought crowded houses nightly, the management failed in recouping themselves, and the theatre closed in the following March.

Mr Haines, the author of *Richard Plantagenet*, was not only a most prolific author, but also a very successful one, some of his productions running for hundreds of nights consecutively;

My Poll and my Partner Joe, for instance. As an actor of certain parts, his talent was conspicuous. He died May 18, 1843, aged forty-five.

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

CHAPTER XI.—ARMED AND LIKE A GIANT.

'LIFE,' said Val Strange, repeating the dictum of the dyspeptic philosopher, 'would be tolerable if it were not for its pleasures.' Fully equipped for the slaughter of pike, and intent especially upon the beguiling of one wary monster, Val stood upon the river-brink, and employed all the arts he knew, and employed them all in vain. In the summer-time, a lover of rural scenery in search of placid beauty might have gone further than the spot and fared much worse; but under the gray, cold mist which lay upon it now, it looked not altogether inviting. Reginald Jolly, stamping his half-frozen feet upon a shelf of rock near at hand, and carrying himself as one who is without interest in anything the world can offer, gave a grunt in answer which might have been either affirmative or negative. The speech which followed the grunt set the matter at rest.

'If you class this with life's pleasures,' said the diminutive man sadly, 'I am with you. Let us go home, like reasonable people.'

'I should like to catch that fellow,' said Val wisely.

'He knows that,' said the little man, 'and in his fishy mind derides you. He is aged, and the years have made him wise.'

'I'll take another cut at him,' Val returned.—'Where are you going? Stop and help to carry him. He weighs half a hundredweight at least.'

'You'll be able to carry all you catch of him,' returned Reginald. 'He scorned the devices of the angler when you were in the cradle. I am going to the mill, to sit by the manager's fire and thaw my bones. When you are tired of luring the ancient Esox of the stream, you'll find me there.'

'I'll come along at once,' said Val reluctantly, 'since you are bent on going.' He got his tackle together whilst the little man executed a grotesque dance with his hands in his pockets; and all things being ready, they marched side by side down stream. After travelling some half-mile through damp and rimy grasses, they came in sight of a raw-looking mass of building on the other side of the river.

'What an ugly thing it is,' said Reginald, nodding at it, 'that paper-mill.'

'Yes,' said Val; 'most things seem to be ugly, if you make money out of them. I mean—that things out of which one makes money are generally ugly. This was my uncle's doing. It spoils the landscape, but it's a valuable property.'

There were two or three barges lying in front of the building, and in one of them a boy was making pretence to do something, conscious of the eye of the proprietor. Val hailed him, and ordered him to bring over a punt. The boy obeyed; and the two friends crossed the stream, and landing, entered the manager's room, where

a cheerful fire blazed on the hearth. The manager was absent; but Val on his own property was of course at home. He stirred the fire, and drawing forward a chair, seated himself.

'Anything to eat and drink?' asked the little man. 'I'm starving.'

'Sherry and sandwiches,' said Val, producing them as he spoke.

Reginald attacked the provender. 'I say, Strange,' he said, arresting a sandwich midway to his mouth, 'you haven't seen my sister, have you?'

'No,' said Val, stirring the fire again, and sitting with the poker in his hand. 'Yes; I have. I met her out riding once, about a fortnight ago, I think.—Why do you ask?'

'I don't know,' returned the little man, with his mouth full. 'I was thinking of her just then. I haven't told you the news yet, I fancy. She's going to be married.'

'Ah!' said Val carelessly. 'And who's the happy man?'

'Who do you think?'

'How should I know?'

'Lumby!'

'Lumby?' said Val. 'They haven't known each other long, have they?'

'Three or four months, perhaps,' said Reginald. 'It's rather sudden; but you never saw a man so gone in all your life.' He laughed, irreverent of the tender passion. 'I like Lumby, though,' he added. 'He's a good fellow, and I suppose he's a good match. If he weren't,' pursued the candid youth, 'the governor wouldn't have stood it. She's had lots of chances; but they were all a poverty-stricken lot who came. It's hard lines to be poor when you go into the matrimonial market.—You're not a marrying sort of man, are you, Strange?'

'No,' said Val, toying with the poker still; 'I think not. I don't know. I shall marry some day, I suppose.'

'It's a sort of thing,' said Reginald, with much philosophy, 'that runs in families.'

'Lumby is a good fellow,' said Val, balancing the poker. 'I like Lumby.'

'I suppose he's rich?' inquired Reginald.

'Will be,' answered Val shortly.—'Let's go home.'

'Wait a bit,' returned the other; 'I want to get warm.—What's the matter with you? You look as sulky as the pike which still lies among his reeds.'

'I should have liked to catch that fellow,' said Val, brightening up a little.

'There are two sides to everything,' said the young philosopher. 'He's happier as he is.'

Val threw the poker into the fireplace with a clang. 'Come along!' he cried, rising. 'Let us go home. This place makes me dull, I think.'

Reginald, with some protests, arose; and the two left the mill and struck out afoot across the fields. Val was a little preoccupied, and conversation languished. They came, after a walk of two miles, to Strange's house; and having washed and made some alterations in dress, they went to luncheon.

'It's a rather odd thing,' said Reginald, 'that you and I should have been chums so long, and that you should never have met my people.'

'I don't know,' said Strange, who was unusually depressed. 'I shall see them to-morrow.'

'We shall have quite a houseful,' pursued the other. 'Old Langton's there, and the three girls. Nice girls. I'm in love more or less with all three of 'em; but I can't afford it. Now, you might marry one of 'em, if you liked—you, "with lands in Kent and messuages in York," can marry whom you will.'

'Oh,' said Val abstractedly, 'I sha'n't marry.'

'You never,' said Reginald, 'did what you said you would do; and you generally do what you say you won't do. I'll bet all I'm worth, you marry within five years.'—Strange made no response to this challenge.—'Within three years,' pursued the challenger. 'Within two. Come, now!'

'I don't know,' said Val, rousing suddenly, 'that I ought to go to-morrow to your place, Jolly.'

'Why?' asked his companion.

'Henderson has been at me for a week past,' said Val; 'I've seen no accounts for a quarter of a year. They'll take a day or two, and'—

'Pooh!' said Reginald, taking advantage of the pause. 'I've asked you three times. If you don't like to come, say so.'

'Don't like to come?' cried Val, positively flushing in his warmth. 'I'll forgive you that, old man. Never mind. Let business slide for a while. I'll be with you.' After this little burst, he fell again into moodiness; and his companion finding him intractably dull, retired to the billiard-room, and there solaced himself with a book and a cigar. Dinner-time came, and Val was in wild spirits, talking with random brilliance; but in the evening he faded back to his afternoon condition.

'What is the matter with you?' cried his companion at last, throwing away a book, and taking his stand on the hearth-rug.

'I'm hipped,' said Strange. 'If you had come out of that lovely Neapolitan climate into this beastly English winter, you'd feel the same. To think that I might have stayed there, and that I didn't! To think I might go back now, and that I don't! What fools we are, to be sure!'

'Apropos,' said the philosopher with a grin, 'how it soothes a man to speak in the plural number. It's easy to say, "What fools we are;" hard to acknowledge, "What a fool I am." Isn't it, Val?'

'Well,' returned Val, 'what a fool I am.'

'Are you?' asked Reginald, with provoking coolness. It was not to be wondered at that Val at once departed for his bedroom with a mere 'good-night.' His friend looked after him with sly humour in every wrinkle of his comic face. 'I think I can lay my finger on the affected spot,' he mused. 'Here's another man in love. Things are a bit rough with him. Perhaps she's too great a swell—perhaps somebody else is in the way—perhaps she has pronounced the fatal "No." Anyway, he's in love, and unprosperous. He will marry some time. He won't marry. The mere mention of an engagement to be married sets him off, and he spends a whole afternoon and evening in brooding about somebody else's luck and his own ill-fortune. I wonder if ever I shall be taken that way? Oh, my dear young man, if ever you are attacked with that complaint, turn hermit till it's over. For if Strange is laughable, and Lumby comic, think what

you'd be, you bald-headed little beggar—think, and tremble!'

Whatever cause disturbed Val Strange's peace of mind, it was certainly not clear to himself. Perhaps he was merely suffering from the ennui which inevitably results from an aimless life. It is beyond dispute that he was in an abominable temper, and this was all the more remarkable from the ordinary placidity and sweetness of his ways. He threw a boot at his valet, and drove that obsequious friendly attendant from the chamber in bodily fear; then laughed at his own anger, and sat down by the bedside to gnaw his moustache, and think gloomily about nothing in particular.

It was not in the nature of the attack itself, or in the nature of the man affected by it, that this unpleasant mental condition should last long, and in the morning Val descended in his customary spirits. Yesterday's mists had cleared away from the fields as well as from his mind; the wintry air was keen and bracing; the drive, to youth and recovered jollity, a real pleasure. Reginald introduced his friend with all due ceremony.

'Mr Strange,' said Mr Jolly, after the first few commonplaces of conversation had passed, 'I am told that you have quite a wonderful collection of British birds.'

'There's something of the sort at my place, I believe,' said Val.

'I have no doubt that mine is but a poor exhibition after yours; but I should like you to see it.'

'I took them over from the late proprietor,' said Mr Jolly, waving his hand, as they entered a long chamber which contained the collection. 'I think I shall complete the collection, and hand it over to the British Museum or some kindred institution. This,' indicating a moth-eaten owl, 'is the renowned'—he fixed his double-glasses, and failing at a casual glance to make out the Latin inscription, bent lower, murmuring—'the renowned—the renowned—in short, a species of bird with which you are no doubt familiar.' The inscription was indecipherable, and Mr Jolly was the least thing in the world embarrassed.

'I am like Hamlet,' said Val; 'I can tell a hawk from a heron when the wind is nor'-nor'-west.'

'Exactly,' returned Mr Jolly—'exactly.' His manner was a little abstracted.—'Oh, by the way,' he cried, suddenly turning upon his guest with a smile of surprise, 'I fancy, Mr Strange, that you and Gerard Lumby are old friends. Reginald has told me so, if I remember aright.'

'We were at Rugby and Oxford together,' Val answered.

'A charming fellow Lumby,' said Mr Jolly—'a charming fellow. Frank, unaffected, English.' He spoke with an approach to fervour.

'He's a good fellow,' said Strange—'a very good fellow.'

'You moderns,' said the host with great geniality, 'are terrible fellows. I have been young myself; I have heard the chimes at midnight. We thought we travelled at a good pace in those days, but you leave us far behind.'

'How?' inquired Val.

'Every way,' said the genial elder—'every way. You travel like tornadoes. You do everything off the reel, whether you storm a fort, make a

tour round the world, or engage yourselves to be married. Nothing takes so long a time as it used to take.'

'Except dinner,' responded Val.

'Except dinner,' laughed the host. 'Exactly—exactly. In all other matters, you go headlong. Your friend Gerard, for instance, has quite amazed us all.' It was Mr Jolly's constant misfortune that he could not find the *juste milieu*. He was always on this side of the line or the other, and in any mood, transparently unreal.

'What does he want to find out about Gerard?' Val asked himself. Believing in the extreme subtlety of his own approach, Mr Jolly advanced behind his mask of genial candour.

'He might write like Cæsar—"I came, I saw, I overcame." It was very sudden; but when young people are so impetuously resolved, what can old people do but yield. And after all, an honest love-match is the best thing. I don't pretend to have any scorn for money. I could very well have endured to see my daughter married to a wealthy man.'

'Ah!' thought Val to himself, 'he wants to know the true extent of Lumby's fortune. What an ingenuous, artless old fife he is!' A smile, quickly suppressed, played on Val's features, and he added aloud: 'People think too much of money in affairs of that sort, nowadays, Mr Jolly. And Lumby has a nice little competence, after all.'

Mr Jolly turned upon him a countenance of swift amazement, and his jaw fell. 'Yes,' he said, tremulously—whilst, in the words of the great soothsayer, 'an ice-taloned pang shot through brain and pericardium'—'a nice little competence.' Would it be necessary to break off the match? A nice little competence merely, was not what he wanted. Was it possible that rumour had deceived him? The Lumbies kept no style after all, and a mere two thousand a year might keep them going as they were. What if the wealth were all a bubble? It could not be true.

Val, with an inward laugh, came to his relief. 'A very nice little competence indeed.' He could not resist the temptation to a little solemn chaff at this unskilful fisherman's expense. 'Forgive me, Mr Jolly, if I exercise so much freedom as to compliment you upon your generosity and unworldliness. But even in these extravagant days, a young couple may do very well on five-and-twenty thousand a year.'

The unskilful fisherman breathed again; but even now the smile he forced was all awry. 'You are surely jesting, Mr Strange. Five-and-twenty thousand a year is a large fortune. The Lumbies live as modestly as I do, and I am not a wealthy man.'

'Fact, I assure you,' said Val lightly. 'That's the tune to which old Lumby's annual income may be said to dance in to him. I don't suppose he spends much more than a tenth part of it. He is saving everything for Gerard.'

'You amaze me!' said the disinterested parent. 'I thought,' he added with a touch of emotion, which seemed to him quite proper in the circumstances, 'of nothing but my daughter's happiness.'

'Of course,' said Val, smiling to think of the fright he had given him.

'And after all,' said Mr Jolly, with easy stoicism, 'wealth and happiness are separate

things. Five-and-twenty thousand pounds a year! You amaze me, Mr Strange—you amaze me.'

Mr Jolly had forgotten the collection of British birds by this time; but Val, mischievously feigning an interest in it, went carefully round among the feathered creatures, and examined them with great minuteness, until the joke began to pall, when he released his host, long since weary, but unable gracefully to escape. The room in which the collection was arranged opened upon the garden, and Mr Jolly led the way thither. Strange had not yet encountered Constance a second time; but he saw her now standing at a window which opened flush upon the lawn. Almost for the first time in his life he felt awkward, and his legs and his arms seemed a little in his way. He felt her eyes upon him, and had a ridiculous contest within himself as to whether or not he ought to bow to her, as though he were a schoolboy, or an aspiring shopman whose study of the *Book of Etiquette*—priced at sixpence, and written by a Member of the Aristocracy—had as yet been incomplete. And this was Val Strange, whose eligible bachelorhood had introduced him to rank and beauty half over England, and who was rumoured quite a killing personage among the fair. It was surely somewhat surprising. Constance threw open the window and made way for them to enter.

'My dear,' said her father, 'this is Mr Strange, an old friend of Gerard's.—This is my daughter, Mr Strange.'

Mr Strange bowed, and plunged into small-talk, whereof he was accounted a master. Constance answered with a pleased and pleasing vivacity, and Val's unaccountable awkwardness vanished. The great slow Gerard had none of the polite arts, and no capacity for small-talk in the world. When he had a chance of spending an hour with Constance, he sat and adored; and being adored, young ladies, is dull work in the long-run, let me tell you, unless you adore in return. Then—ah, then!—who shall say how much of heaven's own colour is flashed across the sober gray of common hours! The proverb says that Love begets Love. But that is only true when Love can surround its object with sweet observances, not when it can do nothing but sit and worship with devout eyes and hungry heart in the presence of other people. And since that day when Gerard had pleaded his own cause with such success, he had never seen Constance alone; and even if he had, might scarcely have dared to plead it anew in like manner. And so the influence he had gained, faded, and was lost; and a noticeable thing came out of it, for no influence that ever the world saw set a-rolling yet, stood still before it had set something else in motion. Gerard had broken beyond the magic circle of maidenly reserve, and it was no longer *absolutely* sacred. And beside that was this fact—that Constance, being disposed of in the matrimonial market, and her disposal being known to the world she moved in, was not liable to misconstruction if she surrendered herself to pleasant human speech with nice people of the sterner sex. She was not leading on Val Strange to a declaration—she had no need to try to lead anybody to a declaration any more. She could be herself, and could lay down her guarding

weapons of coldness and hauteur and the rest, and no man could come to heart-wreck any more because of her. Observe also, that if all men were to be henceforth accounted safe from her, she also thought herself safe from any assault which Love might make. For was she not engaged to be married to Gerard? And what made the thing safer yet than safety need be, was that Val Strange was Gerard's friend. And again—to heap up reasons—what reasonable young woman thinks that every pleasant man with whom she talks is going to fall in love with her?

On Val's side, love was far enough away to begin with—or at least seemed so. He acknowledged Constance's beauty, as any but a blind man would have been obliged to do. He felt something of the fascination of her manner, but as yet not in an alarming degree. He thought Gerard a man to be congratulated, but not as yet a man to be envied.

Gerard was so near a neighbour, that he came over only as a privileged guest, and stayed his hour or two, and went away again; or made one in a shooting-party, dined afterwards at Mr Jolly's table, and rode home to sleep. Val on the other hand was in the house, and saw much more of Constance than did her accepted lover. She too saw more of him than of Gerard. There was no fancy of unfaithfulness to her mind. Her lover bored her, that was all, and the other man amused and interested her. And so the tragedy began.

One day, Constance and Milly—who by this time were fast friends, and bound in the bonds of an enduring sisterhood, after the manner of young ladies who have known each other intimately for a week or two—rode to the meet to see the hounds throw off. Mr Jolly, who had never jumped a hedge in his life, used to announce with a pensive sigh of regret, that his hunting days were over, and he and Val were escort to the ladies. Gerard was at the meet, but for some reason unknown, forbore to follow the hounds. Strange had taken his place at the side of Constance, Mr Jolly was pompously playing at politeness with Milly, when Gerard rode after them and joined Constance, assuming the position to which his right entitled him. Val fell behind, and on a sudden, black Jealousy rose up in his heart, armed and like a giant. And with that the scales fell from his eyes, and he saw, and trembled at the precipice upon whose edge he stood, the abyss into which that same black giant threatened to toss him. For when Society has done its absolute best with a man, when it has given him a knowledge of the classics and taught him a foreign language or two, and dowered him with social gifts, and has in short polished him, until he scarce knows himself in his new-found brilliance, it has left him at bottom where he was before, and the passions are with him still, eternal and ineradicable. Fear, and Remorse, and Hate, and Rage, and Jealousy, and Love, with all the rest, live on in spite of civilisation, and make life noble as the soul guides them, or make life ignoble as they guide the soul. All human history is built on them, all human life environed with them. They fire the deathless lines of Æschylus, and

sprinkle with dews of Hermon and of Tophet great Shakspeare's page; and with them the masters of fiction still awe and melt us; and the merest yokel who reads the daily papers may see them alive among us to this day.

And with two of that Titanic band it was Val Strange's lot to fight, until he won or fell; for in a battle with the passions there is no drawn-fight possible. Love and Jealousy came out of their hiding-places, and called Honour to the conflict. Lumby was Val's friend; but with Val, friendship was not, as it is with some rare man here and there, a passion. Yet he was fond of Gerard, and would have done much for him. He watched the accepted lover from this time in all his interviews with Constance. He could not doubt the worship in Gerard's eyes; but he saw no responsive glance in the maid's when she looked at her declared wooer. He saw that Constance brightened when she talked with *him*, that her whole manner was changed and triste when Gerard sat by her.

'It is a mere sale for money,' he cried within himself, raging. 'She does not care for him. If I were free to plead, she might listen. She might learn to love me. She will never care for him.'

Gerard was blind to Constance's weariness in his own presence, and had no jealousy for Val's advances. He was like Othello—once to be in doubt was once to be resolved—and he was himself so loyal-hearted, that by nature he and Suspicion dwelt in opposite camps, and held no communion. And so the tragedy went forward.

A FEW NOTES ON SIBERIA.

PERHAPS the leading idea which the name of Siberia calls up in the popular mind is associated with its unpleasant notoriety as the chief penal settlement of Russia, to which criminals and social and political offenders of every kind are being continually drafted off in hundreds. It is a country about which little was formerly known, and probably that little was sufficient for the demand. In our maps it was conspicuous simply by its blankness; and the public mind, so far as any adequate knowledge of the country went, was as blank as the maps. Indeed, until a comparatively recent period, it may be said to have been an unknown land. Yet, notwithstanding all its physical drawbacks, the country is showing signs of improvement, its valuable produce in minerals and furs being alone sufficient to give it a position of some importance in the commercial world. We take the opportunity, therefore, of the publication of a book on the subject, entitled *Frozen Asia*, by C. H. Eden, F.R.G.S. (London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), to lay some information on Siberia before our readers.

For present purposes, Siberia may be defined geographically as an immense crescent-shaped tract of country, circling along the northern borders of Asia, and presenting its hollow or concave edge to the Arctic Ocean. So vast a country is far from being uniform in its physical characteristics, the degree of its sterility varying with its latitude and configuration. Its southern margin, adjoining the confines of Turkestan and the Chinese Empire, is in general

well watered and fertile. Farther north are the Mining Districts, and beyond these the Wooded Region, the latter 'unadapted to cultivation, the whole extent being clothed with varieties of pine and fir, amidst whose gloomy forests the fur-bearing animals find a home.' Farthest north of all lies what is called the Tundra, an immense tract of country extending along the shores of the Arctic Ocean for more than three thousand miles, and varying from one hundred and thirty to four hundred and fifty miles in breadth. This is in general a low level plain, destitute of trees, with a dreary uniformity of landscape, its soil to an immense depth frozen hard as iron, which the short summer is only able to thaw to about a foot below the surface. Yet, melancholy as this land is, towards its inner border there are numerous little valleys, which have been described by Seeböhm as 'complete gardens of the most brilliant wild-flowers, swarming with birds by thousands and tens of thousands, enjoying during the summer season a perpetual day.'

As might be inferred from the nature of the country, Siberia is very sparsely populated, there being less than three and a-half millions of inhabitants scattered over a territory of nearly five million square miles. As Mr Eden observes: 'Many third-class English towns contain more inhabitants than a Siberian province, and our great metropolis in itself numbers more souls than the entire length and breadth of Northern Asia.'

Siberia was, so to speak, late in being discovered. It was hardly known to the Russians before the middle of the sixteenth century, since which time, however, they have made repeated incursions upon it, thereby gradually overcoming the native tribes, till now it may be said that the whole is practically under the sway of the Czar. For the purposes of government it has, since 1822, been divided into two immense but unequal portions—Western and Eastern Siberia, each presided over by a Governor-general, and each further divided into districts and provinces, ruled over by officers who receive all orders from their Governor-general, and can only apply to the court of St Petersburg through him. The religion of the people is of a mixed kind, partly that of the Greek Church alternating with a bastard form of Christianity called Shamanism, and partly that of the Buddhists.

The aboriginal or native races of Siberia are split up into several divisions—Voguls, Ostiaks, Buriates, &c., nearly twenty in all, many of them presenting interesting points of study to the ethnologist. They are generally small in stature, with the round broad face and prominent cheek-bones of the Mongols. Their habits, dress, and manners are of a very rude and primitive type. They seem rarely to build houses, but content themselves with *yurts*, or huts, constructed of a few poles stuck in the ground or the snow, and covered with reindeer skins or birch bark. During the winter the men occupy themselves chiefly in hunting wild animals for the sake of their fur; and when winter is past, leading a life of indolence, loafing about their *yurts* sleeping or smoking, and 'breathing an atmosphere that few European lungs could stand; for clouds of gnats compel them to fill their miserable huts with suffocating

smoke, which in a measure baffles the tormenting insects.' In the matter of dress, the most essential articles are precisely similar both for men and women, and but that the latter cover their faces with a veil, a stranger would find considerable difficulty in distinguishing between the sexes. Their feet and lower limbs are incased in coverings of deer-hide; while the same material, with the fur turned inwards, constitutes the outer garment, which resembles in appearance the French blouse, sewn together in a sack-like form, having an opening to put the head through, and furnished with sleeves. A pair of gloves, with the hair outside, and a hood to cover the head and neck, complete their equipment. Their garments are well adapted to the rigorous clime in which they live, and are so constructed as to form little or no impediment to free action in their chief occupation, which is hunting.

Many of the habits and customs of these people are very singular. Along with much rudeness and simplicity, they have a high degree of ingenuity. At night, for instance, an Ostiak can tell the time very accurately by judging the position of the Great Bear; and as this constellation is constantly varying with the season, the operation involves on the part of the Ostiak a calculation of some magnitude. In common with all barbarous and semi-barbarous races, they manifest great dexterity in the use of weapons. In shooting small animals such as squirrels, hares, &c., for the sake of their fur, care is taken that the animal shall be struck on the head only; and in this the natives seldom fail, even though their rifles are very clumsy in construction. With the bow and arrow, which is the weapon most in use, they are equally dexterous. Their method of capturing salmon, as described by a Cossack officer who witnessed it, is peculiar. In marching through the country at the head of a detachment, he encamped one evening on the banks of a river; and on the following morning he observed one of the natives walk to a pool near at hand, into which he waded, and then stood motionless as a statue, his spear poised aloft, and his keen eyes fixed on the water before him. Not a movement indicated that life inhabited the figure, until, with lightning rapidity, the spear was launched forward, and as quickly withdrawn, a fine salmon quivering on its barbed point. Three times in twenty minutes was this operation performed, and each time a fish rewarded the native's skill. And yet their cleverness is but slightly applied to the arts of life. The Tungusoes, for instance, use bear and reindeer skins to form their beds; but as they have never discovered the art of tanning, these articles when not in use are buried beneath the snow, by which means the hair is prevented from falling off. This same tribe, too, are remarkably improvident; they will consume nearly a week's provisions in one night, and go hungry the remaining six days. Over against this, however, must be placed their detestation of robbery, which is regarded by them as an unpardonable sin.

Among the Buriates, another tribe, a ceremony is used for the detection of theft which has a strong family likeness to some of the methods at one time in vogue in this country for the detection of witchcraft. 'When a robbery has taken place,' says Mr Eden, 'and a shaman (or sorcerer) is called in to discover the guilty person, he places

his drum and dress before the burning embers of a fire; and the suspected individual is placed near these garments, facing the sun, in which position he invokes most dreadful anathemas on his own head if he is guilty. The sorcerer, who has been eyeing him closely, now advances and throws butter upon the embers; whereupon the accused steps over the drum and dress, swallows some of the smoke thrown up by the butter, and looking up at the sun, expresses a hope that the great luminary will deprive him of both light and heat if he has sworn falsely. After this, he is required to bite the head of a bear, a liberty which the animal will suffer patiently if the accused is innocent; but if forsworn, Bruin will return the compliment with compound interest.' The narrator adds, what is quite to be expected, that 'the Buriates, even when conscious of their rectitude, are much averse to this ceremony, not entertaining the shaman's high ideas respecting a bear's power of always discriminating aright between guilt and innocence.'

Many odd superstitions exist among the various tribes. When a Gilak dies, and is buried, a small wooden house is erected over his ashes by his sorrowing relatives; and as they believe that the soul after death takes up its abode in the body of a favourite dog, that unhappy animal is sacrificed at the grave of his late master, after having been fattened for the occasion. Again, a Gilak will feel himself dreadfully aggrieved if you ask permission to light your pipe at his fire, fully believing that a single spark taken from his habitation will occasion some great disaster, such as the death of a near friend, or a total failure in fishing and hunting. The reindeer holds a deservedly prominent place in the esteem and affections of the Siberians. Some tribes, although they have large herds of reindeer, betray the greatest aversion to kill these animals for food, subsisting almost entirely on the bodies of the game which they take for the sake of their fur. Unless a family is very rich, its members never think of slaughtering a reindeer until they have been eight days without food. This half-superstitious reverence for the reindeer assumes an odd form among the Koriaks and Tschuktschis. 'They will sell a traveller as many dead animals as he likes to buy; but neither love, money—no, nor brandy—will induce them to part with a single deer as long as life remains in his body. Offer them five hundred pounds of tobacco for a live reindeer, and they will refuse it; let them turn it into venison, and the carcass is yours for a string of glass beads. During the two years and a half that the members of the Russo-American Telegraph Company were scattered over Siberia, not one of their parties succeeded in purchasing a single living reindeer from either the Koriaks or Tschuktschis, notwithstanding the enormous prices in tobacco, copper kettles, &c., which they offered for what, to them, was an absolute necessity.' They were indebted to the Tungooses for such deer as they obtained.

The same tribe of Koriaks here referred to have another peculiarity which they evince very strongly—namely, a conviction that all men are equal—refusing to show personal respect to any individual, however exalted his rank. An amusing instance of this democratic feeling is narrated in connection with a Russian major, who wished

to get what he wanted from the natives by impressing them with a proper sense of his rank and power. For this purpose, he called one of the oldest and most influential of them one day, and proceeded to tell him, through an interpreter, how rich he was, what rank he held, what immense resources in the way of rewards and punishments he possessed, and how becoming it was that poor wandering heathen should treat him with reverence and veneration. The old Koriak, squatting on his heels, listened to this enumeration of the officer's attributes without moving a muscle of his face; but finally, when the interpreter had finished, he rose slowly, walked up to the major with imperturbable gravity, and with the most benignant and patronising condescension, patted him softly on the head. 'The major turned red, and broke out into a laugh; but he never tried again to overawe a Koriak.'

But these native races, with all their oddities of thought and habit, their curious customs of marriage, death, and burial, are a decaying people. Mr Eden is of opinion that although, upon the whole, they have been benefited by their subjugation to Russia, yet the latter has among other things introduced disease and brandy, which between them are doing much mischief. The tribal wars are now, however, at an end, and the various races are free to turn their attention to the arts of peace. 'Still they are dwindling away; broad though that inhospitable area of steppe and tundra may be, it is too circumscribed for the conquerors and the conquered to dwell side by side. Years may elapse before it come to pass, but the aboriginal races of Siberia are doomed ultimately to perish.'

The country is very rich in minerals, and in these and furs the chief commerce is done. In the south-western districts, adjoining Russia, iron-foundries have been worked for two hundred years, though the most of the manufactures have sprung into existence but recently. At Neviansk, in the Ural, very good bar-iron is produced, which, when manufactured into domestic utensils, finds its way to every part of Siberia. The clumsy rifles we have before alluded to, are made at this place also, these weapons costing only a guinea and a-half, but said, as regards accuracy, to bear comparison with the masterpieces of English makers. In other districts there are copper and iron works, copper mines producing malachite, as also valuable deposits of platinum. The government works at Barantchinsk turn out shot and shell; and at Kamensk, ordnance of very heavy calibre is manufactured. On the Kirghiz steppes, nitre is abundantly found, and is utilised in the production of the coarse gunpowder used by the natives. In the Ural, there are quarries of porphyry, jasper, and agate, which are worked into stupendous columns by machinery of the most ingenious description. 'The labour required to cut out a solid column is enormous, and the workmen have recourse to a very clever expedient which lightens their toil. Having selected the portion of jasper that they wish to separate, they proceed to drill holes a few inches apart, along the whole length of the block, to the depth required. When this operation is completed, they drive into the holes thoroughly dried birch-wood treenails, on which they then pour a quantity of water.

This the thirsty wood soaks up, which causes it to swell; and the lateral strength thus exerted throughout the whole length of the line simultaneously, rives the stubborn rock from its bed, to be lowered down in triumph by its ingenious assailants. The jasper thus obtained is of a dark-green colour, and the enormous vases sometimes seen of this material are made at Kolyvan.' Besides the minerals mentioned, the quarries of Siberia also produce mica and plumbago; and a considerable trade in fossil ivory is conducted at Yakutsk.

For many years the great drawback to Siberian commerce was the absence of communication between Europe and the northern coast of the country. Three large rivers debouch into the Arctic Sea from Siberia—the Obi, the Yenisei, and the Lena; and it was felt that if communication could be had by sea with the mouths of one or other of these rivers, the problem as to Siberian commerce would be solved. Captain Wiggins of Dundee had formed the idea that the thing was practicable; and in the summer of 1874 he successfully tested the correctness of his views, having sailed from Dundee on June 3d, and arrived in the Gulf of Obi on the 5th of August. In the following year, that intrepid explorer Nordenskiöld, similarly took the matter in hand, and succeeded in reaching the mouth of the Yenisei in a Norwegian sloop, ascending the river, and proceeding himself overland to St Petersburg, whilst his vessel returned by sea to Norway. Numerous explorers have followed since then, and the practicability of a route between Europe and the Siberian rivers is fairly established. This was all that seemed awaiting to the development of the commerce of Northern Asia; and now that it has been effected, we may anticipate that the splendid mineral produce and costly furs of Siberia will find their way more readily into European markets, and that the Siberians themselves will reap corresponding advantages of a higher kind, by being thus brought more intimately into contact with the great centres of civilisation.

SETTING THE SNARES.

CHAPTER I.

At a retired village in Surrey, there lived, some twelve or fourteen years ago, Mrs Francis Richmond, a widow lady, with her family, consisting of two boys and two girls. The boys were the eldest and the youngest of these; Arthur, the senior, being a fine lad of some seventeen years of age; high-spirited and truthful, as boys should be, but never exercising his spirit, as do too many boys, in thwarting or opposing his mother's wishes. That Mrs Richmond was intensely fond of him, may be taken for granted; and there was every excuse for her doting on the candid, bright-eyed, active lad, who grew every day more and more like his dead father.

The village in which they lived, although within twenty miles of the Metropolis, was so quiet, and its population so limited, that when Arthur had finished his education at an excellent school in the neighbourhood, she feared she should be obliged to part with him and let him go to London. For Mrs Richmond's income was a small one, barely large enough to keep them all

in the plainest respectability; while, to give Arthur his education, the widow had been obliged to trench seriously on the limited fund which her husband, Mr Francis Richmond, had left her. Fortunately, however, a gentleman residing in the nearest town took notice of, and a liking to Arthur; made inquiries about the family; and finally waited upon the widow and offered to take the boy into his office without a premium. This gentleman, a Mr Rodpole, was the chief architect and surveyor of that district, while his office was, for a long-striding youth like Arthur, within walking distance, so that he could go and come every day. It need hardly be told how thankfully the offer was accepted. Arthur went at once; his conduct was all that was expected of him; and at the opening of our story he had been at his profession about a year, was now nearly nineteen, and was making rapid progress.

Mrs Richmond was happier than she had been for years; the dread of parting with her idolised son was removed; she was proud to hear of his advancement, and no day passed without her gratitude breaking forth into thanks, when she remembered that now they need never separate. Every alternate Saturday it was Arthur's privilege to remain at home all day. The office closed at one; and Mr Rodpole, who seldom attended on Saturday, allowed his staff, when no special business was on, to take the morning in addition alternately. So, on this bright April morning, Arthur stood with his mother in the little front garden of their cottage, listening to various improvements which Mrs Richmond was suggesting, and which they themselves were to effect; the casual assistance even of a gardener being a thing not to be thought of by the family. As they were so engaged, the village postman came up. His calls at the cottage were so rare, that they scarcely glanced at him; but the next moment he opened the wicket, and holding out a letter for Mrs Richmond, gave the packet, and trudged off.

'Why, who can this be from?' exclaimed the lady. 'I don't know the writing. And what a curious stamp!'

'It is from America,' said Arthur—'from the United States. Let us go in and see what it is about.'

'I do not know any one there,' said Mrs Richmond, complying with the request of her son; and then seating herself in the little front parlour, she opened the letter. 'It is such curious writing,' she continued; 'and the blue paper so dazzles my eyes, that I can scarcely make it out. You had better read it, Arthur. But first tell me who it is from.'

She handed the epistle to her son, who, glancing at the signature, exclaimed: 'From Absalom Holt. Who is he?'

'Oh, I have heard of him,' returned Mrs Richmond; 'but not for many years. He is a connection by marriage of your dear father's. What can he have to say?'

'Well, I will tell you, mother,' responded Arthur; 'I will read the letter, and settle our doubts. Now, here it is.'

"Holt's Rancho"——

'Holt's *what*?' interposed the lady.

"Holt's Rancho," repeated Arthur. 'I don't

know what that means. It is the name of a place, I suppose. But let us go on.

"HOLT'S RANCHE, ANDREW JACKSON CITY,
COLORADO, *March* —, 18—.

"MY DEAR MADAM RICHMOND—I expect that so many changes have eventuated since I wrote to you or your husband, who is now dead, that you will scarcely remember my name. But I married Francis Richmond's sister, who proved a good wife, but who is now also dead. She spoke so well of her brother, which was natural, and of his wife, which I reckon is not so common, that I have a kinder taken a fancy to you and your family. So, as I am getting in years, and am lonely, the relative who has been located here having left me, I write to ask your boy to come out; I believe your eldest is a boy. I am considerable prosperous, and will refer you to the firm of Swope, Jerabody, & Co., of 4 Magwen Court, in the City of London, for guarantees. If you conclude to send the youth out, the firm just named are authorised to hand you the sum of one thousand dollars, or its equivalent in English money, for his expenses. I should wish him to come out as soon as possible, as it will be dull in the fall, with no one around. There is splendid buffalo and antelope shooting here; while the creek which runs through the ranche has the finest trout in the territory. I do not make big promises; but if the boy comes, and behaves well, he shall have the best ranche in the western territories, and some dollars besides. Please write at once in reply.—I am, Madam, yours truly, ABSALOM HOLT."

At the conclusion, Arthur drew a long breath and looked at his mother, who had turned very pale during the reading; then said: 'I—I wonder what sort of a place his farm is! Ranche means a farm. Don't you think so, mother?'

'I am sorry this letter ever came,' returned the poor lady, putting her handkerchief to her eyes for a moment. 'I had a presentiment it was for no good, directly I saw it in the post-man's hands.'

'But, dear mother, you need not distress yourself about it,' said Arthur, rising, and putting his arm tenderly round his mother's neck. 'We need take no notice of it.'

'Ah! my dear,' replied Mrs Richmond, 'I feel—I am sure we shall take some notice of it. I feel, and am sure that you will go to that dreadful place. But first we will speak to Mr Rodpole; he will perhaps tell us what we ought to do.—You would not like to be a farmer; would you, Arthur?'

Arthur tried to answer his mother in the most comforting manner possible, but he was unable to say he would not like to be a farmer; he had thought very little of such a mode of life, previously; but the visions of antelopes and buffaloes—real buffaloes!—the shooting, and the trout in the creek, were exercising a fascinating influence over him.

Mr Rodpole was consulted; and this gentleman was struck with admiration at the opening it presented for the boy. He only wished, he said, that some one would write with such an offer for the whole of his tribe. He had ten sons and daughters; they should pack, every

Jack and Jill among them. This was very different from the opinion Mrs Richmond had hoped to hear, and she was proportionally disheartened by the interview. It was even worse when Mr Rodpole returned from Messrs Swope, Jerabody, & Co., to whose office he went the very next day, paying a special visit to London for that purpose. He came on to the cottage, delighted; congratulated Arthur, congratulated his mother, again regretted that it was not his own case, and said that the firm in Magwen Court gave Mr Holt the highest character. One of the partners, whom Mr Rodpole saw, had just returned from the West, and reported that Mr Holt was the wealthiest proprietor in his district; that he was highly respected; and as for cashing his draft for a thousand dollars—their New York branch would gladly do it for twenty times the sum!

This favourable report naturally increased the excitement in Arthur to fever-heat; and while he might have hesitated, by himself, to press forward a change which evidently gave his mother pain, yet the energy of a stranger in the matter was irresistible. Supported by Mr Rodpole, Arthur could urge his wishes; and poor Mrs Richmond, dreading lest she was selfishly opposing that which would benefit her son, only feebly resisted their arguments. So a letter of acceptance was written; the draft was paid; Arthur's passage was taken by the Cunard steamer *Celebes*; his outfit bought, including an excellent gun; and the day of his departure arrived.

Mrs Richmond went to Liverpool with her boy, who was—as any boy would be—buoyed up with visions, so splendid and so delightfully impossible, that he formed a marked contrast to his mother, whose power to call up such phantasies had long since faded from her mind. But one vision constantly recurred, one promise he continually made, which was, that directly he began to be a farmer and understood how to make money, the first thing to be done was to send over for his mother, for Grace, for Alice, and for Gus, his young brother. Of all the pictures which moved so brightly before his eyes, this was the brightest and best; and this was the last one he uttered as he kissed his mother's tears away for the last time, ere she left the huge ship for the satellite which took her back to the shore.

The incidents of a voyage from Liverpool to New York have been told too often to allow of their possessing the slightest claim to novelty, especially when no wreck, fire, or even hurricane has to be detailed. The *Celebes* happily escaped these exciting but dangerous incidents, and made her voyage in good time; and when at length the vessel was fairly in harbour, the tender alongside to receive luggage and take passengers on shore, and the hasty friendships of a week were dissolving like melting wax, Arthur, who knew that no one was likely to come to New York to meet him, was growing lonely, as one after another of his late companions passed him with just a slight nod of recognition and farewell. He did not know where to go; he could see already that there would be no lack of choice, but the difficulty was, where to make that choice. He was about to descend the gang-

way to the tender, whither most of his fellow-passengers had already preceded him, when a voice said: 'What hotel are you going to, sir?—Excuse my asking the question, but you seem alone, as I am.'

Arthur turned, and saw a dark young man, some few years older than himself, about whose clothes, hat, hair, and beard there was a certain unmistakable cut and style, which he had already learned to recognise as American. 'I do not remember to have seen you during the voyage,' said Arthur. 'Have you been ill all the time?' They had descended the gangway while speaking, and now stood on the deck of the tender.

'Ha! ha! that is a good idea,' said the stranger. 'No; I have not been a passenger by the old *Celebes*. I arrived in New York this morning, to meet an elderly relative who was coming in her, I thought; but I have had my trouble for nothing. My own home is a long way off, so when I saw you standing alone, and—as I fancied—undecided, I took the liberty of speaking to you. I ought to apologise'—

'O no! far from that!' exclaimed Arthur. 'I am very glad you did speak; for I was making up my mind as to whom I should apply for information.'

'Well,' continued the stranger, 'if you have no better recommendation, I will tell you that I am advised to try the *Amsleigh House*, in Broadway. Cheap—which will suit me, for I am not rich—and quiet.'

'The *Amsleigh House* it shall be,' replied Arthur; 'for I am not rich either. However, I shall only stay a day or two in New York, as I am going on to Colorado.'

'Colorado!—that is a long ride,' exclaimed the other. 'I have often thought I should like to go there; some day, perhaps I may. Well, here we are ashore. I will see after your baggage, if you will allow me. But first let me introduce myself. Here is my card.'

Arthur took the card handed to him, and read: 'MR PHILIP G. A. BELLAR.'—'I am sorry to say, Mr Bellar,' he returned, with a little flush, 'that I have no card; but my name is Arthur Richmond; I come from London, and am going to Andrew Jackson City, in Colorado'—

'No more, my dear sir; such an explanation was not needed,' interrupted his new friend. 'It was only I, who have in a sense thrust myself upon you, that required credentials. But do you wait here, and I will see the baggage through the customs.'

He was as good as his word; he 'cleared' the luggage, a process the anticipation of which had been worrying Arthur for days past; engaged a vehicle to take it to the *Amsleigh House*; then suggested that it would be pleasanter to walk on to the Broadway, than to take a 'hack'; and Arthur could not sufficiently thank his good fortune for throwing such a cheerful and useful companion in his way.

The *Amsleigh House* was all which Mr Bellar had described it; the bedrooms were rather bare, but scrupulously clean and comfortable; the bill of fare was amazingly profuse; and Arthur felt himself thoroughly at home by the time he had been there half an hour. Looking down the paper, Bellar pitched upon one or two entertainments, which he said promised to be very good,

and asked Arthur to accompany him to see one that night; but the latter felt tired, and preferred to read in the saloon and retire early. Bellar did not attempt to dissuade him, but laughingly rallied the youth upon his exemplary old English habit—as he supposed it was—of going to bed early. As for himself, he would take a run for an hour or two; and on the next day he would show Mr Richmond the Central Park, the great avenues, and all the wonders around New York. Arthur thanked him in the same strain; and after tea—'supper,' Mr Bellar called it—they parted, each seeming well pleased with his new acquaintance. Arthur resumed his paper, while Bellar sallied forth to enjoy his evening stroll.

ODD NOTICES.

IN his interesting work on the Newspaper Press, Mr Grant, speaking of the hard work which the editor of an important paper has to encounter in the accomplishment of his daily task, says nothing is more trying to the patience and temper than the tiresome and unprofitable visits of certain political personages, who think themselves and their communications of the most vital importance, and who never think of the preciousness of the editor's time. Not only the newspaper editor of to-day, but the studious of all ages, have thought with Lord Bacon that 'friends are robbers of our time,' and have attempted to act up to Shakspeare's advice, 'Ever hold time too precious to be spent with babblers.' Pope draws a vivid picture of the annoyance to which he was subjected by poetasters requesting an opinion on their sorry productions. He cries to his servant:

Shut, shut the door, good John; fatigued, I said.
Tie up the knocker; say I'm sick—I'm dead!
The Dog-star rages; nay, 'tis past a doubt
All Bedlam or Parnassus is let out.
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

While some have shown in their writings their dislike at being disturbed by inopportune callers, with nothing to say worth listening to, others have attempted to prevent the annoyance altogether by means of menacing inscriptions over their study-doors.

Zachary Ursinus, a Professor in the University of Heidelberg in the sixteenth century, to prevent interruption during his studies, placed over his study-door a Latin inscription, which translated runs: 'Friend, whoever thou art that comest hither, either briefly despatch thy business, or begone.' Justus Scaliger, Professor of Polite Literature at Leyden, and the creator of chronological science, entered into many angry controversies with his contemporaries, yet he gave a gentle hint to intending visitors that they might retire at the last moment without crossing lances with him. The entrance to his study bore the following inscription: 'Tempus meum est ager meus,' which translated means that my time is my estate.

Dr Cotton Mather, of Boston, United States, the founder of a Society of Peacemakers—similar to the Quakers—whose objects were to settle differences and prevent lawsuits, was a man of such great activity and despatch in his numerous

affairs, that Dr Johnson's words, 'Panting Time toiled after him in vain,' might appropriately have been applied to him. To impress on his numerous law-avoiding and peace-seeking clients the necessity of remembering the passage of 'the inaudible and noiseless foot of Time,' and to save himself the tedium of listening to interminable stories of all sorts of wrongs, real or imaginary, he had written over the door of his sanctum in prominent letters the pungent words: 'Be short.'

Probably the student of Harvard University was endeavouring to improve on Dr Mather's inscription by specifying more exactly the brevity desired in his friends' visits, when he affixed this announcement to his door: 'Notice—Hours for Visitors, 7 to 7.45.' Whether this period consisted only of forty-five minutes, in the morning or evening, cannot be discovered from the more than ambiguous inscription itself. And if the 'hours' actually set apart for the entertainment of his fellow-students were from 7 A.M. to 7.45 P.M., or *vice versa*, then we are afraid that young man would find himself 'plucked' at the first 'little go' that took place. We cannot help thinking this must have been the promising student of whom the story is told, that he bought a dozen towels, and writing his name on number one, put Ditto on each of the others.

Those who indulge in legends over their door lintels, however simple, do not always get all the say to themselves. That arch-trickster, Theodore Hook, addressed the following lines 'To Mr Blank, who puts over his door "Pen and Quill Manufacturer:"

You put above your door and in your bills,
You're manufacturer of pens and quills;
And for the first, you well may feel a pride;
Your pens are better far than most I've tried;
But for the quills, your words are somewhat loose;
Who manufactures quills must be a Goose!

While some scholars are accustomed to bury themselves so deeply in their studies, that the entrance of a visitor causes annoying mental perturbation, and have in self-defence found it necessary to adopt the deterrent expedient we have been illustrating, every individual, we think, desires immunity from such persistent callers as tramps and beggars. The brass plate of a teacher of the French language in Glasgow, in addition to the information such 'brasses' are meant to convey, forbids beggars and old-clothes dealers to ring the bell.

A gentleman near Winchester made a rockery in front of his house, in which he planted some beautiful ferns, and having put up the following notice, found it more efficient and less expensive than spring-guns or man-traps. The fear-inspiring inscription was: 'Beggars beware; Scolopendriums and Polypodiums are set here.'

The wall of a gentleman's house near Edinburgh some years since exhibited a board on which was painted a threat quite as difficult for the trespasser to understand as the preceding: 'Any person entering these inclosures will be shot and prosecuted.'

An eccentric old gentleman placed in a field on his estate a board with the following generous offer painted thereon: 'I will give this field to any man who is contented.' It was not long

before he had an applicant. 'Well, my man, are you a contented fellow?'—'Yes, sir, very.'—'Then why do you want my field?' The applicant did not wait to reply.

The following lines are engraved on a stone tablet at the entrance to a certain summer-house, and surrounded by a border of spiders, beetles, earwigs, and centipedes, and other natives of these cool grots:

Stranger, or Friend, whatever name accord
With Timkin's hearty shake or civil word;
Enter, where interlacing boughs have made
O'er latticed trellis-work a verdant shade.
Here seat thyself on benches greenly damp,
Fraught with lumbago sweet, and cooling cramp;
Here rest thy back against this wall of brick;
Perhaps the recent whitewash will not stick.
Here view the snail, his lodging on his back,
Mark on the table's length his silvery track.
Here, when your hat and cane are laid aside,
The caterpillar from the leaf shall glide,
And, like a wearied pilgrim, faint and late,
Crawl slowly o'er your forehead or your pate.
Here shall the spider weave his web so fine,
And make your ear the period of his line.
Here, should still noon induce the drowsy gape,
A fly shall headlong down your throat escape;
Or should your languid spirits court repose,
Th' officious bee shall cavil at your nose;
While timid beetles from a chink behind,
In your coat-pocket hurried shelter find.—
Oh, thou to whom such summer joys are dear,
And Nature's ways are pleasant—enter here!

The invitation which follows was likelier to have a freer response, than the rather lively one to enter the arbour. The *Weekly Magazine* of 1777 says the lines were inscribed over the door of a house at Bruntstock, remarkable for its hospitality:

Who'er thou art, young, old, or rich, or poor,
Come, gentle stranger, ope this friendly door;
Each social virtue here the mansion fills,
Unknown to vice and all her train of ills;
Content and mirth some pleasure may afford,
And plenty spreads the hospitable board;
Good-humour, too, and wit my tenants are—
Right welcome thou the general treat to share.
Here Youth and Beauty, Age and Wisdom dwell;
Each neighbouring swain my happiness can tell.

A bridge at Denver, Colorado, boasts of a notice which might almost claim the dignity of being ranked as a mathematical proposition. It is to the effect that 'No vehicle drawn by more than one animal is allowed to cross this bridge in opposite directions at the same time.' An equally slipshod specimen of the Queen's English may still be found exhibited as a 'Public Notice' by the South-eastern Railway Company at the Cannon Street Terminus: 'Tickets once nipped and defaced at the barriers, and the passengers admitted to the platform will be delivered up to the Company in the event of the holders subsequently retiring from the platform without travelling, and cannot be recognised for re-admission.' Having been deluded into buying a ticket, the unsuspecting passenger on passing the barrier is 'delivered up' to the Company's 'holder,' who evidently has the privilege of 'retiring from the platform' with his prey 'without travelling.' Detectives may be sent in pursuit of the 'holder,' we presume, by the missing passenger's friends, in spite of the statement that he 'cannot be recognised.'

Seventy years ago, the *Universal Magazine* recorded the fact that the notice 'Reding and

Wrighting taut hear,' appeared over the door of a school in the neighbourhood of Hoxton; and a few years since, the *Leeds Express* contained evidence that the schoolmaster was still abroad. According to that newspaper, two curious documents were to be seen in two different windows in the neighbourhood of Hunslet. The first, in a wretched scribble, is as follows: 'A Da Skool kept hat—plaise, terms 2 and 3 pens per week for reeding and knitting and righting and sowing.' The other, in the window of a shoemaker, is similar to one we have seen in a shop-window in Drury Lane:

A man lives here which don't refuse
To mend old boots, likewise old shoes;
My leather is good, my price is just,
But times are bad—I cannot trust.

Fifty years since, the following doggerel lines were to be seen written over the door of a little alehouse on the road between Sutton and Potton in Bedfordshire:

Butt Beere Sold Hear
by Timothy Dear

Cum tak a mugg of mye trinker cum trink
Thin a ful kart of mye very stron drink
Harter that trye a cann of my titter cum tatter
And windehup withe mye sivnty tymes weaker thin water.

The native landlord of the hotel at Lahore, in which the following notice to the guests is posted up, is apparently determined to charge for every possible item of expenditure, and to allow no fuss about the payment of what he anticipates his customers will look upon as overcharges: 'Gentleman who come in hotel not say anything about their meals they will be charged for; and if they should say beforehand that they are going out to breakfast or dinner, &c., and if they say that they not have anything to eat, they will be charged, and if not so they will be charged, or unless they bring it to the notice of the manager; and should they want to say anything, they must order the manager for and not any one else; and unless they not bring it to the notice of the manager, they will be charged for the least things according to the hotel rate, and no fuss will be allowed afterwards about it. Should any gentleman take wall-lamps or candle-light from the public rooms, they must pay for it without any dispute its charges. Monthly gentlemen will have to pay my fixed rate made with them at the time, and should they absent day in the month, they will not be allowed to deduct anything out of it, because I take from them less rate than my usual rate of monthly charges.'

We have before us a printed circular, headed 'Invitation of Subscription,' issued by a continental firm, and urging upon postage-stamp collectors the immense advantages of a stamp-journal published by the said firm. It is, says the notice, 'the only stamp-paper in all the world that takes care to publish regularly the commercial accounts of principal centres of stamps trade; besides which with this year the direction intending to satisfy evermore its readers, has given earnest to same new correspondents at London and Paris.' Over and above 'autentic accounts' of certain society proceedings, the paper promises various new features. Among these there is to be—'An apposite ruddle'—though what 'ruddle'

is meant for we cannot guess—'entitled correspondences is designed to the demands, requests, delucidations, and whatever similar article inspecting stamps that subscribers are in right to insert.' 'The paper,' it is further announced, 'for the modicity of its insertions prices sustain the competition with whatever other paper.' This assertion must be cheering to the postage-stamp collectors who understand it.

AMBER.

THE origin of amber has always been obscured in a more or less deep halo of mystery. Pliny the Naturalist wrote of it under its Greek name *electron*, as the fossil resin of an extinct cone-bearing tree. Although these firs or pines became extinct at a period far anterior to all historical time, it is certain that they lived in a later age and were of a higher organisation than the giant forms of the semi-tropical carboniferous era, which were prototypes of the cypress trees still existing in eastern North America. Professor Zaddach says the amber-producing trees must have grown on green sand-beds of cretaceous soil forming the shores of estuaries where the lower division of the Tertiary accumulated. And it is not only to these prehistoric forests that amber bears witness; for in this resin, fossilised by centuries of time, have been discovered nearly eight hundred different species of insects, mostly now extinct; and many specimens of the flora of that period, embalmed whilst still a living vegetation, which differ entirely from the fossil plants supplied by the brown coal-beds resting immediately above.

On the Prussian coast of the Baltic Sea, mines are now worked to a depth of a hundred feet, where Professor Phillips found in a stratum of dark bituminous wood, forty feet thick, stalactites of amber; and round masses with pyrites and sulphate of iron in the coarse sand beneath. Indeed, the true home of amber is on the borders of that inland sea, the *Ostsee* of the Germanic and Scandinavian nations; and vast quantities are still thrown up in stormy weather, when the restless waves break in foam upon the shore, particularly on the seagirt promontory of Samland. It is found also at Cape Sable, in Maryland; and in insignificant quantities in Siberia and Greenland. In Britain, it is so rare as almost to be unknown, although small pieces have been discovered in the sandy deposit of the London clay at Kensington. But the most beautiful specimens of a varying purple shade have been torn from their far-away home in the classic isle of Sicily.

The first record of this antique treasure is found in the old Homeric poems; we read in the *Odyssey* of amber beads in a necklace of gold brought by a Phœnician merchant to the queen of Syra; and in the description of the palace of Menelaus, the mighty king of Sparta, it is said to shine like the sun or the moon, in its splendour 'of copper, of gold, of amber, and ivory.' The Greek name for amber, *electron*, was occasionally also used in ancient times for a mineral composed of gold and silver, because its pale yellow colour resembled amber. In those old days, amber was in great request for the imitation of precious stones by artificial staining, from its brilliant

lustre, and the ease with which it could be cut and polished. From changes induced by its fossilised condition, amber differs from other resins in respect of its peculiar hardness, and in being less brittle, and of greater electric action. Blazing like a torch when a light is applied, it was peculiarly adapted for use in religious ceremonies; and great quantities have alone been consumed in the unbroken worship of thirteen centuries at Mecca, that holy city of Arabia, which saw the birth of the Prophet, the dawn of the Mohammedan religion. There is a quaint fascination in this ancient town, the cradle of Mussulman traditions, where the 'Beitullah' or House of God stands surrounded by colonnades, to which hundreds of thousands of weary pilgrims annually resort, crossing great sandy deserts, through hardships innumerable, to fulfil the command of the Prophet, that the faithful should stand at least once in their lives before the shrine at Mecca. They are enjoined to walk seven times round, prostrating themselves, and kissing reverently at each turn the great block of black basalt, now fixed in the north-east corner of the massive stone structure called the Kaaba; but at which, in a far different religion, the same strange rites were observed many centuries before the birth of Mohammed.

If we could unweave the tangled web of centuries, we should probably find that the burning of amber was not the least amongst the rites and ceremonies of the past. It was strangely intermingled with the myths and legends of the ancient Greeks, and was largely used in the adornments of their temples, being laid, with other precious things, upon the sacred altars, where all costly gifts were thought acceptable to the gods. It is difficult now to realise the feeling of superstitious veneration with which amber has been regarded through successive civilisations, or the strange fantasies evoked by its mystic properties which transformed it into a passion and a faith. Not only in the luxurious cities of Greece and in Rome, but under the great historic dynasties of China, and amid all the extravagance of oriental splendour, it was esteemed very precious. One of the gates of Thebes, 'the city of the hundred gates,' whose superb ruins, perhaps the most ancient in the world, now lie scattered on both banks of the Nile, was, Herodotus tells us, made of amber. Even in the oldest of known sepulchres, the British barrows, amber beads have been found along with pierced stone axes, arrow-heads, and other buried treasures.

No doubt its value was enhanced by the curious electrical phenomena which it exhibits; for six hundred years before the Christian era, Thales of Miletus noticed that, when rubbed, amber or electron attracted light and dry bodies; in which remote observation lay the foundation of our modern science of electricity. It was believed to bear a charm against disease, and to possess the power of detecting the presence of poison. Pliny remarks upon its wonderful properties, and says: 'True it is that a collar of amber beads worn round the neck of young infants is a singular preservative against secret poison, and a counter-charm to witchcraft and sorceries.' The same authority mentions that the price of a small figure in amber, however diminutive, exceeded that of a healthy living slave. In the reign of Nero, a Roman knight was sent with an

expedition to the shores of the Baltic in search of this foreign treasure; and returned with thirteen thousand pounds of amber for the Emperor, including a single piece which weighed thirteen pounds. The dull barbarians of that northern land, who were stirred to labour for this valued product of their stormy sea, could not comprehend the startling price paid for it, or its use in the great and unfamiliar world beyond the Alps.

The best pieces of amber are now taken in the rough by Armenian merchants to Constantinople, where they are carved and chased and polished by the hand of the engraver, as mouth-pieces for pipes. In the Pipe Bazaar of the great Byzantine edifice—which contains mosques, fountains, and a labyrinth of arcaded streets, each a separate bazaar—are hidden away amber mouth-pieces of fabulous value, in every shade of colour, lustrous as crystal, and set with diamonds and rubies. Supported by sculptured columns, and decorated with arabesques, this dimly lighted city in the heart of Stamboul is full of marvels and treasures. Through its narrow thoroughfares, camels and carriages and horsemen force their way, amongst a dense throng of people of every nation and type—Turks in muslin turbans, Persians in pyramidal bonnets of Astrakhan fur, Hebrews in yellow coats, with Greeks, Armenians, and running-footmen in gorgeous liveries; and in this shifting crowd are dignitaries of the court, who spend perhaps fifty thousand francs on their pipe collections; and harem-ladies, wrapped in long white veils, who come for gray amber, gold-embroidered bags of musk and sandal-wood, and the sweet-scented gums made by the women of Chio, which are all sold in the Perfumery Bazaar of this great oriental fair.

Thus we find that amber, little esteemed as it is at the present time in Europe, and although no longer the important source of wealth that it once was, still has a place in the luxury and religion of the East; and the dim records of its venerable history furnish us with many picturesque and poetic associations, whether we think of it in its early home amid archaic forests, or, as in classic lore—

The sweet tears shed by fair Heliades—
Apollo's daughters,
When their rash brother down the welkin sped,
Lashing his father's sun-team, and fell dead
In Euxine waters.

SILKWORM-FARMING IN ENGLAND AND NEW ZEALAND.

THOSE who have ever kept silkworms must know the difficulty which is sometimes found in obtaining the mulberry leaves on which they feed. Indeed, sometimes in consequence of bad weather the trees are so behindhand in putting on their leafy garments, that large numbers of worms perish of starvation. This evil can be mitigated by throwing the eggs into a lethargic state by the application of intense cold. In this state the eggs can be kept until the mulberry leaves appear in full vigour.

On the above subject, in connection with eggs received from the antipodes, Captain G. Mason of Yateley, Hants, writes to us as follows:

On the 23d of February 1881, I received one ounce of silkworm eggs from Sydney, *via* San Francisco, the produce of moths on the 3d of December 1880. On the 1st of May, I placed these with ten ounces of eggs laid at Yateley in August 1880, in a refrigerator fed with lumps of ice in the morning, and again in the evening of each day, when required to keep down the temperature at forty to forty-five degrees, and in the last week to fifty degrees, at a cost of three to four shillings per week; and from the 1st of July, at intervals of five days, one-third part of these were moved very gradually to a temperature of from seventy-five to eighty degrees. From the 5th to the 19th, the hatching was perfect; the worms looked strong, and 'roused' well in their changes until the fourth age, when their unequal size gave the first symptom of careless feeding. In the fifth age, the greater number died without sign of any specific disease; yet many of the stronger worms mounted the hurdles well, and formed perfect cocoons. The weight of food given to the worms was very insufficient, although the trees which were stripped yielded an average of thirty-nine pounds of sorted leaf. On the 22d of June, I received a few of the same eggs, laid about the 3d December 1880, in a half-ounce letter from Sydney, which, coming *via* Suez, I did not submit to the refrigerating process; yet, though kept in the same temperature—namely, from seventy to eighty degrees—from the 5th of July, these did not begin to hatch until the 22d of August, the worms coming out so slowly, that all were not hatched on the 20th of October, when, with no prospect of food, I destroyed the remainder. Many formed excellent cocoons.

In 1879 I was led to try the experiment of retarding the hatching of eggs by use of ice, from the success in stocking the rivers of New Zealand and Australia from the ova of fish so treated. In that year all my eggs hatched out perfectly; while in 1880 the hatching stopped after three days from the too sudden rise of temperature and drying of the atmosphere, caused by the careless use of the stove, from which the eggs never recovered vitality.

In tracing the above Australian eggs through their dormant state, it is remarkable that the first lot, coming *via* San Francisco, after passing two months in this climate, and two months in my refrigerator, hatched out in a little over seven months from the time they were laid; while the second lot, having passed about four months at Sydney, coming in mail-bag *via* Suez, and subsequently kept in a high temperature, without any hibernation, did not begin to hatch until nearly nine months, and had not finished in eleven months; so that, with these eggs, artificial hibernation appears to be absolutely necessary to enable us to reap the rich produce of the *Bombyx mori* in six or seven months, which the opposite seasons of our Eastern Colonies would allow for rest; indeed, without this aid, patience would be exhausted and labour unprofitable. Last year, by favour of Messrs Green, I sent about an ounce of eggs in the ice-room of the *Chimborazo* of the Orient line, to the Secretary of the Melbourne Exhibition, for distribution, who kindly acknowledged the receipt in good order; but I have no further report. From past experience,

I have no doubt that the climate and soil of Australia, New Zealand, and Norfolk Island, are well adapted for the production of cocoons or silk; while the temperate climate of England is better suited for sound eggs.

The quality of silk and eggs produced in England from the *Bombyx mori*, fed on the leaf of the *Morus alba*, which grows luxuriantly on any soil (excepting clay or chalk), has been judged 'excellent.' The supply of food is safe in summer; and with the aid of a small wrought-iron stove, hygrometer, thermometer, and the perfect ventilation of the trays which I have adopted in these last two seasons, the worms in the magnanerie are guarded against any damp or sudden chill, which are their most fatal enemies in every stage of their active or dormant life. The weight of produce, whether of cocoons or eggs, from a given measure of waste land, will much depend on the standard of reason and intelligence acquired in our schools by the women and children, to whom this industry is so well adapted.

A Pope's Slow Combustion Stove, fitted with a quick-candle, to avoid smoke in lighting when the atmosphere is heavy, will be found perfect both for radiation and circulation of the air in the magnanerie.

'THE HAVEN WHERE THEY WOULD BE.'

I know a grave,
Half hidden in the sombre yew-trees' shade,
Where sunbeams never play
With golden arrows; only grasses wave
In melancholy rhythm. Let me stay:
Angels have knelt with me when I have prayed.

'Tis nearly Home.
The space of time 'twixt Heaven and the sod
Is not so hard to span.
Life's inner working is as one great tome
Which Death unseals. The noblest thoughts of
man
Have much of the divinity of God.

I know a grave,
O'er which no restless mourners weep and wail.
Only an aged form
Doth bend in meek submissiveness, and crave
A rest there too. The grief that like a storm
Still shrieks and raves, but little can avail.

I have no tear.
Those steps that falter in life's beaten track,
Those furrowed, time-worn cheeks,
Those trembling hands which grasp the yew, have
here
But little left to prize. True sorrow speaks
In that we would not wish our darlings back.

Are we not glad
That they who in this life did labour well,
Have reached the goal?
We ne'er shall win the Crown by being sad;
There is a Cross to bear, a task for all;
There is a stubbornness of Self to quell.

And griefs are sent
To mellow earth's crude harmonies, and tears
Are rained from weary eyes
To freshen faith that is too often bent;
To water that pure germ whose flower shall rise,
And blossom in God's garden, through all years.

HARRIET KENDALL.

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KEEPING ORDER IN CHURCH.

It may not be known to many of our readers that for more than three centuries, the duties of awakening sleeping members of congregations and of driving out intruding dogs from churches were discharged by regularly appointed and salaried officials in various parts of England, and to a more limited extent in America. These duties, moreover, were often performed by a single individual.

The earliest mention of dog-whipping in connection with religious services which we have noted, is in 1550, in which year the churchwarden's books at Louth contain an entry of the payment of twopence 'to the bellman for beating the dogges out of the church.' The same set of books contain similar entries. In 1705 one shilling was paid for the discharge of this duty. The next note respecting dog-whippers states that in the year 1597 the sum of '0:0:9d.' was 'paid to old Verde for whipping of dogs' in the parish church of Worksop. In 1616 the accounts of the churchwardens of the same church state that 'for whipping dogges out of the church one whole year' the sum of twelvepence was paid.

At Youlgrave, the church authorities appear to have been more liberal than their Nottinghamshire friends in the payment of their dog-whipper, as the accounts show that one shilling and fourpence was the annual salary received in 1609 by 'Robt. Walton for whipping the dogges forth of the church in tyme of divyne service.' Eight years later (1617), the authorities of the same church rewarded Robert Benbowe for his services in the same direction by the payment of two shillings. Whether the Youlgrave dog-whippers had any distinguishing badge of office at this time, we are unable to state; but the accounts for a century later (1715) show that a 'coat and furniture' were provided for that officer at a cost of eleven shillings and sixpence.

The churchwardens of Wakefield were even more liberal than those of Youlgrave; for we gather that in 1616, there was 'paid to Gorby

Storker for whipping doggs' the sum of half-a-crown. Eight years later (1624), the dog-whipper received only two shillings for his services; and in 1625 and 1628 only the same salary as was paid at Youlgrave in 1609 was granted at Wakefield—one shilling and fourpence. It is evident that other duties besides those of driving dogs out of church were imposed on the so-called 'dog-whipper;' for the books for 1664 state that the quarter's wages of that official amounted to four shillings. It would appear that the practice of partly clothing the 'dog-whipper' originated about the commencement of the eighteenth century; for, as we have already stated, the Youlgrave official was, in 1715, provided with a coat; and in 1703 the dog-whipper and sexton at Wakefield were provided with 'hatts, shoes, and hoses,' at a cost of eighteen shillings and sixpence. These personages were officially clothed down to the year 1820.

Amongst the 'layings-out' for the parish church of Ash-next-Sandwich, for 1634, is the following: 'Item, payd to tomas brown for on quartar for A year keeping the dodgs out of the church 0:2:0;' and a similar entry for the 'wadges' due to the same man for the Christmas 'quartar.'

The practice of intrusting to a beadle or some other official the duty of awakening sleeping members of a congregation, seems to have prevailed in America more than two centuries ago. In 1646, the Rev. Dr Samuel Whiting was minister of Lynn, Massachusetts. One Obadiah Turner kept a journal at that time, from which we give the following amusing extract: '1646, June the 3d. Allen Brydges hath bin chose to wake the sleepers in meeting, and being much proud of his place, must need have a fox taile fixed to the end of a long staff, wherewith he may brush the faces of them that will have naps in time of discourse; likewise a sharp thorne, wherewith he may prick such as be moste sounde. On the laste Lord his day, as he strutted about the meeting-house, he did spy Mr Tomkins sleeping with much comforte,

his head kept steady by being in the corner, and his hand grasping the rail. And soe spying Allen did quicklie thrust his staff behind Dame Ballard, to give him a grievous prick upon the hand. Whereupon Mr Tomkins did spring up much above the floor, and with terrible force strike his hand against the wall, and also, to the great wonder of all, prophainlie exclaim in a loud voice: "Buss the woodchuck!" he dreaming, as it seemed, that a woodchuck had seized and bit his hand. But on coming to know where he was, and the great scandall he had committed, he seemed much abashed, but did not speak. And I think he will not soone againe go to sleepe in meeting. The women may sometimes sleep and none know it, by reason of their enormous bonnets. Mr Whiting does pleasantly say that from the pulpit, he does seem to be preaching to stacks of straw, with men jotting here and there among them.'

The duty of dog-whipping was not confined to the sterner sex; for the churchwarden's accounts at Barnsley show that 'Richard Hodgson's wife' received two shillings for discharging that duty in 1647.

An entry in the churchwarden's book of the Bolton parish church records that in 1654 there was 'paid to sexton for whipping the dogs, 6s. 8d.'; a much larger sum than was awarded to the official at Forest Hill, near Oxford, named Thomas Mills, who received only one shilling for his dog-whipping duties in 1694. In 1659, Richard Dovey of Farmcote bequeathed a sum which produced eight shillings a year to be paid to a poor man for acting as sluggard-waker and dog-whipper at the church of Claverley in Shropshire. There are similar provisions for the exclusion of dogs from, and preserving order in church in the parishes of Chislet in Kent, and Peterchurch in Herefordshire. At the former place, ten shillings is paid annually for about two acres of land, which is known as 'Dog-whipper's Marsh.' Eight shillings was the salary paid at East Whitton, Yorkshire, for the dog-whipper.

From the register of Kirkby-Wharfe, Grimston, near Tadcaster, we gather that three shillings was the amount which the churchwardens paid as the annual salary of the dog-whipper in 1705 and in 1706; whilst in 1711 there was paid to Thomas Pawson for awakening those who sleep in church and for whipping dogs out of it, '0:4:0.' One of the parish books of Croft in Lincolnshire records that seven shillings and sixpence was paid 'for dogs wipping' in 1718. We find from the Castleton parish records that the salary of the sluggard-waker in 1722 was ten shillings. John Rudge, on the 17th April 1725, bequeathed to the parish of Trysull, Staffordshire, twenty shillings a year, that a poor man might be employed to go about the church during sermon and keep the people awake; also to keep dogs out of church. For his wages, the dog-whipper at South Wingfield church received one

shilling and eightpence in 1728; whilst for 'whipping dogs' at Burnley during the same year four shillings was paid. 'For waking sleepers' at Barton-on-Humber, one 'Brocklebank' received two shillings in 1740. The parishioners of Prestwich agreed 'that thirteen shillings a year be given to George Grimshaw, of Rooden-lane, for the time being, and a new coat, not exceeding twenty shillings, every other year, for his pains in wakening sleepers in the church, whipping out dogs, keeping the children quiet and orderly, and keeping the pulpit and church walls clean.'

In the churchwarden's accounts of Sutton-on-the-Hill, Derbyshire, is the following resolution, under date July 1, 1754: 'Samuel Lygoe shall have five shillings a year for the whipping of the dogs out of the church on all Sundays and other days on which there is divine service, also he is to prevent any one sleeping in the church by wakeing them with a white wand.' At Hayfield in Derbyshire the dog-whipper received seven shillings in 1783. While at Kirton-in-Lindsey, the sum of six shillings and eightpence was set apart as the salary for the dog-whipper in 1817.

The sluggard-waker was known at Warrington as the 'bobber.' A very masculine kind of woman, named Betty Finch, occupied this position at Holy Trinity Church in 1810. She is said to have walked majestically along the aisles during the service, armed with a long stick like a fishing-rod, which had a 'bob' fastened to the end of it. When she detected any one either sleeping or talking, she gave them a 'nudge' with her official implement. Her son used to sing:

My father's a clerk;
My sister's a singer;
My mother's the bobber;
And I am a ringer.

Truly, an official, if not an officious family.

Between thirty and forty years ago, one of the churchwardens or apparitors of Acton church in Cheshire used to go round the church during divine service with a long wand in his hand; and if any of the congregation were asleep, they were instantly awoke by a tap on the head with this staff of office. A similar usage existed at Dunchurch. A person bearing a stout wand, shaped like a hayfork at the end, stepped stealthily up and down the nave and aisle, and whenever he saw an individual asleep, he touched him so effectually that the spell was broken—this being sometimes done by fitting the fork to the nape of the neck. A writer states that on one occasion he watched as the sluggard-waker mounted with easy steps into the galleries of that church. At the end of one of them there sat in the front seat a young man who had much the appearance of a farmer, with his mouth open, and his eyes closed—a perfect picture of repose. The official marked him as his own; and having fitted his fork to

the nape of the sleeper's neck, he gave him such a push that, had he not been used to such visitations, he would probably have produced an ejaculation highly inconvenient on such an occasion. But no; all seemed quietly to acquiesce in the usage; and whatever else they might be dreaming of, they certainly did not dream of any infringement upon the liberties of the subject; nor did they think of applying for a summons on account of the assault.

A beadle in another church is described as going round the sacred edifice during service time carrying a long staff, at one end of which was a fox's brush, and at the other a knob. With the former he gently tickled the faces of the female sleepers; whilst on the heads of their male compeers he bestowed with the knob a smart knock, which roused them to a sense of their position.

Mr J. C. Cox tells us that 'in the vestry of the church of Baslow, Derbyshire, there still remains the weapon of the ancient parish functionary, of whom we read in so many churchwardens' accounts in almost every county of England—the dog-whipper. It was his duty to whip the dogs out of church, and generally to look after the orderly behaviour of both bipeds and quadrupeds during divine service. The whip in question is a stout lash, some three feet in length, fastened to a short ash stick, with leather bound round the handle. It is said that there are those yet living in the parish who can remember the whip being used. We believe it to be a unique curiosity, as we cannot hear of another parish in which the whip is still extant.'

There is, we understand, still in existence in the church of Clynnog Fawr in North Wales an instrument for dragging dogs out of church, which has been described as a long pair of 'lazy tongs' with sharp spikes fixed at the ends.

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER XII.—'MARY,' SAID HIRAM MEDITATIVELY, 'I'VE MADE A DISCOVERY.'

IN the days when Athens was a fairy city, when Duke Theseus, who governed it, was in love with Hippolyta queen of the Amazons, and Hermia, loving Lysander, was beloved by Demetrius, even Signor Bottom had his tender passages. And whilst gentlemen owning broad acres and living in country mansions in these later days were perturbed by Love's doings, even an omnibus cad might feel his smart. The whole round globe is impartially governed. However humiliating it may seem to the devoutly constitutional mind, royal toes have been plagued with corns and crowned heads with toothache; and at the very hour when Royalty has gone limping, or with swollen cheek awry, the merry goatherd and his tattered lass have played for kisses, like Cupid and Campaspe in the ballad. Love, monarch of hearts, all hail! Thou levellest men, not as Envy would, by pulling down the lofty, but by lifting all to equal heights, making a goatherd as happy

as a king, and an omnibus cad as blest as a country gentleman.

Hiram, on rare holidays, was a sight worth seeing. All the sartorial art of the East could do was done for him. In summer-time, a white hat; a white waistcoat; a grass-green scarf, whereon a poet so minded might have written a ballad; a nosegay at the button-hole; white gaiters, in spotless contrast with the polish of his shoes—these were his signs of holiday. In winter, he affected a more sombre glory, and his dark overcoat bore a collar of sham Astrakhan. His scarf was of some subdued crimson inclining towards maroon; his gloves were edged with fur at the wrists; and the natty walking-cane of summer days was exchanged for an umbrella. A chain of some metal, which he who had faith enough might take for gold, crossed the white waistcoat, or lay outside the furred overcoat, according to the season. On these days of splendour, few and far between, Hiram would arise early in the morning, and would be heard cheerfully whistling whilst he went deftly about certain household work, taken upon himself within a week of his settlement in his new lodgings. Poor Mrs Martial might well have fancied at first that some Norwegian troll had by good hap strayed into Whitechapel, and assumed the guardianship of her kitchen. Every morning, Hiram made it as neat as a new pin, lit the fire, polished the copper kettle, black-leaded the hobs and the grate, varnished his own boots, washed and dressed, made tea, took his own early breakfast, and was gone before the household was astir. It was only on holidays that Hiram had let loose that mellow whistle; and so, since holidays were so few, the little household had only heard it twice or thrice. But one heart had begun to beat at it. When Hiram came home at midnight, one little head would stir upon the pillow, and in the dark, two pallid cheeks grew rosy for an instant as the stealthy footstep of the late comer passed up the stair. Was ever lodger so helpful and so unexacting? Did ever omnibus conductor pay his rent so punctually, since omnibuses first began to run in London highways?

Why should the little milliner's heart so beat at the cheerful tones of Hiram's mellow whistle? Why? Oh, undiscerning querist, not to guess that, by some occult arrangement, her holiday was made to chime with his. And what a difference the letting of the lodgings made! The eminent 'Atlas' once repeated to me a ballad—I know not whose; his own, perhaps, for he wrote verse once upon a time, and wrote it gracefully—and the burden of the ballad was, 'What is a pound?' What is a pound when you can afford to spend it on a dinner? What is a penny when it stands between you and hunger? A pound? You may spend an evening at the Opera by means of it. You may live on it in London for a fortnight. It may make all the difference between slow starvation for a month, and plenty for the same period. And this last was just the difference it made each month for Mrs Martial and her daughter. Hiram never admitted by word or glance that he knew this; but he knew it well. The poor spare room had never been let until he took it, and he came to the house like a lean American angel, making the physical conditions of life just bearable to its

inmates, and giving them both heart enough to bear more troubles than his coming left to them.

'Now, Missis Martial, ma'hm,' said Hiram, one cheerful morning, when the air was crisp even in London, and the sunlight golden, 'where air we goin'?' He was particularly gorgeous that morning, with a bit of crimson silk handkerchief peeping from his breast-pocket, and a pair of buff-coloured dogskin gloves dangling in his left hand. Mrs Martial looked at Mary. Mary looked down, and blushed a little, without knowing why; and Hiram, with a polite flourish, bowed to her, and observed to her mother: 'We must go, ma'hm, where these attractions may be seen.' At that, Mary's blush deepened, and the care-worn mother smiled timidly. 'I should like to see your Tower of London, ma'hm,' said Hiram, 'if I might suggest, an' if you air not tired of it.'

'I have never seen the Tower,' said Mrs Martial.

'Nor I,' said Mary.

'Ladies,' said Hiram, 'you surprise me.'—They felt almost guilty beneath his glance of wonder, and explained that Londoners know little of the sights of London, leaving them for the most part to the exploration of country visitors.—'Your Tower of London,' said Hiram, 'is perhaps as inter-estin' as any monument in the Old World. It is chokeful of objects which air hallowed by the touch of history. It is interwove with the most remarkable associations of your mo-narchical institootions.' He spoke with so much severity, that they decided to wipe out their reproach at once, and set forth; Hiram giving an arm to each, and piloting them along the quieter streets with mingled grace and grandeur. Coming upon busy thoroughfares, this comfortable order was perforce abandoned, though Hiram still kept Mary's arm within his, probably with a view to instruct her, with the more convenience, in the history of the Tower. Reaching that stately edifice in course of time, they were parcelled off with other visitors, and then huddled through it, after the senseless manner of the place, by a venerable beef-eater, with whom much familiarity with its contents had bred contempt, and who was as interested and as interesting as a parrot might have been. It was not his fault, poor old fellow, He had fought for his country, and the leave to go through this dull routine was his reward; and the Tower was a quiet haven to him, after a life in camp and barrack and the tented field of war. Hiram was severely historical during the hurried gabbling run the veteran gave his party; but I fancy that for one moment the present drew him from the past. Visitors to the Tower know one darksome dungeon—a mere black-hole in the wall, where one of the noblest of English spirits sighed itself slowly towards heaven in pious resignation, through weary years of undeserved imprisonment. It was here—if our surmise be true—that Hiram's interest in history momentarily ceased. He and Mary entered this darksome dungeon together, and were alone there for the space of perhaps thirty seconds. And when they emerged, Mary's hair and bonnet were, by the merest trifle, disarranged, and she was blushing; whilst Mr Search's hat was the least thing on one side,

and a lurking smile of satisfaction was in his eyes, though his features bore the impress of an imperturbable gravity. Perhaps a careful observer might have noticed after this a certain air of proprietorship on Hiram's part, a way of disposing of Mary's arm, for instance, as though, having kissed her in that dungeon—if he really did kiss her—he had sealed her for his own. Mr Search talked a great deal; but he said wonderfully little about himself or his own sentiments; and yet he and the little maiden seemed to understand each other perfectly. Once started, they seemed to be indefatigable as sight-seers; and after a rest, they set out for the British Museum. Arrived there, what made Mrs Martial pause outside the Egyptian court, whilst the young people went in together? Perhaps her excuse of fatigue was true, though Hiram had brought them all the way in a four-wheeled cab, as though he had been a millionaire. Anyway, Hiram and Mary went in, and found themselves alone in that solitude of old; and there, undismayed by the presence of the grave Egyptian faces, Hiram repeated the experiment first attempted in the Tower dungeon. They sat upon the base of a pedestal on which stands the vast presentment of a head, deity or hero. Beneath the plaited stone beard, a yard square—Cheops might have known the face—the little London milliner and her Yankee lover sat and talked together. Maybe Egyptian lad and lass made love on such a pedestal, and found it a pretty pastime, before blind Homer begged and sang through Greece.

'Mary,' said Hiram meditatively, 'I've made a discovery. Bus-conductin' is not the way to fortune. 'Taint even one o' the ways, an' I shall have to shelve it. Same time, it's reg'lar work, an' brings in reg'lar money, an' I don't want to be throwed loose again. When I was in Boston, I used sometimes to get a piece o' work in a printin'-office p'raps two days a week. While I was at it, I used to earn as much as I do now in a week; but workin' by flashes, an' idlin' three parts of the time, it was like tryin' to warn your house with gunpowder. An' I don't want to do that. I want to keep the fire burnin' steady, an' burnin' always; not to have, now a flare, an' now nothin' but the smoke. So I can't throw over what I've got till somethin' else turns up.'

To this sensible view of things, Mary gave complete adhesion; and they sat and discussed the future. Or rather Hiram discussed the future, and Mary listened, believing in him. Mrs Martial, sitting outside, had her own thoughts. She knew the situation and accepted it with some natural reluctance. Mr Search was kind; Mr Search was honest and gentle and manly; but if things had gone otherwise than they had, she might have looked higher for her daughter. Meantime, Hiram had not even seemed to think of marriage except as connected with fortune; and he was so confident of getting on in the world, that he inspired both the women-folk with his own certainties. When he and Mary had settled what was to be by their own desires, like people who make much more noise in the world, they strayed back from the stony remnants of old Egypt, and Hiram took the ladies to dinner. In the evening, they went to the play, and Hiram chose for them Mr Dillon's once celebrated performance of Belphegor,

which he had seen advertised in America. And when they had all three laughed and sorrowed with the mountebank, they went home in an omnibus, and the holiday was over.

ON A SUGAR ESTATE.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.—PLANTING-OUT.

THE object of the present paper is to give, as simply and concisely as possible, a sketch of the way in which the great industry of sugar-planting is carried on, the materials for which the writer gathered in the course of a long experience as a sugar-planter in the island of Trinidad. This island, as most readers may know, is the most southerly of the West Indies, and at one extremity is separated from the mainland of South America only by a passage known as the 'Boca' or mouth, some ten miles in width. Inside this 'Boca' expands the great Gulf of Paria, bounded on the east, and partly on the south, by the island, and in every other direction by Venezuela, one of the great South American republics. The only entrances to the Gulf are the 'Boca' above mentioned and a narrow opening called the 'Serpent's Mouth,' in the south. It thus forms an immense land-locked basin, in which the combined fleets of the world might in safety ride out anything short of a hurricane; the anchorage—stiff mud—being good.

It is in that part of the island which lies on the western side of the Gulf that sugar-planting is chiefly carried on. The greater part of the country is flat, or consists of low rolling hills; and the soil in both cases, though differing materially in constitution, is exceedingly rich and fertile. A considerable quantity of sugar is also made in the north, along the course of the Caroni—the only stream in the island approaching the dignity of a river. But the soil in this district—though I suppose it would still be thought by an English farmer wonderfully good and marvellously productive—is beginning to suffer from the immense crops it has produced.

No such thing as a variation of crop is ever thought of by a sugar-planter. He grows one thing only, and that is sugar-cane—always sugar-cane. And since he takes many tons of a most exhausting kind of plant every year from the ground—in many instances this has been done for nearly a century—and returns nothing to it worth speaking of except guano and sulphate of ammonia—which substances act more as stimulants than restoratives to the jaded soil—I think its deterioration is not to be wondered at. It is not, however, the purpose of this article to enter into the agricultural policy of the Trinidad planter, but to give such an account of his daily work and life as may have some interest for the general reader.

We shall suppose it is the month of August, and that we are safely landed on an estate, which we shall call St Helens. We are on a good gravelled road, which branches off into short streets, lined with houses looking something like a colliery village, but that the houses

are all one storied and have verandas; also that they are all whitewashed, and adorned with the most glaring red window-shutters and doors. And you will also notice that there is not a single chimney to be seen, except that tall one away to the left, which clearly cannot be used for domestic purposes, as it might vie in size with some of the giants of Manchester. It belongs to the 'works' or manufactory, of which we will have a closer inspection when we come to that part of our subject.

The houses are built in rows, with only here and there a gap between them. By taking a step or two, you can see that many have small gardens attached, which are carefully fenced in and full of vegetation. There are some two hundred of these houses; and they consist, except in rare instances, of only one room each; but then the space under the wide veranda in front can be, and is, utilised by the inhabitants as kitchen, dining, and general utility room; the house proper being reserved for storeroom and sleeping apartment. These rows of houses are known as the 'Barracks,' and are occupied by the labourers employed on the estate. St Helens is a large estate, and can turn out a gang of two hundred 'hoses,' besides 'tradesmen,' such as coopers, carpenters, blacksmiths, engineers, assistants, &c., some of whom, however, are 'outsiders'—that is, not living on the estate, but in some adjacent village. You will find that, including children, the sick, the old, and non-workers of all kinds, the total number of people on the place will not amount to much less than seven or eight hundred—a large number to draw their subsistence from about the same number of acres of land, together with the handsome profit expected by the owner at home, and the savings which many of the more prudent hands manage to accumulate.

That large building somewhat apart from the others, with a neat and bright-looking flower-garden in front, is the hospital. It has a gallery ten feet wide running right round it, where the convalescent patients can find cool breezes and fresh air, in spite of the burning sun outside. The hospital is divided simply into two wards, one for men, and the other for women and children. It contains apartments for the nurse, and a dispensary for medicines. Outside is a kitchen with rooms for the cook and two or three hands employed about the place; also a large shed containing iron tanks with a store of water; for in many places in Trinidad, spring-water is not to be had, and the people are dependent in the dry season on the water they can collect during the rains.

Close by is a building with more pretensions to be called a house than any in the Barracks. It is the quarters of the four overseers who assist the manager. Not far off, again, is the manager's house; and close to it is the mule-pen, which contains some ninety stalwart Texan mules, imported at a cost of forty pounds a-head. Besides these, the estate has forty head of draught oxen, bred on the place, and lodged in the cattle-pen, situated some distance off in the 'savanna' or pasture.

The first duty is the feeding of the mules, which takes place between four and five in the morning, and is a duty which falls to the

youngest of the four overseers, who is the first to begin and the last to leave off work. He unlocks the door of the store, and proceeds to distribute among the stock-keepers, who have followed in after him, the oats, molasses, &c., necessary for the morning feed. Mules are as fond of treacle as children; and in Trinidad, always get a liberal allowance of it mixed with their food. Their drink is also sweetened with it. The overseer narrowly watches his assistants, to see that there is no pillaging, for they are very fond of molasses too, and their chickens have no objection to oats. The feeding is soon done; and we hasten away, for the place is actually thick with mosquitoes and sand-flies. These pests always bite viciously during moonlight nights, and the poor mules have a hard time of it with them. Sometimes it is necessary to make a dense smoke in the pen all night, to enable the poor beasts to get a little rest. There are three things which sand-flies and the like cannot stand—sunshine, a fresh breeze, and smoke. But for these remedial agencies, it would be impossible to live on a low-lying sugar estate.

Proceeding to the manager's, we find that he occupies a large house, although it is only one story high, with a well-kept garden, and a fine avenue of cocoa-nut trees leading to it from the Barracks. At five o'clock A.M. we sit down to 'coffee,' which is the name by which the first meal of the day here is called. It is a simple meal, consisting solely of bread-and-butter and coffee, and is soon despatched. Then come the overseers and drivers for 'orders.' The latter are of the labouring class, but act as foremen to the various 'gangs.' They all stand round the door; and each of the drivers gets directions for the work to be done during the day by his particular gang; while the overseers are told off to superintend the drivers; after which, they proceed to the Barracks, and go from house to house arousing the people.

The manager offers to take us with him on his rounds; and we all mount and follow the overseers. The road is swarming with the hands on their way to work. These you probably expected to find were all negroes, or varieties of that interesting race; but it will be observed that while they have a dark skin, their hair is as straight as your own. They are East Indian coolies, with here and there a Chinese. These have been brought from their native land to supply the place of the negroes, who since their emancipation have had a great aversion to labour, preferring idleness to wages, and finding it easy to indulge that preference in a land where the common necessities of life spring almost spontaneously from the soil, and the climate allows clothes to be a compliance to the demands of mere decency. It ought, however, in justice to be stated that this aversion to labour is principally directed against field-work, the artisan class being mainly composed of negroes, though those of course are but a comparatively small number.

The coolie immigrants are imported by the colonial government at a large cost to the planters; and a watchful vigilance is exercised over their welfare. Their minimum wage and their hours of labour are fixed by law, and a

severe punishment is inflicted on any one ill-using them. On their arrival on the island, they are indentured to an estate for a term of five years; after which they are free men, and can work where they please. Should they remain in the colony for another five years, making a residence of ten years in all, they are entitled to a free passage to their own country; or if they decide to stay—as most of them do—to a grant of ten acres of land. Those who return to their homes are generally rich men, owning thousands of dollars, all made in Trinidad. Each coolie has to work five days a week, if not sick. Should he absent himself, he is liable to fine or imprisonment, on conviction before a magistrate. He is supposed to be, on working days, either at work, in hospital, or in jail.

Nearly all the adults—for the women work as well as the men—have now left the Barracks. As many mules as are wanted for ploughs, carts, &c., have been harnessed and led off, and the rest driven to the savanna.

It is only in the dry season that sugar is manufactured. If the canes were cut in August, for instance, their juice would contain but a small percentage of saccharine matter. At this time the canes are short, the tallest of them not more than four feet high; but when they reach maturity, some six months hence, their tops will be from ten to sixteen feet from the ground. The difference should also be noticed between the 'plant-cane' and 'ratoons.' Sugar-cane is a perennial plant, and after being cut, will grow again from the old root, like rhubarb, so that it is not necessary to plant it every year. Ratoons are canes which have thus sprung up again; the plant-canes, those that have not yet been cut. Sometimes, canes will ratoon for ten or twelve years; but more generally they are only ratooned for three years, so that a quarter of an estate has annually to be replanted.

Out in the fields, the first gang we come to is that of the 'plant-cutters,' who are engaged in a field that is 'abandoned'; that is, one of those that will be replanted this year. The canes from the old 'stools' (roots) have grown up weakly and scatteredly, for no care has been taken of them; and the 'cane-piece' (field) is choked with weeds, and there are only three or four canes in each stool, instead of some dozen or more. We find about thirty hands here; some dragging the canes from the stools, as you would pull a stick of rhubarb; others collecting and carrying them to a third party, who are sitting down, and cutting with a cutlass one piece from the top, and another from the bottom of each cane. Taking up one of these pieces, you find it is about ten inches long, and jointed at every two or three inches; at each joint there is an eye—like a potato. When planted, these eyes grow, and produce new cane-stools—the only way of propagating sugar-cane. It is a really beautiful sight to see a cane-piece with its long plume-like flowers, swaying in the breeze like a lilac-coloured sea. The hands employed here are very busy, for they are on piecework. In another part of the same field there is a gang of 'cut-lassers,' who are cutting down all the weeds, and also the canes which the plant-cutters have left. The cutlass is here made to do the work that a scythe or sickle would do at home. When

they have all the field outlashed, advantage will be taken of a few hours' dry weather and sunshine to burn the weeds, leaving the ground clear for the plough.

The morning is bright; but we are provided with those broad-leaved hats, without which our faces would soon be scorched and peeled. Mackintoshes are also carried, and must soon be put in requisition, for here comes a shower. We have scarcely time to don our protective garments before it is upon us. You never saw rain like this in England; it comes down not in drops, but as if it were poured out of innumerable spouts; and we find even our overalls but a poor protection; and our legs and feet, having no protection, are soon thoroughly wet. The rain, however, does not last more than a few minutes; and the sun shining out with seemingly augmented power, quickly dries us.

We next arrive at a cane-piece that is being planted. It is well turned up by the plough, and all over it are things which look like thin straight sticks, some three feet long, standing up from the ground. They are not sticks, however, but the sword-shaped leaves of the canes which have been brought from the next field. They are in rows six feet apart one way, and four feet the other. They are known as 'pickets,' and are put the right distance apart by means of a surveying-chain, the process being called 'lining.' Their use is to insure the canes being planted in equidistant rows.

This cane-piece presents quite an animated appearance; there are perhaps sixty or eighty people in it, all busily employed. Those we first come to are engaged in digging at each picket a wedge-shaped hole nine inches deep, and a foot square at the surface. The implement they use is a narrow heavy hoe, specially manufactured for the purpose. These men are called 'holers;' and each has to dig two hundred and fifty holes. But as they can do this by noon, they will then be free for the rest of the day.

Closely following on the holers are the 'planters,' who put into each hole two plants in a slanting position, so that one end of each plant touches the bottom, and the other protrudes about an inch above the top of the hole. The holes are then carefully filled with mould, which is pressed firmly round the plants with the naked foot of the operator, for all labourers go barefooted here. The plants are brought in carts from the field which we first visited, are emptied from them on the trace or roadway, and are then conveyed to the 'planters' by women, in baskets carried on the head. Both negroes and coolies carry everything they possibly can on their heads, and you would scarcely find such a thing as a wheelbarrow, if you searched the whole island.

The planters are not employed at piecework, as their work requires some care, and must not be hurried over. Their hours of labour are from six A.M. to four P.M., with two intervals of half an hour each for meals. Nine hours a day is the legal limit to a coolie's employment during the rainy season. You notice that between every fourth row of pickets there is an eighteen-inch surface-drain to carry off the superabundant moisture. Subsoil drains are un-

known here, but no doubt would be a great improvement. Some hands are engaged with hoes in giving to the beds between the drains an oval shape, high in the centre, and low at the edges, so that the rain will quickly run off them. This operation is called 'round-riding.'

We next arrive at the field where the 'Paragrass' gang is employed. Paragrass is a weed that takes its name from a district in Venezuela where it is indigenous. It is one of the best foods for stock in the world, and was for this reason introduced into the island about thirty years ago. Animals that are fed on it can be kept in good condition, and do hard work without oats or any other grain. But then, while it is everything that can be desired in the way of food for stock, it will not grow in the savanna or open pasture, for the simple reason, that the beasts are so fond of it, that they never give it a chance, picking it out from among the other grasses as fast as it springs up. Yet in the cane-pieces, where it is not wanted, it grows to such an extent, that although so few years have elapsed since its arrival in the colony, it has overrun every estate, and is the most noxious of all the weeds the planter has to contend with. Cutting it with a hoe is worse than useless, as, after being so treated, it multiplies with ten-fold vigour. Digging it out root and branch and utterly consuming it with fire, or burying it in deep pits, has been found the only effectual way of keeping it down. It is impossible completely to eradicate it from an estate in which it has once got an entrance; for the smallest piece, if dropped on the ground and left undisturbed, will take root. The roots of the Paragrass grow deeply in the ground, and the implement used in digging them out is either an ordinary four-pronged fork, or a sort of pick with a long slender point. It takes a large gang to keep pace with the rapidity of its growth; and there are some fifty people employed in this field, the men digging it out, and the women and children carrying it in baskets to the traces, where it is heaped up to dry before burning.

The 'weeding gang' is next reached, where one hundred and sixty hoes are at work. Weeding is done by piecework, or the 'task' as it is called. Each person gets a certain number of square feet to do, and can leave when he or she has done it. The 'tasks' are measured by the drivers, who carry a 'ten-foot rod' for this purpose. The weeds when cut down are piled in heaps called 'boocans' between the rows of cane. In this hot and moist climate, decomposition rapidly takes place; and the next time the cane-piece is weeded, the boocans will be found to consist of little else than earthy matter, which will be scattered over the ground before erecting a new one. Each cane-piece is weeded about four times a year. The weeders also 'strip' the canes; that is, relieve them of the leaves that have become old and withered. Every joint on a cane marks where a leaf once grew; the lower leaves dying off as the plant increases in size.

At eleven o'clock, the manager takes breakfast; and about one o'clock the labourers who have been employed on 'tasks' begin to arrive from

their work, and in another hour have nearly all come in. The overseers who have had the superintendence of the task-work gangs, and who had returned to them after breakfast, have also finished for the day, with the exception of 'making up' their 'field-books;' and one of them also must attend to the stock being fed and locked up at six o'clock. The field-book is a register kept by each overseer of the work done and wages earned by each person employed in his gang. When these books are 'made up,' they will be handed to the junior overseer, who acts as book-keeper, and who will post their contents into a ledger. He will then make an 'abstract' of the day's work and expenditure for the manager's use. He has also to furnish weekly and monthly returns of various sorts for owners and other interested persons. And as this requires to be done after the outdoor work of the day is over, he is kept pretty busy. However, he consoles himself with the thought that he will not always be the junior.

SETTING THE SNARES.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN Mr Bellar left the *Amsleigh House* to enjoy an evening stroll, as he said, his manner betrayed little of the indecision or doubt which marks the aimless lounge. On the contrary, although he did not hurry in his pace, he struck quickly across Broadway, turned down Wall Street, and thence again into another thoroughfare, with the air of a man who has a purposed goal. He was soon in Gem Street; and then, turning again into a narrower thoroughfare, entered a house of no very inviting aspect. Many a stranger, indeed, would have hesitated to enter this street at twilight, and still more would have been reluctant to enter the building. Not so with Bellar, who walked boldly along the passage, and opening a door at the end, stepped at once into a room. This apartment was rather spacious, being long, although low; and by the arrangement of several bare wooden tables and wooden seats or forms, it seemed to be used as a dining-room, or place of some low entertainment. At present, however, there was nobody within it excepting an old woman, of unusually repulsive aspect, who was seated by a low fire, watching the boiling of a large iron pot or caldron.

'Where is Little Jake?' asked Bellar abruptly.

'Is he in the house?'

'Guess I dunno,' replied the old woman.

'He expected me to-night, did he not?' continued the visitor.

'Spoke he did,' returned the crone. 'He said you would come. But you air here too soon—about ten o'clock, he said.'—

'Yes; I know,' interrupted Bellar. 'But things have not fallen out just as I wished. Can you find Jake?'

The old woman stooped, and evidently put her mouth to the end of a tube, although, in the gathering gloom of the room, it was impossible to see exactly what she did; but she was heard

to desire some one to come. The next minute the door opened, and a young negro or mulatto boy appeared. 'Thar—you can tell him what you want,' said the woman; and Bellar, who was evidently too familiar with her manner to take offence, told the lad to go and find Little Jake. The black nodded and vanished. Bellar seated himself upon a bench; while the old woman, having done her part, seemed no longer to be conscious of his presence, but resumed her watch over the simmering caldron.

Bellar had not long to wait, for in a few minutes a heavy step—in no degree like that of the nimble messenger—was heard in the passage, then the door opened, and a huge, ruffianly looking fellow—a model of the worst and most dangerous type of the New York rowdy—appeared. 'Wal,' he said, without any preliminary greeting, 'you air here mighty early, Major. How have you fixed the business now?'

Without speaking, Bellar glanced meaningly at the old woman, and then looked inquiringly at the new-comer.

'Oh, she don't signify a particle,' returned the latter aloud. 'Old Carry there could hang half of the gang, if she liked, and we must trust her. We trusted her at first, because she was useful; now we trust her because we can't help ourselves.'

The expression on Bellar's face showed him to be but half satisfied with this ominous explanation. He had not meant to show his feeling on the matter; but he must have done so; and dark though the room had grown, low as was the fire—its only illumination—the hag caught the expression, and exclaimed, with a short laugh: 'Why don't they kill me, eh? That's what he is thinking—that's what he wants to know, Jake!—Oh, I reckon you need not deny it; it's no use telling a lie, stranger; and you ain't the only one who has asked why old Carry isn't cleared out. I'll tell you, stranger'—

'There! dry up!' cried Jake. 'Guess, he don't want to hear about our affairs.'

'But he shall; and—ha! ha!—so shall you, Jake,' laughed the crone. 'It does you good to be told why you are afraid of me, that is a fact.—Wal, stranger, old Carry is a witch, and the boys here all know it. She can tell their fortunes, and bring them bad or good luck, accordin' as they treat her; and they know that too. There are two or three would get rid of her if they dared; but the balance of the rowdy boys know there would be no luck for many a day if a hair of her head was hurt, so that keeps her safe on both sides.'

'Oh, you are a witch, are you?' exclaimed Bellar. 'Perhaps you can tell my fortune?'

'Of course I can; but I should be ashamed to do it,' was the unexpected reply.

'Ashamed to do it! Why, granny?' asked the young man, a little piqued at this answer.

'Why, do you think it needs a witch or a conjurer to tell what you are, and what you will come to?' retorted old Carry, who was clearly determined not to be friendly with the visitor. 'A child could do that by only looking at your false face, smooth and cunning as you are. I guess I can tell pretty nearly what you have come here for. But Little Jake will not find his part so easy to play as he thinks.'

Jake growled out something which was evidently not a blessing, unintelligible as it was; then the twain removed to the extreme end of the apartment, where they conferred in tones too low to be overheard. Old Carry, however, seemed to have no interest in them or their conversation, her whole attention being focused in the caldron, or in feeding the small fire with fragments of coal and wood which she gathered from the hearth.

'Did you meet him?' began Jake, as they took their seats at the end of the apartment.

'Yes; I saw him on board the *Celebes*,' replied Bellar. 'I should have known him without help; but I inquired, to make sure. I spoke to him.' He then detailed, with tolerable accuracy, what had passed. 'So, as he would not come out to-night, I have arranged to take him to Central Park to-morrow,' he continued. 'It must be done to-morrow, if at all, for he goes West the next day.'

'Central Park!—that's an odd enough place for it,' growled Jake; 'in daylight too!'

'Oh, there are plenty of quiet places about there,' said Bellar; 'some parts where the waste material for the buildings is thrown, and where the earth has been shovelled up, will do; and I'll take care he goes there, and in the evening too, when few are around.'

'If he's missed—but there ain't no one in New York to miss him,' said Jake; 'and I reckon he don't know your name.'

'Not he! I provided myself with a card, which was good enough for him; and he no more knows who I really am than'—Bellar checked himself so abruptly here, that the pause was rather awkward.

His companion noticed it, and with a hoarse chuckle said: 'No more than I do, I suppose you mean, Major? Wal, that's right. Caution all round. I don't want to know nothing of the Britisher; one man's the same to me as another. You've paid me, and I will stick to the bargain. Now then; just tell me when and where you will bring him.'

Here the tones of the speakers were lowered almost to a whisper upon the subject, which appeared to be satisfactory to Jake, who nodded assent to the arrangements; and then Bellar rose to go.

'I wonder what she meant,' whispered Jake, with a nod of his head towards the old woman, whose ugly outline and profile were brought out in strong relief at that moment by the kindling of some pieces of wood which threw out more flame than before; the light seeming all the more vivid from the increased gloom of the apartment, which was now, indeed, almost pitch-dark—'I wonder what she meant by saying I wouldn't do my part? I never failed in a bargain yet, Major, and I never will.'

'Oh, pay no attention to her,' returned the other. 'A drivelling old idiot, with just sense enough to be spiteful, and to know how to play on the fears and superstitions of those around her.'

'Mebbe, Major, mebbe; but let me tell you that if you tried to play on the fears and superstitions of the particular outfit that hangs around her, you would find that it took a sight more sense than you p'raps calkilate on,' retorted Jake. 'The boys here don't take no more spitefulness

than suits 'em, stranger, but they are afraid of old Carry. She meant something, I'll bet my bottom dollar.'

'Well, I don't care what she meant,' returned Bellar. Then, having risen, they walked down the room and passed the old woman in silence.

Parting where the opening joined Gem Street, Bellar hurried away as if his aim were to mix himself with the throng of passengers; and several times he glanced swiftly round, as though to ascertain if he were followed. But he need not have been anxious about this; for Little Jake—as the huge rowdy was ironically termed—remained at the corner where they had parted, until he had broken off a suitable plug from a huge cake or slab of tobacco, and had duly inserted the same in his cheek, after which he slowly lounged away in a different direction from that taken by his employer.

The latter passed an hour or two at a music-hall, or—as it was termed there, and as it is gradually growing to be known here—a Varieties Theatre; then, returning to the *Amsleigh House*, he inquired for his friend Mr Richmond; and found that, in accordance with his resolution, he had retired to bed early. In the morning, they met at the breakfast table, with the various 'fixings' of which Arthur was delighted, as the variety exceeded even the sumptuous and redundant fare of the *Celebes*. He was, too, in the mood to be pleased with everything, as in the bright morning air he felt that he had shaken off part of the despondency inseparable from landing in a strange country. The cheerful conversation of Mr Bellar was also not without its influence.

Arthur's time in New York being so limited, Bellar proposed two or three short excursions during the day to various parts of the city and its suburbs; trips just sufficient to fill the intervals between breakfast and dinner, and dinner and supper—these trips to conclude with a ramble round Central Park.

'We must not omit the Park,' said Bellar, with a smile; 'because we find all you English—Britishers, I ought to call you—so dreadfully prejudiced on behalf of your own Parks, in London I mean, that you really will not even go to look at ours, if we dare to say a word which sounds like a comparison.'

'That will not be the case with me,' replied Arthur; 'for I have heard so much about the Central Park, that if you had not volunteered to show it to me, I should have asked to see it.'

'Come! that is well for a Britisher!' exclaimed his companion; 'and since you have only one clear day, let us lose none of it, but start at once.'

In compliance with this, they rose, and in a few minutes had started on their first excursion.

Everything was new, everything was delightful, and Bellar was the most entertaining of guides. Although not a resident in New York, he had been there several times, and had made himself thoroughly acquainted with the city. They returned to dinner; and after a short rest, started on another exploration, which was to end at the Central Park, whence they would take an omnibus back to the *Amsleigh House*, to supper. It happened, however, that as their preliminary stroll had been extended so much beyond their

first intention, it was late in the afternoon—evening indeed—when they arrived at the Park, both somewhat tired.

'It will be too late for supper,' said Arthur, glancing at his watch, 'even if we go home at once; while, if we enter the Park'—

'Oh, we must not return without doing that!' exclaimed Bellar. 'I will never let you go away without seeing our Central Park. Besides, I really do not know whether you will not see some parts of it to greater advantage in the twilight of a beautiful summer evening, such as this, than at any other time.'

'With all my heart,' replied Arthur. 'I was only afraid of trespassing on your kindness. Let us go in, then.'

Entering the Park, they at first followed the main drives; but presently Bellar referred to his watch, and said: 'We shall just have time to see the most really romantic bit of the Park. Let us make a 'short-cut.' He then struck across the grass and down a slope, at a tolerably brisk pace, followed by Arthur, soon losing sight of the more frequented paths, until they found themselves in a spot which was wild and untidy indeed, with nothing romantic about it. It was a mere waste deserted corner of the demesne, where, apparently, builders had stored their spoiled brick and stone, while here and there mounds of earth were thrown up; brought, it seemed, from some excavations.

'This is a miserable-looking place,' began Arthur; 'you don't call this romantic, do you?'

'Ha! ha! *This* romantic!' replied Bellar; and there was something so strange in his laugh, that Arthur involuntarily turned round.

'Why, how pale you are!' he exclaimed; 'are you ill?'

'No; never better,' said Bellar. 'But I am not pale; it is the effect of the rising moon. You look pale, as if you were frightened.—We will cross yonder corner, under those trees, then we shall—shall see something better.' His manner was so constrained, his voice so altered, that Arthur looked at him in wonder. 'You are armed—have got a pistol, I suppose?' continued Bellar. 'All Britishers think they must have them, directly they land.'

'What an odd question to ask now,' returned Arthur. 'No; I am not armed, beyond this cane, which is heavily loaded with lead. A friend gave it to me as a keepsake. It is a tolerably effective weapon.' Arthur made the cane whistle around his head as he said this; and being a tall powerful young fellow, a loaded cane in his hands would indeed be an effective weapon.

Bellar slackened his pace as he approached the corner indicated, a gloomy uninviting spot, dark in itself, and rendered especially so by the shade of a few great trees. He drew out his watch and glanced uneasily round.

'Ha, ha!' laughed Arthur in his turn; 'any one would think *you* were afraid now! I don't believe I am so white as you are. But let us get away from this wretched corner.' He strode resolutely on as he said this. Bellar again glanced anxiously round, hesitated, then hurried up to Arthur, keeping, however, a little behind him.

They were now passing under the deepest shadow of the trees, and Bellar stole his hand

into his breast, where he seemed to be clutching something. He hesitated again for a moment, in which moment Arthur's long stride had taken him once more into the clear moonlight; and bounding up a slope which faced him, he exclaimed, looking round with a cheerful smile: 'There is not much romance here, Mr Bellar; but there is a good deal of life, which is pleasant after that dreary hole. And I can see carriages in the distance. I shall hire one, and get home to tea.'

Bellar hurried up the slope without reply, turning for an instant, when at the summit, to look back upon the sullen spot he had just left, with a face in which anger and dismay were equally mingled. By a great effort, he threw off his embarrassment; and in the ride home and at the supper—a special meal, the regular hour being past—he was the same gay, easy companion he had proved all along. To Arthur's astonishment, Bellar, tired as he must have been from his long ramble, pleaded an engagement which would prevent his passing the evening with him, as had been arranged. This was startling news to Arthur, who had heard nothing previously of such an engagement; but Mr Bellar was firm, and after a hurried meal, rose from the table, bade his friend 'good-evening,' and departed.

It was to the same house as on the previous evening that he bent his way. At the door of the building he found the mulatto-boy enjoying, imp as he was, a pipe in the refreshing evening air. The atmosphere of the place was dull and stagnant enough in the hot summer night; but the mulatto-boy lolled against the door-post and smoked, with the air of a man thrice his age.

'Wal, stranger! you're waltzing around again,' began the boy. 'Do you want Marm Carry, or'—Bellar was pushing by him without ceremony, not feeling in the mood to gossip with a boot-boy, when the youngster caught him by the coat, and exclaimed: 'Say! you'd better not put on a sight of style, when a man wants to do you good. Don't you go into that room to-night.'

There was something in the boy's tone which arrested Bellar in spite of himself. 'Why not?' he asked.

'I'll tell you why, stranger,' returned the mulatto. 'There's some boys in that room that you will find it easier to get among, than to get away from. They've been drinkin' whisky too, all day, and the hull lot of 'em have got their knives and six-shooters. You want to know what has become of Little Jake?'

'I do,' said Bellar, astounded by the turn the conversation was taking.

'Then suppose you go to corner of Gem Street and wait for me; it do me no good to be seen talking to you. Marm Carry hate you, and, by thunder! she soon hate me too, and gib it me hot!'

Unintelligible as was the proceeding, Bellar deemed it the better plan to take the boy's hint; and so, returning to the larger street, he loitered in the neighbourhood for two or three minutes, when he spied the mulatto lad, who caught sight of him as quickly, and made a signal for him to follow. Bellar complied; and the boy led him, at a pretty good pace, some half a mile

from the spot, when he paused and waited for the young man to join him.

'Golly!' he began; 'it not very bully to talk near Marm Curry to-night. Never can tell where she is! Good thing for you, stranger, you not go into that room. I did, and I hear them say things about you, make your blood all chill.'

'But what for—what has made them unfriendly to me?' asked Bellar, not unnaturally.

'Marm Curry say you 'sult her last night, and laugh at her,' replied the boy. 'She never forgive that; I know her. I know things she have done.' The mulatto shook his head meaningly here, as though the remembrance was not pleasant, then proceeded: 'Sides, she say you bring bad luck to this place. Police get Little Jake last night, and now he in prison.'

'Jake in prison!' echoed Bellar. 'What was that for?'

'What dat for?' echoed the boy in turn; but in a tone of the profoundest contempt—'what dat for? Why, for everything. Little Jake thief, robber, murderer. Every one there thieves and murderers. You know dat, stranger, else you not pay Little Jake to do your work. Dat's quite plain. Wal, Jake very bad man; but he keep him word. If he promise to kill man for you, or burn house, he do it. But he never come out of prison now; I guess they will hang him this time.'

Bellar did not care to hear any more; he thrust a dollar into the boy's hand, and hastened away in the direction which took him most readily from the region of Marm Curry.

Arthur was much surprised to find, in the morning, that his new friend had not returned to the hotel all night. What was still more disappointing, he did not appear prior to the time of the train starting by which Arthur was to commence his journey to Denver. He was at first alarmed, and thought of communicating with the police; but on mentioning his anxiety to the bar-clerk, he found that Mr Bellar had sent for his luggage and discharged his bill; so that, whatever the cause, it was clear that his absence was with his own consent.

TROOPING THE COLOURS.

THE site of the old Tilting-yard at Whitehall—now termed the Horse Guards Parade, where in olden times the royal tournaments were held, and where many a lance has been splintered and many a noble life sacrificed to the cause of chivalry—is annually the scene of a pretty military spectacle; which last year, on the occasion of the sixty-second anniversary of the Queen's birth, was witnessed, or rather attended, by about twenty thousand persons. The presence of the King of Sweden, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Dukes of Connaught, Cambridge, and Teck, the Marchioness of Lorne, and the ever-welcome Princess Mary, gave *éclat* to the ceremony; while the fact that the Commander-in-chief's staff was expected to include the famous Sir Garnet Wolseley and the no less renowned general, Lord Strathnairn, increased the interest which was felt in the day's programme.

The ceremony which thus drew together so distinguished an assembly is an ancient one, and is called 'Trooping the Colours.' It is only seen to perfection in London, and on the Queen's birthday; and it may prove interesting to our readers to have before them a full and authentic record of the proceedings.

As soon as eight o'clock has struck on the morning set apart for keeping the Queen's birthday in London, people who wish to view the ceremony of the day begin to wend their way in the direction of St James's Park. While the crowd is gathering, the bells of the various churches in the great city fling forth their joyful tones, and the Royal Standard is unfolded from the flagstuffs on the top of the public buildings.

Those who have been fortunate enough to obtain tickets of admission to the inclosure, enter it either from the archway which connects Parliament Street with the Park, or else make their way thither before the cordon of troops has been drawn around it. The tickets, which are issued by each of the three regiments, and are obtainable by anybody with sufficient social standing to warrant them in applying for one, enable the holders to view the parade from the side of the square where stands the saluting-point, namely, directly beneath the windows of the Horse Guards. About nine o'clock, a strong body of the Household troops—infantry—arrive on the ground, and are immediately posted, at about six paces from each other, all round the vast square, each side of which is nearly a quarter of a mile in length. By the time this is done, the crowd has increased to a wonderful extent, even the railings of the Park, the trees, and the windows and roofs of the great public buildings overlooking the spot, being crowded with occupants.

On the outskirts of this immense crowd, much amusement is generally caused by the efforts of the police to prevent benches from being used to stand upon; much annoyance also being caused thereby to those who have already parted with their money for this frail kind of accommodation, and who find themselves suddenly called upon to 'stand down.'

At half-past nine, the strains of the regimental bands are heard; and presently the troops selected to represent each regiment of the brigade of Foot Guards march gaily on to the parade-ground from the direction in which their respective barracks lie, and take up the position assigned to them in the ceremony. By ten o'clock, the crowd has become very dense, and stretches right away along the historic Malls—famous for many a royal procession—until it reaches the Milk House Gate, near which stands Marlborough House, the residence of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

As mentioned already in our previous article on 'The Queen's Guard' (No. 845), the regiment whose turn it is to find the guards at St James's Palace, and other places in the Metropolis on that day, has the *place d'honneur* assigned to it, namely, on the right of the line, and furnishes the State Colour which is the object and centre of the whole ceremony. This regiment, as a matter of course, supplies the greatest number of men to the parade; while the other two corps supply the flank companies, or picked men of their several battalions. The whole of these troops are drawn up in line facing the saluting-point, and with their backs to the Park. The men are clad in their new uniform,

which is taken into wear from that day. The bands of the three regiments are combined, and take up a position a little way off from the right of the line, but facing down, headed by the drum-majors in their gorgeous state uniforms of crimson and gold.

Presently another band is heard approaching; and in a few minutes the silver-burnished helmets and cuirasses of the Life Guards are seen glittering in the May-day sun. This body of cavalry, perhaps the finest in the world, is only a detachment, which also forms part of the Queen's Guard; but instead of mounting guard at St James's Palace, where there is no stable accommodation, they do so at the Horse Guards, every day throughout the year; the other regiment of Household cavalry, namely, the Horse Guards Blue, or 'The Blues' as they are popularly called, also taking its turn in the same duty. It is only on the Queen's Birthday, however, that the band attends, and then it appears clad in frock coats of crimson and gold, with velvet hunting-caps.

In some of the newspapers, this band has been erroneously stated to be Her Majesty's private band; but the Queen's Private band and the Queen's State band are quite distinct in themselves, and have no connection with the bands of the Household cavalry.

The cavalry guard having taken up its position to the right of the combined bands of the Foot Guards, with its own band on the right, everything is ready for the advent of the reviewing officer. At a quarter after ten there is a sound of cheering in the distance, which is taken up gradually along the Malls as His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, in his uniform as Colonel of the Life Guards, and other distinguished personages, such as the Dukes of Connaught and Cambridge on his right and left, followed by a brilliant staff, including, perhaps, the well-known forms of the Duke of Teck, Sir Garnet Wolseley, and Lord Strathnairn, ride down to the parade-ground. As the Prince appears on the scene, the troops present arms, the Life Guards lower their standard, and the bands play the first eight bars of the National Anthem. On reaching the saluting-point, the Prince returns the salute of the troops, who then 'shoulder arms' once more, and the ceremony of the day commences.

While the Prince rides from right to left of the line, and back again along the rear, the State Colour is brought forth by a sergeant, under the escort of the sergeant-major of the regiment to which it belongs. They take up a position to the right of the saluting-point and on the northern side of the square, immediately facing the cavalry guard. On the return of the reviewing officer, the officer commanding the parade gives a signal to the senior drum-major, who immediately turns round to the bands and gives the command to 'Troop!' Three slowly-given strokes of the bass drum follow, succeeded by a roll of the side drums, *crescendo* and *diminuendo*. As the sound of the rolling dies away, the drum-major, in a loud voice, gives the command 'Slow March;' and the combined bands, playing a stately march, parade slowly from one end of the line to the other, countermarching at the other side of the parade, and, after a brief pause, returning to their original position in quick time.

As they cease playing, the escort for the

Colour is called by a peculiar beat of the drum performed by a drummer standing on the extreme right of the line. Then a Captain, Lieutenant, and a company of men advance from the right of the line, and preceded by the bands playing the time-honoured *British Grenadiers*, they proceed to the spot where the State Colour is in waiting. Here the escort halts; the sergeant-major takes the Colour, which is a handsomely embroidered banner, and advances towards the Lieutenant. The escort then presents arms; and after saluting the Colour, the Lieutenant sheathes his sword, and receives from the sergeant-major his precious charge. The latter then draws his sword, and salutes the Colour also, the bands playing *God Save the Queen*, and the Prince and the troops also saluting. The salute finished, the line 'shoulders arms,' and the escort marches in slow time, preceded by the bands playing the *Grenadiers' March*, to the left of the line. Arrived there, the band ceases playing, the Captain, followed by the Lieutenant with the Colour, proceeds along the front of the line, while the men forming the escort file along the rear. At the same time, the troops once more present arms, and the band resumes playing until the Colour and its escort reaches its place at the right of the line.

When this ceremony is concluded, the whole of the troops march past in slow and quick time, and the cavalry trots past, the bands playing the parade-march of each corps as it passes the saluting-point. Then the whole line advances in review order, gives a royal salute, and the 'trooping' is finished.

The Queen's Guard, with the State Colour in its custody, then proceeds to St James's Palace, where, surrounded by a great crowd, the ceremony of relieving guard is gone through; and the united bands play several fine selections from the various operas, the Princess of Wales and her children generally listening to the music from a stand above the garden wall of Marlborough House.

As one o'clock approaches, people rush off to the parade-ground again, to witness the guns fire a royal salute, a battery of artillery from Woolwich having last year come to London for the purpose of performing this part of the ceremony. This was a great novelty; for hitherto the royal salutes in London have always been fired from the time-honoured 'quart-pots,' or small guns, somewhat like mortars in shape. Like everything of the kind, we presume that these miniature cannon have at length succumbed to the prevailing love for change, though, as a matter of fact, the largest guns must be the safer of the two.

When the military ceremony closes, thousands of persons are set at liberty to seek further enjoyment elsewhere; and the streets of London become crowded with holiday-seekers, all intent upon taking the utmost advantage of the most enjoyable holiday of the year. Some seek the river, some the railway; while others amuse themselves in the various Museums and Galleries for which the Great Metropolis is famous. An agreeable and novel feature last year was the perambulation of the streets by van-loads of children singing the National Anthem, and distributing bills respecting the representation of an historic spectacle at one of the Metropolitan theatres.

As a rule, the Queen's birthday is not a general holiday, and this is a pity; for one of the Bank

holidays might well be spared, in order to give all classes an opportunity of celebrating the birth of the best and gentlest monarch that ever graced the British throne.

FELIX DEAN'S ADVENTURE.

'I'm off,' said Mr Charles Bevan, junior, putting on his overcoat. 'It's one of our "free-and-easy" nights; and I wouldn't miss a meeting of the Jolly Savages, no, not for the gold medal in *materia medica*.—If you're coming with me, Dean, put on your traps, and let's be off.'

'No, Charley; not to-night. I must really get to work and do some reading. Time flies; and unless I make a beginning, I shan't even have a fight for it.'

'Get to work! Nonsense! Let's enjoy life, a little. You've got the luck to be here in London, instead of our native Slowcester, so you'd better make the most of it. Come with me to the Savages to-night, and get to work to-morrow refreshed and inspirited.'

'Yes; with a splitting headache. No; I have spoken. I have said work, and work I mean. You Savages must get on without me, this time. I've been looking at dates, and feel positively frightened. I find I've only got a little over a month to prepare for the examination. How I shall pull through, I don't know; but it is clear that I must make a start and stick at it.—Don't press me—there's a good fellow, but leave me to myself.'

Charles Bevan could see that his friend Felix Dean was in earnest. He sighed, put on his hat and prepared to go forth unattended by his companion.

'If you won't, you won't, though I don't see why on earth you shouldn't. However, here's luck to you over your musty problems. I will see that your health is proposed in a neat speech by yours truly; and we'll drink success to virtue and industry. Ta, ta.'

Left to himself, Felix Dean took out a printed list, and began to study it attentively. As he did so, his open, frank, good-humoured young face became clouded. 'I shall never do it,' he said to himself. 'I've put it off till it's too late, and I shall have to go home now, like a bad penny. What will the guv'nor say?'

The young fellow had certainly good reason for looking and feeling gloomy. The time fixed for the Competitive Civil Service Examination, Control Department, was drawing appallingly near, and he had scarcely opened a book to qualify himself for the coming contest. It was the old, old story of the country lad with insufficient strength of purpose to resist the allurements of the town. Two months before, Felix Dean had come up to London from his native city Slowcester, full of buoyant hope and noble resolves. He was to join his early friend and fellow-townsmen Charles Bevan, medical student at St Bartholomew's, in his chambers, and work on

steadily, with a view to emerging first in the list of candidates. How had he carried out his resolutions? By attending athletic-sports meetings at Lillie Bridge and Lord's; by frequenting theatres; by being a boon-companion at 'free-and-easies,' with a good song invariably ready; by being guilty of the thousand-and-one follies which young men, who always have been and always will be young men, commit daily without being in many instances apparently much the worse for them. Only Felix Dean had let time slip by, and had gone a little bit too far.

Discouraged, but determined to make some attempt at a beginning, he brought out his Euclid and sat down in the cosy sitting-room to read. But the task was not an easy one. Long disuse made it difficult for him to concentrate his attention on his work. Words and facts got somehow to be mixed. The letter A at the end of a diagram refused at any price to correspond to B; and C flatly denied any correlation with D.

'C D,' said Felix, with just the ghost of a smile on his handsome face—'C D; yes; that is exactly how I feel—very see-dy indeed. I don't know that it's much use my trying to do anything to-night.' He went on vainly plodding for twenty minutes or so, but at last threw the book away from him in disgust; and it may be well surmised that a man capable of such barbarous witticisms must have been truly at a low ebb. 'I'd better go out and take a turn in the fresh air,' he thought. 'That may brighten me a bit. I'll go to bed early too, and see what can be done to-morrow. It shan't be for want of trying, anyway.'

His inclinations as a provincial, who had not yet learned to despise the attractions of lanes with trees—even though bared by Winter's hand,—and the soft stillness of unfrequented paths, led him to walk onward briskly till he came long past Haverstock Hill, up the steep road which takes one to Hampstead, and which heats omnibus horses and shortens the wind of the obese. It had been a good trudge from the neighbourhood of the Strand; but Felix Dean, a stalwart, stout-limbed pedestrian, the triumphant champion of many a mile-race, felt as fresh as at starting. The road was not exactly the place for adventures; but adventures come to the adventurous, and Felix Dean was at an age when men are on the alert for incident, and disposed to put their newly acquired manhood to the mettle on the least provocation. He had been walking gloomily along, alternately tormenting himself by reproaches, and soothing his despondency by making stern resolves for the future, when he became aware of the near presence of two other persons. One was a young lady, a pretty young lady—so at least thought Felix, on catching a glimpse of her as she passed under a lamp. Her figure was lithe and graceful; and he felt sure, from the little he had seen of her, that a gentle, sweet-eyed face made harmony with the rest. Behind her, close at her heels, strode a ponderous, thick-set, bearded man, dressed in every-day dark clothes, but evidently a foreigner, by the cut of him. The young lady seemed to be conscious that some one was behind her, for she hastened her step, in order to distance her pursuer and

avoid him. The man, however, began to speak to her, and the startled girl hurriedly crossed the road. This manœuvre was not attended by the success desired. Her follower crossed too, and was soon once more close to the young lady's side. Alarmed, she hastened her pace still further, and crossed back to the side where Felix was walking and quietly watching. With unabashed impudence, the man again followed in her wake, and continued pleading, in a half-whining, half-threatening tone, for alms. The young lady, terribly frightened, paid no heed save by putting extra pressure on her speed.

Felix became very soon master of the situation. Tramps, ready to take advantage of the helplessness of lonely wayfarers, were common enough in his part of the country, and he knew well how to deal with them. Without any further ado, he quickened his step until he got quite close to the man. 'How dare you molest this lady, you vagabond!' he said in a loud clear voice.

The man turned round suddenly in surprise, and swore one of those guttural never-ending oaths familiar to the German. The young lady indulged in a little scream of terror. 'Vot vor you interfere?' growled the man. '*Donnerwetter! was wollen sie?*' He looked very wicked, and put out his fist prepared to deal a blow. But Felix did not give him either time or opportunity. Dropping out with his left, he made the German reel and see more stars than were certainly shining in the skies that night.

'Take that; it will teach you to know better another time.'

The man looked for a moment as though he meditated a savage spring; but Felix's calm and collected attitude caused him to pause and reflect. He had already tasted the smarting effects of one good rap, and was sensible enough to perceive that in his young antagonist he had to do with a practised boxer. Blurting out an unintelligible series of anathemas, he turned away like a beaten hound.

'How can I thank you!' said the young lady, looking up at Felix timidly. 'I was so frightened, I hardly knew what to do.'

'Don't speak of it; I am very glad I happened to be by.'

'He has been following me ever since I left the house of some friends down the road. I live quite close by, and would not allow them to send their servant with me as an escort. I have come home at this hour time after time, and no accident of the kind has ever happened to me before. Oh, I was so terribly frightened!'

Felix noticed that she gave way to the daintiest possible shudder; and—yes, she was pretty, with the sweetest imaginable pleading face.

'Pray, don't distress yourself any further. The scoundrel has gone, and I don't think it's likely he will return. May I in any case have the pleasure of seeing you to your door?'

'Oh, thank you; but I am afraid I am putting you to a great deal of trouble.'

'Not in the least; my time is my own.'

He offered his arm, and felt the pressure of the lightest and tiniest of gloved hands. They

walked along. What did they talk about? Felix Dean himself could not have told you. All he knew was that the moments seemed very sweet and very brief. Before he had time to fully realise his position, he was brought to a stand-still in front of a handsome solid-looking villa.

'I am at home now, and thank you very, very much. May I—may I ask to whom I am so much indebted?'

Felix fished out a card from his case. He was glad she had said this; not through boastfulness or vainglory, but simply because in his heart he longed to have the chance of seeing her again. It seemed to him cruel that they should have met just that once, and possibly for that once, only.

She took the card, bade him good-night warmly; and her little active graceful figure was soon lost amongst the maze of shrubberies that lined the garden-path leading to the house.

That same night Felix dreamed of bearded Germans and fistic encounters. But one bright smiling face ever and anon shone forth, and broke the combative spell at its most truculent stage, filling his soul with gladness.

The next morning, however, the old grief became paramount. There was his Civil Service Examination staring him pitilessly in the face, and sternly reminding him that this was no time for idle dreaming, but for hard work. He sat down to his unattractive task, and became wholly absorbed in his studies. Discouraged but not vanquished by the formidable list of subjects to be mastered in a very limited space of time, Felix toiled on steadily, undisturbed. In the afternoon, the servant brought in a card. 'If you please, sir, a gentleman has called to see you.'

'Called to see me?'

Felix glanced at the name: Alfred Morrison.

'Morrison, Morrison?' he thought. 'I knew a Morrison once at school. Can it be the same?—Ask the gentleman up,' he said to the attendant.

A rather diminutive, carefully dressed personage, jovial and saucy in looks, and about the same age as Felix Dean, entered the room.

The two recognised each other at once.

'Why, it is Dean after all!' said the new-comer, holding out his hand effusively. 'I thought there couldn't be two Felix Deans going about.'

'Morrison! So it is, to be sure! How on earth did you manage to rout me out here?'

'In a very simple manner, my dear boy. My sister, whom you met last night, gave me your address. My visit here was partly at her request, to thank you for your timely help; and I'm delighted to have stumbled across an old school chum as well.'

'What! are you—your sister's—brother?' exclaimed Felix, fairly taken aback at this unexpected recognition. 'I'm awfully glad to meet you again, old fellow.'

The two sat down, and joyfully renewed the links of an early and fast friendship, severed as most school friendships are, by time and diversity of pursuits in after-life. Alfred Morrison had been in the same 'form' as Felix at the big proprietary scholastic establishment in Slowcester, and their relations had ever been those of close chumship.

They naturally questioned each other as to their careers. Morrison was filling a humble yet, as a step to something better, an important situation in a government office; and Felix soon explained to his friend how and under what circumstances he found himself in London.

'So you're going up for the Control, are you?' said Alfred Morrison. 'Well, I wish you every luck and a first place in the lists.'

'Thanks; but I'm afraid it's rather late in the day. I've been putting off things till there isn't the ghost of a chance now. I shall get ploughed horribly, and disgust my poor old governor. I mean to have a try, though; I shall work morning, noon, and night for the next fortnight.'

'You'll have to leave a blank this evening, for I'm going to ask you to come and dine with us at home; just a cosy family affair, no strangers. The governor will be delighted to make your acquaintance.'

The allurements were a powerful one; but Felix felt himself in duty bound to resist. He pleaded the urgency of his work.

'Rubbish!' said Alfred Morrison with a knowing wink. 'Don't let that prey upon your mind; you'll pass right enough; I'll answer for that. I'm not going to take any refusal with regard to this evening; and won't somebody be pleased! She talked of nothing else except you, this morning at breakfast. Why, Dean, you're coming out as a hero of a romance in first-rate style!'

Felix would fain have continued to excuse himself, as he felt too much concerned about his preparation for the examination to indulge in renewed idleness.

'Oh, but you must come, old fellow,' said Alfred; 'and I'll tell you what I'll do if you'll let me. I've been through the grind myself, and know what it is. I think, therefore, I can give you some useful hints. If you give this night to us, therefore, I will come to you every alternate night till the exam., and "coach" you. What do you say to that?'

Felix admitted that he had been seriously thinking of employing some such help, but it was the rag-end of the session, and his purse was light, and he could hardly see his way to the expense. But he would gladly accept of an old friend's help; and as a proof of his gratitude, would devote that evening to him and his friends.

During the rest of the time before his day of trial, Felix worked like a negro slave. Strong-bodied, clear-headed, and with tremendous staying powers, he, with the most useful help of Alfred, made the very utmost of the brief period that remained. As he went on too, he felt that he was gaining lost ground very fast. At school, his intellectual capacities had been by no means of an insignificant calibre, and he found his task one of no such great difficulty after all. The list of subjects, once hopelessly formidable, became 'small by degrees and beautifully less,' till within two days of the one fixed for the competitive examination, he knew himself sufficiently strong to do good battle.

He had found time also to pay a visit to the Morrisons, and to pass a delicious hour with Amy—an hour fraught with results in which Cupid played no unimportant part.

On the day previous to the contest, he shut up every book, and pulled himself together by a good healthy march, miles away into the country. The oldest and most experienced 'coach' could not have suggested to him anything more sensible.

The momentous hour came, and Felix walked into the big rooms at Burlington openly and frankly, with the air of one who meant to win if he could, but by fair and square means.

'Now for success—and, Amy!' That is what Felix Dean said, when the papers were handed to him. They seemed to have been made up by a charmed hand, so well did they lie within the range of his knowledge. His good luck continued throughout the examination, and he rose at last confident that he had done well. It was not without a feeling of gratitude to Amy's brother that he made this acknowledgment to himself; and it was not without a sense of pity that he glanced round at the rows of young fellows like himself, poring over their desks—pale, earnest, and thoughtful students many of them too—youths of all stations, and from all corners of our sea-girt isle—English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh, all eagerly struggling for ten vacant appointments!

A fortnight or so after, Charles Bevan, who was greatly interested, called Felix's attention to the published list of successful candidates in the *Times*.

Cool to the last, Felix took it up carelessly, and began to read. His name appeared *third*!

'Got it, by Jove!' shouted Bevan, delighted beyond expression. 'Hurrah!'

In time, the young official in Her Majesty's Control Department, with the full consent of everybody concerned, took unto himself somebody as a fair little official in his own Domestic Control Department. It need scarcely be stated that the somebody was Amy Morrison, and that Felix more than once blessed his happy stars for bringing him the Hampstead Road adventure; for without his renewed acquaintance with Amy's brother, which was thus strangely enough brought about, he might never have held an appointment in a government office.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

MORE than a year ago reference was made in this *Journal* (No. 878) to the proposed institution of a Royal College of Music, having for its object the education of persons evincing special aptitude for music, but unable to bear the whole expense of their education. The proposal originated in a petition presented by the Prince of Wales to the Queen, praying Her Majesty to grant a Charter of Incorporation for the purposes indicated, and giving a brief history of the efforts made in the same direction by the establishment in 1875 of the National Training School for Music, at Kensington Gore (South Kensington), of which the Duke of Edinburgh—himself an accomplished musician—was President.

This praiseworthy proposal, thus inaugurated by the Heir-apparent and his illustrious brothers, has now taken definite shape, and a Charter of Incorporation for a Royal College of Music has

been prepared and laid before the Privy Council. The Prince of Wales has graciously accepted the office of President of the new College; and in this capacity he recently called together in London a large body of gentlemen, representative of the counties and towns of England and Scotland, dignitaries of the church, and other religious and educational bodies, to aid him in what he described as 'the promotion of a truly national object, by obtaining contributions for the Royal College of Music.' The principal resolution embodying this object was moved by the Duke of Edinburgh; and the Prime Minister, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and other distinguished personages, took part in the proceedings. At the conclusion of the meeting a very large sum of money was subscribed for the endowment of the College.

The purposes to be served by the Royal College of Music were stated by the Prince of Wales with great clearness in his opening speech. It was desired, he said, that those to whom nature had bountifully given a good ear for music, or a good voice, but to whom she had been niggardly in worldly fortunes, should be sought out in their obscurity, and given the opportunity of distinction by facilities for a proper course of training. He laid stress upon the combination in the new College of two systems of instruction—a system of gratuitous education on the one hand, and of musical education paid for by those who were not upon the foundation. For both classes the teaching and rewards would be the same. Another feature was that of including in the College scheme the instruction of those who did not intend to make music a profession. The smallest number of scholars worthy to constitute a foundation for the College would be one hundred, of whom fifty should have their education free, and fifty should be maintained as well as educated. The latter would be selected by competition throughout the United Kingdom. A system of examination would be organised by which, in every town and in every village, opportunities might be afforded of participating in the College instruction. Only let eminent ability be found in the village choir, and the promising pupil would be brought to London for full opportunities of advancement. It was estimated that eighty pounds a year would be required for each pupil who had to be educated and maintained, and forty pounds a year for each who had only to be educated. He hoped that the public liberality would grant him means to found at least two fellowships, in order that rising musicians on receiving their education might not be tempted to sacrifice their aspirations and their art to the necessity of immediately earning means for their own support.

It is impossible to doubt the success of a movement which has been so auspiciously inaugurated, and which aims at the accomplishment of so praiseworthy an object. It must also be matter of congratulation to the country that the leader and organiser of the movement should be the Prince of Wales, who, while shut out by constitutional barriers from participation in many pursuits open to others less exalted, is thus lending the influence of his high position to the advancement of what will so much contribute to the social and intellectual pleasures of the community.

RAIN AT MIDNIGHT.

O MIDNIGHT Rain,
Heard 'mid the restlessness of weary pain!
Thy cadence brings
Sweet thoughts of peace on silver-tinted wings.

In this dim town,
I hear thy thousand streamlets trickle down:
Ere thou hast fled,
Tell me, O Rain! the source where thou hast fed.

I see arise
Bright pearly dewdrops from blue violets' eyes;
I see the mist
Come from the wood-rill's ripples, evening-kissel.

The green fields gleam
Before me, as to thy sweet rhyme I dream;
And birds and flowers
Are with me in my restless midnight hours.

More blest than these,
I feel the fragrance of the summer seas;
Along the coast
I see the never-resting billows tost.

Lying here still,
Thoughts of the ocean make my sad heart thrill—
That ocean rife
With strength and majesty and glorious life.

Each gem long-sought,
From dewdrop or from distant waters brought,
O bounteous Rain!
Thou scatterest for a blessing on the grain.

Spend and be spent!
O gracious Rain! through thee I grow content:
Thy calm-voiced spell
Goes deeper in the heart than words can tell.

Watching through night,
Many with me await the morning light
In pain or care,
Or rapt, it may be, in the trance of prayer.

To each, to all,
Hearing thy rhythmic music softly fall,
Sweet thoughts may come
Of Him who by His ways doth lead us home.

For not one drop
Falls from the cloud upon the bare hill-top—
Falls, through dark hours,
Upon the closed chalice of the flowers;

Or on the sea,
Or on the murmurous thickly-foliaged tree,
But falls to cherish
What else would pine and, drooping, sadly perish.

And shall the tear,
Shed by the Father's well-loved children here,
In doubt and pain,
Fall for a less wise purpose than the Rain?

c. g.

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A WORD ON FARMING.

WE have been favoured with the following communication from one who has had much experience as a practical agriculturist, and whose remarks on the relation of crops to soil, and *vice versa*, will, we believe, be of value to many of our readers.

There are various things that farmers presently wish for. Most of them desire a reduction of rent, better seasons, higher prices for farm-produce, and the American 'anywhere out of the world,' or at least out of the British market. Reduction of rent many have got already; but the necessity for importing foreign grain will never grow less till farmers themselves learn to 'make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before.' Better seasons we cannot command; and our only hope is that Meteorological Science may in time enable us to foresee with a tolerable degree of certainty the kind of seasons that may be expected. Higher prices we are not likely to have, and nobody wishes for them but the farmers; and their wishes in this particular, therefore, will not help them out of their troubles. What farmers want is not only sunlight, but the light of science. A country man and a cultivator of the soil, we have all our life long associated with farmers, land-agents, and landlords, and we unhesitatingly say that the present amount of farm-produce taken from the soil is not more, and we think less, than two-thirds of what it might and ought to be.

What the farmer wants to know is the geological formation on which his farm rests. He knows that some soils are naturally fertile and others barren. He may have heard that wheat demands phosphoric acid; potatoes, potash; and turnips, lime; but whether he be on trap soil, calcareous soil, or, better still, a combination, he may not know; but he ought to know. If he is on trap, or on a soil having trap for its basis, he will know that potatoes will prove a paying crop rather than turnips; and that if he is

on limestone, turnips will probably form the most lucrative crop. If he is on the fertile New or Old Red Sandstone, he will know that wheat may be grown again and again, with artificial help, without the soil being materially impoverished. What the average farmer does not know is, the chemical element or combination of elements his land is rich in, and the manurial dressings that he ought to apply or withhold. Nor does he know what his soil is deficient in, and what it therefore specially wants. Scores of farmers have applied nitrate of soda to land that had an inexhaustible supply of soda, and while thus throwing away their money, have condemned artificial manures! Hundreds have land that is infertile simply because soda is absent, or present in deficient quantities; and they yet fail to apply it. Lime is continually being added to land that has enough in itself; other lands want it so badly that they produce poor crops and grasses of inferior nutritive value, only wanting lime to be made productive and have their produce changed. Almost all soils contain more silica than will ever be removed, yet landlords insist—and farmers consent—that straw, which in the market would bring money to its owner's purse, shall be rotted into a manure of no particular value!

What the farmer wants to know is the chemistry of the plants he grows; the animals he feeds, and the foods they eat; the soil he cultivates, and the manures he uses. It is, for instance, a sad waste of capital to apply nitrate of soda to plants that require potash; or potash to plants that want lime; or phosphoric acid where it may already exist. It is failing to make the most of everything, to feed hard-working horses on fattening foods, while their muscles starve; and full-fledged fattening beasts on highly nitrogenous food, instead of on food that would cause a rapid gain in weight.

Farmers, landlords, and land-agents need to learn that plants take only *mineral* matters and nitrogen from the soil, and therefore need only these added, to maintain them in continued and

increasing fertility. It is a tremendous and a costly mistake to imagine that the carbon, the hydrogen, and oxygen which constitute the bulk of all crops, come from the soil, or constitute property when buried in it. It might help the landlord's rent, and leave a balance for the farmer's pocket, if they could be brought to understand that the carbon comes wholly, or practically so, from the carbonic acid which exists in the air in sufficient though small quantity, and which is being as continually extracted from the air by the waving cornfields and the towering forest trees, as it is as constantly being restored from every decaying organic substance, from every fire, every furnace, and every lung. The hydrogen and oxygen the plants find in water; and the carbon of the rotting straw, though it adds humus to the soil, furnishes it with no plant-food. In short, the burying of straw is a most unprofitable business; yet the landlord insists on it, because he believes he secures the return of the more valuable part of what the crops remove. As a matter of fact, that goes, never to return, in the grain.

The wealth of every landlord consists in the *particular minerals* his estate affords; and the farmer as truly works up and removes the mineral wealth, as does the lessee of a coal-seam, a bed of paraffin shale or a vein of iron ore. The idea that land-wealth consists in the amount of the *farmyard manure* in the soil, and that the land would be useless and valueless if it were gone, is a mistake that impoverishes the nation to the extent of millions yearly. Land-wealth consists partly of the various salts on which plants feed, and this depends on the geological constitution of the soil. The amount of plant-food *available* on any given soil is very small; and whether soil is naturally poor or rich in this plant-food depends on whether the soil contains—locked up in the grains of rock of which all soils are composed—much or little sustenance for plants; and whether what it does contain can be readily liberated by cultivation, exposure to the elements, or dissolved out by the acids in the soil, or the acids which the roots of plants secrete. The yearly amount thus liberated is all a farmer *can* take from the soil; hence it is a great mistake to suppose that particular ways of cropping permanently impoverish soil. Unless what the soil is deficient in be put there by the farmer, he, rather than the landlord, will be made poor. 'Condition' is only temporary enrichment; hence a poor soil cannot be *permanently* enriched.

Till the landlord has ascertained by chemical analysis the amount his soil contains of potash, phosphoric acid, lime, soda, magnesia, and the other less important elements found in plants, he will never exactly know the letting value of his farms. And not, till then, will he be able to say to his tenant what manures must be bought and what crops raised; neither till then, will the farmer know what he is buying, nor be able to lease a farm on sound commercial principles. Till then, he will never know what to buy and what to raise; for he will hardly be sure whether his land can grow potatoes continuously, or grain continuously, or whether the old-fashioned rotation will suit best.

Farmers and landlords generally require to learn

that on large breadths of land, corn may be grown profitably at a minimum of expense, because only a few substances need to be applied artificially, the soil furnishing the rest. Above all, they need to learn that what is carried off in the grain cannot be returned to the soil *in the straw*. They need to know that phosphoric acid, potash, lime, &c., have been for generations carried away and never returned; and that superphosphate of lime, sulphate of potash, and nitric acid, in small quantities, along with the waste products of the farm, would in ever so many cases restore what has been taken away, much better and more economically than by the application of straw-manure, which simply means the destruction of straw. The straw furnishes chiefly what the soil is in all probability already rich in—silica. It follows then, that the money which stable-keepers in towns, paper-manufacturers, &c., pay over to the Dutchman for straw, might be divided between the landlord and the farmer, to the advantage of both; and their want of knowledge alone prevents the consummation of this desirable state of matters. Then the landlord's rents would go up, and the farmer's capital increase, thus enabling the former to work improvements which now stand over. The farmer would be able to furnish abundance of the plant-food wanted, and so secure better crops—thus profiting doubly.

'Waste not, want not,' is a trite and forcible expression which is in the mouth of every one. As a nation, we are guilty of a frightful amount of waste. The farmer and the whole nation want the sewage—which now abominably pollutes our rivers, which generates disease-raising germs in the sewer-pipes, and frequently makes victims of men—turned upon our half-barren fields, in order to change them into fields of the greatest fertility. Dried clay and charred peat not only deodorise but render altogether innoxious any unpleasantness possessed by sewage, and in themselves are valuable improvers of soil. Many soils pay badly for want of clay in their body to *hold* the applied manurial matter—the sand allowing the rain to wash it out. What better manure or permanent improver could any one invent than clay-treated sewage? Much clay land is ill to work because of its adhesiveness—what better corrective could be invented than charred peat? Moreover, sewage contains the very matters which our fields want; that of which they have been so long robbed; and for want of which, they are below a proper standard of fertility; the very essence of grain, and in great part formed from it.

Till science and economy go hand in hand in farming, it will never pay; with these, no farmer need fear competition, and the landed interest will again look up. The present state cannot continue, for it is not paying. A better state of things must ensue, for it, though on far too small a scale, is paying even now; and continued adversity will cause the farmers and landlords to adopt a system they could *once*, but cannot now, afford to neglect.

The farming interest demands a Minister of Agriculture, and the establishment of Agricultural Colleges to impart a scientific education in the principles of agricultural chemistry. At present, there are few schools for farmers' and landlords' sons; hence the landed interest, and still more the

nation, suffers. New land-laws may be needed; security from the ravages of game is needed; freedom of contract; free trade in land and in farm-produce is needed; but above all, and beyond all, farmers and landlords need 'more light.' Free trade in land means much more in reality than it does in the mouths of those who repeat a mere parrot cry.

The light shines now that would guide British agriculture into a profitable course, but only a few walk in it. Meanwhile, it is for farmers to gather from books* which deal with agricultural science—and these are plentiful—the knowledge that ought to be spread broadcast by teachers; and when once he *knows* his wants, his wishes will be listened to, and the necessary alterations in the law will in all human probability be granted.

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER XIII.—'THAT COIN IS MARKED,' SAID HIRAM SERIOUSLY; 'I SHAN'T TAKE ANOTHER.'

HIRAM went back to work, and plotted all day how to force Fortune to his own pattern, and thought of many ways, though none of them seemed to answer. In his studies of the daily papers, he came again and again upon the phrase, 'Plans and particulars sent free on application'; and as an example of the direction his thoughts continually took, I give the scheme which this suggested to him. 'S'posin' now,' said Hiram to himself, hanging behind his 'bus, and turning this fancy over, 'I was to take a bureau, and make a list of every one of these coons, and send a letter to each of 'em.—"SEARCH & Co.'s *Advertising Office*.—MISTER. Be so good as send to us in future all plans and particulars of sales by your noted firm.—Yours truly, HIRAM K. SEARCH & Co." Reckon theer's a thousand on 'em. That takes five pound to post 'em all. One expense an' done with. Reckon, again, theer's an average of one sale a day, an' each packet weighs four ounces, what with postin'-bills, auctioneers' catalogues, an' wrappers. That's two hundred an' fifty pound-weight; fifteen hundred pound-weight a week. Sell it for waste to the paper-mills at a farthin' a pound—that's a trifle over thirty shillin' a week, English money.' Having completed this calculation, Hiram smiled. 'Thirty shillin' a week. That's so. An' when you've cleared your expenses, if you do, you air pro-vided for by a government which is proud to recognise financial talent. Pro-vided for, say at Portland or some other eckally attractive quarters, for at least five years. No; my inventive young friend; we will not perform in that partic'lar show.'

But there was no possible financial enterprise in the direction of which Hiram did not at one time or another cast his thoughts.

A week after the holiday, he went home to his lodgings at the usual hour, and was surprised to find a light in two of the front windows. Entering with a presentiment of evil on his mind, he

encountered Mary, standing at the door with a candle in her hand. 'Mr Search,' she whispered.

'Hiram,' he said, correcting her lightly, though he could see that some trouble weighed upon her. —'What's the matter?'

'I sat up to see you,' she said hesitatingly, 'to ask you'—

'Yes, my dear,' said Hiram, taking the candle in his hand—'To ask me'—

'Oh, Mr Search,' she whispered, in such evident distress that it pained him to see it, 'I scarcely know how to ask you. You have been so good, and we have tried your kindness so often'—

'Mary,' said Hiram, putting his arm round her waist, 'don't you lose my respect for you. I won't have you talkin' nonsense. You air naturally the wisest as well as the prettiest little gell in London, an' I don't want you to fall into any ridic'lousnesses.—Now, my dear.'

'Hiram,' she began again—and he, with a nod of bright approval and a little pressure of the arm which encircled her waist, bent down to listen—'mother is ill, seriously ill.'

'Dear, now!' said Hiram gently, drawing her nearer to him.

'We are so miserably poor, just now!' said the girl, speaking softly still, but with difficulty through her fast-rising tears. 'The doctor ordered quinine wine and beef-tea.'

'Did he, now?' asked Hiram, patting the wet cheek.

'And I had to pawn a jacket and some other things to get them; and now they are gone; and I have no more money, and nothing left to take'—

'My darlin',' said Hiram pitifully.

'And will you,' she whispered, sobbing still, 'let us have the week's rent in advance, this once? I am so ashamed to ask you'—she would have drawn away from him; but his arm restrained her—'you have been so good and generous ever since you came.'

'Now, now, now,' said Hiram, patting the wet cheek again, 'I wish I was a millionaire; but I ain't. You wait a minute, an' I'll be down again.' He left her, and mounted the stairs with long silent strides, and returned in a few minutes with a lean chamois leather purse. 'It's only nine shillin',' said he mournfully; 'but I shall have more by-an'-by.' He placed his hand above her lips, when she would have thanked him. 'You just leave a note for me, if you should want me in the mornin'.—How long has she been ailin'?'

'Ever since the day we went out together,' the girl answered.

'Mebbe a bit tired,' said Hiram soothingly.—'Don't you fret, my pretty. An' if you want anythin', ask me fur it, an' if I can get it, you shall have it; an' if you don't, I'll never forgive you, not if you was to love me all your lifetime as well as I love you.—An' that,' added Hiram to himself, 'you never will, because why on airth should you?' He left her there with a kiss, and mounted again to his own room, where, by the light of a single dim candle, he sat solemnly down at a small green-painted deal table, and surveyed himself in an oblong mirror some eight inches by six. It was not vanity which taught him thus to gaze upon himself. 'Tain't your face an' figger, Hiram, my lad, that makes the

* The following are examples of works which may with advantage be consulted: *Johnston's Agricultural Chemistry*; *Manners*, how to make, buy, and use them; and Professor Tanner's *First Principles of Agriculture*.

little gell cling to you, you fortioitous concourse of disadvantageous anatomical circumstances! Wall, that's a pretty phrase, I vow, an' it has the merit o' bein' fairly descriptive. Yes, sir. It pokes you up in the identical cave you live in. You air a fortioitous concourse of disadvantageous anatomical circumstances. That, sir, is your personal ticket. An' yet, Hiram, he continued, laying down the mirror, and rubbing his lean cheek thoughtfully with the tips of his fingers, 'it ain't the prettiest men as the best gells care for. No, sir. Grit tells. An' Hiram, you're takin' noo responsibilities, an' grit is wanted. Now I tell you, sir, an' I tell you straight, that if theer is in your ugly figger one soft place, it's got to be macadam'd; fur I am not goin' to let that poor little creetur mire her feet by walkin' over any swampy spots in you. That may be figgerative; but my meanin's clear. You air not a sentimental party, Hiram, an' so fur as I know you, you never wrote a set o' verses in your life; but you know as well as I do, theer's nothin' in the world, no blessin' in it, like a good woman's love. An' how you got it, I dunno, but got it you have. Take care of it; be worthy of it, Hiram, an' your personal appearance will not count. An honest man, if he's as ornery-lookin' as Zebedee Pitman, can give Apoller p'int, an' then knock chunks off him.' And with this moral reflection, Hiram began slowly and gravely to disrobe, and in a few minutes was sound asleep.

There was no note for Hiram in the morning; but he wrote and left upon the kitchen table a small missive, asking that news of the patient's progress should be left for him at night. Just three words answered this, 'Mother is better,' written in a thin hand, upon a scrap of letter-paper; but in the very dead and hollow of the following night, Hiram, always a light sleeper, was awakened by a creaking sound; and sitting upright in the dark, listened. Light footsteps went hastily to and fro, and were lost on the carpeting of the lower room. Then Hiram heard a voice groaning; and having struck a light, he hurried on his clothes, and went out to see what was the matter. Mary, with a scared face, was coming up the stair when she caught sight of him.

'Is she worse?' he asked. 'You want a doctor. Tell me where he lives?' Armed with the doctor's address, he was away at full speed, rang up the medical man, and brought him home. The doctor kept a small dispensary in a poor and crowded neighbourhood. Poverty and sickness were so common in his locality that he had grown somewhat hard.

'My fee,' he said, as they walked together, 'is five shillings.'

'Very well,' said Hiram sadly.

'I can't afford,' said the poor medico, 'to come for less at such a time of night.'

'Very well,' said Hiram again; and they walked on in silence through the sleeping streets. Reaching the house, Hiram opened the door with his latchkey, and sat down in the darkness of the lower room to wait. In a few minutes, he heard the medical man descending, and went into the narrow hall, faintly illumined by a street lamp, to meet him. 'How is she?'

'Come with me,' was the answer, 'and I will

give you a mixture.' Again they passed into the streets together. 'Relatives of yours?' asked the doctor as they walked, nodding his head backwards towards the house.

'No,' said Hiram; 'I'm only a lodger there. How is she?'

'It's a gone case, I should say,' returned the doctor. 'There's just a chance for her, and that's all.'

Hiram made no answer; and they reached the dispensary in silence; and there, from his meagre store of drugs, the doctor made up the best prescription his means allowed. 'Five shillings,' he said, as he handed the bottle to Hiram.

'Keep that till I bring the money to you,' said the 'bus conductor, detaching his imitation gold chain from his waistcoat, and drawing forth the showy cheap aluminium or oroid watch. 'I haven't got it with me.' The doctor took it reluctantly and with some grumbling; and Hiram sped away with the medicine. A police officer looked suspiciously at him as he raced along; but, reflecting probably on his own inability to compete with Hiram's lengthy legs, forbore to pursue him. Running all the way, Hiram burst breathless into the street he lived in; and there, lest his hurried footsteps should disturb the patient, subdued his haste and walked on tiptoe. Having given up the medicine, he whispered: 'I shall be in the kitchen if you want me;' and before the girl had time to remonstrate, he was gone. He sat alone in the darkness, thinking, until the house had dropped once more into midnight stillness, and at last fell uncomfortably to sleep, awaking every now and again with great nods, which seemed almost to shake him from his chair. At the usual hour, he lit the fire, guessing the time by the look of the outside air, performed all the small household duties he had taken upon himself, and went out. The morning was raw and foggy, and as the day went on, the fog deepened. His anxieties grew so, that at mid-day, finding a temporary substitute, and promising him payment for his services, he pleaded illness, and went home again, and heard worse news than ever of the patient. Going to his own room, he opened a little drawer, and taking out a small bag, made search within it until he found, in a corner, amongst odds and ends of thread and a score of buttons of various patterns, the half-sovereign which Gerard Lumby had given him, carefully treasured until now.

'I don't like parting with it,' he murmured as he turned it over. 'If I'd ha' spent it in a racket of any sort, I should ha' felt like flyin' in the face o' Providence. But it's a good cause—an' yet I don't like partin' with it.' Suddenly his face brightened; and putting the coin carefully in his pocket, he left the house, and walked the streets, with curious glances at the shop-windows and the signs, blurred with the fog. Coming at last to a pawnbroker's, he entered, pushed aside a swinging-door, and found himself in a wooden box with a counter before him.

'What do you want?' asked the boy behind the counter.

'What will you give me on that?' asked Hiram, producing the half-sovereign and laying it on the counter.

'Why, wodderyer a talkid about?' asked the

boy, who was probably of Hebraic extraction. 'That's half a thick-ud. Get out!' He said this playfully, as if in response to a humorous overture.

But Hiram's face was grave. 'That's a half a sovereign,' he said solemnly; 'worth ten shillin', ain't it? What will you lend on it? I wouldn't part with that coin for five pound. It's all the money I've got, an' I want to realise on it; an' when I can get it back, I shall come for it.'

'Are yer id eardest?' asked the boy.—Hiram nodded with funeral solemnity.—'All right,' said the boy, with his beady Jewish eyes a-glitter. 'Nine shillings.'—Hiram nodded again.—'What's yer dame?'

'Hiram Kysarchichus Search,' responded the client gravely.

'What?' said the boy.—Hiram repeated it.—'Here,' said the boy, pushing the pawn-ticket and the pen across the counter. 'Write it dowl yerself.'

Hiram wrote it in a clerkly hand; and the boy, having demanded and received a halfpenny for the ticket, handed over nine shillings, and the transaction was complete.

'That coin is marked,' said Hiram seriously. 'I shan't take another.'

The boy turned it over, and looking sideways at Hiram out of the corners of his eyes, passed his thumb and finger across each side of it. His trained and cunning touch detected the mark; and fixing a watchmaker's glass to his eye, he read, 'G. L. to H. K. S.'

'All right,' said he, folding it into a little parcel, and tossing it into a drawer, after pinning it to its ticket duplicate.

Hiram then left the shop, and again made his way to the dispensary, where, the doctor being at that time abroad, he left word for him to follow on his return. It was already late in the evening when the doctor again reached the house. He spent but a brief time in the sickroom, and then descending, took Hiram by the sleeve and drew him into the street, where the fog drove in visible billows across the bleared flicker of the lamps.

'It will be all over in a few hours,' he said. 'She asked me, and I told her so. There is somebody she wants to see, and I have sent her daughter to her. Have you got the five shillings?—Thank you. Here's the watch. I shan't charge for this visit, because I've not been able to do anything. I shall come round to make out the certificate in the morning.' It was an everyday matter with him, and practice had taught him an outer hardness.

Hiram went back to the little front room, and sat there until Mary came down. 'My dear,' he said, 'you must get a nurse.' He dreaded what he knew was coming, and could not bear to think of the helpless girl alone at such a time.

'Our next-door neighbour is a nurse,' said the girl. 'I can ask her to come in. But I want to go to Fleet Street. My—my father lives there, and mother says she must see him.'

'You call in the nurse, while I go to Fleet Street,' said Hiram. 'Give me the number.'

She gave him full instructions; and he set out, and remembering the doctor's words, 'It will be all over in a few hours,' he leaped into a cab, forgetful of his scanty store of money, and drove hastily. Then came the interviews already

chronicled, and then the silent watches of the night; and for Hiram in his loneliness, and Mary in her terror-stricken watch, as for Garling in his sleep, with every passing second the warp and woof of Circumstance shot in and out, and not one of the three had any knowledge of the web which Time's swift shuttle was weaving.

PROCRASTINATION.

THERE is a standard work of English literature which, though deservedly popular with our grandfathers, has been but little read by a later generation. We allude to Young's *Night Thoughts*, a poem of sustained merit, in which the philosophic student cannot fail to find a mine of suggestiveness. If the book be new to him, he will probably smile, and be reminded of the individual, unread in Shakspeare, who, taken to see one of his plays, declared it was all made up of quotations; for such a reader will find in the *Night Thoughts* many a line, many a phrase that has taken deep root in the English language as an expressive familiar quotation. Not every one who talks of 'Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,' knows whence the passage is taken; and perhaps fewer persons still credit Dr Young with the true and pithy saying that 'Procrastination is the thief of Time.' Yet the line is imbedded like a gem in his poem.

How true that saying is, we rarely find appreciated by youthful minds; and yet procrastination—the putting off till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day—is one of the most fatally bad habits the young can acquire. When the thing to be done has been fully considered, and a clear decision arrived at, nothing remains but to fix on the right time for action, and if, as often happens, that right time is the 'now,' the wise man acts promptly, does the deed, whatever it may be, without further parley, and very often is able to throw the whole affair behind him, and so have his energies free for fresh tasks. But the procrastinator talks of 'plenty of time,' of 'by-and-by'; or if pressed, maybe of 'to-morrow'—that to-morrow which is ever a morsel of the veiled future which no human being can have any certainty about, but which is pretty sure to bring with itself its own burden of cares and duties.

It is hardly too strong an assertion to declare that no decided procrastinator was ever really successful in life. Perhaps if he belongs to the limited band of people who are independent of active employment, the habitual procrastinator may seem a comparatively harmless and inoffensive person. His affairs are so small, that we are apt to think that he cannot greatly injure others or himself; but even he sometimes frets his friends by delays and neglect and unpunctuality, which act as clogs on the social wheel; and a life that seems to have no higher purpose than to get over time, can hardly be considered a happy or successful one.

But a vast multitude of persons are so constituted, that the habit of procrastination early acquired and long continued, or its opposite, that of prompt action, will make all the difference between partial failure and real success in life. Observe, how 'unlucky' the dilatory person is often considered, or at anyrate considers himself;

while the truth is the ill luck can five times out of six be clearly traced to his own neglect of opportunities and to his needless delays. He had a certain letter of introduction a week in his pocket, but finds on delivering it that the advantageous post he was seeking has been two days filled up. He knows that a friend whom he promised to visit for the leave-taking is about to go abroad for years; but he puts off the little necessary excursion so long, that when at last he makes his call, he is told 'Mr So-and-so sailed yesterday; he was expecting you all the week, and seemed sorry not to see you.'

Worse still is it when the too long delayed visit is to some sick friend or relative who has pined to behold once more the long absent one. With the old or the seriously ill, it is a sad thing to wait expectantly for a beloved face and not to see it; and very terrible is the recollection of the one summoned, when his conscience tells him he has trifled with time, as he finds that he arrives at last just too late. He can find small comfort in the excuses he makes to himself: 'I never thought the illness was so serious;' 'I never thought that the end was so near.'

It is impossible to read history and biography without being struck by the momentous issues which have been decided by prompt action or needless delay. It is said that the unfortunate Louis XVI. and his Queen would in all probability have escaped from France had not Marie Antoinette waited for some jewels to be packed, and so delayed the starting for that little journey which resulted in their arrest at Varennes. Who can tell how different the history of Europe might have been, had that jewel-packing been left alone!

Corporate bodies—nations even—are as apt to procrastinate as individuals, putting off the execution of measures, the expediency of which has been fully acknowledged, from time to time, till the recipients of 'favours to come' are often 'heart-sick' from 'hope deferred.' 'He who gives promptly gives double,' says the old Latin proverb (*Bis dat, qui cito dat*), and it certainly applies to all cases in which benefits are to be conferred. The Yankee advice to be quite sure you are right, and then 'go ahead,' is not to be despised.

The truth is, that little unfulfilled duties are like so many stones in our path, hindering and obstructing our progress, and not seldom tripping us up. How often do we find a plan frustrated because some preliminary step, necessary to its execution, has been needlessly delayed. On the other hand, a seemingly small duty promptly fulfilled is often like an acorn that is planted in suitable soil. We think little more about it, till one day there is a sapling before us, which will grow into a sheltering tree by-and-by. Probably duties fulfilled at the right time have always a germinating power that is at work for our benefit, and of which we shall see the results sooner or later.

We believe it was Madame de Staël who said that 'No more' was the most mournful phrase in the English language; but we think that the words 'Too late' are sadder still. To be too late—when it might have been otherwise—with the kind word or kind action which would have comforted the suffering; too late with the word of forgiveness that ought to have been spoken long ago; too late in acquiring useful knowledge that

lay within our grasp; too late in gaining wisdom that would have saved us from a multitude of errors: what sorrow and remorse may be behind the words!

We wonder if Lord Chesterfield felt the sting of Dr Johnson's famous letter to him. The great lexicographer had accomplished his task, though long years of penury and privation would have daunted a weaker spirit. Lord Chesterfield was called his patron; and when the Dictionary was completed and its author well known, that nobleman appeared proud of the title. It was then that Johnson wrote: 'Is not a patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it.'

But though 'Too late' has a mournful sound, like the plaintiveness of a minor chord, there is surely an inspiring trumpet-note of cheerfulness in the proverb, 'It is never too late to mend.' It is worse than folly to let the mind fossilise in its old opinions, if these be erroneous; though there are people who do not see that changing an opinion is often only tantamount to saying, 'I am wiser to-day than I was yesterday.' Yes; to mend what is evil as far as we can, is the one thing certainly which it is never 'too late' to do. 'For want of a nail, the shoe was cast; for want of the shoe, the horse went lame; and so the race was lost.'

'A stitch in time saves nine,' is another homely proverb, and one that, by dint of its assonant rhyme, clings to the memory. Never should it be forgotten by those who are given to procrastination. Let them couple it with 'Never too late to mend,' and taking both sayings to heart, begin a new system. They will probably be surprised at the happy results.

SETTING THE SNARES.

CHAPTER III.

IN common with all fairly educated lads, Arthur had heard and read much of the United States; the wonderful progress of the country, its vast extent of territory, its ever-swelling population, and its great cities. Yet with all this, his excited imagination was disappointed at seeing nothing to remind him of the 'Last of the Mohicans'; and when, after a thousand miles or so of travel, he stopped at St Louis for a night, he was fairly astounded to find such an enormous city so far from the coast, just as busy and orderly as an English city. He had secretly watched from the windows of the car, in expectation of seeing at least a few rattlesnakes; but not a single one was visible, though during the journey through the prairie country a few buffaloes were descried; while as for the travellers by the cars, there was not a trace of any one of Cooper's heroes among them all.

At last they reached Kansas, to an agent in which city Arthur had sent a telegram from New York; and this agent was now in waiting for him at the station. The agent had been authorised

by Mr Holt to furnish Arthur with whatever was necessary for his equipment, and to give him any information and assistance in getting forward to the ranche. It was necessary therefore that Arthur should stay for at least a day in Kansas City, in order to complete these arrangements. He had still, the agent told him, about four or five hundred miles to travel by rail, and on arriving at a certain small station on the road, a wagon would meet him from Mr Holt's ranche, and convey him to his destination.

On the day following Arthur's arrival in Kansas City, he was busily engaged with the agent in procuring various commodities and articles of personal equipment, agreeable to Mr Holt's instructions; and among the latter was an article—namely, a six-shooter revolver—the necessity for which, as impressed upon him by the agent, gave Arthur a somewhat alarming idea of the nature of the country he was now to enter upon. Along with the revolver, however, he got, what fully restored his equanimity, namely, a rifle, in the handling of which he had pleasant anticipations of the sport he was likely to enjoy on his uncle's ranche. Towards afternoon, the agent and he had completed their work, and Arthur returned to his hotel to dine. Thereafter, he went out to see the city and its surroundings, and for a time was delighted and interested by all the novelty of the place and the people; but by-and-by the ennui which is almost the inevitable companion of a solitary traveller in a strange town, seized upon him, and he felt dull and weary enough as he sauntered aimlessly through the streets after nightfall.

It was during this aimless saunter that he made what he felt to be a ridiculous mistake, due, doubtless, to his preoccupied mind. He was passing an hotel or restaurant, and happening to look into the entrance as he passed, he met the gaze of a man who was standing behind the glass doors. In an instant Arthur's lethargy was gone; he hesitated for a few seconds and then pushed the doors apart, and stepped into the hall. There was no one there. Half-a-dozen doors, opening upon various parts of the interior, would of course have afforded retreat to any one who chose to evade him; but his entrance had followed so quickly upon his seeing the man, that unless the latter had instantaneously taken the alarm, he could not have vanished. Yet he *had* vanished; and why he should do so—why he should seek to avoid Arthur at all—what it all meant, was inexplicable.

As Arthur looked around him with a puzzled air, a coloured waiter came out from one of the further rooms, and seeing a stranger, civilly asked him what he wanted. The young man felt at a loss to explain why he was there, but managed to tell the negro that he thought he had seen a gentleman whom he knew, standing in the hall. The waiter threw open a door, and said: 'Des is de saloon, sah; gentlemen come out of hyar and go in hyar. Is de gentleman in dere, sah?'

Arthur looked round; but there was no one in the spacious saloon resembling the person he sought; so, with a few words of excuse, he left the place, feeling remarkably ashamed of himself for making such a mistake.

'I was thinking,' he said to himself, 'of the

events of the few days I passed in New York; but I did not think I was so utterly absorbed as to fall into such a blunder. Still, I *must* have seen him! I could have sworn I saw the face of Mr Bellar on the other side of that glass. I could have sworn to his eyes—to every feature! Yet he cannot be within a thousand miles of this spot.'

He was quite unable to solve the problem, although he thought of little else during the evening; the only tangible and sensible result he could arrive at being the too evident conclusion that he had made an excessively stupid mistake.

In the course of the next afternoon, having concluded all business with the agent, he started on the last stage of his journey by rail, arriving at an early hour next morning at Big Turkey Springs, the place at which the wagon from Holt's Ranche was to meet him. This place had been spoken of to Arthur, at Kansas, as 'Big Turkey Springs City;' but, excepting the station offices and a few huts close by, possibly for the use of the railway servants, he could not see a single house. He asked a man, apparently the solitary porter of the place, who was gazing after the departing train, while he changed the exhausted plug of tobacco he had been chewing, for a fresh one, where the city was.

The man turned slowly round, looked at Arthur as he stood by the side of his packages, and after a moment's deliberation, replied: 'I reckon you air a stranger out West—a Britisher, too. Is that so?' Arthur replied that he was a Britisher as reckoned; and the man smiled grimly as he continued: 'I thought so; and being a young Britisher, you don't know a Western city when you see it. This is *goin'* to be a city, stranger.—Air you bound for Squire Holt's?'

'Yes,' replied Arthur.

'I guessed as much,' resumed the man. 'You air waited for. There's a man with a team around here somewhere; he has been waiting—Oh, here he is.' With this he gave a curious shout, which was answered from a little distance; and Arthur saw a man emerge from among some trees. 'That's the gentleman from Holt's Ranche,' said the porter, moving off with the air of a man who had exhausted his interest in the matter; and Arthur was left to introduce himself. When this was done, the 'gentleman' from the ranche said: 'I guess these are your fixings?'—pointing to Arthur's luggage. 'We will call a couple of the boys to help.'

Following the man, Arthur found himself in a rude path, which led to three or four low cottages—'shanties,' they were called—where stood a wagon, shaped like a long and very narrow box. He judged rightly that this was his conveyance.

His conductor gave a shout; and the 'boys'—who were both middle-aged men—came out from a stable in answer, and in compliance with the instructions of the first man, brought round Arthur's 'fixings.' Then the mules were put to the wagon, the driver and Arthur mounted, and with no more words, they drove away.

'How far is it to Mr Holt's?' asked Arthur.

'About thirteen, or mebbe fourteen mile,' was the reply.

'Is it near the city—Andrew Jackson City?'

'Wal—yes, it is,' returned the man, after a shrewd glance at his questioner.

'Is the city a large place?' pursued Arthur, with his eye upon Big Turkey Springs City, as he spoke.

'The place is large enough; yes, it's a large place,' said the man.

There was something so ambiguous in this answer, that after a pause, our young traveller asked if there were many people in the city.

'Wal, no; there ain't,' replied the man. 'But you will see for yourself, bimeby.'

After a journey of some two hours, or rather more, they passed a low but somewhat extensive building, evidently a farmhouse from the surrounding tokens, but differing a good deal from the farmhouses of Surrey.

'That is Squire Gaisford's,' explained the driver; 'our nearest neighbour. Them 'doby shanties is where his Mexicans live.' He pointed with his whip to three or four huts, built, it appeared to Arthur, of some dark earth, but in reality of huge blocks of clay, dried in the sun, and termed *adobes*, but shortened into 'doby' in ordinary Western parlance. A woman with some children came to the door of one of these huts to watch the passing wagon; her dark hair and swarthy features, with the equally swarthy children, told her Mexican blood. These were the only persons seen on their journey.

Soon after, the road crossed a narrow stream, climbed a short slope; and Arthur, on arriving at the crest of this eminence, saw another low but large house, built partly of logs and partly of *adobes*; with several large inclosures and sheds near, and four or five 'shanties' hard by. There were several Mexicans moving about the inclosures, in which were a number of cattle; and altogether, especially after such a lonely ride, the place had a cheerful look.

'This is Holt's Ranche,' said the driver. 'And here is the Squire hisself.'

As he spoke, a tall man turned a clump of trees and came towards them—an elderly, weather-browed, but sinewy and powerful man; dressed in garments which, but for the broad slouched hat, would have given him much the air of an English farmer. Yet no farmer at home ever carried a gun in the manner which the Squire bore his rifle, nor did farmers at home carry large revolvers on their hips in leathern sheaths.

Our young friend sprang from the wagon, and approaching the new-comer, introduced himself as Arthur Richmond.

The Squire, as he was often called, took the boy's hand in his own grip, and looked for a moment searchingly and closely into his face. 'Well,' he said at last, as though satisfied with his scrutiny, 'there's a look in your eyes like my wife that's dead; and if you are as good as she was, or don't belie your own face, I will ask no more.—This is Holt's Ranche. You are welcome, and I hope you will find it a happy home.'

CHAPTER IV.

Thus agreeably received, Arthur felt at once at home; and before long, life at Holt's Ranche began to prove very enjoyable to him. He had

his choice of half-a-dozen horses, and was shortly initiated by Texas Dick—the man who had driven him from the station—in all the mysteries of horse-breaking, as that art is practised there on the spirited creatures that run wild, though not ownerless, upon the prairies. Dick had taken quite a liking to Arthur, whom he evidently regarded as having been introduced to the ranche under his auspices; hence he was willing to impart any knowledge in his power to the young man. Much of his time was also at first spent in riding over the ranche with Mr Holt, receiving some explanation as to the character of the soil, learning the brands on their cattle; seeing where the range of feeding-ground was; and making acquaintance with the various 'helps' on the ranche, who were chiefly Mexicans, there being only two 'white' helps besides Texas Dick. Of these latter, one was an Englishman, the other a New Englander.

Arthur was soon on capital terms with all the men, although Texas Dick remained his especial 'chum.' He also found, to his surprise, that he was apparently popular likewise with the Mexicans, not only on his own ranche, but on Farmer Gaisford's, and, in fact, for several miles round. At first, he thought it was merely the usual manner of these people, and spoke to Texas Dick on the subject, although with some timidity, expecting that grim frontiersman to ridicule his vanity. Texas Dick, however, did no such thing. He listened to Arthur's account attentively enough, then with a grave nod of assent, said: 'You air right there, sir-ree; yes. Them Greasers'—thus he and most of his comrades spoke of the Mexicans—'they like you; and you will get on with them considerable smart. You air the first of the white men here that has treated them well, and has spoke civil, and the ignorant cusses like it.'

'I suppose they do,' said Arthur. 'But why is not everybody civil to them?—and why does not everybody treat them well? Why do not *you* treat them civilly, Dick? I see that you don't always do it, at anyrate.'

'Wal,' began the Texan reflectively, and without the slightest touch of irritation in his voice—'wal, I reckon it ain't the natur of most whites to con-sort with the Greasers, nohow; and that's where it is.'

Further elucidation or justification of this dislike Arthur could never obtain, either from Texas Dick or from any other white man to whom he spoke—the Mexicans, after all, having just as much claim to be reckoned 'white' as themselves.

The favourite ride—nobody walked a mile at a stretch in those parts, if he could possibly avoid it—was to the ranche of their next neighbour, Squire Gaisford. (Andrew Jackson City, by-the-by, was the group of half-a-score cabins, with a store and a post-office, and was some two miles from either ranche.) Squire Gaisford had rather a large family, the eldest being a daughter, Miss Rachel, a girl of eighteen or nineteen; and although at first shy and silent in the presence of a young gentleman from the Old Country, she soon got over this drawback, and proved to be as frank, cheerful, and good-tempered, as she was pretty. She was a capital rider too, and when mounted on her favourite pony—called from the

bright colour of its mane, Goldthread—she would lead the way over such places as quite appalled Arthur, more than once fairly daunting him, so that he would not and did not follow—to the openly expressed mirth of the young lady.

It was at the Gaisford Rancho, indeed, that Arthur saw his friend Texas Dick first exercise his skill in horse-breaking. He had ridden over in the morning with Mr Holt and Texas Dick, in company with another horse-breaker—a Mexican called Manuel, and had received a most cordial greeting from the farmer. In the course of a general conversation, in which Arthur spoke to Rachel about the horses, he took occasion to compliment her on the beauty and spirit of her favourite pony Goldthread.

'Ah! Mr Richmond,' she said, 'you should have seen my beautiful Lily, my white pony! She was the prettiest pony in the territory. Father was offered a thousand dollars for her. But Mr Tony rode her so carelessly over some rocks, that she broke her leg, and had to be shot.'

'What a misfortune!' said Arthur.—'But who is Mr Tony?'

'Mr Tony!' echoed the girl. 'Who is Mr Tony! Is it possible that you do not know who Mr Tony is?'

'I do not indeed,' said Arthur, who was considerably astonished at the emotional way in which Miss Rachel spoke. 'I never heard of him. Who is he—or who was he?'

'He was resident with Mr Holt until shortly before you came,' replied the girl. 'But no one knows where he is now, or even if he is alive.'

'Why did he leave?' inquired Arthur, who now recollected that in the letter he had first received from the farmer, the latter spoke of a relative having left him, so that he was alone.

'I—I don't know,' replied Rachel. 'No one seems to know. I do not think—he and Mr Holt parted very good friends. But I wish I had not spoken about him.'

Her father, who, with Mr Holt, had been standing conversing at some distance, now approached them, and thus put an end for the time to their conversation on the subject of Mr Tony.

A herd of horses had just been driven from the prairie into the spacious inclosure of the corral, for the purpose of having selected from them as many as were required of those which bore the Gaisford brand. Arthur was entering the gates of the corral, the farmer having momentarily stopped to give some directions to a 'help,' when the young man started and recoiled at finding himself face to face with an Indian, the first he had yet seen, the tribes having left the district for a while to hunt the buffalo.

'Ugh! Como le va! how do?' said the savage, in a deep guttural voice, but holding out his hand with a friendly smile as he spoke.

Arthur took the proffered hand, and returned the greeting, smiling in his turn. The Indian was a man a trifle above middle height, rather broader and thicker built than was the rule; with coarse black hair, hanging in straight threads; his dress being a buckskin jacket, buckskin shirt, and buckskin leggings fringed

with the same material, and ornamented with beads. He was armed with rifle, bow, and quiver, while a long straight knife hung in a sheath by his side.

'Ha! Good-morning, Cuervo,' said Mr Holt, who now came up.—'This is a good Indian, Arthur, and one of the Uté captains.'

The Indian replied in broken English and Spanish, pointing to his gun, and displaying an empty pouch. Holt shook his head. The Indian looked very dejected.

'He says he has no caps for his gun, and they are quite out at the store; so he cannot go after some antelope he has seen on the foot-hills.'

'I can let him have some,' said Arthur. 'I brought a large packet with me from Kansas, and he can have as many as you wish. I have some of them in my pocket.'

'Give him fifty, if you can spare them, by all means, for he is a good Indian,' said Holt, who turned to the Uté, and evidently informed him of his good fortune; for the latter again seized Arthur's hand and shook it heartily, exclaiming at least a dozen times over, 'Bueno! bueno!' [Good, good!]

After the work of the day was finished, and Mr Holt, Arthur, and Texas Dick were riding home together Dick suddenly exclaimed: 'Say! Didn't I see you talking with old Cuervo, the Uté, to-day?' This abrupt question was to his master, who replied in the affirmative.

'Wal,' continued Dick; 'I don't feel no kind of surprise at that, as I hearn tell the Utés was camping out yonder. But the Apachés have come back too.'

'No; you are wrong there, Dick,' returned his master. 'They are out on the plains some two hundred miles north. I met a man who came on by the mail yesterday, and had seen them there.'

'Wal, I see two of 'em crossing Rabbit Tail Creek yesterday, when I was looking after that steer,' pursued Dick.

'Oh, they must have been Utés,' said his master. 'You were not very close to them, I estimate.'

'Utés!' exclaimed Dick with some indignation; 'you may as well tell me they was burros' [Mexican for asses]. 'Why, one of them was that Pedro, the drunkenest, meanest cuss in the tribe; the other was Pequito Miguel. It was Pedro who stole my pony last fall, you bet your sweet life.'

'But his tribe are out on the great prairies, I tell you,' returned Mr Holt.

'Wal, I don't care,' persisted Dick; 'I know Pedro when I see him, and I know the other Injun too. They was Apachés, or I don't know nothing. But what puzzled me, boss, was that there was a white man along, and I thought I knew him too.'

'Who was he?' asked the farmer, as the other paused.

'Wal, I don't know,' replied Dick, knitting his brows thoughtfully; 'they was a smart piece away, and I could not see his face. They saw me first, unluckily, and made tracks till they got among the hills and lost me. But I knew the white man's walk, his figger, the very turn of his head, as well as I do yourn. Yet, I can't for my life tell where I have seen him.'

'It is strange that you should have seen these men yesterday,' said the farmer, after a pause, 'for as we rode through Crowsfoot Cañon, I felt sure that I heard an Indian's whoop. There was no doubt of it, in fact, but I fancied at the time it was an Apache yell. I thought afterwards that I must have been mistaken; but from what you now tell me, I may have been right.'

'Bad Injuns loafing around with whites, don't mean no good,' said the Texan significantly.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

In the press of competitors for literary distinction, it is only, as a rule, the very expert and the very strong that are able to render themselves conspicuous in the public eye. Yet, while in this as in other departments of human effort, the saying holds good that the weakest go to the wall, it is still possible that a few competitors of real merit may by the force of circumstances be jostled out of the current of notoriety, and only be known to the few who have had occasion to mark their skill and dexterity. Mortimer Collins probably belongs to the latter class. Genial and easy in life, he took little thought for fame's to-morrow. He lived happily, light-heartedly, almost boyishly, for the day, not over much concerned as to the opinion outsiders might form of him; glad if only he might make happy those immediately around him; and throwing off, with the easy strength of an expert, the work called for by the exigencies of the hour.

But although he has written some things which deserve to live in the coming years, it is possible that he might have produced work still more worthy had he not been compelled to make a *living* by literature, and to write at the high-pressure speed demanded of all feeders of modern journalism. He laboured under disadvantages from the very first; for his father dying early, his mother was left with very slender means for her son's education. But that he made the best use of such instruction as was given to him, may be gathered from the fact that when he was in his teens his mother asked Dr Craik to read Virgil with him; and the worthy doctor soon declared it was quite useless, as the boy knew Virgil better than himself. When he left school, he became tutor in a gentleman's family in the north of England.

But tutorial work did not satisfy his ambition. He had while at school, and unknown to his mother, contributed to several papers. *Punch* had accepted some verses from him; and in *Fraser's Magazine* there was a very sprightly legend from his pen, in the manner of Ingoldsby; the poet's corner in various provincial papers was filled by him; and he was a regular contributor to a newspaper published in Bath, the editor being unaware at the time that these contributions, which he thoroughly appreciated, came from a mere lad. Fired with success, he longed to go to London and try his fortune in the world of letters.

Consequently, he gave up his tutorship and repaired to the Metropolis; but after a few months his mother persuaded him to go back to teaching, as a safer means of livelihood. When about three-and-twenty, he was installed as Mathematical Master at Queen Elizabeth's College in Guernsey. Here he remained five years; but he did not lose his taste for literary occupation. He started a little journal called the *Guernsey Star*, and he still continued to contribute to various English papers. Before leaving Guernsey, he published his first work, a collection of poems entitled *Idyls and Rhymes*. In 1856 he left Guernsey, and started seriously as a journalist, to which profession, at first, he devoted himself almost exclusively.

His second work, being another collection of poems, called *Summer Songs*, was published in 1860. His first novel appeared in 1864 in the *Dublin University Magazine*; the second following three years after. In 1868 came a decided change in his career. He had been known for some years amongst men of letters in London as a thorough Bohemian; and had even been dubbed the King of Bohemia. At length, casting off the attractions of London life, Collins took unto himself a better-half, and retired to the cottage at Knowl Hill, in Berkshire, which has become associated with his name. Here he lived an almost idyllic life for eight years; and it was during this time that his best works were produced. Besides fifteen novels, he published another volume of poems called *The Inn of Strange Meetings*; also *The British Birds*, a modernisation of the old Greek comedy of Aristophanes; and *The Secret of Long Life*; while, since his death, two collections of essays and other prose writings, under the titles of *Pen Sketches by a Vanished Hand*, and *Thoughts in My Garden*, have appeared. His widow has likewise issued an excellent Memoir of her husband's life, with his letters; also an admirable collection of his brightest thoughts and wisest sayings, entitled *Attic Salt, or Epigrammatic Sayings, Healthful, Humorous, and Wise*.

By his novels it is not easy to judge him; but the collections which have appeared since his death have perhaps done more to enlarge and solidify his reputation than all before. His intellect seemed to brighten towards the close of his life; and his latest poems, written shortly before his death in 1876, are better than any of those previously collected. His poems have been deservedly admired for their *esprit*, wit, sparkling satire, and what, for want of a better word, we may call airiness. Here is one of his quaint conceits:

O touch that rosebud! it will bloom,
My lady fair!
A passionate red in dim green gloom,
A joy, a splendour, a perfume
That sleeps in air.

You touched my heart; it gave a thrill
Just like a rose,
That opens at a lady's will;
Its bloom is always yours until
You bid it close.

His love of nature included that of quadrupeds and birds, the latter to such an extent that the 'feathered songsters' of Knowl Hill, taught by their instinct whom to trust, would perch on his shoulder while he was writing on the lawn, follow him about the garden, and allow him to stroke them while sitting on the nest. One of his most admired poems is an address to a Thrush, which made its home in the row of limes round his garden:

All through the sultry hours of June,
From morning blithe to golden noon,
And till the star of evening climbs
The gray-blue East, a world too soon,
There sings a Thrush amid the limes.

God's poet, hid in foliage green,
Sings endless songs, himself unseen;
Night seldom come his silent times.
Linger, ye summer hours serene!
Sing on, dear Thrush, amid the limes!

* * * * *

May I not dream God sends thee there,
Thou mellow angel of the air,
Even to rebuke my earthlier rhymes
With music's soul, all praise and prayer?
Is that thy lesson in the limes?

Closer to God art thou than I:
His minstrel thou, whose brown wings fly
Through silent æther's summer climes.
Ah, never may thy music die!
Sing on, dear Thrush, amid the limes!

Mortimer Collins's philosophy and religion were thoroughly unconventional, but very real; and were so much a part of the man himself, and not merely a one-day habit, that signs of both occur frequently in all his writings, whether prose or poetry, in novel or newspaper. We cannot help seeing the large-heartedness of the man, and his charitable feelings towards his fellow-creatures. As the writer of the preface to *Attie Salt* remarks: 'For the young and old alike, for the rich man and the poor, for boy and for girl, for business man and for poet, he has written words of counsel which are worth their weight in gold; and for a young man or for a girl just entering life, I can imagine few authors from whose works they could gather advice so precious—advice which would make them more manly and more womanly, or have upon them a more lasting influence for good.'

And yet, with all his seriousness, he was possessed of a bright, subtle humour, which occasionally took the form of that persiflage which is so conspicuous in some of Byron's writings. He has great freedom of style; occasionally, however, showing the errors of haste and worry—as in a man who was overworked. And this might be the case, for he was one of the hardest workers in the literary world of his time. There seems to be no doubt that his death occurred from overstrain of the mental powers and from want of rest; for he had taken no holiday for some years.

In the month of July 1876, Mortimer Collins died of rupture of the heart. Lamented by his widow, and by a large number of friends, his loss seemed personal even to many who knew him only by his books; for we see in them the

man himself—lovable and large-hearted, gentle as a child. As he himself expresses it, he passed into

The new life of the new world, unshorn
Of the swift brain, the executing hand;

for he continued his labours until within three days of his death.

THE ADVENTURES OF AN AMERICAN 'SPECIAL.'

BY ONE OF THEM.

SECOND PAPER.

WE all knew Boggs. He was captain of a Target Excursion and Clam Chowder Association, composed of the greatest blackguards of the Sixth Ward, known by many to be one of the worst districts of New York. His nod could influence five or six hundred votes, and cause the ballot-box to be stuffed with as many more. It will therefore hardly be a matter of surprise if, under these circumstances, Boggs set all justice at defiance, and cherished within his bosom such a free scorn of law and order, as could only be entertained by a New York ruffian under the golden rule of the Tammany Ring, of which our acquaintance was a staunch supporter.

Boggs was 'capper' for a dishonest gambling saloon in Ann Street, and probably part proprietor. He did a flourishing business in several mock-auction shops known to the police as Peter Funk Dens. His advertisements, headed by a flaming woodcut representing bags of gold pouring forth untold riches, might be found in most of the 'respectable' weeklies; and in short, though he had as many changes as Proteus, we knew of a surety that no matter what new swindle might be started, from a Wall Street gudgeon broker to a Third Avenue lottery-shop, it was simply a change rung upon the genius of Boggs. Not Jonathan Wild in his palmy days was surrounded by a more devoted band than our acquaintance. His blacklegs and political loafers were thoroughly trained; and the various members of the 'Sawdust Gang' were at any moment ready to sacrifice themselves, so that their leader might escape the penalties due to his free style of making a living. He had been arrested so many times and discharged as often, that at last the police gave up all hope of ever proving anything against him. He was a stout, good-humoured-looking man of forty, with coal-black eyes set close together, close-cropped black hair, a small retreating forehead, short cropped moustache, and a rather sallow complexion. A gorgeous watch-chain reposed on his white vest; and above it flashed a cluster of diamonds in the centre of a snowy shirt-front, which many a humble thief in his own fierce ward longed to clutch. But that cluster was as secure as if in the bank; for at the back of Boggs's 'spring-bottom lavender pants,'

there reposed a Colt's four-shooter, which its owner was apt to produce on short notice and use freely. Boggs was a good-humoured free-handed rascal, full of quaint stories and short cynical sentences; but if he conceived himself offended, fearful was the language he used, and most woful his vengeance. Having thus endeavoured to give a description of Boggs, we will take our leave of him for the present, promising that we shall encounter him again.

Going to the assignment book of the journal on which the writer was engaged in the summer of '75, he found the following: 'Mr Blank will work up gang of counterfeiters; particulars in his desk.'

The 'particulars' consisted of a letter from one of the Chicago readers of the journal, stating that he had received the following circular from New York.

Private and confidential.

DEAR SIR—We have made extensive inquiries about you in your city, and find that you are a good business man, and one to be trusted thoroughly to do a great trade with.

We have on hand a number of fac-simile United States' notes ranging from five to one hundred dollars, of which inclosed is a specimen. We will send them to you cash on delivery at the following rates: good 25 dollars = 100 dollars queer; 50 dollars = 250 dollars queer; 75 dollars = 550 dollars queer; 100 dollars = 1000 dollars queer.—Hoping to be favoured with a large order, for it is a sure fortune, we remain your obedient servants,
PAUL AND PAUL.

P.S.—If you send us a big order, we will deal with no one else in your town.

Our correspondent informed us that he had passed the five-dollar specimen with ease, the teller of the first National Bank having assured him that it was a good one.

The circular bore no address, so that it was evident some one in the post-office had been 'squared'—that is, bribed—a not uncommon occurrence.

Obviously, the first thing to be done was to purchase some of the 'queer' from Messrs Paul and Paul, not only for the purpose of proving the uttering, but also to establish a confidence which might enable one to get at them directly.

The writer wired to his correspondent, telling him to write to Messrs Paul and Paul, inclosing them twenty-five dollars, and stating that he would arrive in town on a certain date to make further large purchases if he found them go well. Meanwhile, Captain Allair of the Second precinct was interviewed, and preparations made to effect a capture.

In less than a week, a letter arrived, per Adams' express, from Chicago inclosing a tin case filled with fac-similes of United States' notes to the amount of one hundred dollars. The writer had of course, long before this, come to

the conclusion that Boggs, and no other, was the party at the bottom of the swindle.

And a most ingenious one it was; for the party so swindled could get no redress except by acknowledging himself a knave. Paul and Paul knew very well that their victim would take right good care to keep his own counsel. To use a nautical term, we were all 'taken aback,' and had been neatly done out of twenty-five dollars.

It was no use working it up through the post-office. At the first intimation of danger from that quarter, the rogues would decamp long before we could prove anything against them. Besides, as the writer stated in his last paper, it is a point of honour amongst New York journalists not to be beaten.

Rogues are proverbially careless; and it was just that forlorn hope which started the writer off to Philadelphia, whence he wrote to Messrs Paul and Paul, saying that he had received their circular, and passed the five-dollar note easily, adding that he was afraid to trust the Adams' Express Company, owing to his being so well known amongst the community. But he would come to New York and buy a thousand dollars-worth of the 'queer' if it was as good as specimen.

The letter purported to come from the paying teller of the tenth National Bank. The bait was a large one, and the rogues, forgetting their usual caution, fell into the trap. Ere long, a letter arrived, telling the writer to come on to New York on Wednesday following, by the nine o'clock train; to put up at the *New York Hotel*, corner of Fulton and Pearl Streets, where a man would call on him. He was on no account to speak to anybody. If he did, he would see no one, as he would be 'shadowed' all the way from Philadelphia.

Captain Allair promptly engaged a room; and on the appointed day, half-a-dozen plain-clothes policemen were scattered about the hotel.

The writer arrived from Philadelphia in the rôle of a dashing young bank clerk, wrote his name down in the hotel book, was given his key, and went up to his room, to find Sergeant Omahony under the bed.

Half an hour afterwards, a knock announced the agent of Paul and Paul. He found 'the gentleman from Philadelphia,' apparently in the greatest agonies of a sudden attack of cholera and remorse, and was despatched for some brandy.

'No,' said the writer on his return; 'this is a judgment on me for this wicked thing I was about to do. I'll go back; I won't have anything to do with it.'

'Brace up and be a man,' said Paul and Paul's agent. 'Have you the money?'

'Yes,' responded the writer; 'I took it out of the bank-vault before I left, intending to replace it with "queer" to-morrow morning. But I won't do it now. I am afraid this is a judgment.'

'How much have you got?'

'Fifteen hundred dollars.'

The man's eyes fairly glistened with greed, as the writer, by a great effort, got up and unlocked a hand-bag, showing a pile of United States' greenbacks, which were furnished by the police for the purpose.

'Don't you touch them!' added the writer sternly. 'I won't part unless I see the "queer." Have you got it with you?'

'No,' said the agent; 'you must come to our place of business.'

'What's the address? I'll come and see you in the afternoon, if I'm better.'

'I dursn't tell you the address,' said the agent cautiously. 'But come with me. It's only a few minutes' walk from here, and you needn't buy unless you've a mind to.'

Thus adjured, the writer put on his coat and vest, and was going without the bag; but the agent begged him to bring it, as he was almost sure to buy some 'queer.'

A drink was obtained at the bar, for the double purpose of allowing Sergeant Omahony to get out of the room, and the plain-clothes men to form a link-line right and left; these rogues being so suspicious, that if the same man follows them for a hundred yards, they fear 'a shadow.'

For a good twenty minutes the agent kept his supposed victim twisting and turning up and down various streets, within five minutes' walk of the hotel all the time, and at last turning down a dirty little street, announced that they had arrived. After traversing a narrow passageway, and ascending a dirty flight of stairs, a door was opened to a signal; and behold the writer in the presence of Boggs, surrounded by some of his Sawdust Gang!

'Here's the gentleman that wants to buy the "queer,"' said the agent.

But Boggs jumped up with a mighty oath, and clapped his hands behind him.

'It's no use, lads,' exclaimed the writer. 'Hands up! You can't escape. The place is surrounded.'

At the same moment, Sergeant Omahony and the others bounced into the room, and in a twinkling we had the handcuffs on.

'I'm a commission merchant, and I want to sell coals,' yelled Boggs; and then his wrath fell upon the agent. 'You didn't know that fellow, you fool!' yelled Boggs. 'Don't you know he's a special?' And then turning rapidly on the writer: 'I'll be at you for this, if I get a life-stretch for it.'

We searched the place, and found quantities of tin cases ready for packing, and letters showing the swindle to have been in full blast.

At the station, Boggs was searched, and over seven hundred dollars found on him. But he had recovered his ready knavishness by this time, and coolly informed Captain Allair that the writer had 'rounded on him' because he had refused to 'square him.'

Boggs was committed for trial before the United States' Court on a charge of attempting to utter counterfeit money; but Colonel Spencer, his counsel, got him off with flying colours; whereupon he coolly turned round in court and vowed a solemn oath to put out the writer's eyes at the first opportunity. The police, he said, he had no animus against. They merely did their duty

when it came in their way. But the prying specials that were always poking their nose in places where they had no business, and ferreting out things that would otherwise be left alone, would be taught a lesson that they would not soon forget.

These were taken as the mere vapourings of one who had had a lucrative swindle spoiled; but knowing the character of the man and the reputation of his gang, the writer was particularly careful where he went for some time afterwards.

About six months after the above described events, the writer was challenged by a friend to a game of billiards, and unthinkingly entered a billiard saloon near Ann Street, which was the down-town headquarters of the gang. He turned round the venetian screen which faced the door, to find himself in the presence of Boggs and some five more of the most desperate of his ruffians. Almost instantly, one of the party made a movement to get between him and the door. To make a sudden dash for liberty was to invite a conflict, and probably be either shot or beaten senseless ere assistance could arrive. A second's reflection convinced the writer that there was only one course to pursue. Walking boldly up to the cue-rack into the centre of the room away from the door, he turned to Boggs, and said: 'I understand, Mr Boggs, that you have announced your intention of putting out my eyes, and I have come to give you an opportunity of doing so. Will you commence now?'

Boggs was silent, evidently thinking matters out.

The writer pursued his advantage. 'I am going to play a game of fifty up, Mr Boggs,' he said; 'during that time, you can make up your mind.'

Selecting a cue, the writer placed a silver whistle, such as are used to call cars, carelessly in his mouth, and began the game. The mental torture endured in those fifteen minutes was something dreadful. Every moment the writer expected a sudden rush, a knife-thrust, or a bullet. But nothing occurred save muttered whisperings, and once or twice the word 'plant' became audible. When the game was over, the writer put away his cue, and walked with a slowness that forced him to perspire from inward perturbation towards the receiving clerk, and deposited the price of the game. Then he turned towards the gang. 'I am glad for your own sake, Mr Boggs,' he said, 'that you didn't make any attempt on my eyes. Take my advice; it will never be wise to do it.'

'You don't think I'm such a flat as to run my head into a police plant,' said Boggs in awful language; 'but I'll get you dead to rights yet.'

The writer then withdrew; but so great was the reaction from the strong tension of the nervous system suddenly relaxed by safety, that he was seized by an excessive fit of trembling, which lasted nearly three hours.

This was the last time the writer ran across Boggs. He was killed some time after in a bar-room fight on election-day in the Sixth Ward; and his gang, bereft of the presiding genius, soon afterwards broke up. He was a fair sample of the

superior class of the New York *chevalier d'industrie*; more refined and gentleman-like than his brother of the Pacific slope, but certainly by no means his inferior in ferocity or cunning.

TYPOGRAPHICAL TRIPPINGS.

READERS blessed with a keen appreciation of the ridiculous have to thank remiss 'readers' of another sort for much unlooked-for amusement. Erring compositors have a knack of blundering as felicitously as though some mischief-loving sprite ruled the work of type-setting, and impelled the perpetration of mistakes looking exceedingly like premeditated jokes. One cannot help being a little suspicious when a tender-hearted politician is made to declare he would rather the Russians stabbed their horses in the Bosphorus, than that the Turks should be permitted to exercise their cruel propensities unchecked; a temperance-advocating bishop reported as exhorting his hearers not to give up the bottle; and a senator as expressing the wish that he had a widow in his bosom—possible as it may be that the conversion of 'stabbed' into 'stabbed,' 'battle' into 'bottle,' and 'window' into 'widow,' came about quite accidentally, without malice aforethought.

We can sympathise with Mr Proctor's dismay upon finding himself responsible for 'links, bonds, and stripes for the violent kind of spectres,' in a paper on Spectroscopic Photography, when what he had written was, 'lines, bands, and striæ near the violet end of the spectra.'

Swift's *Battle of the Rooks*, Macaulay's *Laps of Ancient Rome*, Palmer and Drake's *Dessert of Exodus*, have been priced in a bookseller's list; and a work on block-printing catalogued as containing 'sixty-nine engravings either from wood or metal, twelve of which have been inscriptions, representing scenes of Christian mythology, figures of patriarchs, saints, devils, and other dignitaries of the Church.' For the last, we cannot hold the printer blamable; but he is assuredly answerable for the chronological impossibility involved in the announcement for sale of 'an old *History of England* by Hume (published in 1767), from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to Revolution 1868.' By another mishandling of figures, an inquiring correspondent was informed that an Act for abolishing Gretna Green marriages was passed in 1856, and came in force on the 1st of January 1837. Trifling with figures is a thing to be avoided. The Hamburg almanacs for 1880 announced the holding of the February horse-fair on the 4th instead of the 24th of that month; and the influx of horses and horse-dealers into the city upon the first-named day caused much perturbation to the authorities, who, ignorant of the blunder of the almanac-mongers, had made no arrangements for the reception of the visitors. They got over the difficulty, to their own and everybody else's satisfaction; but ordained that henceforth no

almanac should be published until it had received official certification.

Journalists nowadays give such free play to their invention, that the credulity of newspaper readers is sufficiently taxed without asking them to believe that certain causes were heard in the Common Fleas Division; that the Copenhagen police intercepted a box of Orsini bonds on its way to Princess Thyra as a wedding-gift; that one summer day at Coventry there was 'a fresh freeze, and the heat eighty-four in the shade'; that two hundred tenant-farmers went to a farm near Loughrea, belonging to a 'suspect' in Galway jail, and cut, bound, and stacked four acres of cats (for 'oats'); and that Professor Virchow, on his appearance upon the platform at the International Congress, was greeted with an oration from a very large number of friends; that 'the snouts of ten thousand Democrats rent the air' at an open-air demonstration.

According to a newspaper report of the last royal progress to Westminster, 'Gold Stick' was ousted from his accustomed place in the procession by 'The Old Stick'; an official who might have done his sovereign good service when 'The Queen drove two cows to visit the King and Queen of Denmark at Lisburne House,' though Her Majesty might drive through *Coves* without his assistance. Just before the General Election, one of the organs of Her Majesty's Opposition announced that the Liberals of Marylebone had repaired all the breeches in their ranks, and buckled on the armour of battle. Another public instructor lately informed us that among the works of art to be seen in London streets were 'the statutes of King George III. with his pigtail, in Pall Mall, and of the Duke of Bedford ploughing in his ducal robes in Russell Square'; while among less curious news items we read of a ship becoming a perfect rock; of the purchase of a plot of land for the Ionic Sol Fa College; of a builder charged with not doing his work in a proper way, 'nor had the copings, coigns, been made of stones, bricks, or other inflammable material'; and of a dead man who 'bore an accidental character, and the jury returned a verdict of excellent death.' In a mining-camp story, a player at poker deals himself a bigger hand than ever the Heathen Chinee could accomplish, namely, 'both bowers and the king, besides two aces'; and another story-teller says: 'At the gate, an honest tar, with one wooden leg, and suspiciously ample nether garments, craved arms,' blunders of which the writers were as innocent as the Philadelphian editor who found himself obliged to apologise for stating that a man who died in the street had been kicked up by a policeman, through the compositor taking the liberty of substituting a *k* for a *p*, with as little respect for an 'editorial' as that shown by his brother-typos, to whom we are indebted for 'Happy is the country which has no animals,' 'Master M'Grath (the famous greyhound) is a good god,' and 'American preachers pay great attention to manner, but British preachers pray very little.'

When editors themselves suffer at their printer's hands, mere advertisers cannot expect to escape. A music-master desiring the public should know that his system of instruction extended from the primary elements to thorough-bass, saw

himself described as the exponent of a method extending from primeval liniments to thorough-bore. The members of a Quartette Society discovered all too late that 'When married wretches sink to sleep,' did duty in their programme for 'When wearied wretches sink to sleep.' A patent-medicine vendor found himself lauding the virtues of 'Live Pills;' and a waste-paper dealer who advertised for old ledgers had occasion to wonder how many landladies would respond to the tempting offer of so much per hundredweight for 'lodgers without covers.' Sometimes the victimised advertiser has had reason to be grateful to the wrongdoer. On the night of the first performance of *The Woman in Red* at a country theatre, the house was packed, much to the surprise of the manageress, who had not found the townsfolk very eager for theatricals. She discovered next day that the play had been misprinted *The Woman in Bed*.

Sometimes things get mixed, and nicely too, if not quite so neatly as was done by the printer of a Canadian newspaper who tagged part of a recipe for tomato catsup on the opening paragraph of an article on Catholicism in Africa, with the following result: 'The Roman Catholics claim to be making material advances in Africa, especially in Algeria, where they have a hundred and eighty-five thousand adherents, and a missionary society for Central Africa. During the past three years they have obtained a firm footing in the interior of the continent, and have sent forth several missionaries into the equatorial regions. They are accustomed to begin their work by buying heathen children and educating them. The easiest and best way to prepare them is to first wipe them with a clean towel; then place them in dripping pans and bake them until they are tender. Then you will have no difficulty in rubbing them through a sieve, and will save them by being obliged to cut them in slices and cook for several hours.'

An atmospherical phenomenon was witnessed in the west of England in October 1880, which must have been of a very remarkable nature, if we may accept a local journal's description of it as correct. It ran thus: 'A singular phenomenon was observed in the sky last night. A blue Police Court charged with stealing a quantity of apples. The prosecutor said he had been the victim of frequent robberies, and in the eastern horizon it disappeared amidst a shower of sparks. The sight was witnessed from the bridge by a large number of spectators, and the Bench were unanimously of opinion that no case had been proved and dismissed the sky was clear, the temperature low, and very little wind blowing.' Still better, or worse, as an example of printer's mixture, was the announcement given forth by one of the London dailies: 'Her Royal Highness Princess Louise arrived this evening in the Duke of Argyll's steam yacht *Columbia*. Her Royal Highness, who was received on landing by Lady Evelyn Campbell, drove immediately suffering from typhus fever, and told her mother it was an attack of gout.' This was too bad, yet the Princess was not more hardly treated than the heir to the throne, of whom a Scottish newspaper said: 'The Prince of Wales, who had accepted an invitation to shoot in France with

the Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia, has telegraphed that owing to imperative circumstances, his visit must be postponed. Magistrate issued a distress warrant against his goods.'

A HOLIDAY EPISODE.

ON a glorious October morning, the writer, in company with other excursionists bound for Westward Ho, found himself upon the Ilfracombe pier, awaiting the arrival of the Swansea steamer. The day promised to be a most enjoyable one; a bright clear sun was shining overhead, its hot rays being pleasantly tempered by the delicious freshness of the ocean spray, dashing at intervals high over the pier-head. Long white fleecy clouds lay in streamers along the horizon, moving steadily across the sky under the coaxing influence of a stiff north-westerly breeze, which at times caused the feathery crests of the billows to rise gracefully in the offing, in picturesque relief to the dark blue foreground of the Bristol Channel. At length a faint wreath of smoke in the direction of the Mumbles announced the approach of the overdue steamer, her labouring movements and the glistening condition of her paddle-boxes as she eased up alongside the pier half an hour later, telling of the heavy seas she had encountered in crossing.

Nothing daunted, however, by such dispiriting signs, the passengers were soon crowding her deck; and backing astern, she slowly swung round, and commenced her journey down Channel. The fluttering white handkerchiefs on the fast receding pier grew fainter and fainter; and crossing the romantic cove of Wildersmouth, we experienced the first evidences of the rough sea, in the obstinate pitching of our little steamer. With a strong head-wind, she wavered as she rose upon the crest of a wave, until the succeeding billow striking her before she had time to dip into the hollow, caused her to quiver with the smartness of the blow. The majority of us, however, appeared to be fair sailors; and if any felt uneasy in their minds, they yet summoned up sufficient courage to stifle such at this early period of our voyage. Hugging the coast, we made progress past the Tors, with the charming walks dotted here and there with tiny specks, recognisable as pedestrians, evidently engrossed with the erratic motions of our steamer. An hour's struggle with the tide and head-wind brought us at length off Morte Point, one of the most dreaded spots on this rugged coast. A tremendous 'race' sets in here from off the sides of Lundy Island, and breaks with terrific force upon the eastern headland of Bideford Bay. We recalled it as being the scene of many a terrible shipwreck; in one year, five vessels rapidly followed each other here to destruction.

Upon clearing this point, a wide curve of land now met our view; and the full force of the Atlantic billows, having a clear sweep of nearly ten miles to shore, caused our small vessel to roll uncomfortably, and very sensibly diminished the number of passengers on deck. The huge green rollers careering majestically shoreward, presented a thrilling spectacle. Westward Ho, we were informed, lay somewhere in the centre of the extensive curve; but the distance which intervened prevented it from being clearly sighted. The

neck of sea on our extreme left indicated the estuary formed by the junction of the rivers Taw and Torridge, out of which, in former days, the heroes of Devon sailed forth upon their famed explorations. We had now reached the middle of the Bay, and the picturesque village of Clovelly appeared in front; the long steep line of houses sharply defined against the dark ridge on which it rests, gave it, at a distance, a striking resemblance to a tiny waterfall.

Suddenly, our paddle-wheels were stopped; and upon inquiry, we learned that the captain had abandoned his intention of going to Westward Ho, in consequence of the threatening aspect of the weather, which had now grown worse, and suggested that we should make for Clovelly, as it afforded snug shelter in its little harbour. As most of the passengers, from the state of the weather, were unable to form any determination other than that of reaching *terra firma* as soon as possible, they willingly assented to the captain's suggestion; and accordingly the order was given to steer for Clovelly. This, however, was greatly annoying to myself, as I had friends at Westward Ho whom I was most anxious to visit. Going forward, I endeavoured in vain to shake the captain's determination; and the only concession I could gain was the order peremptorily given to his men to 'put me ashore then, and give me a ducking.'

Silently, therefore, with this contingency hanging over me, I took my seat in the boat lowered for me. We had a good five or six miles' pull to shore; and the two bronzed tars who accompanied me improved the opportunity by naively observing they doubted whether we should be able to land. Being no stranger to the delicate idioms of a sailor's speech, I placed my hand in my pocket; and under the magic spell of a silver tip, the boat seemed to shoot more rapidly through the water. As we repeatedly rose on the crest of the swelling hillocks, the elegant outlines of the pier loomed out more distinctly every moment, and I could shortly discern the forest of heads crowding its top, evidently most interested in our approach, but greatly mystified as to the nature of the situation. With a few more strong pulls, we were under the shadow of the pier of Westward Ho; and obeying instructions, I stood up in the boat. Waiting until a more favourable billow reached us, we were carried forward on its green crest. 'Jump now!' simultaneously shouted the boatmen; and mechanically springing forward in the direction of the pier, I fortunately succeeded in grasping the iron taffrail of the ladder, while the boat swept swiftly from underneath. Scrambling beyond the reach of the succeeding wave, I was saluted with ropes, life-buoys, and outstretched arms waiting to receive me; and reached the top amid the enthusiastic welcome of the assembled spectators, where, breathless with my exertions, I endeavoured to explain the non-arrival of the steamer, which still lay rolling obstinately in the offing.

The cause of this most singular reception was partly explained by the fact, that the writer was the first and, as subsequent events proved, the only passenger who ever landed at that pier, as the unfortunate structure was shortly afterwards swept away during a storm of unprecedented violence.

EASTER GREETING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KARL VON GEROK.

'Why weepest thou?' How soft the words come stealing!
What greeting, blessed Magdalene, is this?
Fraught are its accents with a wondrous healing;
They still thine anguish like a mother's kiss!
Methinks I hear that voice as thou didst now—
'Why weepest thou?'

'Why weepest thou?' So breathes the balmy air
After the winter frosts, this sweet spring day;
The blooming fields, the flow'rets rich and fair,
The golden sunshine drive thy cares away;
All nature sings in cadence sweet and low—
'Why weepest thou?'

'Why weepest thou?' Dost thou thy Lord bemoan?
His precious body has the false world ta'en;
O see! not death could keep Him from His own;
Victorious o'er the grave He comes again,
And tenderly His dear voice asks thee now—
'Why weepest thou?'

'Why weepest thou?' The world afflicts thee sore!
O see! Him, too, they thrust the cold grave under,
And placed their watchers on the gate before,
And yet with mighty strength He brake asunder.
Dost thou then think that now God's wonders sleep?
Why dost thou weep?

'Why dost thou weep?' Dost thou thy sins bemoan?
Is *that* the stone at which thy soul doth quiver?
O see! in His dear eyes is love alone;
Our sins lie hidden in His grave for ever!
O dread Him not, and lull thy fears to sleep;
Why shouldst thou weep?

'Why shouldst thou weep?' Is it that thou dost mourn
That over thee the cloud of grief is seen?
O see! how bright the glorious Easter dawn
Is rising on the fatal Easter e'en.
Trust, pray, and hope, nor 'neath thy burden bow—
Why weepest thou?

'Why weepest thou?' Dost thou bewail the dead?
Here is but earth that back to earth was given;
Seek not the Immortal in this narrow bed,
The spirit soared on angels' wings to heaven;
One day, and He will break the grave's charmed sleep—
Why dost thou weep?

'Why dost thou weep?' Poor pilgrim, burdened sore,
After these weary years, wouldst thou be home?
O see! thy gentle Lord is gone before,
And waiteth till His little child shall come;
Then thou, too, surely thy reward shalt reap—
Why dost thou weep?

'Why dost thou weep?' Aye Lord, one drop of peace
Thou canst in every cup of sorrow pour;
And though on earth my grief shall never cease,
Soon shalt Thou dry these tears for evermore;
Then shall the angels sing: 'O mortal, now—
Why weepest thou?'

ANTONIA DICKSON.

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POST-OFFICE ASSURANCES.

By the energetic and praiseworthy efforts of the Postmaster-general to extend and improve the several departments of the Post-office, public attention is now being called to Government Assurances through the Post-office. For a long period—nearly ninety years—the subject of Friendly Societies has frequently occupied the attention of the legislature; and a Friendly Society is but another name for an Assurance Society, the only difference being that the sums assured in the former at death, in sickness, or in old age, are for a smaller amount than is granted by the general and ordinary Assurance Companies.

On the 14th of July 1864, the government brought in an Act 'to grant additional facilities for the purchase of small government annuities, and for assuring payments of money at death;' so that government may be said to have undertaken assurance business on their own account and responsibility on behalf of the industrial classes. Under this Act, the sum to be assured, payable at death, was *not to be less than twenty pounds*, nor to exceed a hundred pounds, and no annuity was to be granted to exceed fifty pounds per annum. It was expected that year by year the amount of new business would increase; but from some cause, the reverse has been the case. Indeed, during 1880, the number of contracts issued was only two hundred and fifty-eight, assuring the sum of twenty thousand three hundred and seventy-eight pounds—less than one half the number and amount insured in the first year.

This result is a disappointment to all who are interested in the subject. The Postmaster-general, referring to it in a recent address, said: 'I cannot conceal from myself the fact that hitherto the facilities offered by the Post-office for life-insurance and for the purchase of annuities have been taken advantage of by the public to only a very limited extent. Whether this comparative failure is due to a disinclination on the part of the people to avail themselves of these advantages, or whether it is due to any

administrative defects which can be remedied, I will not now attempt to decide. Recognising, however, the extreme importance of affording the people the fullest possible opportunity of making a prudent provision for the future, I think no effort should be spared to see whether anything can be done to popularise these schemes for effecting life-insurance and for the purchase of annuities.'

The question, no doubt, for the Postmaster-general to consider is: What is the cause of this failure? Is it due to any administrative defects? We feel sure it is not. The management of all the departments in the Post-office has been so excellent and successful as to command universal approval; and the want of success in the assurance scheme must be sought elsewhere. Neither is the comparative failure due 'to a disinclination on the part of the people to avail themselves of the advantages.' The amount of business done annually by the hundred and seven non-government Life Assurance Societies and the forty-four Industrial Insurance Companies and Collecting Societies, proves the contrary. The new business effected last year by fifty-six of those Life Assurance Companies was twenty millions; and the total premiums and interest received on existing assurances by all the Life offices was a little over nineteen million pounds, assuring the sum of four hundred and twenty millions. The success and prosperity of the Industrial Assurance Companies are quite as great in proportion, the annual subscriptions of the forty-four Societies amounting to the enormous sum of two million six hundred thousand pounds, contributed solely by the working and industrial classes to provide a sum of money payable at death.

How, then, can we account for the comparatively small amount of business done by the Post-office? Is it not to be found in the Act which regulates Post-office Assurances? Without doubt, the Act was intended and passed for the benefit of the working-classes, that they might have the advantage of assuring with the government;

for at that time there was a great outcry against the instability of the Friendly Societies.

Now, it is certain that the working-classes have not been able to avail themselves of the privilege, however much they desired to do so, because of the *limit put on the amount of the assurance* under the Act. It must not be, as we have already stated in Italics, for a less sum than twenty pounds. We believe that Mr Gladstone pleaded hard at the time that the limit should be five pounds, which would have met the case, as the average amount of the sum assured by the working-classes in the Industrial Assurance Companies has been found to be only about eight pounds. At present, the average sum of each assurance in the Post-office is eighty pounds; a sum which represents a class of insurers far above the ordinary working-classes. Besides this, the Act provides that no sum in respect of instalments or premium payable at any one time shall be of less amount than two shillings, which in itself is nearly equal to a total prohibition of assurance for the working-classes. We are informed—indeed, it is very easy of calculation—that the average premium or subscription received by the Industrial Insurance Companies is only three-halfpence per week, which assures for eight pounds, payable at death. Here, no doubt, is a difficulty; for how could the Post-office receive a penny or twopence weekly for an assurance policy? Mr Fawcett has himself answered the question, and met the difficulty by the use of the penny postage stamps to promote and encourage savings, in the Post-office savings-banks. We venture to suggest that the same plan may be adopted by the Post-office for the assurance scheme, namely, that of accepting postage-stamps, periodically, in payment of the working-man's life-policy.

It cannot be too widely known that there are several conditions and terms in the present assurance contract issued by the Post-office which are more favourable to the assurer than the policies of ordinary Industrial Societies. For instance, the premiums are lower, and a larger sum is assured by the Post-office for the same money. By the present Post-office Assurance Act, no profit is sought to be made out of any assurance granted; the fund to be formed is only to be adequate to meet all claims, without entailing any charge in respect thereof, or in respect of costs and expenses on the Consolidated Fund. We cannot say that this will always be the case, especially when the Post-office system is extended; neither do we see why it should remain so; for why should the Post-office not make a profit out of the assurance department, as well as out of any other department under its management?

Another special feature in all assurance contracts with the Post-office is that made with the members in the event of their discontinuing their policies. The Act provides that 'after having

paid the premiums for five years, if any one assured for a sum payable at death shall desire to surrender his policy, or shall be unable to pay his premium, the party shall receive at his option such sum of money, not being less than one-third of the premiums paid by him; or may receive a paid-up policy, or an immediate or deferred life annuity.' The Industrial Insurance Companies, so far as we know, make no provision of this kind.

The Post-office Assurance department embraces also the granting of immediate and deferred annuities not exceeding fifty pounds per annum; and there can be little doubt that the Postmaster-general will also endeavour to popularise this department, that the working-classes may avail themselves more readily of the privilege. The granting of annuities is especially the work of the government through the Post-office. None of the existing Industrial Insurance Companies grant annuities. Most of the Friendly Societies provide a small superannuation allowance to their members; but it is in this matter that so many Friendly Societies have failed to make ample provision, although they have fairly met the claims for sick allowance and payment of sums at death.

At the request of the Royal Commission, Mr Finlaison, the government actuary, supplied them with an example of an annuity table suitable for the working-classes. There were two schemes proposed. Under the first, a man aged twenty-four might secure five shillings per week on attaining the age of sixty, by a subscription of eightpence per week, or at sixty-five by a subscription of fourpence-halfpenny per week. Should the man, however, die before attaining the prescribed age, his representatives derived no benefit from the sums he may have thus paid, no money being returnable. It was not therefore to be expected that many persons would undertake to pay eightpence a week for thirty-six years, with no prospect of any benefit therefrom unless they outlived the said period, and reached the age of sixty. Accordingly, a second or alternative scheme was proposed, called the Money Returnable Scheme, under which, by paying elevenpence per week instead of eightpence, and sevenpence-halfpenny per week instead of fourpence-halfpenny, the same sum of five shillings per week might be secured at the ages of sixty and sixty-five respectively, with this advantage, that should the person making these payments die before attaining the prescribed age, the whole of the money he had thus paid would be returned to his representatives.

We do not think the existing Societies need fear the competition of the Post-office. The population is so continually increasing, that without doubt there will be always a large business for all. When the Post-office savings-banks were established in 1861, it was supposed by some that the ordinary savings-banks would be ruined; but notwithstanding the great success of the Post-office banks, it has made but little difference to the old banks. Mr Scudamore, in his evidence before the Royal Commission, said, in answer to questions by the Lord Mayor, 'that in nine years the Post-office had secured one million three hundred and three thousand depositors in the savings-banks, with only a reduction of one hundred and fifty

thousand depositors out of one million five hundred and fifty-four thousand who were customers of private banks; and that the government, by increasing the facilities for granting assurances, would be increasing the provident habits of the people, without materially interfering with the old business of the Friendly Societies.'

The Annuity scheme opens out a large field of operations for the Post-office. Let the working-classes—as we have on former occasions hinted—have government security for payment of their pensions in old age, and many thousands of them will immediately join. Indeed, it is impossible to overestimate the great advantage and benefit of such a scheme to the working and industrial population of the United Kingdom, who would be ever grateful to the government for giving them this certain means of providing for infirmity and old age.

How, then, could the Post-office carry out this increased system of assurance and extensive business which is known as Industrial Assurance? We think a plan might be adopted similar to that used by all Insurance Companies, ordinary and industrial, by the employment of agents to obtain members and collect subscriptions when necessary. The Post-office has a very large staff of agents already at hand in the thirteen thousand eight hundred and eighty-two postmasters, and sixteen thousand eight hundred and eighty-three postmen and letter-carriers; they are trustworthy, respectable, and would no doubt be efficient for this work; and they are well known, and know every house and householder. 'We recommend,' said the Royal Commission on Friendly Societies, 'that the existing system of government assurance through the Post-office for death and government annuities be extended so as to cover the whole ground now occupied by what is termed Industrial Assurances.'

We heartily join in this recommendation, believing that it will be a great advantage to the community, and will afford large, safe, and profitable facilities for the savings of the working-classes especially, for whose benefit Post-office assurances were established.

Since the above was written, a Select Committee of the House of Commons, appointed to consider the advisability of revising the present scheme of Insurance and Annuities to be effected through the Post-office, have been taking evidence on the subjects of inquiry. Mr A. Turnor, C.B., Financial Secretary to the Post-office, explained that the system of insurance now carried out through the Post-office was a failure, owing to the fact that the maximum amount (one hundred pounds) which they had power to insure, and the maximum age (sixty) were too low; while the minimum amount (twenty pounds) and the minimum age (twenty) were too high. The maximum, he thought, should be raised to over two hundred pounds. Another official, who gave evidence for himself and Mr Chetwynd the Accountant-general, explained that under the present system half the post-offices throughout the country were savings-banks; while only one-seventh, or about two thousand, were insurance offices. The new scheme that was under consideration would enable an intending insurer to take out a policy at any of the savings-bank

offices. He would be able to open an ordinary savings-bank account, and would be able to make deposits at any time and at any office, and all that was required was that he should have paid in the amount of the premium by the time that premium became due. The insurer could by this means even make use of the recently introduced cards on which he affixes twelve stamps, and pay said cards into the bank.—The Committee have now embodied the above recommendations in their Report to the House of Commons.

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER XIV.—'YOU LOOK WRETCHED, VAL. WHAT IS IT?'

It befell that although Gerard Lumby made little progress enough with Constance in those parlour encounters, in which, perhaps, the most earnest of lovers is the least likely to thrive, he talked with a lover's enthusiasm outside her presence, and chose Val Strange, of all men in the world, to talk to. Val, dreading his own love all the while, listened to him with such heart-burnings as may be imagined, but gave no sign.

Mr Jolly in the meantime kept his house *en fête* for a whole winter month, and was almost crowded from his own rooms by guests. Gerard having proclaimed Val great in private theatricals and charades, that young gentleman was installed as a sort of amateur manager of the Grange revels. This partly delighted and partly frightened him. No man schools himself to dishonour in a day. The shiftless, helpless, sponging spendthrift, the hopeless drunkard, the betrayer, the sharper—all have had their remorse, their struggles, their backward longings towards relinquished honour, or at least their piteous glances that way cast. And Val Strange was less than most men fitted to be a happy wrongdoer. By nature candid and kindly, and greatly careful of the good opinion of the world, he was sure to suffer horribly if he played any man false; and here was temptation growing almost too much for him. He was torn by love and jealousy, and drank alternate draughts of sweet and bitter poison. The poison was sweet when he stood alone with his friend's plighted wife and talked with her, and drank the beauty of her face and voice and the exquisite intoxication of her presence; or when his arm circled her in some slow waltz, and they moved, as on air together, to the dying falls of Strauss's melodies, when the music sighed as if foredone with pleasure half grown into pain. Bitter the poison—how bitter, only Jealousy can know—when the unsuspecting Gerard came to claim his right, and talked with her—walked, rode, drove, danced with her, always with right on his side, and the surety of an admitted claim. And much as the rages which sometimes filled him taught him to fear himself, he feared Gerard too, by an instinct which warned him that the latter was the

last man whom it might be wise to turn from a friend into an enemy. Yet perhaps I do Strange some injustice here, for he had physical courage enough, and it may be that his dread of Gerard was of a better sort. To face eyes once friendly, and now full of hatred and reproach—to give any man the right to say, 'You have played the villain, false friend,' might well inspire more dread than a man could summon at any mere physical call.

At last, in his miseries and perplexities, Val made one resolve, and as the outcome of it, he sat down and wrote this letter to his old yachting companion :

MY DEAR GILBERT—I am in the dullest hole I ever got into in my life. I cannot escape with any degree of grace under a fortnight, and I am in danger of being bored to death. Pray, send me a telegram, purporting to come from any fictitious personage whom you may be pleased to invent for the occasion, advising me of important business, and insisting upon my return. Do this for old friendship's sake. 'I do adjure thee, by old pleasant days,' make the message sufficiently urgent to bear me away without apology. I am peppered, I warrant you; and if your telegram should come later than to-morrow, it will find me indeed a grave man.—Yours, VAL STRANGE.

The resolve to write this was not arrived at without much trouble, although it is one thing to determine and another to do. When he had sent it away, he thought of all he was leaving, and half wished it recalled. He went sleepless nearly all night, and tossed to and fro upon his bed undecided. Now he was all for flight, and now flight seemed so cruel as to be impossible. There are some pangs it is not in human nature to endure voluntarily. When he presented himself at the breakfast table, he looked ill, and Constance, who sat near him, spoke of it.

'It is nothing,' he responded—'a headache.'

People gave him their condolences, and it cost him a great effort to keep his temper. Breakfast over, he retired to his own room and brooded there, longing and dreading to be called away. By-and-by a young man on a dirty gray pony rode up the drive and delivered an envelope, buff-coloured, and bearing side by side with Mr Strange's name and present address, the inscription, 'Five shillings for portage.' The footman leisurely sought out Mr Strange, who, tearing open the envelope, read: 'From BROWNE, 13 Mount Street.—Everything going to smash. Must have you up at once, or we shall both be broken.'

'Anything to pay?' asked Val, grinding his teeth at the clumsiness of the message.

'Five shillings, sir,' said the footman.

Val gave him the money, and dismissed him.

'I can't show this to anybody,' he cried aloud, crossing the room ill-temperedly. 'What a fool the man must be to send me such a message!' He was so eager to stay, so unwilling to go, that he was ready to catch at any straw of self-delusion. He tried to persuade himself that since he could not reasonably show to anybody this ridiculous message, he could not allow it to call him away; but he was not yet so blind as to allow that fraud to pass. 'Shall I go?' he asked himself. 'I must

go.' He paced to and fro in the room. 'I can't go.' Reginald Jolly's words came somehow into his mind: 'You are always in the primrose way,' and his own flippant answer: 'I like primroses.' He stood still in a sudden hot rebellion against Fate. 'Let it lead me where it will, I take the primrose way. The other road is too thorny. Yet, where will this way lead? Where will it lead?' He clenched his hands, and dropped them by his side, and said very quietly and softly: 'Let it lead me where it will, I take it.' He tore the telegram through and through, until his hands had no grip upon it to tear it further, and cast the fragments broadcast on the floor. Then he went slowly down-stairs, and meeting Reginald in the hall, he said languidly: 'Rags, old man, I think a little stir in the open would do me good. Will you come down to the warren and have a pot at the rabbits for an hour?'

Reginald assented, with a look of some anxiety at Val's pale face. Folly is not only left unjustified of all her children, but she rarely manages to justify herself to them, or even to enable them to justify themselves to themselves. A man born and bred within Folly's kingdom, is sometimes happy there. You may almost unfaillingly know him by his smug contentment. He knows no other boundaries. His own walks content him. He mocks wisdom, and disdains humility. His conversational chalk-stones are to him more precious than the rubies of the wise. He is wise in his own conceit. Like Dogberry, he prays you, write him down an ass. It is his glory to be bald. Like the fox who lost his tail in the fable, he would fain have you also shorn. One touch of wisdom would ruin his complacency. But for a man born outside the demesne of Folly, to stray into it, is to walk into a very atmosphere of misery. 'Let it lead me where it will, I take the primrose way.' There will come a day, Val Strange, when no road could seem more awful to your eyes than that flowery path wherein your feet are set. Glad youth who mayest read this story, and haply take pleasure in it, I, thy poor lop-sided fellow-creature, who, with Hamlet, may own to having more offences at my beck than thoughts to put them in—I, who can put on no garb of saintliness, and am not constituted the preacher of any sect, bid thee have pity on thyself that is to be, and cherish Honour as thy friend. So shall the primrose spring *behind* thee—in sweet companionship with all sweet flowers—and when thy frequent feet in age shall travel again where thou hast trodden in thy heedful youth, the way shall be gracious, thy going shall be pleasant, and thy heart at rest. But still Will Waterproof's song is not without truth:

[For] others' follies teach us not;
Nor much their wisdom teaches;
And most, of sterling worth, is what
Our own experience preaches.

And every man must dree his own weird, and fight his own giants, to slay them, or to be led to captivity, as he himself may choose.

* * * *

'You look wretched, Val,' said the little man, laying a friendly hand on him. 'What is it?'

'I am worried and unwell,' said Val, ready to

vent himself on anybody, and really angry at Gilbert. 'I've just had a most idiotic telegram from a fellow in town. I suppose he regards himself as a practical joker, and thinks it fun to wire disturbing nonsense to a fellow. Wants me to go to London.'

'If it's at all important,' said Reginald, 'don't think about the theatricals. We can let them slide easily enough.—Who is it?'

'That ass, Gilbert,' said Val unguardedly. 'It's a thing of no importance.' Just then, a man came racing down the field they had just entered, bearing in one hand a salver, and in the other a buff envelope.

'For me?' asked Reginald.

'No, sir,' gasped the man; 'for Mr Strange.' He placed the envelope on the salver, and handed it to Val, who opened it, read it at a glance, and burst into an execration. 'No chaff in last wire,' ran the message. 'Things really awfully serious. Come up at once.' Val impetuously tore the missive into a hundred pieces. The servant gaped at him open-eyed with wonder.

'What are you standing and staring there for, you impudent scoundrel?' cried Val, catching sight of him suddenly.

'Five shillings for portage, sir,' returned the servant; 'mounted messenger, sir.'

'Hang the five shillings!' shouted Val inconsequently, as he handed to the man, or rather half threw at him, a half-sovereign. 'Keep the change, confound you!'

'Gentleman's bark ain't very dreadful,' mused the servant as he departed; 'and he haven't got a bite in him seemin'ly.'

'Val,' said Reginald, 'what is it? Can I be of any use to you?'

'It's nothing,' said Strange, laughing vexedly. 'I ought to be able to take a joke with better temper, however stupid it might be. Come along, and let us have a pot at the bunnies.'

'Of course I know nothing about the matter,' said Reginald; 'but is there a chance of its not being a joke after all?'

'I tell you,' cried Strange pettishly, 'there's nothing in it.' Reginald said no more, and they crossed the fields in silence. Val had no care for sport, and having had two or three chances, and having missed them all, he sat upon a tree-trunk and smoked discontentedly. 'Fly while you may,' the inward monitor whispered. 'Fly from this enchantment, lest it madden you.' The whisper never left him. 'Go!' it urged him—'go! It is your only safety.' Reginald, meeting with better success than his companion, was keenly set upon the pleasure of the hour; and having hallooed once or twice to him, and received no response, wandered wide of where Strange sat.

'Mister Reginald!' shouted a panting voice.

'Hillo!' he cried in answer. 'This way.'

A serving-man came bursting through the bushes of a neighbouring spinney. 'Is Mr Strange along with you, sir?' he panted. 'Here's another telegram, sir.'

Reginald smiled, and lifting his voice on high, called aloud to his friend.

'Hillo!' roared the recluse in answer; and guided by his voice, the two made way towards him.

'Here's another message,' said the bald-headed

youth, grinning broadly. 'Excuse me for laughing, but it's too comic.'

'Is it?' said Val sardonically. Again the mythic Browne of 13 Mount Street insisted upon his return: 'Your affairs menaced on all hands. Necessary to consult Boyd at once.' Wire answer. Come up by next express. Urgent.' This time, the recipient of the telegram dropped his hands like one resigned.—'Anything for portage?'

'Yes, sir,' the man responded; 'five shillings, sir.'

'Ah!—Have you change, Jolly?—Thanks.—Tell the messenger,' he said to the man, 'that if any more telegrams come for me to-day, they can wait until the letter-bag is sent up.—Look at that, Rags,' he continued languidly, handing the telegram to him. 'That's the third I've had to-day. Isn't it enough to make a man angry?'

'Who's Boyd?' asked Reginald.

'I don't know Boyd from Adam,' Val returned.

'Hillo!' cried Reginald suddenly. 'Look here, Val. There must be something in it after all. You said it was Gilbert who sent the others. This is from Browne, of No. 13 Mount Street.'

Val blushed a little at this; but answered quietly and wearily: 'That, I suppose, is part of the joke. I don't know anybody named Browne. I don't know Mount Street. Where *is* Mount Street? Who is Browne? Did I say Gilbert? Gilbert East, I meant. Ah, you don't know him.' O Val Strange, Val Strange, that a man once honourable should lie so glibly! But somehow, the atmosphere of the primrose way sets Honour off to sleep, as the air in the Enchanted Grounds did with the Pilgrims in Bunyan's allegory.

'I can't conceive,' said Reginald, 'that any man would be such an ass as to send a message like this without a meaning. I should go and see what is the matter. You can catch the one o'clock train, and be back here by three o'clock to-morrow. There *might* be something in it. There *must* be something in it!'

Here were accidents urging Val to his salvation, and the inward voice urged him: 'Go! It is your only safety. Go!' And for the moment it so far triumphed with him that he answered: 'Yes; I think I'll run up, if it's only for the pleasure of horsewhipping Gilbert—East.' The pause was scarcely noticeable; but the bald-headed youth was keen, and there was something in this whole matter which went beyond his penetration for the present, and piqued his curiosity.

'Yes,' he said, with his keen eyes on Val's face, 'I think I should horsewhip Gilbert—East.' Val changed colour ever so little.—'What is it?' asked Reginald of himself. 'He is making a mystery of something or other. Well, it's no affair of mine.'

'Come,' said Val, taking up his gun; 'let us go up to the house. I must pack.' He tried to hope that, being once away from the attraction which so strenuously held him, he might be able to stop away altogether. Perhaps he began to find the primrose way already thorny. They went up to the house silently; and Val having ordered his own man to pack his portmanteau, made his excuses to his host, and started.

Reginald drove him to the station. 'Let me know,' said he, as the train came clanking in,

'if it's all right when you get there. I shall be anxious till I hear.'

Strange promised; and in another minute was rolling towards London.

ON A SUGAR ESTATE.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.—GATHERING THE CROP.

In taking up the next step of a sugar-planter's duties, the reader must imagine that six months have elapsed, and that the sugar-crop has now come to maturity. The canes bordering the 'traces,' which when we last saw them were only some four feet in height, are now nearer fourteen; and have each projecting from their tops a straw-coloured rod, called the arrow, about four feet long, and as thick as a walking-stick. The canes bloom in the months of October and November, and these arrows are the stalks that bore the lilac-coloured plumes. The flowers have fallen off; but the arrows, although withered, retain their place.

The country looks something like a huge chessboard, checkered with yellow and green; the yellow squares marking the fields where the canes have already been cut and carted, leaving behind only a mixture of cane-tops, leaves, and arrows, which soon withers in the sun, and is then called 'trash,' covering the ground about a foot in depth. The green patches mark where the canes are still standing; for the leaves retain their verdure until the canes are cut. On our way, we pass the cane-field which we saw in course of being planted. From each 'stool' has sprung up some eight or ten canes, now six feet in height, and forming long regular rows. The leaves arch over until their tops meet, completely covering the ground. These canes will not be fit to cut this year, for 'plant'-canes take fifteen months to arrive at maturity, and crop-time only lasts from January until May. 'Ratoons' can be cut every twelve months.

On our arrival at a cane-piece that is being harvested, we notice that all the lower leaves have been stripped off, leaving each cane, which when ripe is of a pale yellow colour, clean and bare, except for the bunch of leaves and arrow at the top. The cane-cutters, who work by the task, are busily engaged. Their implement is a sharp and heavy cutlass. It requires some practice to become a good cane-cutter. Let us watch this one at work. Seizing with one hand a cane by the middle, with one swift stroke of his cutlass he severs it, close to the ground, from the stool; then bringing the top within reach of his weapon, with another blow he cuts it off just where the hard cane ends, and the soft stem—from which the leaves and arrow spring—begins. This 'cane-top,' as it is called, contains no saccharine juice, and forms with its leaves about one-fourth of the total length of the cane. He then, still holding the cane in his hand, divides it with another rapid stroke or two into lengths of about four feet each; taking care to let them fall on the ground in such a way that the 'trash' does not cover and conceal them; after which he grasps another cane and proceeds in the same way. The canes are from one to two inches in diameter at the bottom, and taper to about half that size at

the top. They vary from ten to sixteen feet in length, including the 'cane-top;' and there are from sixteen to twenty thousand of them in each acre of land. Every cane-cutter will cut down about half a rood before his day's work is done.

The canes must be carted and made into sugar as soon as possible after they are cut; for if they are left lying in the sun, their juice soon turns sour, and would not crystallise; so the carts are working close behind the cane-cutters. The carting of the canes is superintended by the head-overseer, and a driver who is designated the 'head-carterman;' both being mounted. The mule-carts weigh when empty about nine, and when loaded about eighteen, hundredweight, and unless when going up-hill, are driven at a brisk trot, the carterman sitting on the front rail with his feet on the shafts. These carters are generally the smartest men on the estate, and are well paid, for it requires some skill to handle a team of mules quickly and properly. They are each assisted in loading their carts by a lad called a 'loader,' who remains in the cane-piece while the cart is away, and collects a heap of canes; so that when the cart returns, no time is lost in again loading and despatching it. Large cattle-carts are also going to and from the manufactory with four oxen yoked to each; and these, although moving much slower, carry a far larger load than the mule-carts.

There are two methods of manufacturing sugar from the cane—one known as the 'common process,' by which 'muscovado' or common brown sugar is made; and the other as the 'vacuum-pan,' which results in the white sugar or 'crystals.' St Helens is a common-process estate; and the works consist of a long building divided into three parts. At one end is the engine-room, at the other the 'curing-house,' and between these the 'boiling-house'—all connected with each other by doors. The engine is a high-pressure one of forty horse-power, which drives the 'mill' that crushes the canes. This 'mill' is composed of three heavy iron rollers, placed horizontally, two below and one above, and known respectively as the first, second, and top rollers. They are about five feet long, and two feet in diameter, and are geared in such a manner that the top roller revolves in an opposite direction to the lower ones. The canes are emptied by the carts in the mill-yard, and are carried by the 'mill-gang' in bundles on their heads, and thrown by them on to the 'cane-carrier,' which is an arrangement of endless chains and laths looking something like a huge ribbon, revolving round two drums, one placed close to and above the rollers, and the other some distance off in the mill-yard. Its use is to convey the canes in a regular supply to the mill. On reaching the mill, the canes fall off the cane-carrier, and are caught between the first and top rollers, which crush them, the juice falling below into a receptacle called the 'mill-bed;' whilst the crushed cane, known now as 'megass,' passes out between the top and second rollers, and is received in wagons pushed by men, running on a small tramway, and is conveyed by them to the megass-houses. These are large barn-like buildings, situated a little distance from the works, and there the megass is stored until it becomes dry

and fit for fuel. Some of the megass is also spread in the mill-yard to dry in the sun, but is always taken up before sundown, as the dew would soon saturate it.

The cane-juice when it leaves the rollers is of a dirty drab colour, for it is full of impurities. To get rid of these, 'clarifiers' are used. The clarifiers are square iron tanks of about eight hundred gallons' capacity, with rows of copper tubes at the bottom, into which steam can be admitted. They are placed on a platform erected at one end of the boiling-house; and the juice is conveyed to them by a pump. Let us go up and see how they are used. You see one of the clarifiers has just been filled, and the attendant now turns on the steam; he then proceeds to weigh out a certain quantity of lime, which, after slaking in a bucketful of juice, he pours into the clarifier. Cane-juice, although having a very sweet taste, contains an appreciable amount of citric acid, which without the addition of the alkali (lime) to counteract it, would prevent the crystallisation of the sugar. The lime also aids in purifying the juice. This operation is called 'tempering' the liquor. A few minutes after the steam has been turned on to the clarifier and the liquor has got hot, the impurities begin to rise to the surface. Just before it arrives at boiling-point, the steam is turned off; and after the expiration of half an hour or so, the liquor becomes covered with some three inches of a thick puffy scum, which is removed with a skimmer. The juice is next run into another iron tank called a 'subsider,' where it remains about an hour, and where, as its name implies, a subsidence of further impurities takes place.

The liquor is now of a pale amber colour, and is fit to undergo the process of boiling. This is performed in a 'battery' of iron bowl-shaped pans, open at the top, and suspended from walls of masonry in such a manner that the furnace flues pass round and under them. The furnace is placed at one end of the battery, and the fire from it boils all the pans in succession on its way to the chimney. The liquor runs first into the 'grand,' or pan farthest from the furnace, which holds about six hundred gallons. As it evaporates, it is passed on, by means of ladles, to the next pan, and from it to the next; and so on, getting thicker and more sirupy, until it reaches the 'tache,' which is the smallest of the pans, and holds one hundred and twenty gallons. The tache is nearly directly over the furnace, and is in a state of furious ebullition until all the water is evaporated from its contents, which is then a mixture of molasses (treacle) and sugar, and rises in large swelling bubbles, from which but little steam issues. This mixture is next ladled from the tache into a wooden spout, which conveys it to large shallow coolers, in which, as it cools, crystallisation takes place, the sugar, however, still remaining mixed up with the molasses. Only a small quantity is put at a time into each cooler, so as to allow it to cool quickly; to assist which end, and also to aid the crystals in forming, it is stirred about with a long wooden instrument like a baker's 'slice.' When a cooler is full, the contents are left for a day or two, and it then looks something like a mass of toffee, and is hard enough to bear a man's weight. This stuff is then dug out, chopped

into small pieces, carried into the curing-house, and put into hogsheads. These hogsheads have small holes pierced in their bottoms, to allow the molasses to drain out, which it does in about three weeks, leaving behind the common brown sugar seen in any grocer's shop. The hogsheads are then headed up, have the drainage-holes plugged, and are ready for shipment.

The 'mill-gang' are all coolies. They throw themselves with much energy into their work, because, before the day is done, they have to supply sufficient cane to the mill to fill twenty-five clarifiers—equivalent to twenty thousand gallons—with juice; and it has been calculated that in doing this, they each lift to their heads and carry a distance of twelve yards, twenty-five tons of cane. Another reason for their activity is the competition existing between them and the cartermen; the cartermen striving to block up the yard with canes, and the mill-gang doing their best to clear it and leave it bare; and then, with huge glee, they blow the engine whistle as a note of triumph, until the carts arrive at full gallop, their drivers in high dudgeon. A shrewd manager takes advantage of this rivalry, which is shared in by the overseers, and so proportions the number of carts and mill-hands, that the emulation is kept up, and the work proceeds at high pressure.

A gang of women and children, under the superintendence of an elderly negro dame, are employed in spreading and turning over the megass that is being dried; something after the manner of hay-making. The old woman rules them with shrill expostulations and lynx-eyed vigilance, allowing them but small opportunities for trifling. The women all wear bright-coloured 'julas'—short tight-fitting sleeveless bodices—and quantities of silver jewellery. Some of them are absolutely covered with it on their necks, arms, ankles, ears, in fact wherever a coin or a ring can be carried; and many besides have the additional ornament of a gold-ring dangling from their noses. A coolie's wife is his bank. All his savings are transformed into jewellery, and attached, oftentimes forged on, to some part of her body. This leads to great unpleasantness in the event of a woman's choosing a new partner—a thing which not unfrequently happens, for the men far outnumber the women. The deserted swain declares that the jewellery is his property; while the faithless Helen as stoutly maintains it to have been a free gift from him to her, and besides that, largely composed of her own earnings. Much litigation and perjury is the usual result.

In the matter of jewellery, the men are more moderate than the other sex; a gold piece, usually a United States double eagle, suspended from the neck, generally satisfying them. But some, particularly the younger beaux, rejoice in bracelets and armlets.

Coolie women when young are, as a rule, handsome; but they soon lose their good looks. Outdoor labour and early marriages are no doubt the principal causes of their early fading, many of them being mothers at twelve years of age. They occupy here, however, in relation to the male members of their family, a far higher social position than in their native land; their opinions, tastes, and feelings being consulted on every

occasion, in a manner that would be very anomalous in a Bengalee family that had never crossed the 'Burra Pahneé' (great water). This is owing to their being in such a minority, and also to their position as joint bread-winners with the head of the family.

Of the 'boilermen,' some are Creoles and some coolies. They are superintended by an experienced old negro, who directs the whole process of clarifying and boiling the liquor. He works entirely by rule of thumb. And although he makes a great parade of using a saccharometer, a test-tube, or a thermometer, and insists on being supplied with these articles, he does it merely to impress his subordinates with the profundity of his knowledge, and to convey the idea that 'tempering' liquor and making muscovado is a very recondite business, and that the post of 'head-boilerman' is a most important one. Nevertheless, if left alone, or, in his own words, if 'Massa no a bodder him too much,' he will turn out a very fair quality of sugar by the judicious use of his eyes, nose, and tongue, which perform for him the duty that saccharometer, test-paper, &c., are required to do for 'Massa's' less well-trained senses.

The manufactory we next visit for the purpose of seeing the 'vacuum-pan' process, which results in producing white sugar, is a much more imposing structure than the St Helens' sugar-works. Far more sugar, and of a better quality, is made here, than there; for in this 'work' is ground, not the cane of one, but of many estates, which are conveyed to it by tramways. The machinery necessary to make crystals is very costly, and it pays an estate working by itself better to make muscovado and sell it to the British refiners,* than to erect expensive machinery, which would necessarily lie idle half the year. The case is different, however, when several estates belonging to one proprietor are so situated that their canes can be conveniently conveyed to one central factory. Then it is decidedly better to adopt the 'vacuum process,' as it turns out the more valuable product. The machinery for crushing the cane here, differs from that used in the other method only in that it is larger, and can supply greater quantities of juice in a given time. The operations of tempering and clarifying the liquor are also similar to those we have just seen. It is in the treatment of the juice after clarifying, that the divergence from the 'common process' takes place. The liquor in leaving the clarifiers is, as we saw, of an amber colour. This is owing to colouring-matter contained in the juice itself, and is in noway to be ascribed to feculent admixture. In making muscovado, this colour of course gets intensified as the water evaporates, until it results in the sugar being of a more or less dark-brown hue. The darkness of the shade is also partly owing to the grains of sugar being but imperfectly free from molasses, which is never completely drained away by 'curing.'

In making crystals, the juice is pumped from the clarifiers to the very top of the building, and is then allowed to filter down through long tubes about four feet in diameter, which contain

powdered animal charcoal. This effectually removes all traces of colour; and when it emerges from the bottom of the filter, it is nearly as clear as water. The liquor is then concentrated to a thin sirup, by means of the ordinary open pans, or else by a French invention called a *triple effets*, which is a combination of three pans; the first of which is boiled by means of steam-pipes supplied from a boiler; the second is made to boil by the steam arising from the liquor in the first; and in its turn, supplies heat in the same manner to the third—thus effecting a great saving of fuel. When of sufficient density, the sirup is pumped into a vacuum-pan.

In boiling sugar in open pans, a high temperature is necessary. In the 'tache,' just before it is discharged into the coolers, it rises to two hundred and forty degrees Fahrenheit, which is very injurious to its granulating properties; and it is because of muscovado having such a fine grain, that much of it passes away with the molasses. To obviate this, the vacuum-pan was contrived, Mr Howard, its inventor, realising a large fortune by it. It is a well-known fact that the boiling-point of any liquid depends on the weight of the column of air it supports; or in other words, on the pressure of the atmosphere on its surface. Thus, it will take less heat to make a kettle boil on the top of a mountain, than at its base, because the air gets rarer and lighter the higher we go. So, if we can apply heat to cane-juice in a vessel which contains little or no air, we shall be able to evaporate the water from the sugar, at a very low temperature. This will give us large crystals, and prevent the waste that occurs in boiling the liquor in the open air, where a great heat is required. And this the vacuum-pan enables us to do. The vacuum-pan is a round, air-tight vessel covered with a copper dome. It is heated by means of steam-pipes in its interior, and is provided with an air-pump, driven by a steam-engine, which maintains the vacuum, and removes the vapour as it is generated. Complete evaporation is secured in it by a temperature of one hundred and forty degrees Fahrenheit, and consequently the sugar crystallises in those oblique prisms that look so handsome on our breakfast tables. Each pan is of large capacity, holding from two to four tons of sugar. There are four of them here, which jointly turn out some forty tons of sugar a day.

When the sugar leaves the vacuum-pans, it is still mixed up with the molasses, as in the other process. To separate them without the long and wasteful operation of 'curing,' science again comes to the aid of the sugar-planter. The mixed sugar and molasses are first, as before, run into coolers. When quite cold, they are conveyed to the machines that are to divide one from the other. These are called 'centrifugals,' and are round, open vessels about two feet in diameter, and the same in height. Their sides are made of fine wire-gauze. They revolve on two pivots—one placed under and one above them—are driven by a steam-engine, and make more than one thousand revolutions a minute. Here you see a row of a dozen or more of them with an attendant to each. Let us watch the operation. Two or three

* A description of the British method of sugar-refining and of making loaf-sugar, was given in *Chambers's Journal*, No. 871.

showelfuls of the mixed sugar and molasses are put into a centrifugal. It is then started. Off it sets, whirling with such velocity, that but for a slight tremor, it would appear motionless; and its contents, obeying the natural tendency of all bodies, to fly from a revolving centre by the law of centrifugal force, in their efforts to escape, cling tightly to the gauze sides of the machine. The crystals are too large to get through; but the molasses finds no difficulty; and to assist it, a fine spray of water is played on to the mixture, from a jet placed near the centre of the centrifugal. This effectually cleanses the sugar, and as the water also hurries through the gauze, crystals may be said to be washed and dried by the one and the same operation. Channels are made in the floor, through which the molasses finds its way to the tank reserved for its reception. In a minute or two, the centrifugal is stopped, the sugar in it removed; a fresh charge is put into it, and it is again set whirling. The crystals are then taken in a small tram wagon to another apartment, where they are put into bags ready for shipment.

PAVEMENT PORTRAITS.

SONG AND SYMPATHY.

IN one of those long streets stretching from Buckingham Palace Road across railway bridges far away to the fog-oppressed 'dark-flowing' Thames, a thoroughfare perplexing in the sameness of its houses—which only differ from each other in the numbers on their doors—and distressing in its dullness and want of expression, stood one night in 'bleak December,' two years ago, a strange figure. It was a man; but other evidence than that of the eyes was necessary to convince an inquirer of this fact; for the wind was blowing hard, and the snow was falling, or rather rushing down from the dark sky with blinding impetuosity; and the object referred to looked, at first sight, something like an old coat hung upon a spike of area-railing, and fastened thereto by a rude kind of knot at its top; while the sleeves were stretched out on each side, caught, as it were, on other railing spikes; and the legs—if the object had any—were lost to view in the shifting white and black of fresh-fallen and melting snow on the pavement. It had all the appearance, indeed, of a scarecrow, though, upon closer investigation, it proved to be, as I have said, a man.

Drawn close up to the railings, to which he was tightly clinging, as though afraid of being swept away by the cruel wind, and with his face partly thrust between two of the spikes, as if to conceal it from the passers-by, the scarecrow gave the required evidence that it was a man, by singing, in a piping wheezy voice, a song, the burden of which, repeated over and over again, so often that it seemed as if all the song was composed of it alone, was, 'Mother, dear Mother!'

'Mother, dear Mother!' came the words again and again in an ascending scale, until they almost approached a faint scream. Across the area they went, contending with the rushing wind in a competitive attack upon the dining-room window of the house; until at last 'Song' seemed to have

won a victory in his assault upon the plate-glass guarded fortress; for the blind was pulled up, and a flood of warm light fell upon the pinched and wan face of the singer, whose voice was hushed as 'Sympathy' looked out upon him. 'Sympathy' was none other than a beautiful elderly lady. Seated alone she had been, in a low armchair, seeking faces in the fire, and dreaming dreams of early days, of maturer years, of happiness and grief, of storm and sunshine, when her thoughts were arrested by the weary song of the singer—'Mother, dear Mother!' 'With anxious, softly-stepping haste,' she went to the window, and 'Song' and 'Sympathy'—the latter roused by the former—were face to face.

The bright light of the fire and wax candles revealed to the strange minstrel a face of calm dignity, and almost holy benevolence. A pair of clear kind gray eyes looked out upon the blustering rude night and the tousled old man; and the contrast between the comfortable, peaceful room and the storm-drowned street was not greater than that between the dignified dweller in the former and the poor drenched creature outside.

To some people, the discovery that the singer of a disjointed street song with its ever-recurring cry of 'Mother, dear Mother!' was a toothless old man some seventy odd years of age, would have been a subject for ridicule. It was not so to the lady at the window. Our thoughts are often beyond our control, and, like a horse that takes the bit in its mouth and bolts with its rider, frequently carry us whither we least expect to go. So it was in this case. No one would be able to trace any resemblance between the street singer, the street of which I am speaking, the blustering dark night, and a beautiful boy with dark curly hair, a lovely cottage embowered with roses deep in the Weald of Surrey, and a hot June afternoon; and yet it was to these last that the thoughts of the lady rushed as she gazed at the singer across the narrow area.

That boy with the brown locks—he stood before her now! She was no longer in the neighbourhood of Eccleston Square. She was far away in the country, in a bright little drawing-room, gay with flowers. The scents and sounds of summer floated round her, the song of birds and the perfume of roses were wafted in at the windows opening on to a closely shaven lawn. Sunshine streamed into the room, and on a patch of it lay on the floor a favourite collie dog. And the boy—her boy—in a loose black velvet jacket, stood in one of the windows, and read her a letter telling how one of his pictures then being exhibited at the Royal Academy had been sold. Then turning his bright face to hers, the young artist lifted his straw hat from his head, and, opening his arms, exclaimed: 'Kiss me, mother!'

The vision—for the recollection amounted almost to such—vanished. Gone was the bright day, crumbled away the pretty house, vanished the beautiful face and form of the beloved artist son; and left, a lonely London room, a cruel winter night, and a cracked-voiced old beggar squeaking within a yard or two of the dreamer.

What takes so long to write, hardly occupied a minute. The lady, brought back to herself, rang her bell; and soon the street door was opened, and a neat little maid beckoned to the scarecrow to come to her. He shuffled up the steps, had the

shortest of interviews with the messenger of 'Sympathy,' and then passed away into the black night, breasting the storm with an energy remarkable to behold.

That night marked an important epoch in that old man's life. It was a Friday; and thenceforth the shabby figure might be seen every Friday evening shambling up the street to the house of his fair sympathiser. His song was soon dispensed with, and he became a regular pensioner on the lady's bounty. Her warm heart was touched by the helplessness of the poor fellow. He was past work—that was evident—and the lady, herself certainly not in the heyday of strength or health or fortune, lent what material and moral support she could to keep her poorer brother from the workhouse—whither, he said, he would never go while his 'old missus' was alive.

The life of the street singer had not been one of much incident or interest until its closing chapters were reached. Born and bred in service, he had been a gentleman's servant, page, footman, valet, butler, until paralysis had struck him down; and then, though he partially recovered, he was cast aside, like an old coat or a worn-out piece of furniture. He had, however, married; and when he and his wife finally left service, they set up in a very tiny little house, in a horribly dull dirty little street running out of the New Cut, Lambeth. They managed to get the house at a remarkably low rent, and hence the choice of this unsavoury locality. The wife let lodgings to working-men; and the old man, when he had regained sufficient strength to go about, procured a little connection for himself, running errands for servants in houses where he had formerly been in high service, brushing clothes, cleaning boots, and generally performing the very minor character of gentleman's gentleman's gentleman.

This occupation began twenty years before he met 'Sympathy,' and day after day, up to nearly last Christmas, he went out and brought home his little share towards the joint support of his wife and himself in their New Cut nest.

On Friday, the 23d December 1881, the weekly visitor appeared for the last time at the house of his benefactress, and received an extra dole, because of the season of the year, and because of a more tiresome wheeze than usual which was noticeable in his voice. He received also two pair of warm socks from the bountiful hands of the good lady; and was sent away with words of comfort and sympathy, which he laid to heart as he walked home. He was very ill, and he knew it.

On the last Friday of the old year he failed to appear at the house near Eccleston Square. Then the lady sent to the Lambeth address, and found that on Christmas Eve the old man had passed away, saying with his last breath: 'Place those socks which the dear lady gave me, on my chest, old woman; they seem to cheer me.'

The widow of a week was sent for by the widow of many years, and then a strange discovery was made. The latter spoke to the former about what she could undertake to do for a living; and the former, who was much younger than her deceased husband, said she thought she was still strong enough to look after an office. Then the lady said—how sweetly, sadly, and diffidently, I cannot describe: 'But, you know,

I fear there may be some difficulty, when I come to explain how I knew your husband.'

'What do you mean, ma'am?' asked the dead singer's wife.

'Well, you are aware that some people would be prejudiced against you, if they knew that he sung in the street for a living.'

The widow stood for a moment as if rooted to the floor, her face puckered with pain; and then her knees seemed to give way, and she sank in a heap on the carpet, flung her arms on a chair, buried her face in her hands, and sobbed out: 'Oh, he ne-ver ne-ver told me this! He al-ways said he'd got a few frien's in Westminster who he did a thing or two for! O ma'am, ma'am, how good he was! Oh, my poor old man—my poor old man! An' he did this for *me*; an' Lord love 'im for it, 'e kep' it from me to the very end!'

She ceased, rose trembling from the floor, took the extended hand of 'Sympathy,' reverently kissed it, and went her way.

SETTING THE SNARES.

CHAPTER V.

TEXAS DICK's judgment was not at fault; for it *was* a white man whom he had seen in company with two Apachés, and this white man was not unknown to him. Nor was the fact of these Apachés being seen there at that time, devoid of a certain ominous significance; for the tribe were away, and none but loafing, or as they are expressively termed in the West, 'bad' Indians would be in the district apart from their chiefs and comrades. Texas Dick had also, as he rightly suspected, been seen by the white stranger; for the latter had hurried to the shelter of the broken ground, in order to avoid him.

The two Indians so seen, either understood the design of their companion, or obeyed without questioning; for nothing was said among the three until they stood in a little ravine, and the white had made sure of the Texan's disappearance.

'Señor Tony,' then said one of the Indians, in his broken jumble of English and Spanish, 'that not the man you go for show us—ugh?'

'That!' exclaimed the white man, in a tone expressive of supreme contempt. 'That is Texas Dick. You should know him surely, Pedro. The man I want to show you is the new boss at the ranche. I know that old man Holt is to ride through Crowsfoot Cañon to-day, and this boy will be with him. I have never met him alone, or I would have'—The speaker ceased abruptly, and tapped the revolver in his belt with a glance which was meant to be fierce. The red man of the West has his features well under control; he rarely laughs or shows—to white perceptions, at anyrate—what he thinks; but there was a momentary roll of two pair of dark eyes, which met in their glance, and the expression was as near an approach to a sneer as an Indian would allow himself.

The white man noticed nothing of this, but strode on at a round pace in silence, until one of the Indians—both of whom had fallen a little behind—stepped close to him, and laying a hand on his shoulder, said: 'Bueno, bueno señor!'

Injun much tired: Injun want whisky. No can walk more over this mountain without whisky.'

'You shall have whisky soon, Pedro,' returned the white; 'but I want to show you this man first. We shall strike the cañon directly; then, after they have gone by, you shall have whisky.'

'Injun stop here. Injun go to sleep, if no whisky,' sullenly rejoined Pedro, who at once, without further notice, seated himself on a fragment of rock. The second Indian, being either of a taciturn disposition, or understanding even less English than Pedro, grunted out the invariable 'Ugh!' and imitated his comrade.

'You are a sweet pair,' growled Tony, as he looked from one to the other of their obstinate, animal-like faces, so stolid and expressionless. He added some bitter and very strong words; but these also were growled in an under key; for Indian ears are sharp, and are never sharper than when the barbarians are apparently most stupid and abstracted.

With some more half-intelligible grumbling, the white man produced a bottle from one of his pockets. The two Indian faces lighted with a momentary flash as they saw it, and they uttered guttural ejaculations of approval. Making the best of the situation, Señor Tony first drank a deep gulp himself of the raw spirit, then handed the bottle to his companions, who drank with immense gusto, and with repeated exclamations of 'Good—very good,' until the whisky was exhausted, very few minutes being required for this. As soon as the bottle was empty, Señor Tony exclaimed: 'Now then, boys! hurry on to the cañon.'

But, to his disgust, Pedro insisted upon a still further supply of liquor: 'More whisky. Injun no had plenty enough whisky.'

'I have no more with me,' protested the white man. 'Search me if you like. Come, my good men, let us hurry on, or we shall be too late.'

'Señor Tony ought have bring along much more whisky,' said Pedro. 'Injun no had plenty.' Curling round like a dog as he said this, the Indian disposed himself for sleep, which so exasperated Tony, that he seized him by the shoulder and shook him violently.

In an instant the Indian was erect, his broad knife glittering in his hand, while his eyes wore so diabolical an expression that Tony fell back appalled. For a moment the Indian paused, and then broke into what was intended for a laugh of approval, perhaps of contempt for the scared face of the white man. It was but a grunt or chuckle, yet it awoke the risibility of Miguel, who laughed in concert, and the danger was over. Tony, who had turned ghastly pale, also tried to join in the laughter, but only partly succeeded. As they again walked on, he wiped the cold perspiration from his forehead, and while appearing to be calm, was really mad with rage and quivering with fear.

Tony, however, was pretty well acquainted with the temper of his companions; and by submitting to their rude jokes with apparent enjoyment, and by frequent references to the 'heaps of dollars' which would be earned by them in this enterprise, he got over the crisis safely, so that by the time they entered Crowsfoot Cañon, the Apachés had somewhat toned down. So much time, however, had been wasted, that

Tony dreaded lest those they had come to see had already passed; but, happily for his plans, it was not so; and ere they had been at their post of espial many minutes, they descried a small party of mounted men turn the angle of a huge cliff or 'bluff,' and ride up the cañon towards them. 'Hist! keep down, Pedro; keep down, Miguel!' exclaimed the white man in a whisper, for his allies showed signs of breaking out with shouts of defiance and flourishings of knives. 'If they see you to-day, there will be no dollars, no whisky over the job.'

'Ugh!' ejaculated his two associates as this convincing logic reached their ears. Then crouching down behind the broken rocks, they watched patiently the approach of the unconscious riders.

The horse-track ran close under their lurking-place. The party was six in number, consisting of Mr Holt and Arthur, Mr Gaisford, and three of their men. They were so near, that any attempt on their lives might have been executed with every prospect of success; but the survivors would infallibly have discovered their assailants, and there were some deadly marksmen in the party, as Tony knew right well. Neither would it have suited his plans to bring on a *mêlée* in which Mr Holt was exposed to danger. These plans, whatever they were, did not include the death of the farmer. As the riders passed within pistol-shot of the spies, Tony silently pointed with his finger full at Arthur, who for the moment had fallen back a little, and was riding separate. The gleam in the eyes of the red men and their silent nod, showed that he was understood; and no word was spoken until some minutes after the cavalcade had passed.

'You know him now?' eagerly whispered Tony; 'you know the muchacho—the boy?'

'Know him enough,' said Pedro, touching his knife.

'That is right!' exclaimed Tony. 'The sooner the better, boys. Mind! I have promised you fifty dollars, when I know he is dead; and now I say that I will give you a keg of the best whisky as well—the real old rye. You shall get drunk like white men, for a month.'

At this promise, so delightful to their ears, the dark eyes of the Indians blazed again; and Pedro, in whom the fumes of his late potent draught were still working strongly, forgot in this ecstasy his habitual caution, and plucking his knife from its sheath, waved it above his head, and gave one long hideous yell, or 'whoop,' which rang throughout the cañon, and reached the ears of the horsemen, distant as they were. They instantly pulled up, and listened; but the yell was not repeated. Had Mr Holt and his friends been at the entrance to the cañon, they might have been more suspicious; but they had reached a spot where the great breadth of the valley forbade all fear of an ambush; hence, after a brief pause, they rode leisurely on.

CHAPTER VI.

Friendly meetings on the part of Mr Holt and Mr Gaisford, and their respective households and servants, were by no means uncommon; and Arthur, among others, had come to know the roads and passes between the two farms extremely

well. Indeed, it had even been remarked by friendly observers how frequently Arthur found it necessary to ride over to Gaisford Rancho, and how often his business was such as to detain him there for a whole day. It did not, moreover, fail to be noticed, that should Miss Rachel at any time happen to go out for a ride, it was almost certain, by the most curious concurrence of circumstances, that on that very day it should happen to Arthur to go out for a ride likewise; and not only so, but it further happened, through an equally surprising series of coincidences, that though both started to ride towards opposite points of the compass, their paths were almost sure at some point to cross each other; and when this occurred, it was of course necessary that Arthur should see the young lady safe back to her father's house. This series of recurrences was, as must needs be, known to Squire Gaisford, for no endeavour was made to conceal it from him; and as it was noted by all the 'helps,' it was probably known also to Mr Holt. There is, however, good reason to believe that it met with the approval of these elders.

On one particular evening, when Arthur had accompanied Rachel home, and they and the farmer were sitting at supper, the conversation turned upon the Indians. Mr Gaisford, in his antipathy to them, vowed himself willing to give a whole section of his farm—by which he meant one hundred and sixty acres—to bury as many of the red scoundrels as could be corralled within its four corners.

'But the Utés are not so bad, father,' said Rachel. 'I am sure old Cuervo'—

'Bury the hull outfit!' exclaimed Mr Gaisford, who was strongly imbued with the prejudices almost inseparable from the frontier farmer's life. 'Some may be a little better, some a little worse; but the best of them are only just good enough to shoot.'

'Cuervo was here this afternoon,' said Rachel; 'but was fetched away suddenly by one of the young men of his tribe.'

'I thought I saw him,' said Arthur, 'as we rode up the slope; but when I came near the place, I found I had mistaken the trunk of a tree for his brown body.'

'Maybe you had, maybe you hadn't, Arthur,' returned the farmer; 'there's no telling with these red robbers. He might have been lurking there, for all you can tell, and shifted as you came near.'

'Cuervo seems very much attached to Mr Richmond,' interposed Rachel; 'and, I am sure, means him no harm.'

'Harm!' laughed Arthur; 'no, indeed! If I dread anything on the part of Cuervo, it is his great demonstrations of friendship. For some odd reason or another, he has certainly taken a strange fancy for me.'

'Yes,' said the farmer reflectively—'yes; that is so. You might depend on Cuervo. I will say that, although he's an Injun. When the Injuns or Mexicans do take a liking to a man or a woman, they will do almost anything to serve them.'

'By the way,' said Arthur, 'I called at the post-office as we came in, to see if there were any letters; but there were none. I do not like your postmaster very much.'

'What have you against him?' asked the farmer.

'We saw old Seth Birrable,' explained Rachel; 'and there was something very strange about him. First of all, as we rode up to the shanty where he keeps the office, we found the door fastened. We might have gone away, after knocking, but that I had seen for sure a face peeping at us as we rode up, and saw the door gently closed. So we knocked again'—

'Rather loudly,' interposed Arthur.

'Yes; rather loudly,' continued Rachel, with a smile; 'and then old Seth came to the door. He looked as skeered as if he had seen a ghost. He stood just in the opening of the door, which he held in his hand, as though he wished to prevent us from entering, which we had no intention of doing. When we asked about the letters, he answered so gruffly, we could scarcely understand what he said, and then slammed the door close without another word.'

'Whisky,' said the farmer sententiously. 'I have noticed something uncommon about Seth for a long time. He is pretty nigh played out, I reckon.'

'Perhaps you are right,' replied Arthur; 'but he did not look like a drunken man, to my thinking.'

'Whisky,' again repeated Mr Gaisford, in a tone which showed that he, at all events, was perfectly satisfied with the explanation; and neither of his listeners caring to dispute its correctness, the subject dropped.

It was somewhat later than usual when Arthur set out on his homeward ride. The night was clear, from the moon being in her first quarter; and there was no difficulty in a rider, tolerably familiar with the road, finding his way safely enough across the country. Arthur had not proceeded far, when, to his surprise, and a little to his alarm, three mounted figures suddenly emerged into the clear starlight and approached him. He saw they were Indians, and that they separated as they drew nigh him, so that two would approach on his left side, and one on his right.

Seriously alarmed at observing this disposition, he checked his horse and drew his revolver. The action was noted; and a deep guttural voice, which he instantly recognised, said: 'Indianos amigos [friends]. I am Cuervo! No shoot;' and the next instant the friendly Uté was by his side. Resuming his journey, all four rode on towards Mr Holt's Rancho.

Cuervo talked a good deal; but owing to the frequent occurrence of Spanish words in his conversation, Arthur could understand but little of it. He was much puzzled also by the style in which they 'crowded' him, as they rode along. At last, when about half the distance had been traversed, the Indians either saw that he did not like such close quarters, or their zeal, from some cause, slackened, for they fell away from him; and then, after riding a few hundred yards farther, they quitted him abruptly, with a brief 'Good-night,' and in another minute were lost in the gloom of the prairie.

There had been something so odd in their sudden appearance and disappearance, that Arthur could not help mentioning the circumstance to Mr Holt on his reaching home.

The farmer on hearing mention of Cuervo's name, said: 'If it had been any other Injun, I should have thought less of it. I should have put it down to whisky. But Cuervo! he is different. Who were the others with him?'

'They were Cuervo's sons,' replied Arthur.

'Oh,' said Mr Holt; 'I know them well; very decent boys for Indians. Whatever Cuervo could want away from his camp after nightfall, I can't imagine; it is so different from his conduct in general. I don't half like it.'

The farmer shook his head as he concluded; and no more was said for the time on the subject.

One bright afternoon not long after this, Arthur had ridden early over to Mr Gaisford's. Goldthread was speedily saddled, and Miss Rachel and he set out for an easy canter towards the high broken ground known as the 'foot-hills,' beyond which in the distance rose the great summits of the Rocky Mountains. This was a favourite ride, as the views there were more extensive and picturesque than from the low-lying country through which the river ran.

'Yonder,' said Arthur, pointing to a group in the distance, 'is Texas Dick and some of our men. They are going to build a sheep corral there—they see us!' With this, he waved his hat; the signal was returned, and then the men went on with their work.

While they had been exchanging signals with Dick, a man had come to the edge of a thick copse which grew just there, and although he drew back instantly, paused within the shelter of the little wood to watch them. It was only for a minute, and then he disappeared; and they, unconscious of this espionage, proceeded on their ride.

The man who had thus watched them immediately struck through the wood, emerging at the opposite side. Then at a quick pace he descended the sloping ground, and made towards the cluster of huts which we have described as calling itself Andrew Jackson City. On approaching these dwellings, the man's gait became slower, and he paused occasionally in places where he was screened by a tree, bush, or mound of earth from the observation of any one who might chance to be looking from the buildings. At last, he reached them without seeing a soul; and climbing a low fence at the back of the post-office, entered the open door, closing it carefully behind him. He then turned the handle of another door and stepped into the front room, in which a man was seated. With a startled exclamation, the postmaster half drew a large pistol which hung at his belt, but replaced it when he saw who was the intruder.

'There's business to be done to-night, Birrable,' said the intruder.

'Is thar?' replied the other. 'Well, look here! Squire Tony! I have had enough of your work, and not enough of your dollars. I know what you want; you want the young Britisher at the Holt Rancho sent up, and I don't propose to run that line any longer. I opened old Holt's letters and took copies for you, and I opened the Britisher's. You met him at New York; and why you didn't clinch the business then, I don't know, as you own you had plenty of chances. You saw him at Kansas

too, and there ain't a better place in the States for such work than Kansas. You have not the real grit, Squire Tony, that's where the trouble is'—

'Now drop this,' interrupted Tony. 'I mean business, and if you can only say'—

'So do I,' interposed the postmaster in turn. 'I mean business, and I am coming right to it. But you must really let me show what I have done. The other afternoon that gal would have seen you here with me, if I had not stuck around that doorway; and then, where would your plans have been? And you get your precious Injuns down here, and catch the boy riding home after dark, and then are afraid to touch him.'

'We should have shot him that night!' exclaimed Tony, 'but for those blackguard Utés, who rode so close beside him that we dared not fire. I will never believe that was chance; some one must have told them.'

'Shoo!' ejaculated Birrable contemptuously. 'I would have shot Utés and all, and been glad to have taken such a chance. However, that's how it stands. You know what I have done, what you have not done, and what you want me to do now. All I have had is fifty dollars and promises. I want a hundred dollars before I stir another particle in your business; the promises to stand the same as they do now.'

After some argument, Tony drew fifty dollars from his pocket, and this was accepted as a compromise. They then entered upon a kind of whispered conversation, which was broken off by Tony saying: 'Now, there is no time to be lost; for if you can't meet that Britisher before he gets to the Gaisford Rancho, there will be some questions asked which may be difficult to answer; but if you catch him and the girl alone, he will believe anything.'

'I have got just the man for the messenger,' replied Birrable; 'leave it to me.'

ACONITINE.

THE important trial which has recently taken place, ending in the conviction of Dr Lamson of the murder of his brother-in-law by the administration of aconitine, has turned attention not only to this very powerful poison, but also to the facility with which it and similar poisons may be obtained for felonious purposes. Considerable uneasiness has consequently taken possession of the public mind—and not unnaturally, we confess, when we consider the powerful agent employed in this case, and the little apparently known regarding it both by medical men and experts. This uneasiness may be said to have found expression at the conclusion of the trial in the jury recording their conviction that the sale of such poisons should be more strictly guarded; an opinion also supported by the judge, and since re-echoed in the columns of many of the daily papers. Probably no better method will be found of allaying this anxiety and at the same time securing proper legislation in the sale of potent poisons—if such be needed—than a just appreciation of the facts of the case now before us.

But what we have already said of the com-

parative ignorance of medical men as to the effects of aconitine, as exhibited in the above case, must not be stretched too far. Medical men have had as many opportunities of studying the toxicological effects of aconite and its preparations, as of any other poison in the pharmacopœia. Indeed, poisoning from the root alone, of that well-known plant monkshood, owing to a certain resemblance which it bears to the common horse-radish, has been so frequent, that most works on botany and materia medica carefully give the distinguishing characteristics of each; and every medical work gives detailed instructions both as to symptoms and treatment, in cases of poisoning from its use. All that ought to be assumed, therefore, regarding the medical evidence is this, that the cases of poisoning from the active principle aconitine have been so few, that medical men have not had an opportunity of relatively examining the intensity and duration of the symptoms, the post-mortem appearances, and the means of detecting its presence in the tissues and organs of the body. Even in these respects, however, the case before us will have supplied much of the data required for future guidance; and it may, therefore, we think, be safely assumed that there is practically no more risk that poisoning from aconitine, where given surreptitiously, will escape detection by any ordinary medical practitioner, than there is of any other vegetable poison more commonly used.

Cases of poisoning from aconitine, though very rare, are not unknown. In April 1880, for example, a Dr Meyer of Winschoten died from an overdose of this poison, having taken in mistake a dose of French prepared aconitine instead of a German preparation. Herein lies one reason, and probably the principal, why British practitioners avoid the use of this powerful agent—namely, the impossibility of regulating the dose, owing to extreme variations in the quality of the substance. This variation in strength is forcibly brought out in a series of experiments undertaken by a French chemist, and recently published. He demonstrated that while it took five milligrammes of English aconitine (Morson's) to kill frogs in thirty minutes, three milligrammes of one foreign make killed them in three minutes; and one-twentieth of a milligramme of another foreign preparation also killed them in three minutes. Powerful as this last preparation is, others more powerful still are known, and can be obtained by using certain species of roots, and exercising care in the extraction and crystallisation of the active principle. In short, different roots and different modes of extracting and purifying the active principle give products widely different both in activity and constitution. To understand how this is, it may be necessary to explain that the substance known commercially as aconitine is not of definite chemical composition. Recent investigation has shown that the *Aconitum Napellus*—from which it is prepared in this country—contains, besides aconitine, two other substances, which have only been partially examined. At least one of these substances is comparatively a

harmless bitter; and probably the other has no great medicinal activity. The official process does not provide for the separation of these or other proximate principles which may be present in the roots, nor is there any sufficiently strict test given whereby changes in the aconitine itself can be detected—changes in which it passes by the ordinary process of preparation, and probably also of exposure, into other and unlike compounds, with probably unlike if not inert effects. Investigation has not only shown all this, but it has also shown further, that while a crystallisable, and consequently pure and definite aconitine *can* be prepared, although at very great cost, it cannot be prepared, even where the same process is strictly adhered to, from every batch of roots. We conclude from this, that such influences as climate, soil, &c., affect both the amount and quality of the alkaloid derivable from the plant.

As regards the detection of aconitine by chemical means, it has several well marked reactions with various reagents; but these are not sufficiently delicate to detect the minute quantity which the poison-scientist has generally to work with. No test can be said to be of much avail in cases of poisoning from organic substances which will not detect from the one-hundredth to the one-thousandth part of a grain. Strychnine, for example, is only soluble to the extent of one part in two thousand parts of cold water; but even this dilute solution is distinctly bitter to the taste. This bitterness, however, is not sufficient to indicate strychnine, as quinine also would give a similar bitterness. It is here that the special knowledge of the expert comes into play. Quinine, if present even in very minute quantity, would impart, with excess of sulphuric acid, a distinct fluorescent appearance to the solution, which would not only distinguish it from strychnine, but would also be sufficiently distinctive of its own individuality. Strychnine, on the other hand, can be readily detected, if even a trace be present, from the brilliant violet-blue reaction it gives with strong sulphuric acid in the presence of an oxidising agent. With aconitine, however, no such delicate chemical test is known; but here the physiological tests come into operation, and the burning sensation produced by the minutest quantity when touched by the tongue, or the action produced when subcutaneously injected into some of the smaller animals, are tests as delicate and certain as any chemical tests employed to detect the more common poisons. This, we think, was plainly brought out in the recent trial; so that the very cause ought at the same time also to carry the cure to much of that uneasiness which has been created in the public mind.

The only remaining source of uneasiness which can possibly exist is in the supposed facility there is for obtaining these potent poisons for nefarious purposes. We would, however, point out that throughout the trial, there was not a shadow of proof that such poisons could be obtained by any one outside the medical faculty. It ought not to be overlooked that the party who bought the poison was a properly qualified practitioner, who, in purchasing the poison, gave his address as such, and as such was exempt from all the provisions of the

Poisons' Act. To move for stricter regulations under such circumstances would, we venture to think, be an insult to the medical profession, and might lead to mischievous results.

TRAVELLING NOTES.

SOUTH AFRICA.

RAILWAYS are now being rapidly extended over the Cape Colony; and travelling in South Africa, as now in vogue, will in a few years, like the stagecoach of England, be a matter of the past. Two main or trunk lines of railway have been constructed into the interior, one from Cape Town as far as Beaufort West; and another from Port Elizabeth as far as Graaffreinet, with the view of their further extension and junction in the Midland Provinces. Travelling is at present done by means of oxen, mules, or horses. Oxen are used chiefly for heavy transport, but also at times for passengers, or when a family moves from one part of the country to another; horses for passengers who require to move rapidly from one part of the country to another, such as those travelling between Cape Town and the Diamond Fields; and mules either for heavy transport or passengers; and where there are frequent relays of them and the animals in good condition, travelling from one part of the country to another is a matter of tolerable ease and quickness.

Travelling with oxen is not now so frequent as in former years, say in the time of Barrow or the poet Pringle, and is chiefly done by the Boers, and notably the Orange Free State and Transvaal Boer. The method of procedure is as follows. We will suppose the party outspanned or bivouacked, after a stretch of from two to three hours' travelling. As soon as the oxen are released from the yoke and turned adrift to graze, the drivers collect wood, of which there is generally plenty to be found, and make a huge bonfire. Next, the old Boer *tantia* or housewife makes her appearance with a *rooster* or gridiron, which she places on the fire until it is thoroughly heated; the boys hand down the *kostmaandje* or provision-hamper, which is well stored with *carbenaatjes*, *sussaaties*, *rusk*s, and *biltong*. The *carbenaatje* is a chop prepared on the gridiron until partly carbonised, whence its name. The *sussaatie*—most likely of Malay or Indian origin—consists of small bits of meat curried, spiced with onion, and run on to skewers; and, in the hot climate of South Africa, forms with lemon-juice a valuable article of diet. The *rusk*s used are biscuits leavened with a superior quality of yeast, made from raisins; and a bag of them, together with *biltong* or springbuck-flesh dried in the sun, is a necessary adjunct to every long journey. As soon as the mats—generally made of springbuck skin—are spread, and coffee set, the men partake of their meal by soaking *rusk*s in coffee, and helping themselves to *carbenaatje* hot from the gridiron, using such knives and forks as may fall in their way; for in South Africa, in travelling, you must do not as you wish, but as you can.

Meanwhile, one of the party is despatched to fetch the oxen, which he drills into order with the *sjambok*, a thong of rhinoceros' hide,

rather stiff at the handle, but soft and pliant at its extremity. One of the men, standing in front of the oxen, gets hold of the *riems*—thongs of bullock-hide, having an iron ring at one extremity—and with a loop, attaches a *riem* to each pair of horns. The oxen are then led back, and inspanned in pairs, generally keeping their places, but occasionally interchanged, as may suit convenience. They are generally driven by means of the *sjambok*, of which the two last oxen, being in close proximity to the driver, who sits on the *voorstel* or front extremity of the floor, get rather a merciless share; or by means of a whip, consisting of plaited *riempies* ending in a *voorslag*, and fastened on to a long bamboo stick. Some of the drivers, notably the Cape Malays, have great adroitness in using the whip, being able to hit any of the front oxen at any spot they may desire. When the wagon is inspanned, the master and driver take their seats on the front box, his wife and children on a suspended bed or mattress immediately behind him, and within easy reach of his gun, which is generally loaded, and which the wife is always ready, at a moment's notice, to hand to him, in the event of any game turning up. For the sportsman, no travelling can be better suited, as he can always beat the bush in the vicinity of the wagon; and as the wagon moves on slowly, he can always rejoin it at his convenience.

Of game to be met, there is a great variety; notably in the Cape Colony, the springbuck, rheebuck, steenbuck, wildebeest, the wild peacock, klnorhaan, plover, partridges, hares; and in the Free State, large herds of blesbucks. Lions are seldom to be met now, except in the higher latitudes; but elephants are still to be found at the Knysna and near Port Elizabeth, where they are protected by law.

At the evening bivouac, when the day's travelling is over, the natives generally cluster around the fireside, and begin to tell tales of their adventures, and also about animals, at which they are very clever. (A good collection of these tales was made by the late Dr Bleek, Professor of the Philology of South African Languages, and is, we believe, to be found in the Public Library at Cape Town.) Passenger-travelling between Cape Town and the Diamond Fields is generally effected by means of the passenger transport wagons. As these wagons have constant relays of fresh horses and mules, one may accomplish the distance—about seven hundred miles—making use of the railways also, in five days. Mules, of which a good strong animal has been imported from Monte Video, have to a great extent superseded horses, as they stand the vicissitudes of morning frost and noonday heat remarkably well, and can live upon almost anything.

CURIOUS CASE OF FOSTER-NURSING.

A CORRESPONDENT in the south of Scotland has favoured us with the following:

The story published in your *Journal* of January 28th, and which was designated 'My Highland Collie and her Adopted Kittens,' recalls to my mind another curious nursing anecdote, which

not very long ago came under my notice, and which I now send you.

A few years ago, when visiting at a neighbour's house, it was mentioned in the course of conversation that there was then on the premises a singular case of a cat having adopted children from a nest of one of her natural victims. On my expressing a wish to witness this phenomenon, I was at once taken to the stable-yard, and there shown a fine female cat nursing a family composed of two kittens and two handsome young rats, the whole four living in perfect harmony. On my inquiring the history of this remarkable group, I was informed by the coachman in charge, that shortly after the cat-mother had given birth to a litter of kittens, she had been deprived by him of all but three. The mother evidently did not approve of this reduction in her family, became restless for a time; and on her again settling down, it was discovered she had replaced one of her murdered children by a fine young rat. Seeing this, and knowing that cats were too numerous to please the gamekeeper, the coachman determined to destroy one of the three remaining kittens; which was done. On the following morning, the coachman, on visiting the cat's nursery, was not a little surprised to discover that the mother, in lieu of her murdered offspring, had introduced into her nursery a second young rat.

The two kittens, in company with the two rats, had been impartially nursed, and were, when I saw them, living in perfect harmony. They were at that time about two months old; and were residing together in an old wine-case, with a piece of wire-netting thrown over the top. The young rats were pretty-looking, sleek creatures, with bright brown eyes, and evidently well nourished. They were, however, of different dispositions; for whilst the one would with confidence return the visitor's gaze, the other disliked being looked at by strangers, and would, on the approach of the latter, make rather frantic endeavours to conceal itself amongst the fur of its ~~father~~ mother.

I afterwards learned, I regret to say, that the family party was broken up in an abrupt and unsatisfactory manner. The friendly coachman had left his situation. The cat-mother had given way to some poaching proclivities, and during a nocturnal ramble, had been caught and killed in one of the gamekeeper's traps. The kittens and young rats were thereafter thrown friendless on the world, and left no trace behind them.

WATER TELESCOPES.

Considering the cheap and easy construction of these useful instruments, it is wonderful they are not used more than they are, as, by employing them, extremely interesting observations can be made on the denizens of sea or river. To make a water telescope, procure a tube made of tin, and funnel-shaped, about three and a half feet long, and nine inches in diameter at the broadest end. It should be wide enough at the top to take in the observer's eyes, and the inside should be painted black. At the bottom or wide end, a clear thick piece of glass must be inserted, with a little lead, in the form of a ring, to weight the tube. When the instrument is immersed in clear water, it is

astonishing how many fathoms down the observer can see. One of these simple contrivances would greatly enhance the pleasure of water picnics, as much amusement would be afforded by watching the inhabitants below; and it would also prove very useful in surveying deep places, that have been ground-baited, for, if no fish were seen collected there, another spot would naturally be chosen. The Norwegians employ this instrument largely for ascertaining the position of herring-shoals, and in their cod-fisheries. Often by the use of the telescope they discover fish which otherwise they would not have known of.

THE MISSION OF THE FLOWERS.

HAIL! lovely visitants, that yearly bring
Edenic breathings of enchanted air;
That yearly strew the green paths of the spring,
And radiant summer wreaths with garlands rare.
Hillside and hollow, wayside, wood, and plain,
Blessing, they come and go, and come again.

Dear as the light, their flush of childhood-joys!
Companions of our youth's unclouded day,
What fragrances of love-sweet memories
Around them cling! And when they droop away,
What lingering scents their withered blooms retain
Of flowers that fade but *once*—nor come again!

Theirs, to the homes made dark by sorrow's blight,
A ministry of love and cheerfulness,
Speaking of peace and hope—sweet thoughts and
bright—
To silent suffering and lone distress;
Theirs to bedew the dust we cannot save,
And then—to hallow the beloved one's grave!

Ah! ye to whom—pent up in dreary town—
The fields and groves are but a fairy tale—
To whom comes not the balm of breezes blown
From heather hill, or blossom-breathing vale:
The gift of flowers, from loving, tender hands,
Charms, like a glimpse of green 'mid desert sands.

Come on your angel-mission, lovely flowers,
Athwart the world broadcast! The wilderness
Make glad! 'Neath happy suns and genial showers
Come with sweet power to beautify and bless
The paths of man; his spirit to illumine
With light of Grace—flower of celestial bloom!

DAVID HOWIE.

The Conductors of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL beg to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice:

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 330 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2d. To insure return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3d. MANUSCRIPTS should bear the author's full *Christian* name, surname, and address, legibly written; and should be written on white (not blue) paper, and on one side of the leaf only.
- 4th. Poetical offerings should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Unless Contributors comply with the above rules, the Editor cannot undertake to return ineligible papers.

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ASCENDING BEN NEVIS IN WINTER.

UPWARDS of twenty miles in circumference at the base, and rearing its head to an altitude of four thousand four hundred and six feet above the level of the sea, stands Ben Nevis, the loftiest mountain in Great Britain. To make the ascent has from time immemorial been the endeavour of those who care to behold Nature in her wilder aspects; nor is the journey one which the tourist is likely soon to forget. He marks it as a point in his life, and if he has been lucky in weather, he boasts with pardonable pride of having witnessed from his lofty stand-point the peaks of Ben Lomond, Ben More, Ben Lawers, Cairngorm, and other well-known heights.

Struck with the idea that the highest point in Great Britain might be utilised for the purposes of carrying out a series of meteorological observations, the main object of which should be to forecast the weather, Mr Clement L. Wragge, a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, succeeded last year in carrying this into practical effect. Making Fort-William, which town stands at the base of the mountain, his headquarters, he or his assistant made *daily* ascents to the top, where, with the aid of instruments, a series of observations was made in connection with the Scottish Meteorological Society. Debarred by winter from pursuing these observations, Mr Wragge again essayed the hazardous ascent in March, an account of which, with other interesting particulars, has been supplied to us by that gentleman. He writes as follows:

On the 31st of May, 1881, I had the honour of establishing the first Meteorological Observatory on the summit of Ben Nevis, a mountain in the county of Inverness, Scotland, and the highest point of land in Great Britain, being four thousand four hundred and six feet above the level of the sea. I had proposed to the Scottish Meteorological Society—who kindly provided the mercurial barometer—to place my own set of standard instruments on the top of the mountain; and to make daily ascents from Fort-William, for the purpose

of observing them, at the hours of 9, 9.30, and 10 A.M., if they would grant me certain facilities. I had devoted myself to a life of travel and research, and was convinced that in endeavouring to promote the establishment of meteorological stations at high levels, I was turning my energies in the right direction. With a view to securing simultaneous observations at high and low levels, my wife undertook to make observations at the same hours, near the sea-level—at Achintore, Fort-William. The Society—whose able chairman, Mr Milne-Home of Milne-Graden, was the first to suggest an Observatory on Ben Nevis, in view of the great benefits likely to accrue ultimately to science and the public from observations at such an altitude and position—accepted my offer, and cordially seconded my efforts. The result was, that last year regular daily observations were made on the Ben in all conditions of weather from the 1st of June to the 13th of October inclusive, without, I am proud to say, the break of a single day.

I ascended the mountain at the rate of about five days a week, arriving at the summit at 9 A.M.; and a trained assistant—Mr William Whyte, of Fort-William—relieved me in the ascent on the remaining days. Occasionally, as the posting-up of the observations for the Society was of itself heavy work, I was obliged to send my assistant to the Ben four days in one week; but I made a point of making up for it, and in consequence have sometimes climbed the Ben on eight or nine days in direct succession, returning to Fort-William each afternoon. Observations, besides being taken near the sea-level, were also made in connection with those on the summit of the mountain, at intermediate points during the ascent and descent, or upon any change which might suddenly take place in the weather. I usually took a pony by a circuitous path to a point within two thousand one hundred feet above the sea, and so I was fresh for the remaining and harder portion of the climb. Now and again, however, I trudged the entire distance, taking a more direct route.

With a view to making arrangements for the continuance of my meteorological work this coming season, I lately revisited Fort-William and Ben Nevis, leaving Edinburgh by the early morning train on the 27th of March, accompanied by an old Australian friend, Mr Philip Egerton Warburton. I also took my faithful Newfoundland dog 'Robin Renzo,' who in all conditions of weather accompanied me in my ascents of Ben Nevis last summer and autumn.

Arrived at Fort-William, we put up at the *West End*, a comfortable little hostelry held by MacIntosh; and, in order to discuss matters, I called on Mr Colin Livingston of the Public Schools, who takes a warm interest in the Ben Nevis observations. The result was that I decided to ascend next morning, Mr Livingston kindly undertaking to observe near the sea-level, in direct connection with my contemplated set of readings on the mountain.

In the morning we were up by five, and after a hearty breakfast, at once began to prepare for the ascent. The prospect was dreary enough. Incessant rain was falling in a soaking drizzle, and a dirty cloud-fog covered the mountains to a low altitude. To avail ourselves of his assistance in case of accident, we arranged to take with us Colin Cameron, a well-known guide.

By 5.40 we had greased our boots; and were soon threading our way through the streets of Fort-William, clad in our oldest suits, and with lashings round our trouser-legs for comfort's sake. Warburton carried a bundle of sticks; and Colin—besides a capacious bag containing oatmeal cakes, hard-boiled eggs, and sandwiches—a tin of sawdust steeped in paraffin, wherewith to light a fire, should we succeed in reaching the summit. My burden, though light, was an important one—namely, the travelling instruments—aneroid, thermometer, ozone tests; and a flask of the far-famed 'Long John,' necessary enough under the conditions of winter we soon had to face. Renzo, who made up the party, was in great spirits, occasionally loitering behind to salute an old friend, and again trotting ahead, familiar with every step of the way.

About 5.50 I paused to observe at the sea-level. Temperature was 46.7 F., aneroid 29.367; with a heavy pallium of rain-cloud covering the sky, and a moderate south-westerly breeze blowing. Our course lay along the Inverness road as far as the Bridge of Nevis; then we turned towards Claggan, following for some little distance the course of the deeply wooded and picturesque Glen. Here the birds were joyously singing their early lays of the coming spring; and beyond, the dark heights of Meall an t-Suidhe (Hill of Rest), capped with 'wisps' and 'tails' of gloomy cloud-fog, frowned over the Peat Moss below. At a shepherd's hut we paused, and took a few lumps of peat, in order the better to feed the fire we hoped to be able to make on the summit. The swampy Moss was soon crossed, and the ascent commenced up the slopes of Meall an t-Suidhe, the western spur of the great Ben Nevis system. At about three hundred feet we experienced strong south-westerly gales, sweeping

obliquely down the grassy slopes, so that, although the ascent at this point was comparatively easy, we had to struggle with the gusts, and kept slipping back, the ground being very soft.

At about one thousand feet a pause was made at 7.10 A.M., when the temperature was found to be 45.4, and the aneroid 28.215, with a moderate south-westerly breeze; clouds still covered the adjacent hills, and rain was falling. When about thirteen hundred feet up the mountain we reached the first plot of snow; and a hundred feet higher—where we encountered the first wisps of the cloud-fog—a frog was seen disporting itself in a swamp! The highest altitude, by the way, at which I have seen this reptile on Ben Nevis is two thousand three hundred and fifty feet, and this was in August last.

Now we had reached a level portion, and continued our course—leaping from stone to stone—over the black swamps, which were made the deeper by the melting snow. At about seventeen hundred and forty feet we saw a white mountain hare—an irritating chance for Renzo, who vainly chased it over the swamps and round the granite boulders, far and away. I have never before seen this creature at such a low elevation, though frequently at about two thousand four hundred feet; and its tracks have been noticed on the Plateau of Storms at four thousand feet.

We were now enveloped in the main cloud-fog, and pursued our way, making for the Lake (Lochan Meall an t-Suidhe). At eight o'clock this point was reached, and at the spot where I took intermediate observations last season, I took observations now, and found the temperature of the air was 43.0, of the water of the lake 40.0, aneroid 27.507. Heavy rain was still falling, a strong south-westerly gale was blowing, and cloud-fog enveloped all. The ground besides was rendered sloppy with melting snow. Pursuing our course, we now proceeded over the fairly level quagmire that lies between the Lake and the slopes of the Ben proper. Mosses and lichens thrive around here in abundance, and the spot is of much interest to the botanist. Foremost comes the reindeer moss (*Cladonia rangiferina*) in great profusion. I may just mention, too, for the sake of those who are specially interested in the subject, *Andreaea alpina*, *Lycopodium selago*, *Sphagnum cymbifolium*, *Sphagnum rubellum*; and *Scyphophorus pyxidatus*, *Cladonia uncialis*, and *Parmelia saxatilis*. Dwarf specimens of the heather (*Calluna vulgaris*) and bog grasses also abound; and the swamp is a favourite locality for the butterwort (*Pinguicula vulgaris*) and several kinds of orchis, which particularly arrested my attention early last summer.

At about two thousand feet we came to masses of snow lying in the trenches of the mountain side; and the next two hundred feet of the ascent were over slushy hags and melting snow, which rendered progress a hard task. Our course then lay over the rough felsites and porphyrites of the steep face of the mountain, and the most trying part of the climb commenced. We had now passed the practical limit of vegetation (about two thousand four hundred feet); but if I may slightly digress, I should like to mention here that many choice plants exist even above three thousand feet, and various kinds of mosses and lichens on the very summit of Ben Nevis.

Between the summit and the altitude of Buchan's Well,* which is three thousand five hundred and seventy-five feet above the sea, I have gathered *Saxifraga stellaris*; fine specimens of *Alchemilla alpina*, *Poa alpina*, and *Carex rigida*; the mosses *Oligotrichum hercynicum* and *Racomitrium lanuginosum*; and the lichens *Cetraria islandica*, *Lecidea geographica*, which adheres to the rocks, and *Stereocaulon paschale*, which grows in abundance on the top of the mountain. Between Buchan's Well and three thousand feet I have obtained specimens of the bilberry (*Vaccinium myrtillus*), *Viola palustris*, *Rhodiola rosea*, probably *Campanula rotundifolia*, *Potentilla tormentilla*, a dwarf eyebright in flower (*Euphrasia officinalis*), the turfy hair grass (*Aira caespitosa*), &c.

But there was not much botanising to be done at high altitudes on the present occasion, and on nearing the Red Burn, at two thousand six hundred feet, we saw that its rugged slopes were filled with vast shelving masses of snow many feet deep. It was evident that great difficulties were before us; and before pushing on, we determined to rest and refresh ourselves with a snack of luncheon; for the pure mountain air—though bitterly cold and raw—was yet most exhilarating, and our appetites had become keen. So, in the great ravine of the Red Burn, which drains a large portion of the western slopes, we paused, and enveloped in the cloud, and surrounded by tremendous fosses of snow, we eagerly discussed the contents of Colin's bag, Renzo sniffing around waiting for his share. My only fear was lest we might be overtaken by an avalanche. Colin declared that the snow-masses on the south side of the burn were some thirty feet deep; but, however this may have been, it was very evident that it would be highly dangerous to attempt to cross these deep accumulations from this side, so I decided to proceed by a different route, and to follow the ravine up its northern side. Slowly and carefully we plodded upwards, testing every step, yet nevertheless often stumbling into crevices, and sinking thigh deep in the soft treacherous snow. The ascent now became a matter of considerable venture and difficulty; nearly all the landmarks were buried, and the raw, chilling fog-sheet grew thicker. At last we reached a point near the source of the burn by Buchan's Well, and the view was desolate in the extreme. The well was completely buried; and one whole sheet of deep snow stretched through the fog beyond, dazzling the eyes by its excessive whiteness. After a brief pause to consider our position, we struck a course for the first precipices which lay directly ahead; and when we had waded along about another hundred yards, we got a glimpse of the edge—a formidable brink, smoothed over by great walls and heaps of snow, and looming through the fog like some great gulf of destruction. We now followed pretty much the outline of these fearful abysses, taking care to give them a good wide berth.

At length we reached the Plateau of Storms at four thousand feet—so named by me on account of the north-east and south-west gales that,

owing to the configuration of this portion of the mountain, sweep across it with great fury during deep cyclonic depressions. On one occasion last summer I had to fight every foot of my way across this plateau, crawling along, and pushing on from boulder to boulder, to obtain breathing-time, and some little shelter under their friendly lee—so great was the fury of the north-east gale. Its rugged blocks of agglomerate were now entirely covered by the uniform mantle of snow, and most of the cairns marking the track lay deeply buried. Now and again, however, just the top of some spectral-looking pile, lashed with snow, hove in sight through the cloud-fog to confirm us in our course.

At last at 10.40 A.M. I found myself once more on the top of Ben Nevis. But where were the instruments and observatory fixings which had been left there during the winter? Where was my hut, in a corner of which I had hoped again to kindle a fire? All literally snowed up. No trace of the notice-board, although about seven feet high, could be seen; the barometer cairn, also seven feet high, only showed two feet, and the great Ordnance cairn about the same. The north wall of the hut, about five feet high, was buried; and the south wall only just appeared. On searching the spot where the thermometer cage was fixed, we found the top of it, over five feet in height, nearly level with the main surface of snow. In fact, the entire cage was buried, only some four inches of it showing on the south side, where it is nearly seven feet from the ground. Hence it was impossible to get at the instruments inside. At the conclusion of my period of daily observations last season, I had left the maximum and minimum self-registering thermometers in the cage, having set them for the winter, and Mr Livingston observed them twice subsequently. The former, on Negretti and Zambra's principle, is an admirable instrument, especially adapted for high-level stations; for if properly managed, no reading can be lost by vibration during gales and storms. The same remark applies to Hicks' Solar Radiation Thermometer, which I also had in use last season.

Waiting patiently for eleven o'clock, when I had determined to take observations with my travelling instruments, we sat down on the snow by the barometer cairn. Colin meanwhile endeavoured to light a fire; but in the absence of shelter, the wind being very strong, all our efforts were in vain, and, moreover, the match-box had got damp. So we threw down the bundle of sticks and lumps of peat that we had carried with such fond hopes, and gave up the attempt in despair. Although drenched with the continuous moisture, and our hands swollen and numbed by the wet and raw cold, our appetites were keen enough; and we set to work—still enveloped by thick cloud—to demolish the remaining provisions, and poor old Robin Renzo again came in for his share. So lifeless were my fingers, that I could hardly shell an egg. At last the minute-hand drawing nigh to eleven, I 'swung' the thermometer, and found the temperature was 35.6; whilst the aneroid—which at the sea-level was 29.367—now read 24.945, with a strong north-westerly breeze sweeping across, accompanied by dense cloud-fog and incessant rain.

* Named by me after the able meteorologist and Secretary of the Scottish Meteorological Society.

Glad to quit the inhospitable region, we commenced the descent shortly after eleven, and retraced our tracks to the Plateau of Storms; then we followed the usual course, and paused at Buchan's Well at 11.50. Here the temperature was 37·6, aneroid 25·700, and a strong breeze from south-west-by-west blowing. In our descent we now traversed, though not without danger, the huge slopes of snow in the Red Burn which we had beheld with apprehension and avoided when ascending. Then for some three hundred feet we traversed the south side of the burn; and near the crossing where we had paused for our first luncheon, Colin the guide boldly committed himself to the steep bank of snow, and seating himself, slid over it into the deep ravine, a feat of considerable hazard. Warburton followed; and I brought up the rear, suffering no harm, barring slight damage to a finger by the friction. Renzo was far more cautious. No amount of coaxing would tempt him to follow us, and with great sagacity he made a deviation, following the outline of the rocks, and keeping a somewhat zigzag course. At about two thousand nine hundred feet, we saw the track of a hill-fox; and a few ptarmigan about two thousand four hundred feet. Last autumn, I saw reynard's track at an altitude of nearly four thousand feet, and ptarmigan at three thousand five hundred and seventy feet. I have never seen these birds higher than Buchan's Well, or lower than two thousand feet. At two thousand one hundred feet we paused at a well which was opened up by Mr Brown of the Inland Revenue, Fort-William, last season, and found the temperature of the water 35·4.

Pursuing our way cautiously downwards, we reached the Lake again (eighteen hundred and forty feet above the sea) shortly before one o'clock, amid a strong south-westerly breeze, rain and cloud-fog; and when at last reaching the Pent Moss at the foot of the mountains, we found a strong south-south-westerly wind sweeping towards the front side of the barometric depression. At 3.13, at sea-level, Fort-William, I found temperature was 48·1, of the water of the Loch 44·3, and the aneroid 29·285, having fallen 0·082 since the morning. Then to our hotel, which we reached in a pitiable plight, but nothing the worse for our adventures; and in a few minutes we were consoling ourselves with hot coffee and a pipe, preparatory to enjoying the excellent fare of our estimable host.

I can only here refer to the valuable results which I am very pleased to state have been worked out, under the auspices of the Scottish Meteorological Society, by Mr Buchan, from my daily observations of last season; but I am convinced that high-level stations in connection with observatories at lower levels adjacent, would prove of immense value to the country in the matter of weather forecasting. By such stations working together, we deal as it were with vertical sections of the atmosphere, and having regard to pressure, temperature, humidity, and wind, can investigate at different altitudes the nature and conditions attending the approach of the many 'disturbances'—some of which are warned from New York by the praiseworthy enterprise of Mr Gordon Bennett of the *New York Herald*, to whom the thanks of the British nation are due. What more suitable positions than Ben Nevis and Fort-

William could be chosen for such important investigations? Not only is the mountain the highest in the United Kingdom, but it rises almost directly from the sea-level, is on the Atlantic border, and in the very track of many of the most serious storms that travel from west-south-west to east-north-east, sweeping over the British Isles from the ocean, doing such immense damage to shipping and other property, and causing the loss of so many lives. Observations from Ben Nevis in permanent continuance, backed by Government, would enable us to give most effective aid in sending warning to our coasts, and to the continent, when such cyclonic storms are approaching. If a substantial observatory-house were erected there, to insure daily observations on the mountain during the storms of winter, with a subterranean telegraph-line for the purpose of conveying early intelligence of coming storms, the value of such an outpost station not only to Great Britain, but to the whole of Northern Europe, could scarcely be overestimated.

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER XV.—'SHE LOVES ME. I SHALL WIN HER YET!'

'PERHAPS,' thought Strange, as the train bore him swiftly towards the great metropolis, 'it is the best thing that could have happened that Gilbert should have carried his jest so far. I can't step in between Lumby and the woman he is going to marry. And yet—she does not love him. It's the merest marriage of convenience. She brightens when I go near her, and Lumby's coming makes her dull at once.' (And this was not his egotism, but the simple truth.) 'I can't leave her! Never see her again?' Oh, vacant world! Let any man who has loved, remember what such a prospect seemed to him in the hot-blooded days of youth. The conflicting purposes in his mind so tore him, that by the time at which the train reached the terminus, his nerves were trembling and twitching, and he was so irritable as to be downright hungry for a quarrel with anybody who might present himself. He had chambers in town, which he had for the past year used but rarely, and to them he despatched his man, whilst he himself took a cab and sought out Gilbert. That ardent chum lived in Dane's Inn; and Val, eagerly dashing from his cab, rushed up the courtyard, nearly overturning the old Crimean commissioner in his haste, and reaching Gilbert's door, rained such a shower of blows upon it, that the startled echoes rolled and tumbled over one another down the darkened staircase, in their haste to answer. Mr Gilbert in person responded to this urgent summons.

'Hillo, Val! That's you, old man? Delivered from the house of bondage, eh?'—Strange glared at him from the semi-darkness; but the expression of his face being unseen by Gilbert, that young gentleman flowed on: 'Come in. Had to take strenuous measures—hadn't I? Thought I'd make 'em strong enough to lift you. Come in.' 'You unmitigated ass!' said Val, fairly boiling over.

'Eh?' said Mr Gilbert. 'Oh!' A slow smile lit up his broad mid-England countenance. 'Overdid it a bit, eh?'

'What did you mean by piling message on message in that idiotic way?'

'Here's gratitude,' said Mr Gilbert, with appealing hands spread abroad. 'Here's a specimen of thankfulness for friendship's toils!—Come in,' he continued, clawing Val by the shoulder and dragging him into the little hall. 'Three shillings for expenses; and sixpence for a drink to the commissioner. You can't grumble at that—three journeys—twopence a journey. Hand over.' Val walked up and down in the sitting-room, heaping contumely on the over-zealous Gilbert. 'Three-and-six,' was that gentleman's sole response to all oburgations.

Strange, taking an inward survey of himself, became conscious of his own condition, and made an effort after calmness. 'I don't want to quarrel,' he said.

'No?' interjected the stolid Gilbert incredulously.

'Don't irritate me, there's a good fellow. I've had one or two things to disturb me, and the last straw may break the back of human patience.'

'You give me three shillings for the telegrams,' said Mr Gilbert humorously, 'and pay me back the sixpence I gave the commissioner, and I'll let the matter sleep.'

'There's your money,' cried Val, throwing it on the table. 'Don't speak to me again.'

Mr Gilbert gathered up the money and threw it out of the open window. 'Don't you go into any more dull houses,' he answered; 'or if you do, don't ask me to lug you out of 'em!' Val was striding from the room; but Gilbert laid a hand upon his shoulder. 'Look here, Val,' he said; 'a joke's a joke.'

'And an ass, an ass,' said Val in answer, and disappeared majestic.

'Mr Strange!' cried Gilbert, following to the head of the staircase—Val was half-way down, and made no response—'Mr Strange!'—Val paused; perhaps Gilbert was going to propose a meeting, to avenge his outraged feelings.—'You'll find your three-and-sixpence in the courtyard, Mr Strange,' said Gilbert, in a voice of smoothest courtesy; and thereafter he exploded in a peal of laughter, which echoed up and down the hollow staircase, and pursued the unhappy Val half-way to the entrance of the Inn.

Driving to his own rooms, the young man found their solitude unbearable, and wandered aimlessly into the streets. There any chance object caught his eye and claimed attention with a foolish exigence which irritated him, though he submitted to it. A porcelain vase in a shop window; a looking-glass surrounded by diminutive Cupids and Broddingnagian wreaths of flowers; a coal-scuttle; the presentment of an imbecile Madonna framed in smoke-dried oak, and otherwise striving to look old; the exposed steel of a case of surgical instruments—anything seemed to be good enough to stare at. He wasted a little vacant observation upon each of these things, and upon many more, until, pausing to examine, with needless curiosity, a thermometer which hung in an Oxford Street optician's window, and having slaked that futile interest, he was about to turn away, when suddenly,

beside the thermometer, he saw the face which all this time had dwelt within his thoughts. It was a cabinet photograph, and so lifelike in its expression that it almost startled him. For one minute he was amazed, but in the next he became angry. By what right did any rascally shopkeeper dare to exhibit this sacred face to the public gaze? He was ready to quarrel with anybody, and entered the shop. Luckily, there were one or two people there already, and he had time to cool. He had no right to ask an account of the shopman; but being there, he must do something, and so, in place of making a disturbance about the photograph, he bought it. With the lovely face lying against his heart, he walked homewards. Reaching his own rooms, he set the photograph before him, and looked at it long and eagerly. Beautiful, impassive, smiling, it looked back at him, and the fancy which passion has always at command gave it life and colour. Fate beckoned him as he looked, and her gesture was imperative, because he was willing to obey her. When men choose to yield, Fate is always imperative.

Seeking, amongst a lot of tumbled papers in a drawer, for an envelope large enough to hold the photograph, he found but one, on the back of which were scrawled a number of lines, which he remembered once to have chosen haphazard from Shakspeare for mottoes in some Christmas sport. They had been written in pencil, with one exception, and were now faded and half illegible. The one exception was a line of Longaville's in *Love's Labour's Lost*—'Thy grace being gained, cures all disgrace in me.'

'There is my motto,' said Val. 'Thy grace being gained, cures all disgrace in me.' He kissed the photograph, and put it in the envelope, and sealed it there. He had no more doubts about going back now. He had no plans, no resolves. What would come, might come; and he was content henceforth to drift with the tide, and to go whithersoever it might carry him. And being in haste to meet Fate half-way, he called suddenly to mind the fact that he had ample time to catch the midnight mail; and having instructed his servant to meet him at the station, he consigned the sealed envelope to his breast-pocket, and strolled slowly thither. He had no longer any will to fight against his love; and he put away all thoughts of Gerard from his mind, and was at peace in his Fool's Paradise.

He reached the Grange next morning, and spoke lightly of his call to town as a stupid jest, and stayed out the remainder of the time, meeting each day with Constance. Mr Jolly's time of festivity was coming to an end; his guests were preparing for flight; and at last the close came, and Val must go back into the world which had now no light for him.

On the last day, he was alone with Constance for a few minutes. She was at the piano, playing scraps of melody, and breaking abruptly away from them, as though her mind were somewhat restless. Val, standing near her, spoke, as lightly as he could.

'So we all fly away to-morrow,' he said, 'owl, jackdaw, and bird of paradise.'

'Yes,' she said, looking round at him with a languid smile. 'It is a pity. The pleasantest

times come to an end. The house will be dull for a little time to come.'

'Yes,' said Val, 'I suppose so.'—She went on playing softly.—'Those dancing chips,' he quoted, 'o'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait.'

'How quaintly pretty!' she said, looking round again. 'Whose is that?'

'It is from one of Shakspeare's sonnets,' he answered. He longed to speak the whole of it, but had not courage. The mere want of daring to do so little, spurred him, and stung him so that in a second he was ready to do all. 'Constance!' he murmured, and she turned again and looked at him. Her face was suddenly pale, and there was a visible fear in her beautiful eyes. 'I cannot go away without a word.' Her eyes drooped as his gazed passionately into them; the blood surged up to her face and left it pale again. 'If you loved the man you are pledged to marry'—the floodgates once open ever so little, farewell restraint—'I could not speak. How dare I? But you do not love him, and it is no dishonour in me that I plead my cause. I have loved you from the hour when I first saw you. I tried to go away. The telegrams that came a fortnight ago were sent at my request, to call me to London, away from you. I went; but I could not stay. My heart dragged me back again. I cannot live without you.'

She rose, pale and trembling, and stood before him. 'By what right,' she asked, still with lowered eyes, 'do you speak to me so? Might it not have been more honourable to have made your first appeal to Gerard—to your friend?'

He turned ghastly pale at that rebuke, and the room whirled round with him. He reached out a pair of trembling hands and seized on the piano.

'No, no!' she said. 'I did not mean to be so cruel. Go! Forgive me. Leave me. You must never speak such words to me again. Let us never meet again, for pity's sake.'

He looked at her doggedly, seeing her as if through a shining mist. 'You love me,' he said, 'and not Gerard.'

At that instant, Reginald's voice was heard below calling 'Constance!' With one sweeping gesture, she commanded him from the room. He passed out at one door; and she, with a motion that seemed the mere continuation of her gesture, left by another. But as they went, each gave a backward glance, and again their eyes met. 'Constance!' cried the voice below. She waved her hand once more against him, and was gone. He passed upward to his own chamber.

'She loves me,' he murmured. 'I shall win her yet!'

(To be continued.)

TWO STARTLING ADVENTURES.

NEARLY forty years ago, I was in the habit, during my school holidays, of spending a long time at certain intervals with my grandfather, who was an eminent surgeon living in a small town in Suffolk. I was a great favourite of his, and consequently began to look on his house as a sort of second home. One day, I regret to say the old gentleman whilst going his rounds caught a severe cold, which confined him to bed, but from which he anticipated nothing serious. Unfortunately, however, to our great

sorrow, his illness proved more serious than at first expected, and in a few days the poor old gentleman was no more. I went from home with my parents, a distance of thirty-two miles, to attend the funeral. The distance in those days being too great to admit of our returning the same day, we were compelled to stay the night after the funeral at the house. As the space in the house was rather limited, I was asked if I should be afraid to sleep in the bed in which my grandfather died; an idea which I indignantly repudiated. It was forthwith arranged that I should pass the night in that room. In justice to those who suggested the idea of my being afraid, I ought to say that that part of Suffolk was intensely superstitious, and that, considering I was only a boy of fourteen, my consenting to sleep in the room was, under the circumstances, somewhat courageous. I retired to rest at the usual time, no doubt with my thoughts full of stories I had heard or read about ghosts and ghostly visitants. I turned my attention to the bed on which I was to spend the ensuing hours, as I fondly hoped, in sweet oblivion. It was a huge old-fashioned four-poster, with heavy curtains hung on rings, which rattled with every movement of the bed, and was, at the time of which I am writing, a highly aristocratic bedstead; but considering all the attendant circumstances, its funereal appearance was not calculated to inspire my youthful breast with any but the most dismal sensations.

I undressed and got into bed, devoutly hoping that my slumbers might not be disturbed by the appearance of any spiritual visitor. The curtains near the head of the bedstead being partially drawn, by turning my head in either direction, my gaze rested on them. At that time, there was nothing equivalent to our modern night-lights, and save for the reflection of the fire in the grate, my room was in darkness. These curtains seemed, to my already half-terrified fancies, to be hiding-places for any number of ghosts, all ready to confront me, the moment I should be rash enough to throw off my earthly cares and commit myself to the arms of Morpheus. However, I at last fell asleep.

My repose was of a troubled nature. I fancied I heard strange noises in the room, but at anyrate I awoke after being asleep a short time—I suppose about two or three o'clock in the morning, fancying I heard the curtain rings rattling. I thought it must be my agitated state of mind which caused this idea. Imagine, then, my horror and fright when I saw, by the faint glimmer of the now expiring fire, that the curtain on one side of the bed was being forcibly jerked aside by some unseen hand. I trembled from head to foot, and cowered beneath the blankets, expecting I hardly knew what. Again and again did this unseen hand jerk the curtain. It could not have been a trick of the imagination. I was unable to cry out even if I had been inclined to do so. At last, after having given about half-a-dozen angry jerks, ineffectually as regards pulling the curtain aside, I was left to enjoy such rest as I could reasonably expect to get before morning.

Never was daylight more eagerly welcomed by anybody than it was by me that morning. With the earliest dawn I sprang out of bed—feeling braver than I had done a few hours

before—and proceeded first to dress, and then to examine my room, in order to ascertain if possible by what means my ghostly visitor had made his entrance and exit. The door, being hidden from my view when in bed by the curtain, presented itself as the most probable means. I examined it as well as my agitated state of mind would permit. Nothing, however, appeared to show any signs of my visitor's entrance. It was securely locked, as I left it the night before; and there was no sliding panel or anything of the sort which could have admitted anybody. I then turned towards the window; but that too was fastened; and I confess I gave the affair up as incomprehensible.

I went down-stairs more thoroughly impressed with regard to eerie visitants than I remember ever to have been before. My preoccupied air—for I was debating whether or not to mention my adventure—attracted attention, and drew forth many questions, to all which I replied with very guarded answers. At last I told the whole story, adding that I had never believed in ghosts before, and should like to find out the truth of this one. My story seemed to them incredible. But at last, in spite of the solemn proceedings we had witnessed the day before, a smile stole over the face of my grandmother. It was quickly suppressed, and she said: 'I think I can explain the mystery, young gentleman; let us come and try.'

We all followed the old lady up-stairs into the room where I had passed the night. She went to the side of the bed and pointed to the curtain rings. We then saw the explanation of the whole matter, which was as follows.

My grandfather was, as I have said, very celebrated in his day, and consequently had a large practice. His night-bell—in order not to disturb the other inmates of the house—was hung in his room close by his side. When the old gentleman was taken ill, absolute silence was enjoined. This bell, therefore, was taken down, and the wire fastened to the curtain rings. On the night in question, some young men, strangers in the place, and consequently ignorant of my grandfather's illness and death, were going home rather noisily at the somewhat early hour at which my adventure took place. Being bent on mischief, they commenced pulling the night-bell handle, in order, as they no doubt observed, 'to rouse the old gentleman.' Every pull, therefore, gave a corresponding tug at the curtains; hence my terror and fright in thinking that some unearthly visitor was in my room, trying to pull them aside. My mind was set completely at rest by this simple explanation; and I went home that day fully convinced that there is a reason to be found, if one will only try, for the specious ghost stories which foolish people constantly publish for the benefit of the ignorant and credulous.

My other adventure, which happened some years before the one I have just related, was not of so startling a nature. At the same time, it was calculated, young as I was, to cause me a considerable amount of uneasiness. I was staying at the same house during my grandfather's lifetime. Being a mere child, I was of course not permitted to stay up late by my worthy grandmother, who used to send me to bed about seven o'clock. One night I had gone to bed in the room

I usually occupied; and on awaking in the morning, I found that everything in the room had changed! I could not account for it. I was not a sleep-walker; but here I was ensconced in another bed, with my clothes neatly folded up at the foot. I tried to run over the events of the preceding day; but though I remembered everything that had occurred, I could think of nothing which might account for this extraordinary metamorphosis.

When the time came for getting up—which I knew by hearing the old clock on the stairs—I rose and dressed. On going out of my room, I perceived that I had been removed in some way during my sleep. I was quite at a loss to understand how. However, the mystery was soon explained. After I had gone to bed, an old friend of my grandfather's had arrived unexpectedly with his wife. They had calculated on stopping the night, and the only room available for the worthy couple was that in which I was asleep. After much deliberation, it was arranged that I should be turned out, to make room for them. On going to my room to awake me, I was found fast asleep. My grandmother, a kindly old dame, proposed removing me if possible without awaking me, which was, as she said, a pity. Forgetful, therefore, of the probable consequences, the old lady took me in her arms, and deposited me safely in the bed in which I found myself in the morning. Although this was done with the best intentions, yet it was, I think, a rash proceeding, as the results in the case of a sensitive child might have been serious.

I think that these two adventures serve to show that however improbable an event may be at the time, there is generally an explanation to be found for it, without ignorantly and foolishly attributing it to supernatural agency. I consider that the present mania for so doing is calculated to do an immense amount of harm, especially to the young and ignorant.

SETTING THE SNARES.

CHAPTER VII.

AFTER a brisk canter, and while the sun was still above the horizon, Arthur and Rachel were returning from the ride mentioned in our last chapter, when just as they reached a hollow or 'dip' in the ground at no great distance from the farm, Rachel exclaimed: 'There is a man on horseback making signals to us. See! there he is, by that patch of cotton-wood trees.'

Arthur looked in the direction indicated; and there, surely enough, was a man waving his hat, as he rode briskly towards them. They reined up; and in a couple of minutes the man, who was a stranger, came alongside. 'Say!' he cried; 'air you Squire Arthur from the Holt Ranche?'

Arthur replied in the affirmative.

'Then, boss, Squire Holt wants you to meet him at the Ogley Ranche, as soon as you can.'

'At the Ogley Ranche!' echoed Arthur, in surprise. 'Why does he wish me to join him there?'

'Guess that ain't none of my business,' said the man sulkily; 'and it ain't none of my business whether you go there, or whether you

don't. But I reckon I heard him talking about the reason; he has concluded to buy a piece of land away in the hills. The man that belongs to it has come down about it, and Squire Holt proposes to stay at Ogley's to-night, and go on fresh in the morning.'

'It is very curious'—began Arthur.

But the stranger interrupted him. 'Wal, boss,' said he, 'it ain't no affair of mine. When Squire Holt found I was going past the Gaisford Rancho, he asked me to call and tell you, but said I might cross the track of you and Miss there, and to do so, if I could, as he wanted you at once. I've done it; I've earned the two dollars he paid me, and I don't care a single cent what comes of it.' With this the man struck his heels into the pony's side; and ere Arthur could fairly make up his mind what to say, he was beyond hearing.

'I suppose I must go,' said Arthur ruefully; 'but it will be dark long before I get to the Ogley Rancho.'

'I did not like the look of that stranger,' said Rachel. 'I noticed that he would never meet your eye. I cannot think why he should deceive us; but you ought to ride over to Mr Holt and learn if the message was genuine.'

'It would take me as long to get to the rancho and back to this place, as it would to ride to Ogley's,' replied Arthur; 'so I should have all the bad part of my ride in the dark, and perhaps offend my uncle. No; there can be no great harm in obeying. So good-bye, Rachel,' he said, as they shook hands; 'and tell your father why I have not returned.'

Arthur, as he reached the crest of the swell on his side of the hollow, turned for a moment to wave his cap; then he vanished, and Rachel rode slowly home.

Mr Gaisford met Rachel as she rode up to the door of the farmhouse, and naturally asked what had become of Arthur. On learning what had occurred, he expressed considerable surprise, as he had heard nothing of Mr Holt's intention to buy land in the vicinity of Ogley Rancho. He smiled, however, at Rachel's strongly expressed dislike of the messenger, and said that out West it did not do to be too particular.

While they were speaking, their old Mexican woman-servant Carlota came out from her dairy.

'Señorita Rachel!' exclaimed Carlota, 'what is that you say? Señor Arturo gone up to Ogley's Rancho?—that very bad thing.'

Hereupon the farmer, as if suddenly recollecting himself, said to Rachel: 'Oh, I remember now that Carlota came to me to-day, asking very anxiously if I had seen Mr Arthur; and on hearing that he was out with you, she seemed more satisfied.'

'Yes,' continued Carlota, who had attentively listened to the farmer; 'I think Señor Arturo safe then. But now he is murdered.'

'What!' ejaculated the farmer.

'Merciful heaven! what do you mean?' cried Rachel, the colour deserting her face; yet, as she spoke, she felt that Carlota's words did but carry the realisation of a dreadful fear which had haunted her from the moment she parted with Arthur.

'Cipriano! Cipriano! come here!' screamed Carlota. In obedience to this summons, a young

Mexican, her nephew, presented himself. 'Now, Cipriano,' began Carlota, 'you tell to the Señorita what you have hear about Señor Arturo!'

The Mexican spoke very briefly and to the point. He said that Cuervo the Uté captain had met him, and warned him that men were lying in wait to shoot Señor Arturo, if they could get him near the hills that night; that these men, were a white, and two 'bad' Apachés; and that Arthur was on no account to ride out to the mountains alone. He was to say also that some attempt would be made to decoy him there by a feigned message from his uncle.

Gaisford paused for an instant; and then, with the air of a man accustomed to act promptly, exclaimed: 'I see it all!—Ride, Rachel, to the Holt Rancho; tell them to send every man they can muster, well armed, through the gulches to Ogley's Rancho.'

'No, father; send some one else,' cried Rachel, as she shook the reins of the pony and prepared to ride off. 'I shall follow Arthur. He cannot be above a few miles up the pass, and I may overtake him before any danger happens.' And before her father could reply, she was off on her swift little steed.

The sun was already out of sight, and twilight, beautiful but short-lived, was setting in.

'Bring up three horses!' shouted the farmer to one of his men who just then came in sight.—'Carlota! I will ride with this man and Cipriano to the ford, and meet Texas Dick. You can tell the others as they come in where we are gone to; and send them on, as soon as they can get mounted, to Ogley's Rancho. I will fetch the weapons.' Saying this, the farmer entered the house, leaving Carlota and the young Mexican intently watching the progress of Miss Rachel.

'Golly! how Señorita Rachel is riding!' exclaimed Cipriano presently. 'But the pony splash very little water at the creek. By thunder! she have swim through, to save time. She mucha brave girl. The creek twenty foot deep there.'

It was even so; and the farmer, who had just emerged, laden with firearms, knowing the deep, treacherous holes of all the streams in the vicinity, turned pale as he saw his daughter plunge through the 'creek' at a spot dreaded for its danger, evidently doing this to save the time which would be consumed in riding round by the ford. She emerged safely, however, on the other side, and rode swiftly away.

'Now mount, Cipriano!—And you, Ned,' continued Gaisford, as the horses were led up; 'here are rifles and cartridges.—Send on the other men, Carlota, as I told you.—Now, boys, are you ready?—Off with you!'

The party started at a sharp trot, taking a line somewhat different from that followed by Rachel, as their aim, in the first instance, was to meet Texas Dick and his men, who, they knew, would remain at work at the new corral until sundown.

Little was said; but many an anxious glance was cast towards the distant foot-hills, until a group of five or six men, easily to be recognised as Texas Dick and his assistants, came in view on the further side of the creek. A piercing 'halloo' from the farmer drew the attention of

this party; and some signals were made which convinced the Texan that he was wanted; and so, without losing time in debate, he and his comrades quickened their pace, crossed the ford, and were soon alongside the farmer. A very few sentences sufficed to convey the position of affairs to the frontiersman; then, with merely an ejaculation of 'Come on, boys!' he turned his horse's head, and followed by his men, rode off at once in the direction of the hills.

'I told you I saw a white man in company with some Apachés,' said Dick, as they pushed on. The farmer assented. 'Wal,' continued the Texan, 'that white man has been seen with them again; and one of our boys saw him with old Seth Birrable the post-master.'

'Me see strange white man slink into back of post-office this afternoon,' said the Mexican; 'then he run out of front, and hide and creep in bush till he get away.'

'That Birrable is a bad un,' said the farmer.

'That is so,' assented Dick; 'and if any harm comes of this business to Mr Arthur, we will lynch him. I had a good mind to take him out to a tree last winter, for I know he was in those horse-robberies. But this time we will string him up for sure.'

A low murmur of approval from his hearers followed this speech; and the party rode on in silence.

The twilight was now beginning to thicken in the distance, shortening the perspective; and as if spurred on by the nearness of night, both horses and men bent to their work with a vigour. They were going over the rough ground with wonderful speed. All at once the Texan, keenly scanning the country towards the hills, suddenly exclaimed, pointing to an open patch which lay between two jutting piles of rocks and mounds: 'By snakes! there's Señor Arthur! You see his gray horse?'

One or two others of the party declared they could just make out in the dim light the figure of a horseman; but from the distance, it was impossible to feel certain. Dick was positive, however, and rising in his stirrup, he gave a loud and peculiar halloo.

'He heard me!' cried the Texan. 'I saw him turn his horse round. Now he goes on again.' A second time the shrill halloo arose; but it was impossible to decide whether the sound reached the rider or not.

Suddenly Cipriano the Mexican cried: 'Señor Gaisford! there is firing in the foot-hills. I hear a shot just now.'

'The Mexican is right!' exclaimed Dick, after a brief, painful pause. 'I heard shots again.—Push on, boys! Don't spare your horses!'

Nor did they; and the ground being fortunately level in itself, although of course with an upward slope, they made rapid progress. They had approached nearly to the last spur forming the boundary of the broken country, and were about to enter the pass into which they had seen Arthur ride, when suddenly they heard several other shots fired, and were even near enough to see the flashes.

'Give a shout, boys!' said the Texan; 'it will cheer our friends and frighten our enemies. Now for it!'

The 'boys' complied, and two or three tremen-

dous yells rang through the night, which must have penetrated far beyond the cañon from which the firing proceeded.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONCLUSION.

It was indeed Arthur whom Texas Dick had seen a few minutes before entering the defile far ahead of them. Till then, the young Englishman's ride had been quite uneventful, and the only cause for anxiety which occurred to him was the rapid approach of nightfall while he had still the roughest and most uneven portion of his route before him. As he rode into the defile through which he was now passing, the twilight became deeper, from the narrowness of the pass and the height of the rocks on each side of him. He had therefore to concentrate his attention on the difficult path over which his horse was picking its way; and it was only after he had ridden right into the pass that something startled him, and he looked eagerly up and around. His quick eye made him fancy that he saw something move where the shadows were darkest, and he shouted to know if any human being were there. For a moment, as he listened, there was no response, no murmur, no flap of night-hawk's wing to break the gloomy silence; then, all at once, a flash lit up the rocks just in front of him, and a report followed. Instantly he drew his own revolver, but as he did so, two more bright flashes dazzled him; a stunning shock told him he was hit, while his horse fell dead under him, shot through the head.

When Arthur and his horse fell, three heads, cautiously lifted above a parapet of rock, witnessed the effect of the volley.

'Bueno! my boys!' exclaimed one, a white man—Señor Tony; 'he is down; but I doubt if he is dead. Hurry to him; finish your work, and the fifty dollars and the keg are yours to-night.'

The Indians gave a grunt of assent, and springing to their feet, were emerging from the rocks behind which they stood, when Pedro stopped as suddenly as though he had been petrified.

'What is the matter?' exclaimed the impatient white man. 'Lose no time, or he will recover, and give us trouble.'

'Oye! Listen!' said Pedro. 'Cavallos!—horses come!'

Tony listened. He heard, surely enough, the gallop of a horse, and at the rate it was travelling, it was plain it would be within the defile directly.

'There is only one,' whispered Tony. 'Fire as he comes out of the shade.' But the Indians either considered that this was not in the bond, or, as was more likely, were unwilling to run any fresh risks; so the party listened to the gallop of the rapidly approaching rider. As they did so, to Tony's alarm he heard Arthur groan and move; signs that he was regaining his consciousness.

'Another moment,' he muttered, 'and he will be on his feet, and ready to fight.'

The deadened clatter of the horse's hoofs as it came through the gorge was now changed to a clearer ring; the rider had gained the open space, and was free from the close reverberation of the rocky pass.

'What do I see?' exclaimed Tony. 'A woman! Rachel!' Next moment, turning to the Indians, he said: 'Don't hurt her; but take her horse, so that she can't hurry back. The fond fool! to come here.'

In the meantime, Rachel had come near enough to see the prostrate figures of Arthur and the horse. With a slight and instantly repressed scream, she reined up, and leaped from her pony. The Indians, who had now cleared the ridge, gave a hideous shout and rushed down the slope towards her; but the delay, brief as it had been, was fatal to their purpose. Their shout was answered with whoops from the opposite side of the gorge, and three flashes at once broke forth from the darkness behind the girl, and the bullets which followed them struck the rocks against which the Apachés could be seen descending. The Indians immediately turned and fled, disappearing in an instant among the rocks.

Before Rachel had time to realise the terrible situation in which she stood, she heard a deep guttural voice behind her exclaim: 'Señorita Rachel, yo Cuervo!' [I am Cuervo!]

'Thank heaven!' cried the girl, as she turned round and saw the friendly Uté. 'Oh, come to me, Cuervo; Señor Arthur is dying!'

The next instant, Cuervo and his two stalwart sons were by her side, assisting to disengage Arthur from his dead horse. The young man was able to speak as they did so, and to assure Rachel that he was not seriously hurt.

As he spoke, the sudden clatter of a body of horse was heard upon the stony ground close by; and then, with loud shouts, the party under the farmer and Texas Dick rode up. The men immediately dismounted; lights were struck, and Rachel was in the arms of her father. It seemed that the courage which had sustained her so long, deserted her all at once, for she clung to her father and sobbed hysterically.

There was little time, however, for the indulgence of sentiment, because, as Texas Dick said: 'There ain't no telling where the scallawags may be, or how many of 'em. First thing we know may be a shot, so we will make tracks.'

The dead horse having been quickly stripped of its saddle and headgear, and Arthur mounted behind one of the party, Cuervo and his sons being similarly accommodated, they at once rode off.

All this took place in a fraction of the time required for its narration; and it was not till the party had got out of reach of further attack, that Cuervo began to explain how he had arrived so opportunely. Reducing his narrative to the plainest and briefest form, it appeared that he had long been expecting some such attack upon Arthur, as he had seen Señor Tony in company with two Apachés when the rest of the tribe were on the hunt; and these Apachés being frequently intoxicated, had dropped words which fired the suspicions of Cuervo. He had learned enough to assure him that Arthur would be waylaid on a particular night, which, as the reader will guess, was the night when the Uté had presented himself with his sons so unexpectedly, and acted as body-guard to Arthur until the latter was in safety. On this present day, Cuervo

and his sons had been in the foot-hills, where they discovered Tony in consultation with the Apachés. Lurking behind a convenient tree, Cuervo overheard that a plot was on foot to decoy Arthur thither that night and kill him. He accordingly went down into the plains, and meeting Cipriano, who, he knew, was often at the Gaisford Rancho, gave him the message which the Mexican had faithfully tried to deliver; then returning, the Utés determined to watch Tony and his confederates.

Not daring to follow the latter too closely, Cuervo had slightly mistaken the direction in which they entered the broken country, so was for a time thrown out. He and his sons, however, had a pretty sure guess as to the spot where the ambuscade would be laid, and they had just worked their way to its vicinity when they heard the first shots. Directly afterwards, Miss Rachel passed them, galloping in the direction of the firing. They followed her, and would have been by her side in a couple of minutes; but the whoop of the Apachés, as they descended the rocks, told to Indian ears that no time was to be lost, and that even the two minutes could not be risked. So they fired as truly as they could in the direction of Tony's yelling accomplices.

Rachel's arrival had clearly saved Arthur's life, by alarming the suspicious Apachés. But for this, even Cuervo's intervention would have been too late. Arthur, in spite of his wound—for he had experienced a very narrow escape, a bullet having ploughed its track along his scalp—found an opportunity for saying as much to Rachel, as they rode through the darkness towards the Holt Rancho, where they arrived to find the farmer lost in wonder as to where Dick and his men could be gone.

On hearing details of the expedition, Mr Holt became excessively wroth, and vowed he would not rest until the mean trash of whites and the bad Indians were hunted out of the neighbourhood.

'They say this white man is known; in fact, it's certain,' interposed Texas Dick, on his employer pausing for an instant.

'Who is he?' demanded the farmer. 'If he's alive in the territory after to-morrow, he will have to hide pretty close, for I'll hunt him as if he was a wild-cat.'

'Wal, then, it's your other nephew, Tony,' said Dick bluntly. 'There's a good many of the boys who mean to draw a trigger on him at sight, so you can leave him to them.'

Holt was literally staggered at hearing this, for he reeled and caught at a chair. 'If he were ten times my nephew,' he exclaimed at last, after a pause which was very painful to every one present, 'he dies if I meet him.—But tell me now, some of you, what ground you have for saying this murderer was Anthony Derring.'

This testimony was soon forthcoming; and it appeared from the remarks made during the narration, that the young man in question had once been a resident at the Holt Rancho, where he was high in favour with the farmer, and looked upon himself, there was little doubt, as Mr Holt's destined heir. His conduct, however, had grown very bad, far exceeding, indeed, the tolerably wide latitude allowed 'out West'; and finally, being conclusively proved to have taken part in

a serious robbery, while he was suspected of an attempt to waylay Mr Holt himself, the farmer dismissed him, with a handsome present, however, to keep him from the necessity of resorting to evil courses. It was indeed to supply his place, that Mr Holt had written for Arthur.

Tony had probably thought that his banishment would not last long; but when he found a successor to himself installed at the ranche, he considered that the situation had grown more serious, and that his only chance of restoration to favour lay in his getting rid of the interloper, and keeping his own share in the blood-guiltiness a secret from his uncle. This achieved, it was highly probable that if Tony presented himself apologetic and penitent at the nick of time, the farmer would relent, and all would be well.

One sentiment seemed to pervade the whole of the men, and this was, that Birrable the postmaster was a dangerous character who must be cleared out. In this connection, it will be sufficient to observe that Birrable must either have received warning or taken fright; for on the very next morning his office was found to be closed when the mail-cart came in, and he himself was never seen or heard of again—unless indeed the report of a man from the Nevada mines could be relied on. This man came into the neighbourhood a year or so later, and declared that he had assisted at the 'lynching' of Birrable, who, under another name, had been a source of trouble at the narrator's mining-camp for many months.

Meanwhile, Squire Holt did not slacken in his anger or turn from his purpose; he lost no time in advising the 'boys' of the district, of Tony's plot to decoy and murder Arthur Richmond; and a hot pursuit was instituted in quest of the messenger who brought the false instructions to Arthur, Birrable the postmaster, and Tony himself. But vain was the search in each case. Birrable had fled, as already explained; the messenger was a stranger; while the closest inquiry for fifty miles round revealed no trace of Tony. But some months afterwards, when all interest in the pursuit had flagged, and Tony's doings and himself were in a fair way of being forgotten, a horrible story, told by some men who had been recently through the Indian territory, brought him vividly to every mind.

These men camped in the vicinity of the Gaisford Ranche, to rest their cattle for a day or two, and told how they had seen Miguel the Apache, whom they knew, in company with some other men of his tribe. These Indians had a good deal of money, and traded with the white men who now told the story. It possibly happened in the course of this trading that some whisky changed hands; at anyrate, Miguel got intoxicated, and in his drunken bravado exhibited a scalp, not long taken from its owner's head, which he boasted was the scalp of a white man, 'mucho big chief.' He also showed various trophies, amongst others a leathern purse, which, he boasted, had been full of dollars. And inside this was written, 'Anthony Derring.' Miguel, being in the loquacious mood of drunkenness, although usually the most silent of Indians, explained that this 'hombre Americano' [this Yankee man] had shot his brother Pedro; that he, Miguel, had dragged the body away, and

shown it to the captains of his tribe, and these had followed the murderer, and duly revenged the slaughter of their comrade.

Thus perished Señor Tony; at all events, if the report of the traders were untrue, he never appeared to contradict it; while one or two articles, known to have belonged to the young man, were at various times seen in the possession of some of the Apache squaws.

It was not long after the events related, that Mr Holt, being thoroughly satisfied with the fitness of Arthur to assist him, and, in short, having taken a very great liking to the young man, desired him to send for his mother and the remainder of her family; a summons which almost frightened Mrs Richmond to death, so terrible seemed the idea of crossing the Atlantic. But it was evident that she had virtually no choice; her son's letter was so earnest, the advice of her friends was so emphatic, the advantages of the removal so unmistakable, that she was compelled to go, although with much gloomy presentiment, and with many sighs and tears. She found, as others before her have found, that the making up her mind was the worst part of the business, and that it was possible even for her to survive a long sea-voyage.

'We shall see a great change in Arthur, I have no doubt,' she was fond of remarking to her eldest daughter as the ship shortened the distance between them and him. She was more correct in this than even she herself supposed. At anyrate, with all her presentiments, and with all her belief in the change that a foreign life must have worked in her son, she was not quite prepared for his meeting her at Kansas City in company with an exceedingly pretty young lady, or for the pretty speech: 'Mother dear, this is my wife, Rachel. I am sure you will love her.'

This she did very soon, and very dearly. But as poor Mrs Richmond, dowager, often said, when in time to come she had found sympathising neighbours to whom she could say it—'When he said this, you really might have knocked me down with a feather.'

BOOK GOSSIP.

THERE are some people who spend every available hour which they can spare from other duties, in what is to them the delightful luxury of reading. They read in the morning, and they read in the evening; they read in company, and they read in solitude; they read within doors, and they read without doors; they read at board, and they read in bed. Walking and reading, also, are two performances often carried on conjointly, though the practice is not to be commended as good in any sense; but less fault is to be found with that other practice of pulling out a book and perusing it while we rest during our walk. To those who indulge in this habit, neat small editions—literally 'pocket editions'—of good works are always acceptable; and to such we would commend what is called 'The Familiar Quotations Series of Books,' published by Whittaker & Co., London. This series, besides those volumes which give it

its title, such as *Familiar Latin and French Quotations*, &c., contains a number of well-known and interesting books. There are, for instance, Charles Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*; J. B. Selkirk's *Bible Truths with Shakespearian Parallels*; Dr Johnson's philosophical romance of the Abyssinian prince, *Rasselas*; De Quincey's wonderful *Confessions of an English Opium-eater*; and many others. The volumes are small and handy in form, printed in good type, and cheap—three qualities which should commend them to many readers, especially those of the pedestrian order.

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Of all games in this country, Bowling, as practised out of doors, is among the most innocent and least harmful, in every sense. Yet this agreeable pastime as practised indoors had at one time a very bad name, so much so, that certain Acts of parliament had to be launched against it. Nor were even these discharges of legal artillery sufficient to check the evils of gambling with which the fair character of the game had become tainted. In the time of Henry VIII. the game was classed among unlawful amusements, and bowling-alleys were proscribed by statutes which were directed against all who either played in such places or kept them for profit. It was allowable, however, for artisans and servants to play at the game during Christmas-time in their masters' houses and presence; while persons who were worth more than one hundred pounds per annum might obtain a license for playing within their own domain. But notwithstanding these restrictions the game still retained its popularity, and worked as much evil as before. Writing some forty years after the above Acts were passed, an English author says that 'common bowling-alleys are privy moths that eat up the credit of many idle citizens, whose gains at home are not able to weigh down their losses abroad; whose shops are so far from maintaining their play, that their wives and children cry out for bread, and go to bed supperless often in the year.'

The game, however, as practised in the open air, has long since cleared itself of any such stigma as anciently attached to its indoor cousin, and is now, as already said, as much dissociated from any idea of vicious betting or gambling as any game of skill can possibly be. For those who are unable to engage in the more active athletic exercises, bowling is at once a safe and an agreeable recreation, as is testified by its numerous votaries, who derive pleasure and mild relaxation from the pastime. Like other games of skill, it has its code of laws, written and unwritten; and a knowledge of these laws by the frequenters of bowling-greens and by members of bowling-clubs, is the best preventive of misunderstandings, and saves the unnecessary cropping-up of 'disputed ends.' An excellent little book on the laws and rules of the game is the *Manual of Bowl-playing*, by W. W. Mitchell, Millport (London and Manchester: John Heywood). It contains the laws of the game, rules for bowling-clubs, suggestions for the making and keeping of greens, and an appendix giving the results of the chief tournaments and matches during the last few years. The little book pre-

tends to nothing beyond being a useful and handy guide to the game of bowling, and in so doing it pretends to nothing more than its contents will justify.

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We have from time to time drawn the attention of our readers to the publication of books intended for the simplification and advancement of science-knowledge; and in this category of useful and compendious works must be classed that of Dr Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., entitled *Leaves from a Naturalist's Note-book* (London: Chatto and Windus). The book, as the author points out, is made up of a series of sketches, compiled chiefly because of the existence of a growing taste on the part of the cultured public for a knowledge of the objects in which the naturalist professes an interest. While such books are essentially imperfect in point of fullness and exhaustiveness, they at the same time serve a purpose which more full and exhaustive treatises would fail to accomplish, in so far as they engage the interest of the non-scientific reader, and may in many cases lead the way and prepare the mind for higher scientific studies. In consistence with the object which the author had in view, there is nothing in this little volume which any reader of average intelligence might not comprehend, while there is much which even readers of some degree of scientific culture will heartily appreciate and enjoy. In addition to chapters devoted to such subjects as jelly-fishes, the 'threads and thrums' of spider-existence, skates and rays, whales and their neighbours, kangaroos, barnacles, and flies, there are papers of a more general kind, treating of such subjects as the office of science in the elucidation of crime and the conviction of the criminals; the exposure of medical quackery; scientific ghosts; food and fasting, and the like. The diversity, within certain limits, of the subjects treated in the book is such as to render it scarcely possible for any one to take it up even for a few spare minutes without finding something to interest, instruct, or amuse.

**

John B. Gough is well remembered in this country as one of the most powerful lecturers that ever spoke on the subject of temperance. At the time of this American orator's first propaganda, the effect of his prelections here was marvellous; and if, on his second visit to this country a few years ago, he filled a less distinguished position in the public mind, this was due not so much to any falling-off of power in the orator, as to the fact that temperance agencies and temperance arguments are much more common and better understood now than they were twenty-five years ago. Since his return to America, two years since, Mr Gough has been engaged in writing an account of his life-work, embracing the experience of thirty-seven years on the platform and among the people at home and abroad. The book deals largely with his experiences in this country in 1878, and with the various prominent temperance advocates whom he met in London and elsewhere. Much of the book is taken up with sketches of London life, some of them exceedingly graphic, many of the anecdotes told being pointed and

amusing. There is a story referring to the tricks of professional beggars. A man was standing with a board in front of him, with the inscription, 'I am blind,' when a gentleman threw a shilling on the ground; the blind man instantly picked it up. The gentleman said: 'Why, I thought you were blind.' The fellow, after a moment's hesitation, looked at the board, and then said: 'I'm bless'd if they haven't made a mistake, and put a wrong board on me this morning! I'm deaf and dumb!'

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE Suez Canal, which represents the greatest engineering triumph of the present century, is found to be inadequate for its designed purposes. The traffic at present amounts to three million tons of shipping annually; and owing to the development of Chinese and Australian commerce and to other causes, it is constantly on the increase. As many as fifty ships are occasionally threading the passage of the Canal at one time; and when it is remembered that these vessels can only pass one another at certain points—like railway trains on a single line of metals—it can be imagined what tedious and costly delays are constantly the rule. These difficulties form the subject of a highly interesting contribution to the *Times* newspaper from a correspondent, who has gone over the ground with a view to noting them and suggesting possible remedies. He points out that the plan of widening the waterway throughout would be inadvisable, on account of the enormous expense which it would entail; and dwells rather on the recommendation that the *gares* or passing stations should be greatly increased in number. He also advises that the stone casing of the banks—at present in progress—to prevent the sandy sides shelving into the water, should be actively pushed on, so that ships, which are now limited to a certain speed, could travel through more quickly without any risk of injury to the banks from their wash. He finally suggests that the Canal should be bought up by the different nations using it, instead of being left in the hands of a private Company. England would have to pay the lion's share; for her ships are as four to one of those which pass under other flags.

Another international highway—the Tunnel beneath the English Channel—continues to excite lively interest both among engineers and politicians. There is one difficulty to be surmounted, peculiar to all similar works of excavation, and that is, the question of efficient ventilation. Some statistics were recently brought before the German Society of Engineers bearing upon the ventilation of the St Gothard Tunnel, from which it appears that in spite of its mountainous position, where the outside air must be of the purest description, the workmen suffered severely from the rapid deterioration of the air which they breathed. In the Mont Cenis Tunnel, things seem to be quite as bad; for the engine-men are furnished with mouth-tubes, through which they can breathe from a reservoir of fresh air which they carry with them. With these facts in view, it would seem that if the Channel Tunnel below the bottom of the sea is ever completed, the chief

problem in turning it to practical account will remain to be solved.

It would appear that London with all its smoke, and consequent fog, is a far more healthful city to dwell in than Paris with its noted clear atmosphere. The chief of the Prefecture of the Seine, Dr Bertillon, recently issued some statistics showing that the Paris death-rate—which ought, from the small proportion of young children and elderly persons, to be considerably lower than that of the British Metropolis—is in reality much higher. After making allowance for the difference of age-constitution in the population of the two places, we find that for every hundred deaths in London, the Parisians register one hundred and twenty-eight. From these figures we may judge that whatever things they may do in France better than we do, they must be behind us in sanitary matters.

M. Muntz assures us of the somewhat startling fact that all natural water contains alcohol, though in an infinitesimal proportion. In river-water the proportion is about one-thousandth; in sea-water about the same; but in cold rain-water the proportion of spirit is rather greater. Though we have on a former occasion hinted at the presence of alcohol in pure cold water, M. Muntz is said to have confirmed it by means of apparatus which he has specially devised for the purpose.

The impetus given to gas illumination by the serious competition of electricity has borne fruit in the substitution of brilliant lamps in many of the London thoroughfares for the inefficient glimmering burners previously in use. Indeed, it has often been remarked that we never knew what gas could do for us in this way until electricity threatened to beat it out of the field. A new form of gas-light, the 'regenerative' burner of Messrs Siemens, is now on its trial in Holborn; and judging from the effect obtained, its success is assured. In this lamp, the products of combustion, instead of passing away as waste vapour, are again passed through the flame. In this way the burner is not only constantly fed with a supply of warm air of its own creation, but every particle of the illuminating portion of the gas is consumed, and therefore turned to the best account. A very bright light is thus secured with a minimum consumption of gas.

Professor Ayrton's lecture on Electric Railways before the Royal Institution dealt with much that must have been new to the majority of his hearers. After stating that the whole question was one of cost, and depended upon whether electric transmission of power could be made cheaper than any other known system, he proceeded to point out various disadvantages attached to existing railways. The weight of a locomotive equals that of six carriages loaded with passengers, so that its mass adds fifty per cent. to the horsepower necessary to propel the carriages alone. This weight cannot be reduced, or the driving-wheels would fail to grip the rails. Another still more serious result of employing such a heavy motor as an ordinary engine is, that the line throughout—its bridges and all its parts—must be made of great strength, and consequently at much greater cost than if there were no locomotive to consider. The advantages of an electric motor are in comparison very great; for

experiment shows that for every fifty pound of dead-weight, one horse-power can be developed; a result to which neither steam, gas, nor compressed-air engines can attain. The few experimental electric railways already tried have been very limited in extent; the two rails acting as carriers of the current, and making connection with the motor through the wheels of the train. In such short lines, no great leakage occurred; but in long lines, the leakage from the rails to earth, and especially to moist earth, would prove most disastrous to success. Professor Ayrton proposes to obviate this difficulty of leakage by laying a well-insulated cable parallel with the rails to convey the main current. The rails would be divided into sections, and only that section upon which the train was actually running would be connected with the main cable, the connection being made by the moving train itself. By another device, it is proposed that the train should graphically record its exact position on a map at the terminus, or in a signal-box, as might be required. These various plans were demonstrated by a working model, which further showed that a complete block-system could be guaranteed. A moving train coming on to a blocked section of the line would not only stop, for want of propelling current, but would be automatically braked.

The celebrated photograph called the Trotting Horse, exhibiting an animal in different positions, some of which appear quite absurd, so contrary are they to all our preconceived ideas upon the subject, must be familiar to many of our readers. Mr Muybridge, the clever American photographer who produced it, has lately given an account of his manner of working both to the Royal Institution and the Royal Academy. His studio, he explained, was more like a racecourse than anything else, the grand stand being represented by a battery of twenty-four cameras. These cameras were connected by threads, breast high, and a foot apart, stretched across the course on which the horse had to gallop, or trot, as the case might be. As the horse broke each thread, the camera in connection did its instantaneous work; and a series of twenty-four pictures, giving the varied movements of the animal, was the result. By comparing these sun-pictures with the best-known productions of ancient and modern art, Mr Muybridge showed that many of our best artists have been in the habit of depicting animals in positions which they never assume in nature. But he did more than this. By a mechanical contrivance, the various photographs were projected by a lantern on a screen in such quick succession, that the trotting movement of the horse was brought before the astonished audiences in a life-like manner. Mr Muybridge proves that a horse galloping with all four feet off the ground at the same moment, is a simple impossibility. We need not point out that this is the way such an animal is invariably portrayed by even the best artists.

The use of the telephone seems to be steadily increasing, not only in this country, but in most of the European states. Its adoption at first by the public was very slow, for it represented a new-fangled contrivance, and this was quite enough to prevent a very large class from having anything to do with it. But its great value as a

means of communication soon became apparent to all, and the number of applicants for its aid is now very great. It is quite certain that the various British Telephone Companies do not offer the public all the advantages which they might easily do. In Germany, there are public telephone rooms where, on payment of a fee of five-pence, a passer-by can walk in and hold a conversation with any friend who may be a subscriber to the system. But in Switzerland, telephones are made far more generally useful than anywhere else. In Zurich, there are eleven public offices open to the use of all; attached to them is a Commission service, by which all kinds of messages and orders are executed for a very small fee. The central office is in direct communication with the telegraph system, so that a subscriber can dictate his message without the intervention of a third party; and in 1881 nearly nine thousand telegrams were transmitted in this manner. The Telephone Company also undertakes to wake its more sleepy subscribers at any hour which they like to appoint—an excellent idea.

Various endeavours have from time to time been made to get motive-power from the action of the waves; but such attempts have met with very small success. Mr Bigler, an American inventor, has contrived a buoy for use over sunken rocks or other dangerous spots, which carries a small dynamo-electric machine, set in motion by the rise and fall of the waves. The current of electricity so generated furnishes an Edison incandescent lamp with light. The action is of course intermittent; and the weak part of the contrivance seems to be the stoppage of the light on a dark but calm night. Without waves, the machine would not act, and the hidden danger would not be pointed out.

The destruction of the American pine forests is going on at such a rate, that it is calculated in some States they will be stripped of wood in as short a period as twelve years. The killing of the goose with the golden eggs was never better illustrated than in the short-sighted policy which allows this forest-land to be denuded of its trees without leaving any provision for the future. A few young trees planted here and there, and a very old one left to provide seed for successors, would have made a vast difference to the future prosperity of the districts indicated. But men have made too much haste to grow rich, and a timber famine at no very distant date must be the result. Another danger which has been forgotten is the risk of drought which the extensive removal of trees is known to induce.

A new musical instrument, the invention of Mr Baillie Hamilton, was recently experimented upon in the speech-room at Harrow School. It is of the harmonium type, in so far that its sounds are produced by vibrating metallic reeds; but the arrangement of these slips of metal comprises a very important modification. In the first place, the reeds are what are technically known as 'free'—that is to say, they can vibrate in and out of the frame in which they are set. These reeds are divided into groups of three, and each triplet is connected by a bridge. The effect of the arrangement is that a quality of tone approaching to that of the human voice is attained, and the rasping effect common to inferior harmoniums is altogether got rid of. The experiment was

certainly satisfactory; and when some little defects in the instrument have been corrected, it will form a dangerous rival to instruments of its class.

We fear that the adventurous gentlemen who have recently risked their lives in balloon journeys across the waters of the Channel, have not added very much to our scientific knowledge respecting *aéronautics* or atmospheric phenomena. They have merely proved that a north wind will carry them south, and that if they meet with a current in another direction, they must fain go with it. We can ill afford to risk the life of such a man as Colonel Burnaby, the Khiva hero; and we trust that he will not again attempt to travel to Paris *vid claudland* unless he has some very potent reason for doing so. The balloon as simply an aerial machine has now been brought to great perfection; indeed, it is difficult to see how it can be further improved; but the wind is still its master.

The popular outcry against the removal of the elephant Jumbo is very creditable to our human nature; but now that the excitement has ceased, and the animal is far away from its old home, we may well ask whether this outcry was justified by facts. It has long been known that if a male elephant is kept in confinement, it becomes, after a certain number of years, extremely difficult of control, by reason of recurring fits of irritability, if not madness. Chuny, an elephant which was kept about fifty years ago at Exeter Change, London, in one of these fits of temper killed his keeper, and was afterwards despatched, after some scores of bullets had been fired into his huge frame. Another elephant at Liverpool had to be destroyed after killing two of his keepers. At Amsterdam, a third elephant met with a like fate after killing his attendant. At Cologne, the same story was repeated with another elephant; and at Versailles, a man had a very narrow escape from a similar death. These occurrences, and doubtless many others, were of course known to our Zoological authorities; and there had been for some time signs that Jumbo might not always remain the docile creature which the public imagined him to be. Huge oak beams eight inches square, and cased with sheet-iron, had been placed to strengthen his house. These he had in an irritable moment snapped as if they had been sticks of firewood. Anxiety as to what Jumbo might do in the future, led his masters to accept Mr Barnum's offer to buy him, and for this act the Council of the Society have been assailed in a way not pleasant to reflect upon.

The street tramway system, which has been so rapidly adopted in our large cities, is in London about to receive an extension of a very important character. Hitherto, in the Metropolis the tram lines have been laid in streets which are almost level, for the labour of drawing the huge cars up-hill is more than the most willing horses can bear. Highgate Hill and Pentonville Hill are now to be furnished with tramways worked on a plan which has been adopted for some years past with great success at San Francisco, known as the steep grade system. The cars are pulled up-hill by an endless wire-rope attached to a drum and stationary engine. This moving rope is sunk in an underground channel,

and can be gripped by the car at any point, so that the motion of the vehicle is under the absolute control of the driver. It would be well, however, in laying any further tram-rails, to make sure that they shall do no damage to the wheels of private conveyances. The system of horse-tramways on steep gradients in certain towns should never have been sanctioned. The cruelty that is daily practised upon horses is a disgrace to our boasted civilisation.

The Archæological Society of Greece, to which the government have given the control of all matters relating to excavation and discovery of antiquities, seems to have issued a code of laws which will greatly hamper those who are endeavouring to trace the history of the past by the relics left by the former inhabitants of the country. No man is allowed to commence an excavation, even on his own ground, unless he agrees to give the proceeds to the Greek museums. In consequence of this prohibition, a great deal of secret digging goes on, and the treasures found are smuggled out of the country. In this way, their value as antiquities is much reduced; for the position where they were found, and the circumstances which led to their discovery, are lost sight of altogether.

A single and useful slip-link has been brought out and patented by Messrs Alexander & Co., of 190 Westminster Bridge Road, London, intended to be attached to the kidney-link of each horse's collar, so that when an animal falls it may be instantly released from the pole-chain. This is effected by simply touching the lever of the slip-link, enabling the horse, by being freed from the pole, at once to make endeavours to regain its feet by its own exertions. The invention has been found in practice to work well, and to be a great saving of time, as well as risk of danger to valuable horses.

A new and apparently useful invention has just been made by Mr Robert Pickwell, civil engineer, Hull, and consists of a Self-registering Ship's Compass, by means of which a diagram is produced showing: 1st, the exact steered course of the ship; 2d, the length of time the ship has been kept on any course; 3d, all the changes of the courses, and the exact time when such changes took place; 4th, in the event of a collision at sea, the bearing of the ship's head at the time is clearly shown. The diagram is applicable to long as well as to short voyages, and can be taken off and consulted daily, or be allowed to run the whole voyage not exceeding one hundred and fifty days. The compass itself is perfectly independent of the registering apparatus, which can be easily applied to any ordinary compass in general use.

The Fleuss diving apparatus has been already fully explained by us (Nos. 848 and 857). It may, however, be again mentioned that the object of the inventor was to enable the diver to carry on submarine operations without the necessity of having air pumped down through flexible tubes. A supply of pure air is secured by Mr Fleuss in a different way, namely, by an apparatus which the diver carries with him under water, for filtering the breath and admixing oxygen therewith, thus rendering it capable of being re-breathed. Part of this apparatus consisted of a heavy helmet and collar; but these Mr Fleuss

has now superseded by a lighter headgear for shallow-water diving, reserving the more cumbersome helmet for deep-sea diving.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

LADIES' FASHIONS AND BIRD-LIFE.

THE fashion, which has perhaps always prevailed, of ladies adorning themselves more or less with the plumage of birds, has recently assumed a very objectionable phase. It is not now sufficient to make use of particular feathers of particular birds; it is necessary to have the bird-skin perfect and entire, and that not of common or merely beautiful birds, but of rare birds as well. A correspondent of a scientific contemporary the other day stated that he saw in a milliner's shop in Regent Street, London, four birds of paradise, two trogons—small birds of brilliant plumage—scarlet ibises by the dozen, a rare goat-sucker, kingfishers, orioles, and bee-eaters, not to mention other birds whose greater abundance might seem to excuse their wholesale sacrifice. 'The human race,' he adds, 'has already had to mourn the destruction of the dodo, the solitaire, the great auk, and the moa; let us not add to this list the *paradisides*, the trogons, and the humming-birds.' In this desire we most cordially acquiesce. The lower animals in general are no doubt rightly enough made serviceable to man; and the sheep and the silkworm are equally laid under contribution as providers of materials for human comfort and adornment. Even the feathers of the larger birds, the ostrich, for instance, have long formed an important article of commerce; and the bird is cultivated for the sake of the plummy harvest which it yields. But when we come to appropriating, not alone the feathers of birds, but the skins of birds with all the plumage intact, an element of waste and destruction is introduced which cannot be too strongly deprecated. It is an unhappy and mischievous fashion, and we would earnestly appeal to our lady readers to do all in their power to lessen and discourage it.

THE COST OF A LONDON FOG.

In the number of this *Journal* for December 4, 1880, there was an article on London Fogs, in which attention was specifically drawn to the great increase of this nuisance within the last fifty years, this increase being largely traceable to the enormously greater consumption of coal consequent upon the enlarged population and trade of the Metropolis, along with the fact that no definite attempt had been made on the part of manufacturers and householders to consume their smoke. It was also shown that there was no serious difficulty other than the inexcusable inaction of authorities and manufacturers, in the way of having this improvement carried out, apparatus insuring the consumption of every particle of smoke having been known and used elsewhere for years. As an evidence of the evil of delay on the part of the Metropolitan authorities in formulating some general plan for securing that each chimney consumes its own smoke, a striking item of information comes to hand, namely, that a *single day's fog* in London brought into the pockets of one gas Company no less a sum than *twelve thousand pounds*. This represented the price of seventy-five million feet

of gas, which had to be consumed in lieu of that daylight which the unwholesome sanitary conditions of the great city had shut out by a curtain of its own raising. Take the London fogs as covering ten days in the year—and this is below the real mark—and we have a sum of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds actually thrown away. Such a sum of money capitalised would surely be sufficient to enable those responsible for the public health to set in operation some organisation by means of which complete smoke-consumption would be rendered imperative on the part of every manufacturer, and in course of time every householder as well, within the bounds of the Metropolis. The enormous cost entailed upon the city by the present system, while, in addition, propagating the existence of a very serious nuisance, ought to bring home to the various governing bodies in London a strong sense of the necessity for instant and thorough reform.

'HOUSE OF REST.'

In our notice last month of the Babbacombe House of Rest, we named Miss Skinner as the 'Lady Superintendent.' This we learn is a misapprehension, she being a member only of the Committee of Management.

MAY BLOSSOMS.

SWEET hawthorn blossoms, with the kiss of May
So coyly nestling 'mid your fragrant tips!
You slyly wooed her on her joyous way,
To steal the honey from her rosy lips.
Her lovely fleeting smile your faces wear;
Fading while we exclaim: 'How frail, how fair!'

While your dear beauties feast my gladdened eyes,
Far from this busy mart my fancy treads;
Twine I your fairy buds 'neath laughing skies,
In crowns of pearly bloom for weary heads!
And with what tender joy I lay you now
On bosom racked with pain, and throbbing brow!

Down many a pleasant country lane I see
Fair childhood laden with your dainty bloom;
Dreams, idle dreams—a child-voice calls to me,
While timid hands reach shyly through the gloom—
Such eager trembling hands, that yearn to touch
The darling flowers the child-heart loves so much.

A childish voice, a little wistful face,
Pleads through the gloom—ah! surely not in vain;
While your faint perfume fills the mournful place,
Waking a world of mingled joy and pain;
Bearing through narrow court, and alley gray,
God's blessed sunshine, and the breath of May.

Oh, nestle fondly to that wan young cheek,
Where tears of rapture lie like April dew!
In loving whispers to that child-heart speak
Of warbling birds, green lanes, and skies so blue,
Of nodding violets that in dreams of love
Breathe odorous incense through the shady grove.

Before that little fluttering pulse shall cease
Its feeble throbbing—e'er you fall away
From the fast chilling hand—oh, whisper 'Peace,'
Then breathe the soft perfume round that form of clay,
While the blest spirit answers: 'All is well!
May is eternal May where angels dwell!'

FANNY FORRESTER.

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ANGLO-AMERICANS.

BY AN ENGLISHMAN.

THERE is no subject more interesting to an English traveller in the United States than the career of his fellow-countrymen who have settled in that country. Many causes, often complex in their nature, have induced the immigrants to leave Britain. The great majority, however, have sought the New World hoping to find there a brighter lot than the home-land offered. Some for the sake of their children, some for political preferences, some from simple restlessness, have adopted the Great Republic as their future abiding-place. During the eclipse of British agriculture, large numbers of farmers, labourers, graziers, and the artisans connected with tillage, have joined the mighty hosts carving a shapely civilisation in the primeval Western wilds. But whatever they be, and wherever they be, the Anglo-Americans give a good account of themselves, and are contributing certain features to the society amid which they live. Faculties and tendencies that are merely asleep or suppressed in Britain, become prominent and energetic under the compulsions of the new life which the Anglo-American enters upon.

Owing to their superabundance at home, vast numbers of shopmen, clerks, small-traders, and those connected with commerce, have gone to the United States, whither thousands are continually following them; and owing to the enormous growth of business, which immigration itself adds to, large proportions of these persons have found employment in New York, Boston, Chicago, and other centres of trade. The majority have done fairly well; some far better than if they had remained in England. But those who went out speculatively had much to endure before they became assimilated to the new conditions of men and things. The 'riddling process' is more terrific in the United States than in England. Before a man gets sifted through the mesh that fits him, he has much to experience of a pain-

fully novel kind. Once through his 'prentice difficulties, however, the Anglo-American takes a place from which few competitors can dislodge him.

Business is pursued differently than amongst us, though international comminglings and competitions are hourly bringing commerce and trade to similar methods. Yet our drapers' assistants, for example, would find themselves out of their element in the dry-goods' stores of America. Here, our shopmen spend much time in panegyrics upon the fabrics they vend; and he who is most mellifluous in praise of his master's goods gets promotion. In the United States this specious volubility would cause the shopman's speedy dismissal. Customers judge for themselves, and any attempt to gild the pill excites contemptuous suspicion of the vendor. I was much amused with a little episode, which explains this better than any abstract remarks. A young haberdasher, newly from London, got a situation in New York. His first client was a gentleman in search of stockings. He piled all sorts of hose before the individual, who had a rural appearance, with a gushing eulogium upon each. The customer stared, but said nothing for some time. At length he quietly drawled: 'I say, mister, air you a darned ass?' 'No, sir!' replied the astonished youth. 'Wall, am I?' 'No, sir.' 'Then what air you telling me about them things? I guess this is a store, not a lecture-hall. If I buy, it'll be upon my opinion, not yours.' This led to a subsequent painful interview between the young haberdasher and his employer.

But though eager volubility is a positive disqualification for business, a slow unimaginative plodder is dropped after a short trial, no matter how painstaking in his department. In the United States, 'pace' is a first requisite. It is vain to complain of it, absurd to decry it, suicidal to combat it; for it does not depend upon individuals. The human brain vibrates quicker in the Western Continent than in Europe. Climate is more ardent. The mixed blood of Americans is derived from the most speculative, most

adventurous, most practical of European peoples, and is making a new type of mankind, very different from the average Englishman. This is no novel statement, but one that has been uttered a thousand times. Yet it will bear repetition; for the new type is by no means crystallised into permanent form. Each decade something is added to the Americans, their plastic nationality taking on a new trait without effort. The hordes of Germans, Swedes, and Irish have considerably modified the people and its march during the past twenty years. Now, the immigration of myriads of English is having its effect. And great among the factors, producing further modification, is the freed negro. That result is an intensity of life such as obtains nowhere else in the world.

To the prevailing type the Anglo-American must approximate wholly, or in degree. From what I saw, it was evident, after his novitiate, the Englishman generally equalled the American as a business-man. Our youngsters required no very long period of drill to fit them for positions of responsibility. In a year or two, without aping the national manners, pronunciation, and habits of thought, the all-constraining media shaped the English boy into a resemblance of the native. But middle-aged Britishers adapted themselves with difficulty to the rapid, irreflective life around them.

Shrewdness and speed are combined by the best sort of Americans; but speed takes preference. While an Englishman is weighing the probabilities of business, his Cousin has effected his purpose, or smashed in the attempt. Business needs to be done smartly, and a man must have a reputation for so acting, if he seeks to advance. No matter what the field of enterprise, a paper-collar store or a bank, a man must 'run it' in a go-ahead fashion, or the business will languish. Anglo-Americans fully understanding this, often prove more than a match for the native. Many instances came under my observation, where my capable compatriots had dominated a particular business by their superior perception of the conditions of success. Americans have considerable imagination, and can project cyclopean enterprises, and often carry them to a brilliant consummation. Still, when an English immigrant gets hold of a 'big thing,' he can keep it against most competitors. Indeed, nothing is more common than to find English brain directing or assisting transatlantic mercantile and manufacturing establishments to developments beyond the daring of Europe. As anonymous partners, as managers, as chiefs of departments, or other spheres of control, capable and docile Englishmen exercise a great portion of that influence in the present progress of the United States which is attributed to the fear-nothing Yankee. In short, Englishmen and English capital are gigantic factors in the phenomenal success to which the United States have attained. Broad as the native mind is, the English is broader; great as native skill is in money-making, English skill is at least as great. The addition of a more circumspect morality gives Anglo-Americans frequent advantage over the sons of the soil.

Commercial conflicts are often waged more pitilessly than those of internecine war. This is the case in America. 'Smartness' too often

means unscrupulousness. What are reckoned crimes in London are regarded as peccadillos in New York. If one of our commercial men leads a client into a financial ambushade, or commits highway robbery on the Exchange, he is shunned, and his career damaged, if not destroyed. Not always so in America. Successful fraud goes frequently unchallenged, is sometimes openly applauded in certain circles. For the victim, there is little sympathy. He was too confiding—so much the worse for him. He will not make the same mistake when he gets up from his fall. For he is expected to get up. To lie still under a swindle is more reprehensible than to get up and swindle others. This sort of morality is fatal to trade, and the best sort of Anglo-Americans know it. Instead of playing scoundrel in turn, they become wary of scoundrels, and keep them at a safe distance. The bitter agony-period from 1873 to 1879 has created a number of business safeguards that did not exist before, and they are due in some measure to English example and English astuteness. Anglo-Americans want to keep their money safe; a traditional veneration for capital runs in their veins. Hence the tightening of the systems of credit. While eager for gain as any Yankee, they are still more eager for the solidity of their customers. Clever Anglo-Americans would not waste time on perfecting wooden nutmegs; they know the end of such things. This trait counts enormously in their favour, in the conflict for business with natives, and with immigrants from Germany, France, and Italy.

The conflict is likely to be more severe in the future, owing to changes coming over the rising generation in the United States. For more than a century, Americans have tended in the second and third generations to urban rather than rural pursuits. This tendency is now becoming a passion. Farmers' sons are lured to city life like moths to a candle. Agriculture, which has made the country what it is, and which must continue to be the basis of its growth and the motive of its real prosperity, is being abandoned by those reared to follow it. Farmers send their boys to the best schools. The taste of the Pierian spring gives them a thirst for book-knowledge, and induces a dislike of manual labour. From school they go to college, at their parents' expense, or by their own efforts; for American boys, determining to be learned, will find ways and means that never enter the minds of their British Cousins. By some avenue, ambitious rurals climb the steep of Parnassus and never return to the plough. As school-masters, clergymen, professors, and the light-cavalry of civilisation, they seek careers in the cities. Some have no reason to repent the calls of ambition; but many have a weary struggle to middle age, when success, or the grave, relegates them to a state of quietude. But theology, teaching, law, medicine, and the rest of the learned professions cannot absorb the teeming multitudes now crowding them. Mediocrity gets a decreasing chance of a bare subsistence. The overflow goes perforce into some department of trade or commerce. It is the only path open to those who will neither be artisans nor tillers of the soil. At the present moment, there are multitudes of University graduates touting for

Insurance and other Companies in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and elsewhere, glad to earn a few dollars by the most repellent, disheartening, and ill-paid toil. For the sake of city life, the attire of a gentleman, and the hope of making a quick fortune, these jostling young gentlemen endure privations, degradations, and shabby discouragements, that react seriously upon morality. Culture has given a keener edge to intellect, and a false idea of gentility demands pecuniary success at any hazard.

There is in the business atmosphere of the United States an electric intensity not found in the most frenzied centres of Europe. The flood of highly educated youngsters, now being thrust into it, must add to the desperate conflict, and young immigrating Britishers must be prepared for difficulties that their elders have not known; there is a combat waiting them far sterner than any waged in tumultuous, competitive Europe.

Besides, the major operations of business are no longer in the hands of individuals. Visible or occult gangs control the harvests, the mines, the railways, the manufactures, the politics, and to a certain extent, the journalism of the United States. Against the operations of the confederated lions of trade, the ablest man, single-handed, is as powerless as before a tidal wave. Honesty counts for nothing; prevision is worse than blindness, for combinations of speculators defy all calculations. The 'corner' is now the mode of making great wealth. And wealth is the object of an infinite majority of Americans; the spending of it lavishly the *beau idéal* of enjoyment.

This makes excitement a necessity of existence. From childhood to age, incessant mental activity must be had; and it is curious to observe that speed of mind is accompanied by great bodily quietude. The lolling, lounging, arm-chair-loving Yankee has long furnished amusement to British athletes and pedestrians. But this corporal laziness is the necessary result of restless mental exertion. Brains have so much to do, that limbs are compelled to be quiescent. 'To get on' in the United States, mind, not muscle, is the prerequisite. Intending emigrants should ponder this.

For artisans there are just now excellent prospects. A great impulse of activity prevails; everything is 'booming' in the most encouraging manner. But British tradesmen must be ready to exchange old methods for new ones, to forget much, and to learn much. I have heard bitter repinings from men who were too rigid to yield to American ideas. Such should remain at home. Anglo-Americans have to work harder than any other people in the world. When I was in Cincinnati, bricklayers were earning a pound a day, and the same rate prevails in many other cities. But the work was far more exhausting than in England. Here a bricklayer is reckoned a good hand if he sets nine hundred bricks per day; a thousand is high water-mark. In the United States, fifteen hundred is the average, and some smart fellows have set two thousand per day. Now, at the outset, most Englishmen find this rapid style simply destructive. And there is no doubt that it taxes the energy of the strong and clever. Yet such is the custom of the trade. For the weak and incompetent, it means exclusion from first-class employment, and banishment to places remote from

thriving cities, where speed is slower, competition feebler, and wages low. Although the standard is so much higher than in England, our immigrants after a period of probation and 'hardening,' are found equal to all comers. An instance of this will be appropos.

A German master-builder was erecting a block of houses, and his employes were exclusively Germans. Four young English bricklayers applied for work. They were newly arrived, and met with several refusals. At length, two were taken on trial. By the end of the week, the four were engaged; by the end of a fortnight, all the Germans were dismissed, and the Englishmen carried the building to its completion. Their power of work, quickness, and steadiness gave them a marked advantage over the Germans. But their determination 'not to be licked' was the real cause of their triumph. That British characteristic tells prodigiously in favour of the Anglo-American, and makes him *facile princeps* amid natives and strangers. These young bricklayers told me they never worked so hard in their lives before, and were glad that a crucial test had revealed to them 'what they could do.' After this breaking-in, they were equal to the highest standard of American labour. One of them soon became an employer, and was making sure tracks for fortune when I last saw him.

What I have said of the building trades applies to all others. Indeed, the higher dexterity, taste, and skill a business requires, the more does the American workman respond to the demand. The plasticity of type to which I have referred is nowhere seen so plainly as in the domain of the useful arts. Germans and Frenchmen have given a finish to American manufactures, that is wanting in our own. Besides, there is a native neatness, the result of a high ideal of excellence. This matter deserves the serious attention of British manufacturers who are losing many markets simply from the clumsiness of their goods. There is rising in the United States a race of artists, designers, and artificers who promise to surpass those of all other nations. The fervour of the climate develops the æsthetic side of man; the clash of millions of eager, inventive minds is producing a standard of excellence that is both novel and exalted; the possibilities of wealth are vastly beyond those of any European state, and the love of the elegant and the beautiful pervades all classes. The inevitable sequence of these conditions must be widespread, all-dominating art. It is seen in the gorgeous public buildings, in the exquisite villas, in the light yet strong furniture, in the beautiful appointments of drawing-rooms and table equipages; while every American lady, yea, though black, is living evidence of an innate taste in dress, that makes the English suffer by contrast. Into every avenue of life this characteristic of taste goes, modifying manners and behaviour, as much as architecture, furniture, dress, ornaments, and tools.

The Anglo-American is, however poor, compelled to be a gentleman. I was gratified to note how quickly insular *gaucheries* and John Bullisms melted away in the solvent atmosphere. Workmen in England are not always careful of personal appearance, though

our young men are becoming so. But in America, after business hours it is impossible to distinguish a man by any external marks of his occupation. Artisans are dressed neatly, stylishly, splendidly, according to individual ideas and income. I have lived in hotels and boarding-houses with working-men whose clothes, deportment, and conversation gave not the least clue to their employments. Good manners are not only expected from all, but are insisted upon. Except in mining regions, where a conglomeration of international rowdies sets up a local code of behaviour, all Americans are urbane. And, by the way, in these mining districts the Anglo-American is equal to the best or the worst. Some of the greatest reprobates and desperadoes claim Old England as their motherland. Indeed, I could mention instances in point that prove our countrymen to be second to none as wielders of the bowie-knife and revolver. Yet, even in these lawless spots, woman is treated with considerate courtesy. The poorest of the sex claim a chivalrous attention. Rarely are brutalities and outrages inflicted upon women; and when they are, a recent immigrant or a drunken madman is the perpetrator.

Refinement of manners is nowhere more conspicuous than in the treatment of children. Anglo-American boys and girls have indulgences, pleasures, and intimacies with their elders quite unknown to their cousins in the East. I was struck with the extraordinary good conduct of children in school. There is a code of high behaviour ruling teachers and scholars that compares favourably with that of England. It was curious to remark, as I had occasion to do, how soon an immigrant's turbulent, irascible, opinionated boys were subdued to the prevailing behaviour.

In all sections of society, in all employments, in all latitudes, Anglo-Americans show 'a grit' that wins them position, wealth, and the good opinion of their neighbours. That intractable conservatism which marks them at home, evaporates in the brilliant air of the New World. They become Americanised. But they do not cease to love the old land; and no people are kinder to their visitors. They receive a Britisher with a warmth of hospitality and a depth of courtesy which prove that the old virtues develop with mind and fortune.

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

CHAPTER XVI.—'THIS IS MY FUTURE PARTNER, LADIES.'

THE dining-room at Lumby Hall was a place furnished for solid comfort's sake and with no regard to show. The walls, the ceiling, and the floor were all of oak. Dark maroon hangings kept a certain air about the chamber, as though to say that eating was not a busy matter here, but a thing to be done in shaded peace, and at what leisure the diner would. The oak floor, save for an edging some foot and a half in width, was deeply carpeted. The pictures on the walls were dull with time. The dim gold of their heavy frames relieved the sombre shades of the

oak panelling, but had no gewgaw quarrel with their age, as any modern gilding would have had. There was no new electro'd look on the silver stands and candelabra. The eyes of ornamental Cupids had grown dark; there were streaks of darkness in the Cupids' silver hair; their noses had grown blunt with the chamois leather of generations of butlers. All things wore a look of comfortable age. Sitting here, you were out of all disturbing influence, unless you were outside it in the literal sense of carrying it within you. There is no great comfort in new things. A new chair, stiff and shiny, sets one's teeth on edge with the creak of its leather, yet untrained to yield. Your old chair has found out all your angles, and is ready to adapt itself to a stranger's. Old shoes, old coats, old wines, old friends, what comfort there is in them! In the society of an old friend, you can lounge as you do in an old jacket; you have no fear of taking the gloss off him, or it. There is a sense of comfort, of long human proprietorship, which has left even it not unmarked with human interest, in old furniture. Not as it stares forlornly at you from the dim dustiness of half-fictitious years in Wardour Street shop windows; but as it stands where it has been wont to stand, in any old chamber familiar to a family. The chairs in which generations of the same house have sat, the table at which generations have dined, the solid square decanters out of which great-grandfathers and great-great-grandfathers poured mirth and jollity—what are new things beside them?

Gerard and his father sat here, well content in the after-dinner hour, the old man sipping his glass of port, the younger his glass of claret.

'And so,' said the senior, balancing the nut-crackers, and looking across the table with a humorous air, 'you won't come up to London?'

'If you wish it, I will come,' answered Gerard. 'Otherwise, I don't care for it.'

'Oh,' hummed the old boy, not unmelodiously, "'There's nothing half so sweet in life as Love's young dream.'" In his youth he had had a famous tenor voice, which, though now a trifle husky, had still something of its old mellow flavour left in it.

Gerard looked up at him, and laughed affectionately. 'Well, dad,' he said, 'why not? You had your day.' There was a little blush upon his face, which was not unbecoming, going as it did with such a friendly candour in his eyes.

'Yes,' the old boy answered, for good port disposes the heart to sentiment; 'I have had my day. I thank God for a tranquil afternoon, and the promise of a quiet evening.' They were both silent for a minute or two, and then he said in his usual tone: 'I'm afraid I must drag you away, my lad, but only for a day. I've been talking things over with your mother; and since you are going to get married, and can't very well do that on your allowance, I have thought of taking you over into the House, and transferring to you, say, half my share in it. Your need never meddle with the business. I would rather you didn't meddle with it. So long as Garling lasts at least, it couldn't be in better hands. When I am gone, except for Milly's share, you will have everything; but I shan't follow King Lear's pattern even with so good a lad as you are. So I shall run up to town to-morrow, have a talk with

Garling—see exactly how I stand—and then go to Bryan, and get him to draw up the necessary papers; and then you must beg away for a day, and come up for the completion of the business.' Gerard would have thanked him; but he went on: 'And now, I've had wine enough, and I'm going up-stairs. Are you coming?' They rose together and left the room arm-in-arm. 'This is my future partner, ladies,' said Lumby senior, entering the drawing-room. 'We must have new blood in the business.'

Mrs Lumby rose and kissed her son, a little tremulously. They were a most united household, and had great love for each other. The coming change had cast a sort of tender shadow on them all. Gerard's marriage would bring about their first real parting.

In the morning, Lumby père, in highest spirits, started for London. It is fine to see a mellow-hearted man living over the morning of his days again in the knowledge of his son's felicities; and old Lumby was a pleasant sight. Snowy whiskers; beaming British countenance, handsomer by far in its well-preserved beginning of age than it had ever been in youth; ancient satin stock, voluminous, with shining buckle behind; white high collar, meeting the silver of his whiskers; hat broad-brimmed, and not too glossy; figure, clad in dull broadcloth, not too portly, but square and solid—the beau idéal of a country gentleman. Arrived in London, he drove to one of those city hostels, once numerous, but disappearing now, if the last of them has not already gone, where the solid mahogany tables and sideboards looked liquid with the polish of a century; where the Butler had known the fathers of all but the most ancient guests, and remembered the room you slept in when you first came up to London; where the table linen was all of the finest, the whitest, and the costliest, and in whose cellars, port 'elbow deep in sawdust slept, as old as Waterloo.' Most people like to be considered somebody, and the very Boots in this ancient hostel knew the House of Lumby and Lumby, and revered its head. He would have been a mere unit in a crowd at the *Langham*, and even there the port could have been no better. When, after luncheon, he walked down to the offices of the firm, the old servitor at the door capped him with a smile; the elder clerks bowed gravely; the younger, with a sense of awe, bent lower at their figures, and sent their quills across the paper with increased assiduity of aspect; and the old gentleman came, in short, like a little monarch of feudal times to his own. His heart was glad in his only son, and he was humbly grateful that it was in his power to lift him above all little worldly anxieties, and set him in the way to happiness. In the fullness of his heart, he stopped to speak to the oldest of the clerks, who had known him when he was a lad, and had gray whiskers when his father had first inducted him into the honour of a share in the firm.

'It is like old times to see you here, sir,' said the honoured clerk.

'Ah!' said Mr Lumby, 'it is like old times to be here.—Where is Mr Garling?'

'He is out at present, sir,' said the clerk; 'we expect him to return at once.'

'Mr Gerard is coming into the firm,' said Mr

Lumby with genial pride. 'These landmarks in life show us how old we are growing—eh, Johnson?'

'They do indeed, sir,' said the ancient clerk, flattered to be the first to hear the news. 'I remember your coming, very well, sir. You were Mr Gerard then.'

'You have spent a pretty good slice of your life here, Johnson, eh?'

'You may say that, sir,' said the old clerk, with a tremulous quaver in his old voice. 'Fifty years to-day, sir!'

'Nonsense!' cried Mr Lumby.

'Fifty years to-day!' the old clerk repeated. 'Half a century, sir. I came here on my fifteenth birthday, and I am sixty-five to-day.'

'Happy returns!' said the head of the firm, offering his hand, which the old man took gratefully. 'Happy returns! Will you come and dine with me to-night, if you have no other engagement?'

'I shall be honoured, sir,' the old clerk answered.

We have new-fangled ways now. Perhaps they are better than the old; but the affectionate veneration of the ancient servitor is rarely now to be seen in these fast-rolling days.

'Shall we say six o'clock?—Very well. We'll have a talk over old times, eh? You won't forget?' The idea of his forgetting!

Mr Lumby went up-stairs, and walked into his own room, where he rang for the *Times*, and sat down to wait for Garling. It was a square little room, hung on three sides with maps, and crowded with one big table and two heavy chairs. One side of it was of corrugated glass and wooden framework, and in this was a sliding door. Beyond this thin partition was Garling's room. Mr Lumby read his *Times*, and waited, with a comfortable heart.

CHAPTER XVII.—'YOU'VE GOT TWO NAMES, HAVE YOU?' THOUGHT HIRAM.

Hiram Search had had some reason to think the world a hardish patch to hoe, to copy the figurative locution of his native land. It had never been easy since he could remember, and of late years it had been full of struggles, which were mostly failures, to make both ends meet. But it is not until a man has tasted happiness that he can appreciate the full flavour of misery. Happily, the reverse also holds good, and a man can find the finer flavours of happiness when misery has cleansed his palate. For a little space, Hiram, like his betters, had been happy, and now came trouble, all the more troublous, as it always has been, for coming on smooth times. The daily crust must somehow be earned, and Hiram was away early and home late, though Mary sat crying at home, awaiting the funeral of her mother. Her father redeemed his promise, and took the funeral charges on himself. It was a poor and simple show, and no mourner followed the plain coffin. Garling paid for it, such as it was, and gave Mary a five-pound note.

'You will hold yourself in readiness for me,' he said; 'and I shall come for you in a day or two. I must make arrangements to receive you.' He gave her an arctic kiss, and went his way; and she, feeling quite desolate, strayed about the

empty house, and longed for Hiram's protecting presence. It was midnight when he came.

'We can't go on in this way, my darlin',' he told her. 'You must give me the right to protect you. 'Taint provident, I know; but there air some situations, where it's wise to be improvident, an' this is one of 'em. We shall have to be careful an' savin'; but we have both had practice at that; an' I fancy I can allays find us in a roof an' vittles.'

'Not yet,' she pleaded tearfully; 'I couldn't marry so soon after mother's death.'

'We must find you cheerful lodgin's,' said Hiram; 'an' I must begin to turn round pretty sharp, an' look for some other kind o' labour, an' when I've got it, we must be married as soon as possible. 'Taint to be thought on, as I should leave you alone in the world a minute longer 'n I can help.'

'But Hiram,' she said timidly, clinging to him—'my father?'

'Wall,' said Hiram, looking on a sudden as hard and as keen as a razor, 'what about him?'

'He is coming to take me away,' she answered.

'Is he?' said Hiram. 'Air you goin' with him?—No, my blossom. I don't want to speak any harm of him; but he's got no claim over you or your doin's—none. His noo-born yearnin's 'll ha' to wait, I fancy. He choked 'em down, it seems, for nigh on a score o' years, an' now he can jest keep on chokin' 'em for my convenience.'

'He is coming to take me away with him,' she said.

Hiram treated this lightly. 'Don't go with him,' he answered, and thought that question settled. Then he kissed her tenderly, and went up to bed, but not to sleep. How to make a living? Such a living as would leave some margin over bare necessity, something, not luxury, but comfort, for his little girl? He could make nothing of the problem yet, and the schemes he devised had all some flaw in them.

The afternoon of next day, being Saturday, brought Garling back again. 'I am here,' he said, 'to take you home.'—She shrank from him.—'Are you ready?'

'No,' she answered, in fear of him.

He sat down, saying coldly, with an air of reproof, that he would wait until she had finished her preparations.

'But,' she said, scarcely knowing how she found courage enough to say it, 'I am not going.'

'You are in error,' he answered drily. 'Get ready at once, if you please.'

With a sort of desperation, such as a mouse might feel if in extremity it found the heart to face a terrier, she said again: 'I am not going. I have promised not to go.'

'You have promised? Whom have you promised?' he asked, looking darkly at her from beneath his brows.

'I have promised not to go,' she repeated with hysteric courage.

'You are of course aware,' he said coldly, 'that I, as your father, have complete control over you until you come of age. You are not yet twenty, and my control will continue for at least fifteen months. I promised your mother that I would exercise it, and I will.'

'Why did you leave us?' she panted. 'Why should I trust you to be good to me? I will not go.'

'Your mother,' he responded, coldly as ever, 'could have told you why I left you. I am a man, and cannot speak scandal of the dead.'

'You speak scandal,' she panted back again, 'in saying that you cannot speak it. I won't believe it—I don't believe it. My mother was a good woman, and you left her—you left her cruelly. I will not go with you.'

He had cared little enough to take her; but scoundrel as he was, he had not had the heart to refuse her mother's prayer; and though he had striven to beat the feeling down, he had it in his mind that there was some terror in wait for him if he should break his promise. But though he came reluctantly enough, the girl's opposition decided him as firmly as though her society were a necessity of life to him. Her reiterated refusal spurred his halting purpose. It was years since anybody had disputed an order of his, and the denial stirred his blood pleasantly.

'It is not a matter,' he said calmly, 'in which you can exercise a choice. I order, and you must obey.' He kept his eyes upon her until hers sank before them. He knew the virtue of that stony glance of old. It had helped to break her mother's spirit, and to make her the mere creature of his will. 'I wish to treat you kindly,' he went on; 'but I shall insist upon obedience, instant and complete. My method is decisive in all matters. I give you ten minutes in which to make ready. If you are not ready in that time, you will go as you are.'

'I will not go,' she protested wildly.

'You do not understand. Permit me to explain. I have a legal right over you. The first policeman in the street will see you into my cab at my order.'

What was she to do? She knew no better. 'What have I ever done to you?' she cried. 'I have lived by my own earnings, and I can do so still. You were cruel to my mother, and you broke her heart, and now—'

'And now,' he said, 'time flies. Obey me. Not a word, at your peril.'

Cowed by the brutal and contemptuous tone, and not able to guess how far his rights might stretch, or how far he would carry them, she left the room, and blinded with tears, mounted the staircase. Suddenly, as she stood disconsolate in her chamber, shaken with her own weeping, she clasped her hands at a thought, and falling on her knees, drew, from a shabby papered box which held all her belongings, a sheet of paper and a pencil: 'DEAR HIRAM,' she wrote—'My father is here. I am obliged to go. Pray, oh, pray find me. Live here, and I will send you my address; but he will watch me.—MARY.'

She crept on tiptoe to Hiram's room, and pinned the paper to his pillow, and then crept back again. Ah, there was hope! Hiram was clever, and brave, and strong. He would find her, and deliver her. She could surely manage to convey to him the news of her whereabouts; and he would find her, though the cruel father buried her underground. She knew nothing of the world; but why was she a woman, but to know that it would be wisest now to play at

resignation? She packed with trembling fingers, in haste, as though every hurried motion brought Hiram and her rescue nearer. When she descended, her father sat with his watch in his hand.

'You are ready? Where is your luggage?' She told him; and he called in the driver of the cab which stood before the door, and ordered him to bring it down. 'Come,' he said to his daughter, with cold discourtesy; 'get in first.' She passed the threshold; and he, having dropped the hasp which held back the main lock, followed, and they were driven away.

When Hiram returned that night at his usual hour, the door was locked against him. But he, being a man of expedients, and unwilling to disturb Mary, dropped over into the area, and entered by the kitchen door, supposing that the hasp had fallen by accident. There was nothing to warn him of his sweetheart's disappearance, except that his candle was not in its usual place upon its ledge in the narrow hall; but he disregarded that, and crept silently up-stairs. He struck a light in his own room, and glancing round it, saw the paper on his pillow. By the flame of the match, he read 'Dear Hiram,' and the name by which the note was signed. Before he could master a word beyond this, his frail light went out. He had no other; and in his anxiety to read the missive, he crept quietly down-stairs, not guessing even yet that he was alone in the house, and that the jewel which made it like a casket to his mind, had been stolen away. The night was gusty, and the wind in sudden bursts moaned up and down the streets like a houseless wanderer, uncertain where to go. He could find no light in the kitchen; but remembering how he had entered, and hearing how the wind shook the thin latch, he shot the bolt; and mounting the stairs as noiselessly as a ghost, he opened the front door, and leaving it ajar, went on tiptoe to the nearest street lamp, and there read the letter. Standing amazed and uncertain, with a chill sense of dismay upon him, he heard a sudden clap, which sounded like the explosion of a small cannon, and the wind came hurrying by with a hoarse rejoicing murmur. He darted back to the door, and found it closed. The house was locked against him.

This small disaster affected him curiously. It was like a bad omen; and he stood before the closed and deserted house like one whom the whole world had cast out. Shaking off his dejection, he walked, slowly at first, but more and more briskly as his thoughts shaped themselves, and the mental way grew clear before him, to a coffee-house he knew; and paying his sixpence for a bed, retired, and in spite of trouble and anxiety, slept fairly. He was astir betimes in the morning; and having secured a half-sheet of note-paper and a few wafers, he wrote, 'Letters next door at No. 97,' and walking to the house, fastened that legend over the letter-slip. Then came the routine of the day. Every time the omnibus passed the house in Fleet Street in which were situated the chambers of that Mr Martial to whom Hiram had once carried a message, the conductor mounted to the roof of his vehicle and stood there, scanning the windows eagerly. That afternoon—so simple seemed the knot which

Hiram had to untie—he saw Mary, caught her glance, and exchanged a signal with her. But he could not leave his post; and though he passed the house again twice before the daylight faded, he saw her no more. On the morrow, he secured a substitute to perform his duties, but was informed by a superior official that if this kind of thing went on, he would be dismissed.

'If that's so,' said Hiram, 'I shall be sorry; but it is as maybe.' It was but a poor way of earning a living, after all, and he was every day more anxious to break from it. Perhaps, if he could once be bold enough to leave it, he would pitch upon something better. He rode up to the house, dropped from the omnibus, and rang the bell. After some delay, Garling himself responded to the summons. He was dressed for the streets; and after one keen glance at Hiram, he came out, closed the door behind him, and walked eastward, as calmly as though his visitor had been invisible. Hiram followed; and at the touch of a finger on his shoulder, Garling stopped and faced about.

'What do you want?' he demanded.

'A word with you,' said Hiram in reply.

'It was you,' thought Garling in his secret mind, 'to whom she gave the promise not to go.' But he only said aloud: 'Speak your word;' and turned upon his heel again, leaving Hiram to follow. If he hoped to shake off the intruder, he was mistaken; the unwelcome hand was again upon his shoulder, so firmly this time as to bring him to a stand-still.

'I want to see Miss Martial,' said Hiram.

'Remove your hand, sir,' returned Garling coldly.—Hiram for sole answer moved him a little to and fro, as though to hint his own preparedness to shake a favourable answer out of him.—'Officer!' said Garling. A policeman paused in passing. 'This person annoys me.' It was so icily done, with a self-possession so perfect, that for a second Hiram was confounded, and he permitted Garling to withdraw himself and walk on. His perplexity lasted for a second only, and he followed at an easy pace, satisfied for the present to allow the cashier a start of ten or a dozen yards. Garling, looking not to right or left, went calmly on, with his hands clasped behind him, as his habit was, and Hiram followed him. Garling, with his wry forbidding smile bent downwards, surrendered his visitor as vanquished, and betook himself to thoughts of other things.

'Where you go, I go,' said Hiram quietly within himself. 'I'll have somethin' out of you afore I've done, as sure as water's wet.' Threading in and out among the passengers, he pursued the figure in front, and never took his eyes from it. Garling moved aside for nobody, but walked slowly, as though in green meadows, with not a soul in view, and everybody made way for him—which is the triumph of your impassive and unyielding men. Along Fleet Street, up Ludgate Hill, through St Paul's Churchyard, Hiram followed, and by this time treading pretty close on Garling's heels, pursued him into quiet Gresham Street.

'Mr Garling,' said a man in passing.

'Yes,' said Garling, walking on.

The man turned and walked with him. 'The Emerald Isle sails this evening; but the whole

consignment cannot be completed until to-morrow. Shall we send part by the *Emerald Isle*, or keep it all for the *Ohio*, which sails on Wednesday?

'Keep it for Wednesday,' answered Garling, without looking round or pausing in his walk. It was wonderful how for twenty years this chill abstracted manner had kept everybody about the House of Lumby and Lumby in awe of him.

'You've got two names, have you?' thought Hiram. 'That's a pull, to begin with.' The clerk who had addressed Garling had the air and manner of a gentleman, and the profound respect of his approach implied a high authority in the man he spoke to. At the wide door of the offices, the porter saluted Garling and received no response. On each side of the entrance was a small brass plate bearing the simple inscription, 'Lumby and Lumby.' The name struck a clear note in Hiram's memory. It was a man bearing that name who had lifted him out of the Slough of Despond less than half a year ago. He followed Garling, and no man spoke to him. The cashier had ceased to think of him; and if he noted the footsteps behind him at all, he took them for those of an employé of the House. And Hiram followed Garling so calmly, the clerks supposed that Garling knew of him, and had brought him to the office. Up-stairs and along a corridor, and then through a little door went the cashier; and Hiram pursued leisurely. At the sound of Hiram's entering footsteps, Garling turned. A flash of surprise passed over his face and left it calm again. He rang the bell; and a clerk came in response to it.

'Bring a policeman,' said the cashier calmly.

The clerk, with a glance at Hiram, retired.

'I am not alarmed,' said Hiram quietly; 'an' now we air here alone, we can have it out together quiet and comfortable; can't we, mister? Very well then. Here's the case as it stands. Your cards air these: You've got the little gell in your own hands, an' you're her father. My cards air: That you married in a false name; that you let the wife of your bosom starve to death if it hadn't been for the cherity o' strangers; an' that you air open to a charge of abduction. Honest folks don't kerry aliases, Mr Garling-Martial or Martial-Garling, or what your name is. While you're calling for a policeman, you'd best give a wholesale order, an' have enough to take the pair of us. I charge you with abduction. If you have a right to the little gell, you have to prove it. You can establish your claim, mister, by admitting an illegal marriage.'

This was a bold shot; but it hit the very white of Hiram's expectations. A gray hue crept cloudily over the natural colours of Garling's face, and he fixed a deadly glance on Hiram.

'Look as ugly as you can, mister,' said the unwelcome visitor calmly. 'Nature's hand has been bountiful in that direction.—Walk in, officer.'

'Wait down-stairs,' said Garling to the policeman, standing in the doorway.—'What do you want of me, when all is said?' he asked of Hiram.

'I want my plighted wife, Miss Mary Martial, out of your wicked clutches,' he responded.

'If I refuse to surrender her?' asked Garling.

'Then I go to the first police court,' returned Hiram, 'an' charge you with abduction by force.'

'What proof have you that she came unwillingly?'

'A letter in her own handwritin'.'

'Will you show me that letter?'

'Yes,' said Hiram; 'I will hold it up afore you. But if you offer to lay a hand on it, I shall prob'ly twist your wicked head off.' He held up the note, and Garling read it.

'What position have you to maintain a wife?' he asked.

'That is not the point,' said Hiram, folding up the letter. 'I've got the whip-hand, Mr Martial, an' I'm goin' to exercise my power, Mr Garling. Get up. You don't want Lumby an' Lumby to know your villainies, you hoary-headed reprobate.' Another shaft discharged at half hap-hazard; but it entered Garling's heart, and Hiram saw it, impassive as he was to look at. 'High in the confidence of a respectable British house, 'taint wholesome to be foolin' round, marryin' onder false names, an' starvin' wives, an' abductin' gells!'

How much, thought Garling, did the man know? How much was guess-work? He was too dangerous to be trifled with. 'Come to the point,' said Garling. 'What do you want me to do?'

'I want you to come now, without a minute's loss, an' surrender Miss Mary Martial to my care. An' if you delay one minute by the clock, I bring my charge.'

'Come with me,' said Garling, rising; and they left the room together.

'What horrible mystery is here?' said the head of the great firm, sitting white and wonder-stricken in the next apartment. Every word had reached him. '*Garling* under an alias. *GARLING!*' Incredible! 'Married? Left his wife to starve?' Incredible again. And true, for he himself admitted it.

LITERARY LARCENY.

Not long ago, an expeditious rascal stole a transcript of the *De Consolatione* of Boethius, 'the last of the classics,' from the Vatican, and within a few hours sold it to another library in Rome. This rapid act of theft and barter was not the work of an ordinary thief, we may be sure. No one ever heard of a burglar ransacking a library; its treasures are not fish for his accommodating net. There are indeed petty rogues who lighten the railway book-stalls, and for whom the dealer in second-hand books lies in wait behind the open shelves within reach of every street-lounger's fingers; but, as a rule, books are caviare alike to the professional thief and the 'fence,' but for whom his occupation would be gone.

Nothing comes amiss to the soldier when looting is the order of the day. In the general scramble for plunder, he takes anything ready to his hand, as heedless of its worth or worthlessness as Bardolph, when he stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues and sold it for three-halfpence. One of the few surviving relics of the ancient library of Peterborough Cathedral is the *Chronicle* of Hugo Candidus, rescued from the clutches of a marauding soldier of the Commonwealth, who, giving up his prize on the payment of ten

shillings for its ransom, wrote on the fly-leaf: 'I pray you let this Scripture Book alone, for he hath paid me for it; therefore, I would desire you to let it alone. By me, Henry Topclyffe, souldier under Captain Cromwell; therefore, I pray let it alone, HENRY TOPCLYFFE.'

Better aware of the value of such things was Captain Silas Taylor, who 'garbled' the library of Worcester Cathedral; that is, culled from it whatever he had a mind to appropriate. Among the treasures he carried away was the original grant of King Edgar; which he afterwards offered to sell to King Charles II. for a hundred and twenty pounds; but His Majesty not being inclined to pay the price, the precious document remained in the Captain's possession until, evil days coming upon him, his belongings were seized by his creditors. Then Aubrey tried hard to persuade the prebends of the cathedral to purchase it back; but, says he, 'they cared not for such things; and I believe it hath wrapt herrings by this time.'

During the first hubbub of the Restoration, certain persons made a turbulent entry into the office of the Commissioners of Lands, in Lambeth Palace, and ransacked the records kept there, not a little to their diminution. Half a century later, Archbishop Parker's *De Antiquitate Britannicæ Ecclesiæ* disappeared from the shelves of the Palace Library, finding its way home again in 1757, as a gift from the Bishop of Durham; an honest acquisition to the archiepiscopal collection than certain manuscripts brought from the collegiate house of the Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem, under the pretence of examining and collating them, but never returned to their proper abiding-place.

If the cathedral libraries have suffered much from depredators, it is principally by reason of the carelessness or dishonesty of their official custodians. Concerning that of Lincoln, bibliographically famous for the books it does not possess, Edwards writes: 'The chief spoliator was so proud of his booty, that he took pains to commemorate the transaction as well as to turn it to profit. Among the choice volumes enumerated in "The Lincoln Nosegay, beyng a brefe table of certain bokes in the possession of Maister Thomas Frognell Dibdin, Clerke, which bokes be to be sold to him who shal give the moste for the same," are Caxton's *Dictes and Saynges of Philosophres*, his *Chronicles of England*, his *Cathon*, Pynson's *New Cronycles of England and of France*, the Edinburgh Bible of 1579, and a curious series of Tracts in early-English printing—all part of the collection of Michael Honeywood, Dean of Lincoln in the middle of the seventeenth century, the great restorer of the cathedral library.' The depletion of the library was commenced before Master Dibdin's day, the Dean and Chapter having disposed of numbers of old books to raise the wherewithal to purchase more modern works; while the vergers had long been in the

habit of cutting illuminations out of manuscripts, to sell to visitors. This practice was also in vogue at the Leicester Free Library, where a valuable Arabic manuscript, a manuscript Latin Bible, and a copy of Purchas's *Voyages* were bartered away piecemeal.

'What matter a few dirty black-letter leaves picked out of a volume of miscellaneous trash—leaves which the owner never knew he had, and cannot miss—which he would not know the value of, had you told him of them?' is the conscience-salving question the author of *The Book-hunter* ascribes to mutilating biblioklepts; as though they confined their operations to robbing ignorant and non-appreciative book-owners, which is by no means the case. Aynon cut fifteen leaves out of Charles the Bold's famous Bible of St Denis, two of which were afterwards recovered, the other thirteen figuring among the Harleian Manuscripts in the British Museum. Vespasiano, librarian to Duke Frederick of Urbino, was not providing against imaginary dangers in laying it down that a librarian 'must preserve the books from damp and vermin, as well as from the hands of trifling, ignorant, dirty, and tasteless persons. To those of authority and learning, he ought himself to exhibit the books with all facility; courteously explaining their beauty and remarkable characteristics, the handwriting and miniatures, but observant that such abstract no leaves.'

Men of learning might well come under the Italian librarian's suspicion, or bibliomania have been terribly belied. Aubrey accuses Dr Thorndyke of filching Camden's Autobiography from him as he lay dying. Pinelli was credited with obtaining many of his most valued literary curiosities by the skilful use of his fingers. Monsignor Pamphilio was detected by Du Montier slipping that collector's cherished copy of the London edition of *L'Histoire du Concile de Trente* under his robe; whereupon the angry painter seizing hold of the thief, shook him until the stolen book fell at his feet, to be picked up by its owner, ere he showed the future pope his way out in a very summary and ignoble fashion. More, Bishop of Ely, was charged with enriching his collection of books by plundering the libraries of the clergy of his diocese, paying some with more modern works, some with sermons, and some in no way at all. It was a friend of the prelate who, being caught by a visitor in the act of putting a rare volume under lock and key, explained that the Bishop of Ely was coming to dine with him that day. When Sir Robert South wrote to Sir Robert Cotton to appoint a meeting between him and the founder of Oxford's famous library, he thought it necessary to caution his friend not to leave any valuable books of portable dimensions lying about within Sir Thomas Bodley's reach. Under the pretext of verifying certain statements of Camden, Cotton got possession of sundry public papers, and then successfully resisted all the efforts of their proper custodians to obtain their return. Remembering this, when Agarde, the keeper of the Exchequer Records, died somewhat suddenly,

the keeper of His Majesty's Papers and Records wrote Sir Ralph Winwood that Cotton would be sure to seize upon all the dead official's papers, if not anticipated by a prohibitory warrant.

Cotton's aptitude for appropriating state documents was shared by many a man of note and name. In James I.'s reign, Lord Carew borrowed four books of Irish records from the State Paper Office, and returned but three; and Lord Suffolk held fast to two boxes full of important documents. Milton not only helped himself to the records at Whitehall, but allowed Bradshaw, Thurloe, and others to do the same so freely, that upon Raymond entering upon his duties at the Restoration, he reported that many books, papers, treatises, and records were missing, while none of the state papers of the Commonwealth were to be found. Sir Samuel Morland informed a certain great minister that John Thurloe had four great chests full of papers in his possession; but the minister delayed issuing an order for their seizure, 'for reasons to be judged; and then Thurloe had time to burn them that would have hanged a great many, it is thought, if they had been suffered to speak; and he did certainly burn them all except some principal ones culled out by himself.' A warrant was issued when too late, giving Raymond authority to seize any state papers wherever he could find them. Lord Gerard's Life-guards brought some to light when they attached Bradshaw's goods; but the greater portion of the lost property was beyond recovery. In later days, Lord Shelburne, Lord Egremont, and General Conway, plundered the State Paper Office of various volumes, foreign papers, and the records of Frobenius's Voyages; and Henry VIII.'s papers were appropriated by Lords Cherbury and St Albans.

An essayist of the last century did not scruple to aver that if the libraries and cabinets of collectors were stripped of their borrowed ornaments, many of them would have nothing to show but empty drawers and bare shelves. He professed to know a literary virtuoso who piqued himself upon his collection of scarce editions and original manuscripts, most of which he had purloined from the libraries of others. He was always borrowing books of acquaintances with a resolution never to return them; sending in a great hurry for a particular edition, which he wanted to consult for a moment; but when its return was solicited, he was not at home; or he had lent the book to somebody else; or he could not lay his hand upon it just then; or he had lost it; or he had himself already delivered it to the owner. Sometimes he contented himself with stealing one volume of a set, knowing where to procure the rest for a trifle. After his death, his library was sold by auction, and many of his defrauded friends had the pleasure of buying their own property back again at an exorbitant price.

A little later on, a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* commenting on Gough's insinuations against the honesty of Rawlinson and Umfreville, says: 'One might point out enough light-fingered antiquarians of the present age to render such a charge extremely probable against earlier ones.' We would hope that the bibliophiles of our own time are not equally oblivious of the distinction between mine and thine; but one who should

know them well deposes: 'Some collectors have a propensity to obtain articles without value given for them—a culmination of a sort of lax morality apt to grow out of the habits and traditions of the class. Your true collector considers himself a finder, a discoverer, rather than a purchaser; and it is the essence of his skill to find value in those things which in the eye of the ordinary possessor are really worthless. From estimating them at little value, paying little for them, the steps are rather too short to estimating them at nothing, and paying nothing for them.'

Possibly, it is only scandal after all. If it be a true bill, the over-fond lovers of rarities of the press have been lucky in not being brought to book for their knaveries. Don Vincente, the Barcelonese priest, did indeed pay the penalty; but he was a man of many murders, as well as a man of many books; it being his way to sell a rare volume, and regain it again by putting a dagger in the purchaser's heart. Outbidden in a competition for a copy of *Ordinacions per los Gloriosos Reys de Aragon*, he strangled the buyer in his own shop three days afterwards, and by adding arson to murder, prevented his crime being even suspected. It had been plain to the authorities for some time that the dagger-slain men whose bodies were found in river, street, and ditch, had not come to their deaths accidentally; hence, after this additional case of strangling, the police set about searching every house in the city, and when they lighted upon the *Ordinacions* in Don Vincente's possession, their quest was ended. He at once confessed everything, and was duly arrested and arraigned. At the trial, his counsel argued that the confession was false, and that his client had got his books honestly; meeting the objection that one of them, printed in 1482 by Lambert Palmart, being unique, must have been stolen from a certain library, by proving that there was a copy in the Louvre; whereupon the accused exclaimed that he was a miserable man. 'It is never too late to repent,' said the Alcalde, thinking the priest had come to a proper sense of his crime; a belief quickly dispelled by the incorrigible bibliomaniac's reply: 'Ah, Signor Alcalde, my error was great indeed; my copy was not unique!'

The powers that be are privileged to despoil private individuals in the public interest; so we must not say the Ptolemies practised book-stealing by wholesale, when they compelled passengers on board vessels touching at Alexandria, to surrender their literary belongings for the enrichment of that city's library. At anyrate, their intentions were more honourable than those of the Spanish and Italian monks who overran Bohemia after the Thirty Years' War, and who were commissioned to enter the houses of heretics and carry away every Hussite book they could find; a commission so thoroughly executed, that one of them was able to boast that he had seized and destroyed sixty thousand volumes. How many priceless examples of Bohemia's ancient literature thus perished, none can tell. The destruction then wrought made any relic of it so precious, that the directors of the National Museum at Prague were much elated by the receipt, in 1813, of a manuscript of four pages, with a note from the anonymous

donor, stating that it had been discovered by him in the archives of the house he served; and knowing it would be destroyed if its owner became aware of its existence, he had sent it to the Museum, to secure its preservation. It proved to be *The Judgment of Libussa*, a poem of the eighth century, and the most ancient relic of Slavonic literature extant. It was afterwards ascertained that the patriotic sender was Hovar, steward to Count Colloredo Mansfeld, at Zelena Hora, who deserves to be remembered as the perpetrator of a most praiseworthy theft.

PAVEMENT PORTRAITS.

A HOUSEKEEPER.

ALONG the Strand, a living stream of human beings is for ever pouring. Of all the many streets with which I am acquainted, I know none which is so full of never-ceasing vitality as that leading from Charing Cross to Fleet Street. The tide of human life in this thoroughfare ebbs and flows, but it never runs out altogether. In most streets there is a period during every four-and-twenty hours when 'nature seems dead,' and not a soul is to be seen; but not so in the Strand. There are always people moving along sufficient to show that it is an active human watercourse, as little likely as its neighbour the Thames to be drained of its stream.

North and south of the Strand run, at right angles to the parent river, so to speak, numerous small rivulets, which in their sluggish quiet, their dull demureness, their contrast in these respects to the main thoroughfare, may be likened to the sleepy back-waters or the tame little tributaries of a great tidal way on which sea-going ships are borne. And as men tired of a long day's rowing, turn their boats up back-waters and tributaries, and pitch their tents on the shore, 'far from the madding crowd,' so on each side of these drowsy streets are encampments of men who are daily factors in the turbulent tide of London life. Here, in short, are to be found in abundance chambers and the class of men who live therein; and in this region flourishes also that unique specimen of womankind the Housekeeper, the Platonic squaw in the social Indian's wigwam. What my housekeeper—that is to say, the good woman whose grandson I rescued one bitter morning in January from being run over by a Pickford's van in Bedford Street, Strand—would say to being called a 'squaw,' I hardly dare to conceive; so I will not attempt to imagine her feelings under such circumstances, but will describe her person as she appeared when first I saw her.

The little boy—the one who nearly fell a victim to the van—was standing on the great square doorstep of a house consisting entirely of chambers. He was going off to school, as the slate under his arm bore evidence; and an elderly female was on her knees adjusting his comforter round his neck, and rubbing his face with a whity-brown handkerchief. The operation over, the elderly female gave the boy a good loud smacking kiss on the cheek and a pat on the back, and so started him off; and a moment after, I had seized him, and, as I have intimated above, prevented what perhaps may prove

to be a remarkable career from being cut short on the threshold by an unexpected and carelessly-driven van. The incident was over in a few seconds, and the boy was restored to the arms of the housekeeper, who promptly spanked him, and drove him sobbing up-stairs, and then turned to thank me. That was how I came to know my housekeeper.

About five feet six in height, this woman, clothed in black bombazine, resembled an exaggerated extinguisher in shape and colour. She had a fair circumference at the hem of her dress, a smaller one at the waist, a still more restricted circle at the shoulders, and a regular little knob of faded black ribbon and lace at the top of her head. The face under the cap was corrugated with conflicting emotions: joy at the escape of the child, anger at his having run into danger, and gratitude to me for saving him. It was difficult to say which feeling was uppermost, until the housekeeper spoke.

'Indeed, sir,' she said, with a strong, very strong, Cockney accent, 'if it 'adn't been for you, 'e'd 'ave been run over; an' run over 'e will be, as sure as ever I'm a-standin' 'ere, one o' these days. Them boys, they never looks which way they're a-going; an' it's a marvel to me as many more on 'em than is isn't run over wi' them vans a-careerin' about the place in that shameful way. I've no patience wi' them.' Then the bombazine extinguisher turned and disappeared at the far end of a dusty passage, where was a staircase leading to the chambers, and dissolved in the murky gloom of the corridor, as if she were but a 'pilgrim shadow,' instead of a very solid housekeeper.

Shortly after this—my first—interview with the housekeeper, I became acquainted with the interior of the house wherein she lived, through a friend of mine taking chambers there; and in time I grew quite intimate with her. In the course of many talks I had with her, I discovered that the housekeeper was, in her way, a curiosity; a sort of crystallised Cockney, whose mind, instead of being 'widened' by the surrounding influence of the 'thoughts which shake mankind,' affecting all great cities—London particularly—had become 'fossilised' by the conditions under which she lived; stifled by dusters, bounded by brooms, and circumscribed by the very narrow circle within which the home wants of half-a-dozen Bohemian bachelors are contained. Her ideas were limited to bed-making, breakfast-preparing, and tea-finding for 'her gentlemen,' as she called the lodgers. Her sympathies were confined to the welfare or otherwise of these unconscious objects of her solicitude; her affections were concentrated on her only unmarried daughter, a young woman of somewhat flighty disposition; on her little grandson Tommy, who seemed to prefer living with grandma to living with his parents; and, in a mild way, on her husband, a gentleman whose region seemed to be the coal-cellar.

The last-named object of the housekeeper's interest was frequently alluded to by her in a half-contemptuous way as 'that man.' He was described as being 'no good' whatever, and certainly no ornament. He was said to be 'past work,' and a great sufferer from 'wind round the 'art;' but whenever Mr Wentletrap's physical

infirmities were mentioned, his wife would inform me, with proud satisfaction in her tone, that there was one thing about Wentletrap with which she had reason to be gratified, and that was, that she had made him keep up his 'club,' although he had long since given up regular work, so that, 'come what might, she would 'ave twenty pound to bury 'im with.' This interesting fact was told me several times, on occasions when the wind round the heart was unusually bad.

The housekeeper is entirely of the town, and knows nothing of country. She has never seen the sea, though she once thought of going to Margate by boat. Her ideas of rural scenery are gathered from Kennington and Peckham Rye, to both of which places she has, to my personal knowledge, made journeys at very long intervals, arrayed in a violet merino dress trimmed with blue bows, a black velvet jacket, a pair of one of the gentlemen's cast-off dogskin gloves, and a chip-straw bonnet adorned with a bunch of cherries. These trips have been planned with infinite pains, and carried out with indomitable perseverance; and they have resulted on each occasion in a bunch of hot-stalked drooping flowers—in which 'old-man' and sweet-william have predominated—and a violent headache.

The duties of the housekeeper are performed with rigorous punctuality and praiseworthy completeness. The nature of those six gentlemen whom she serves demands these characteristics in their somewhat aged landlady, and I can testify to the faithful way in which she serves them.

Her pleasures are few. The annual 'show' of the Lord Mayor, as it moves along the Strand to Westminster, is the principal excitement of the year; and this, with an occasional visit to the pit of a theatre—the Adelphi, which once boasted of Toole and Paul Bedford, for choice—constitutes pretty nearly all that the housekeeper enjoys of amusement. But even theatres are among those things which, owing to her somewhat weak constitution, she is not able often to indulge in. She one day told me that she was not like other people; she wished she was; but she had much to contend with in being burdened with an imperfect digestion, which interfered greatly with her pleasures in life. For instance, she could not go *properly* to theatres; and upon my asking why she was not able to go to such places with as great propriety as the rest of the world, the housekeeper caught up her apron by the hem, along which she drew the thumb and forefinger of her right hand as she answered, slowly and emphatically: 'Because I can't eat oranges like other people. I'm very fond o' them; but they lay so cold inside!'

If the housekeeper's pleasures are few, her pains are many. What with a 'crick' in the back, a 'stitch' in the side, 'spasms' in the chest, 'shooting-pains' in the head, she is hardly ever free from one or more of the ills that flesh is heir to. But with all these afflictions, the victim is, as she has told me herself, the soberest of women that ever stepped. She does not permit her ailments to drive her to alcohol. She is not like that dreadful woman who looks after the chambers over the way, where the gentlemen cannot call their liquor their own, and where they are fortunate if they find any in their sideboards. She don't do such things.

She don't boast of her abstinence. O dear, no! It is inclination, as much as anything else, which makes her abstain. She 'ardly knows one 'sperrit' from another, and she 'ates 'em all.'

Mrs Wentletrap dearly loves a gossip. If my friend is not at home when I call, down the stairs at the sound of my knock, from her own suite of apartments under the slates, comes the housekeeper, ostensibly to receive any message, but really to tell me how Carry, her daughter, is going to be married; how Tommy, her grandson, will go and play with a 'rabble o' boys' on Charing Cross Bridge; how Mr Wentletrap could not get the scuttle higher than the second floor this afternoon 'because o' the wind;' or, far above all these minor matters, how her own 'cricks,' 'stitches,' and 'spasms' have 'worrited' her of late.

She honours me with her confidence; and I am sure I ought to have felt very proud when one day I was actually invited to the housekeeper's attic, there to have a cup of tea. While I was resting myself, Mrs Wentletrap began to talk of her early life. I confess I did not pay much attention to the incidents which she was relating, until, whisking a cloth from off an immense glass shade under which any number of dingy stuffed humming-birds dolefully spread their dusty wings, she suddenly said: 'An' that I 'ave seen better days, I know you will believe when you look at *them*!' Willing to accept the testimony of the birds—or rather, unwilling to doubt the word of the housekeeper—I assented to the probable former existence of the 'better days;' and then the housekeeper sat down on a chair and, looking me earnestly in the face, said: 'I fear, sir, I'm not long for this world. Do you know, I've actually got a new pain! Can you tell me what it means? It's a guzzling!'

'A what?' said I, almost unmed. hbra.
'A guzzling, sir; the about I doubt in that; an' I think it means mis. med that
'Where is it?' I asked. too late
'Ah! there's where it's at, sir; I c^d/the pre say where it is; but all I know is, that it's laid 'old o' the in'ards, an' there it'll stop.'

And so ended my last confidential conversation with the worthy housekeeper.

SECRETS OF SUCCESS.

DEMOSTHENES, when trying to encourage the Athenians in the defence of their country, speaking of Philip, said: 'And again, should anything happen to him; should Fortune, which still takes better care of us than we of ourselves, be good enough to accomplish this; observe, that being on the spot, you would step in while things were in confusion, and manage them as you pleased; but as you now are, though occasion offered Amphipolis, you would not be in a position to accept it, with neither forces nor counsels at hand.' His translator adds: 'Important advice this to men in all relations of life; good luck is for those who are in a position to avail themselves of it.'

If we accept this advice, we find the theory of waiting our turn, or sitting still till Fortune shall throw the prize into our lap, a mistake. We hear men exclaim: 'Well, I can't help it.

What is to be, will be.' Or again: 'It must take its chance.' In these cases, we are afraid the chances are very much against success.

To be successful, nothing should daunt us. If we persevere, determined to succeed, we shall be continually finding help and assistance where we least expect it. When all our efforts fail, and we are sunk to the very brink of despair, Providence steps in, and bids us hope again. Perhaps we can make our meaning more apparent by an illustration. A young man who had adopted literature as a profession, was walking sadly along the streets of Paris, determined to rid himself of his life. Through great privations and hardships had he struggled and persevered, but without avail; success would not attend him, and he had determined to die. As he slowly and sadly pursued his way to the riverside, rain began to fall, and unconsciously he paused beneath a portico until it should cease. Standing by his side, was another, who likewise sought shelter from the storm. As they waited silently together, a portion of the brickwork above them gave way, and the companion of the would-be suicide was struck dead. The magnitude of his contemplated crime came forcibly before the young man's mind, as he saw how wonderfully the hand of Providence had preserved him. Accepting it both as a warning and an encouragement, he started home with renewed vigour and a fresh determination to succeed. He is now one of the greatest of French dramatists.

We will give another illustration, to show how important it is that we should watch for and seize upon small opportunities, without waiting for the time that shall require a mighty effort—a time that may never come. A young man had travelled on foot many weary miles to reach a free college. Arriving at his destination, he told his story, and asked for admittance. But the place was already full. Not liking to tell him plainly in words, the superior filled a glass so full of water that not another drop could be added, and silently held it towards the young man. He understood the sign too well, and turned sadly away. But a moment afterwards his face cleared, and stooping, he picked up a withered leaf; this he carried back, and placed on the surface of the water. The incident was his salvation; for he was at once admitted into the institution. We are here taught that nothing, however formidable it may appear, should daunt us in our way through life; for of a surety, man's extremity is God's opportunity.

Another secret of success is a proper appreciation of the value of time. Samuel Johnson tells us: 'He that hopes to look back hereafter with satisfaction upon past years, must learn to know the present value of single moments, and endeavour to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground.' A learned gentleman who had to wait at a railway station for a train was heard to exclaim: 'Ten minutes lost for ever!' Here is one of the greatest secrets, we had almost said the secret of success. Time waits for no man; therefore should we seize upon every moment for profit. Often, whilst contemplating an action, men will say: 'I must do this, or that, when I have time;' but the time never comes, unless they are determined to find it; for there is nothing in life that men could not find an excuse

for neglecting, were they not compelled by interest or necessity to find the time to do it.

Again, there are men who start in life with every chance of success; surrounded by able and willing friends, with all possible advantages to insure their success, who yet remain in the position they were first placed in; or more frequently, letting slip all the precious advantages they have possessed, eventually become objects of charity—pursued to this end, as they would say, by their evil destiny. And all this without any outward or perceptible fault. There are no signs of substance wasted in riotous living, nor any apparent neglect of business. This, when first looked at, appears very mysterious; but when considered for a moment, it becomes apparent that here there has been no aptitude for seizing the favours of Fortune, no valuation of precious moments, but an easy and fatal faith that all must be well with them.

Another great secret of success is confidence in our own powers; for if we do not believe in ourselves, how can we possibly expect that others will believe in us! A man may have every attribute for success, and yet remain 'a nobody' for life, for want of confidence in his own powers—an over-diffidence, standing silently in the background, when he should come forward to be seen and heard. Such a one will find his want of confidence increased as time passes, until at length there will be such a wide chasm between him and his fellows, that he will find it impossible to cross.

'Waste not, want not,' is an old maxim we will touch lightly upon; not that we think it of least importance. On the contrary, we believe it is one of the most important things of life that we should use carefully the gifts Providence has so bountifully bestowed. There is no greater sin than for a man willfully to waste his substance, as what is unnecessary for his own existence might prove life to others. Bishop Beveridge made such a good rule for his own guidance in these matters, that we may safely term it one of the secrets we are seeking. He determined 'never to spend a penny where it could be better spared, nor to spare it where it could be better spent.' There is no parsimonious spirit shown here; it is simply a practical spending or saving as is really required, and should be well borne in mind by all.

Another great secret of success is the choice of a good wife. Lord Burleigh, in his advice to his son, amongst other things said: 'Use great circumspection in choosing thy wife, for from thence will spring all good or evil; and it is an action of life like unto a stratagem of war, wherein a man can err but once. Inquire diligently of her disposition, and how her parents have been inclined in their youth—neither make choice of a fool; for she will be thy continual disgrace; for then shalt thou find it to thy great grief that nothing is more fulsome than a she-fool.'

There is much truth in the observation that men are what women make them. Although a man need not be subject in any slavish sense to his wife, still he is not unlikely to be influenced by her in some way or other; and fortunate indeed is he who obtains the help meet for him—a loving, careful partner, full of sympathy

and encouragement, smoothing cares and chasing clouds away. How great is the work of our wives!

After all these elements of success, we are still doubtful if the real secret has yet been mentioned. Izaak Walton says: 'Let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estate, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us. I have a rich neighbour who is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh. The whole business of his life is to get money and more money, that he may still get more and more money. He is still drudging on, and says that Solomon says, "The diligent hand maketh rich;" and it is true indeed; but he considers not that it is not necessarily in the power of riches to make a man happy; for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, that there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them.' And in another place he tells us: 'My advice is, that you be honestly rich, or contentedly poor; but be sure your riches be justly got, or you spoil all; for it is well said: He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping.'

These beautifully expressed sentiments of the learned philosopher lead us to ask: Is the true success of life to be gained or looked for in position? Can the man who has successfully traversed the distance between poverty and riches, who has risen from obscurity to fame, be counted successful? We think not, if he lack that greatest of all earthly blessings, Contentment. While it is the duty of every one to endeavour to earn an honest independence, those who fail to achieve riches may still apply to themselves the saying of Richard Lucas, that 'a man may be virtuous though not wealthy; and that that fortune which prevents him from being rich cannot prevent him from being happy.'

SOME CURIOUS SUPERSCRPTIONS.

Nor the least interesting of the many postal curiosities to which the newspapers from time to time give publicity, are those relating to addresses on letters; and it occurred to the present writer, after reading the pleasantly written article on Curious Epistles in a recent number of this *Journal*, that possibly a few selections from his collection of curious superscriptions might interest the reader.

While performing at Bolton in September 1802, Hay, the comedian, received a letter from Charles Dibdin, which bore the following address:

Postman, take this sheet away,
And carry it to Mr Hay;
And whether you ride mare or colt on,
Stop at the Theatre, Bolton;
If in what county you inquire,
Merely mention Lancashire.

A letter bearing the following address was received at the office of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, in February 1880:

To Uncle Toby this missive is sent,
And I'm sure the penny is very well spent.
The weekly newspaper, the *Chronicle* named,
Is in Newcastle and through England famed.
Mr Editor this to mine uncle will give,
And I heartily hope that both may long live.

'Uncle Toby,' it may be well to explain, is the

assumed name of the conductor of the 'Children's Corner' in the paper mentioned.

Shortly previous to the arrival of the above, a communication addressed as under reached the same office:

To Newcastle I want to go;
And, now Post-office dearies,
You'll hand me gently, I trow,
To Editor of 'Notes and Queries.'

Some curious examples were published in the *Chromolithograph* in 1868; these among others:

'Mr —, Travelling Band, one of the Four playing in the street, Persha [Pershore], Worcestershire. Please to find him if possible.'

'E. R —, a cook as lived temperry with a Mrs L —, or some such name, a shoemaker in Castle Street, about No. — Hobern, in 1851. Try to make this out. She is a Welsh person about 5 feet 1 stoutish. Lives in service some ware in London or nabourede London.'

'This is for her that maks dresses for ladies, that livs at tother side of rode to James Brocklip, Edensover, Chesterfield.'

'This is for the young girl that wears spectacles, who minds two babies. 30 Sherif Street, off Prince Edward Street, Liverpool.'

The wag who sent an epistle to 'The biggest fool in the world, Tunbridge,' had little thought, we may be sure, that it would thus be endorsed: 'The Postmaster of Tunbridge cannot decide to whom he should deliver this, as he does not know the writer.'

It is related in an old almanac that at the end of last century a gentleman wrote a letter to a lady of rank in London, addressed thus: 'To the 25th of March, Foley Place, London.' It was delivered in due course at the residence of Lady Day. A glance at the calendar will show that Lady-Day is celebrated on the 25th March.

Two or three years ago, a gentleman at Ayr received a letter the envelope of which had these lines:

Awa tae auld Scotland, and speer for John Graeme,
It's a wide direction, but a weel kent name,
In the New Town o' Ayr, at the auld Brig-en';
He sells a drap whisky—but the postman will ken—
And if ye should fin' him, as I've nae doot you will,
I'm certain he'll no grudge the postman a gill.

An old 'postie,' of Chepstow, Monmouthshire, informs us that he once delivered a letter with this address:

Postman, my hearty,
Use the uttermost dispatch
In taking this letter
To the Inn Bonny Thatch.

John Kitchen the Landlord
A fine old English Host,
Good Cheer was his motto,
Good Ale was his boast.

On Tutshill, near Chepstow,
On the banks of the Wye,
You will find it with ease,
So, old fellow, good-bye.

We are further informed that an epistle having the following duly reached its destination:

Postman, this missive which I send,
Is for a tried and valued friend;

- From England's shores to Ireland's nation—
Mark well the place of destination.
The name is Bird, you'll find the pair,
And young ones, too, in Mountjoy Square,
The number, seven, all snug and neat.
You'll find the nest in Emmett's Street.
- So now to Dublin haste away,
And find the Birds without delay;
They'll clap their wings, and sweetly smile
A welcome to the Emerald Isle.

About the year 1850, a Mr Carver was the recipient of a communication from Nottinghamshire bearing these lines. They were published in the *Leeds Mercury* at the time :

I request, Mr Postman, this letter you'll send
To George Carver, my brother, a trusty old friend;
He makes bricks and tiles without straw or stubble,
Free from Egyptian bondage, tho' not without trouble.
At Denton, near Otley, in Yorkshire, you'll find him;
The postage is paid, you have no cause to mind him.

One other example, and that the latest that has come under our notice. In June last, the following amusing address on an envelope passed through the Lochee post-office :

Wake up! my bauld Postie o' Bonnie Dundee,
Gather up your auld traps an' mak' aff for Lochee,
By Camperdown Wood an' by Gourdle's stey brae;
Nor linger at Mackie's druin-shop by the way.
Like a flash o' greased lightnin' leave Fowls far behind,
But at Bell's o' Muirloch you may stop to tak' wind;
Gif the maister's at hame, gie him this like a brick,
And, till I come doon, I'll be awn ye a 'sic'.

A MODEL ESTABLISHMENT.

IN Seymour Street, adjoining Euston Station, London, there are two large buildings where about fifteen hundred pens are kept busily employed from nine to five o'clock—with but an interval of half an hour for dinner—every working day except Saturday, when they cease at one. This is the Railway Clearing House. Few outsiders are aware of the importance of this office to the railway service. It is really an association instituted to enable railway Companies in England and Scotland to carry on without interruption the through-traffic in passengers, animals, minerals, and goods passing over different lines of railways, and to afford to the traffic the same facilities as if the different lines had belonged to one Company. It constitutes an impartial syndicate that decides all ordinary disputes between contending Companies. It is regulated by Act of Parliament, and is conducted by a Committee appointed by the directors of the Companies who are parties to it—each Company being represented by a delegate, and ten delegates forming a quorum. They hold at least four stated meetings in the year, when the accounts of the clearing system and the balances due to and from the several Companies are settled and adjusted, the decision of the Committee on any disputed question being final.

Nor is this all. When traffic of any kind passes over two or more different lines, the receipts are divided and allocated by the Clearing House according to the number of miles belonging to each Company over which it has passed. There are fixed charges called Terminals allowed to the receiving and delivering Companies. To the novice, this may seem exceedingly simple; however, it is far from being so. Perhaps railway A

is allowed a toll of so much per ton; B gets a fraction as per agreement; C's tunnel of half a mile is entitled to a share of three miles of ordinary line; D receives a special rate in virtue of his viaduct; E is the joint property of A, B, C, and D; F has so much extra distance by virtue of what is termed running powers—that is, he has the right of running over a portion of another's line; while G perhaps claims something special, but has not yet had his claim conceded, the amount of which must be deducted, and kept in suspense till the claim is settled by the Committee appointed to dispose of such matters.

The work of the Clearing House is so complex that it could only be accomplished by a division of labour. For this reason, it is divided into 'departments,' such as Goods, Live Stock, Passengers, Parcels, Mileage, and Time. Except the last two, the names of these explain themselves. The Mileage deals with carriages and trucks, each of which is traced by its own number. At every junction where one line joins another Company's, the Clearing House has a 'number-taker' stationed, whose business is to take the numbers of each carriage and truck and forward them to London. Here they are duly posted up, and a careful account kept of the number of days they have been absent, so that the Company which has caused the detention may pay accordingly. But for this system, carriages would often go amissing. As matters are conducted by the Clearing House, there can be no dispute between parties. The Time department keeps an account of the time expended upon work. The office expenses are divided; and Companies pay for clearing according to their receipts and the number of items comprising them. It should be mentioned that in the Goods department, sums under five shillings are not divided in the usual way. The clearing of such small sums in the ordinary way would be too expensive. After the Terminals are deducted, the remainder is thrown into what is called the Light Traffic Fund, and divided at the half-year's end in proportion to the heavy traffic of the Companies interested. The other accounts are almost all monthly, and must be correct to a penny. Even a small discrepancy at the last moment would be sufficient to detain every clerk in the department till found.

It must be evident that only under the strictest discipline could such an establishment be carried on. On entering in the morning, the first thing each clerk does is to sign his name in a book. This book is removed at two minutes past nine, and every name not found there declared late. Of course there is a book for every room. Anybody absenting himself from the office without leave, whether from illness or any other cause, may expect a visit from a doctor during the day. His business is not to give professional advice, but merely to report in the interest of the office. To such as choose to avail themselves of it, there is a Medical Club, with a doctor to attend subscribers. The 'lates' tell when holidays come round. A few lates mean a few holidays lost; whereas if there are none, and no errors registered against him, the clerk is entitled to a day or two more than the usual fortnight. Dinner and tea can be had on the premises. The dining-room is capable of seating

some hundred diners; while the culinary department is capable of providing for a like number. As the premises and coals are provided free, a dinner can be had much cheaper than outside.

In connection with the establishment there is a co-operative society, known as the Clearing House Supply Association, which by judicious management has proved to be a success. Grocery, provision, and a large assortment of other kinds of goods can be bought at a trifle over cost price. To prevent peculation, neither storekeepers nor Dining Club servants are allowed to receive money. There are agents appointed throughout the office, who, for a trifling commission, examine the bills, receipt them and take cash. Tradesmen advertise in the price list, offering furniture and other articles which it would be inexpedient to keep in stock, at a reduction of so much per cent., ranging from five to twenty-five. Almost anything of domestic utility can be had in this way; and so can clothes, books, and jewellery.

Promotion usually goes by seniority, if the clerk, tested by examination, proves himself competent to hold a more responsible position. These examinations vary according to the different grades. The clerk must be over a stated age, or longer than two years in the service, before he can apply to be examined, or at least expect the benefits due to a successful examination. Before entering the service, candidates are put to a pretty severe test as to general abilities, though figures are the speciality. The ulterior examinations are confined to a knowledge of the different lines, and the ten thousand and one regulations and agreements that keep all the Companies of England and Scotland working harmoniously together.

There is an Athletic Club, a Chess Club, and a Dramatic Society. Singing is encouraged by occasional concerts, that supply an evening's healthy recreation, especially in winter, when outdoor exercise is attended with many inconveniences. The most flourishing institution of this kind, however, is the Literary Society, connected with which there is a valuable Library of several thousand approved volumes. The principal daily and weekly newspapers are taken, as well as the higher-class monthly magazines. At one time a clerk held the post of librarian, and gave the books out after office hours; but of late years the Library employs a man wholly. From time to time the Office Committee votes handsome sums for new books; and this, with the readers' subscriptions, keeps the Library stocked with the best and latest productions of the printing-press. The Reading-room is kept open till ten at night.

A few years ago, in conjunction with some of the Companies, a Superannuation Fund was started, on very liberal terms to the employes, who only pay one half of the subscription, the employers paying the other half. This arrangement, as may be supposed, was heartily received by those whom it was intended to benefit. There is also a Contingent Fund, supported by a small subscription, which in case of illness gives assistance for a period of three years.

In such a vast establishment, to apportion the work so that every part of the machine may

have enough to do, while no part is strained to the point of collapse, is a task requiring a considerable amount of discrimination. This falls to an official who is termed the head of a division, and who has from thirty to twice that number of men under him. In most departments, the clerks work in couples, one being an 'account-man,' who has charge of the work. It is his duty to attend to all matters of a pelexing nature, while the assistant is kept at what is straightforward. The duties of each are so clearly defined, that shirking is all but impossible. The lazy man, who cannot manage to do his work during office hours, must come back at night to make up lost time. Every month's work must be completed at the appointed day. Strange as this may seem, the process of dividing various sums is mostly done by mechanical means. A circular piece of cardboard moves within a rim of the same material, on a pivot. On both sides of the circle thus formed, there are figures, arranged to a mathematical scale. The movable circle has a cross-bar, which serves the purpose of a handle. Now, say we wish to divide L.1000 by 100 in the proportions of 60, 30, and 10. It can be done in a moment by turning the handle till 100 on the inside scale is opposite 1000 on the outside. Opposite 60, 30, and 10, the answers are found in decimals. Some of the clerks are ingenious and dexterous enough to make these 'wheels,' as they are called, for themselves.

The management of the whole establishment devolves upon the Secretary, a gentleman of such wide sympathies and kindly manner, that the Committee were fortunate in having obtained the services of one who has now served their interests long and faithfully. Possessed of rare administrative abilities, he is also gifted with the peculiar power of impressing his own individuality upon subordinates; and this contributes in no small degree to the good feeling and concord which reign throughout the office.

SERENADE.

Down is the summer's day,
Faded the sun's last ray,
Silent each singing bird;
Vespers are sung and said,
And, as my path I tread,
Never a sound is heard.

Under the moon's full light—
Holy, and calm, and bright—
Gaze I with loving eyes,
Up to the castle tower;
Where, like a sleeping flower,
Sweetly my lady lies.

Moon, with thy virgin beams,
Silver my lady's dreams,
Silver her dreams to-night;
Thou art the lovers' friend,
Watch over and defend
My love till morning light.

M. M.

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FASHION.

At last there appears to be some reasonable hope that the teachings and warnings of physiologists and physicians to the female sex are beginning to bear fruit. There exist signs and symptoms that internal reform in the matter of fashionable follies is at length being inaugurated. The interest taken in the lectures that have been given by Mr Treves, F.R.C.S., at South Kensington, and that evinced in the exhibition of 'hygienic' clothing, would seem to forebode a hopeful era of reform. The very nature of the subject in question indicates that until the ladies themselves are led to adopt the initiative in inducing hygienic changes in raiment, the efforts of the entire medical faculty will be simply unavailing to correct the grievous errors of dress so prevalent in our day and generation. M. Worth, for instance, is far more powerful, as things are, than the College of Physicians; and the flats of a fashionable bootmaker or corset manufacturer are supreme, when compared with the expostulations of the physiologist. The hopelessness of the fight against fashion has of course long been recognised. If, therefore, the health-reformers succeed in enlisting the votaries of fashion on their side, we may not require to look in vain for very sweeping dress-reforms, and for a return, if not to a simpler, at least to a healthier style of clothing.

The truths, palatable or the reverse, that have been expounded by Mr Treves, are anything but new. For years past, every school manual of physiology has taught, directly or indirectly, that to compress and to contract the chest is a process productive of worse evils than can be mentioned either in such a text-book or in a public lecture. The senseless practices still in vogue in the construction of our boots and shoes, and the exceeding injury wrought to the instep-arch by high heels, have formed prominent topics in every health-lecture wherein social customs and ordinary habits have been treated. Follies of eating and drinking; the lassitude and ailments

that follow late, or rather early hours spent in heated ballrooms; the necessity for pure air, and like topics, have been over and over again expounded by the ablest of our physiological teachers. And yet, the results of the spread of health-knowledge have been anything but encouraging. For the tight waists and the high heels are still extant; and life is not regulated, either in the upper classes or amongst the middle and lower classes, with greater skill, or with a larger modicum of common-sense than before. Hence, we repeat, it is with peculiar satisfaction that we find that ladies themselves are entering the lists as champions of an improved hygiene. The main hope of reform lies in the idea that the wives and daughters of this and other generations will educate themselves in the knowledge of the laws of health, and that they will thus become enabled, practically and sensibly, to know these laws, and to abide by them.

The exhibition of hygienic clothing was interesting from more than one point of view. It served to show, for instance, that in the higher education of women the more mundane concerns of dress and attire had not been neglected; since the undergraduates of Newnham and Girton contributed to the exhibition, corsets designed to afford support to the body and at the same time to avoid all undue compression. The exhibition in question also contained exhibits designed to show what could be done to render the ordinary corset a hygienic article of attire; and there was to be seen even a 'hygienic doll,' intended, presumably, for the instruction and edification of the young idea in the art of dressing sensibly. Boots constructed on 'anatomical' principles were likewise on view, and even stockings of improved make were included in the list of exhibits. It would therefore appear that tradesmen and others are at least as willing and able to enlist themselves on the side of physiology, as they are at present compelled to serve the follies of fashion.

But it is evident that beneath the whole question of reform in dress lie the almost

universal conditions of supply and demand. The health-reformers will require to create a demand for the articles they allege to be useful; the supply in such a case being certain to follow. Lectures upon health-topics may aid the creation of demand, by inspiring the public with a distrust of injurious foods and fashions of all kinds, and by aiding the endeavour to attain a higher standard of physical culture. But that human nature is ultra-human where Fashion and use-and-wont are concerned, is of course the most commonplace of truisms. Innovations which offend the canons of so-called fashionable taste, have but an ephemeral existence, as all experience proves. Hence, until hygienic reforms are nurtured and developed under the protecting wing of 'society' itself; and until matrons and maidens of their own free-will, based on physiological teaching, resolve to eschew fashions which are notably injurious to health, reformers can only wait in the hope that the extended knowledge of physiological truths will by-and-by bring about some reformation. It is on these grounds that the present movement amongst women in favour of health-measures is to be commended and fostered. If the endeavours of the sex to aid the work of the physiologist are to be productive of ultimate good, they must, however, be continuous; and it is to be earnestly desired that the movement will speedily assume such a character and force, that no doubt may be entertained concerning the lasting nature of the reform thus inaugurated.

But there exists a wider and yet more practical view of this all-important question of health, in relation to fashion and to the ways of ordinary life. It will not be denied that among the aims of education, that of teaching the boy or girl how to live wisely and well, is one of the most important the teacher can set before his or her mental view. Those who contend most strenuously for fashion-reform, and for the inauguration of a new era in the physical regulation of life, would do well to turn their attention to the education of the young, and to endeavour to promote the teaching of Physiology in every school worthy the name of an educational institution. At the present time there exists plenty of proof that the laws of health and the science of life together form topics concerning which even mere children may amass a very considerable amount of information, when properly taught. Physiology forms one of the topics included under the head of 'specific subjects' in the Educational Code. Teachers even in ordinary day schools, are now provided, by publishing enterprise, with handy manuals on the subject; and succeed in training their pupils to satisfy government inspectors, and to attain a respectable standard of elementary knowledge regarding the human body and its functions. The Science and Art Department examines its thousands of students annually in this branch of study; and it may therefore be maintained that there are agencies of high educational power and value at work, which tend to 'counteract fashionable follies and to lay the foundations of a sound knowledge of sensible living. Probably, no more powerful or more convincing work on 'Education' has been produced within late years than the well-known manual of Mr Herbert Spencer. Much of Mr Spencer's space is devoted

to a defence and advocacy of the teaching of physiology in schools, and there are not a few of his sentences which will bear quoting, when the relations of education to healthy life are discussed. 'If any one,' says Spencer, 'doubts the importance of an acquaintance with the principles of physiology, as a means to complete living, let him look around and see how many men and women he can find in middle or later life who are thoroughly well. Only occasionally do we meet with an example of vigorous health continued to old age; hourly do we meet with examples of acute disorder, chronic ailment, general debility, premature decrepitude. . . . Not to dwell on the pain, the weariness, the gloom, the waste of time and money thus entailed, only consider how greatly ill-health hinders the discharge of all duties—makes business often impossible, and always more difficult; produces an irritability fatal to the right management of children; puts the functions of citizenship out of the question; and makes amusement a bore. Is it not clear that the physical sins—partly our forefathers' and partly our own—which produce this ill-health, deduct more from complete living than anything else? and to a great extent make life a failure and a burden instead of a benefaction and a pleasure?'

These are not merely eloquent words. They possess also the quiet, impressive seriousness of truth; and, moreover, they apply with extreme force to the fruits of the errors which ignorance of health-laws and violation of the commonest principles of physiology assuredly entail. Mr Spencer has another passage which is terribly realistic in its grim force and sarcasm, and thoroughly applicable to the lack of health-training under which the wives and mothers of past generations and of to-day suffer. 'When a mother,' says Mr Spencer, 'is mourning over a first-born that has sunk under the effects of scarlet fever—when, perhaps, a candid medical man has confirmed her suspicion that her child would have recovered had not its system been enfeebled by over-study—when she is prostrate under the pangs of combined grief and remorse, it is but small consolation that she can read Dante in the original.' These words apply with increased force to the higher ranks of life, in which the follies of fashion are most rampant; but there is hardly any sphere of human existence to which they will not apply when the questions of preventable disease and of wrecked lives are brought forward for discussion.

It seems to be the plainest of truths, then, that the radical cure for the follies of life, and for monstrosities of living, is to be found in an improved system of education. If we make a place for physiology in schools, not as an 'extra,' but as a veritable and stable part of the curriculum, we shall be attacking the root of the prevailing evil, whilst health-lectures to adults and 'hygienic exhibitions' are only lopping at the branches of this modern upas-tree of disease. If we send our boys and girls out into the world knowing something of their own bodily structure, we shall at least have armed them against many an error of physical life; and if we have taught them the most elementary aspects of the laws of health, we shall have thrice armed them against their becoming the insensate

blocks whose chests the costumier compresses, and whose feet the bootmaker endeavours to twist and contort with more than a *souppon* of Celestial ingenuity. That which is learned at school too often fades away from the routine of adult life; but that it will be otherwise with the lessons of physiology and health, when these are properly taught, no one may doubt. Few sane persons who grow up in the knowledge of why a free and elastic chest is a necessity for healthy lungs and for a lengthy life, will consent to be twisted and contorted at the will of the fashionable *modiste*; just as a knowledge of the facts concerning the injurious effects of carbonic acid gas, or regarding the abuses of foods and drinks, will afford the surest protection against bad ventilation and intemperance. Health-lectures and expositions illustrated by the *torso* of the Venus de Milo, are well enough in their way; but those alone see where certain and lasting reform is likely to begin, who advocate the bending of the twig when it is supple and pliant, and who demand that the laws of health shall be taught in every school.

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER XVIII.—'UNDERHAND?'

THE ancient Johnson, servitor of the great House for half a century, presented himself in due time at the old-fashioned city hostel and asked for Mr Lumby. Mr Lumby had not yet arrived, and the old clerk sat down in his private room to wait. There was a mingling of early twilight with gaslight in the streets, and the room itself was sombre with much old mahogany. As he waited, the gaslights in the street grew brighter, and the shadows in the room grew deeper. The silence and the shadows and the waiting became in course of time quite unendurable, and the clerk rang for lights.

'Did Mr Lumby name any time for returning?' he asked.

'No, sir; not particular,' said the waiter. 'Least-ways, I think not. I'll inquire.' The waiter drew the blinds, stirred the fire, and having lingered a little, left the room with that air of foiled expectation peculiar to his tribe. Coming again in the course of a few minutes, he said that Mr Lumby had left no word behind him as to the hour at which he would return.

'That is curious,' said the old clerk, with a sort of tremulous disappointed dignity. 'He asked me to dine with him at six o'clock this evening.'

'Sing'lar,' said the waiter, with raised eyebrows—very sing'lar.—'Shall I bring you anythin' while you wait, sir? A glass of sherry and a biscuit, now?' suggested the waiter with an almost filial interest.

'Yes,' said Johnson; and sat there for another hour, crumbling his biscuit, and sipping, very very slowly, at his sherry. Steps came and went upon the stair, bells rang, voices ordered and

voices answered, while Johnson sat wondering and waiting. A step came up the stair, and the clerk, with a sort of weary anger, inwardly declared that he knew it would go by. But this time it came straight to the room, and Mr Lumby entered. The old clerk rose to greet him; but the head of the great House, who was a much bigger man than ancient Johnson, laid both hands upon his shoulders and half forced him into his seat again.

'I am sorry to have kept you waiting, Johnson,' he said. 'I am afraid I have spoiled your dinner. But no man is altogether master of his time, and I have been detained.—Let us see what they can do for us. Better late than never, eh, Johnson?'

'Better late than never, sir,' returned the old clerk. 'Better very late indeed, sir, than not at all.'

'Ay,' said the head of the firm; 'better very late indeed, than not at all.' There was something in his tone which seemed to give the remark a greater significance than the occasion called for; and when the old clerk looked at his employer, he saw a shadow resting on his face, which he had never seen before. 'Better very late indeed, than not at all.' Lumby's voice trailed off, and the shadow deepened on his face. For a minute he stood absorbed in his own thoughts; and then, with a little shaking of the head, he roused himself, rang the bell, and entered into consultation with the waiter and the guest. Soup, sherry, fish, a bird, a cutlet, champagne, port.—'Yessir,' 'yessir,' as the items were told off; and the waiter was gone to put the orders into execution. Lean Johnson, ancient servitor, so felt his visage glow with satisfaction at the arrangements, that he blew his nose in a very big bandana to hide himself, and emerging from his silken refuge, betrayed no more than a twinkling eye might tell.

'And Mr Gerard is coming into the House, sir?' said the clerk.

His employer's eyes were fixed upon the fire with a far-away look.

'Yes,' he said, recalling himself, and shifting in his chair, like one who lets fall an invisible burden; 'Mr Gerard is coming into the House. He is going to be married, Johnson. I suppose that you are a grandfather, long ago?'

'No, sir,' said the ancient servitor gravely; 'I am a single man.'

'You should be quite an irreclaimable bachelor by now,' said Mr Lumby with a laugh. 'Eh, Johnson. Quite the bachelor!'

'Why, yes, sir,' returned Johnson. 'There are two or three of us, sir, in the House. Neale is almost on the shelf by now.'

'Ah,' said Lumby gaily, 'Neale is sixty, I should say.'

'Fifty-eight, sir,' answered the old clerk.—'Then there's Barnes. Barnes is over fifty, young as he looks. And Mr Garling, he's another of the hopeless cases. Eh, sir?'

There was a change in the countenance of the great man; and the shadow the clerk had noted there, came back again. 'You would scarcely fancy Garling a marrying man,' he answered.

'Why, no, sir,' said Johnson. 'Scarcely. Mr Garling is all for business. A long head, sir. I hope you'll forgive the liberty I take, but I've always thought the House was fortunate in Mr Garling, sir.'

'Ye-es,' said the head of the firm, lingering on the word, not doubtfully, but as if his thoughts dwelt on something else.—'Is Garling popular?' he asked suddenly.

'Well, in a way, sir,' said the old clerk. 'He is looked up to. I should say he is as much looked up to as the Bank. People identify him with the House, sir. In another sense, we should hardly call him popular perhaps. A very reserved man, sir, is Mr Garling; not exactly haughty, but reserved.'

'And quite a bachelor, eh, Johnson?'

'O yes, sir, quite a bachelor,' answered Johnson. 'Almost as inveterate a bachelor as I am. He and Neale and Barnes and I are all in the same bag, I fancy, sir. We might make up a quartette party to sing, "To keep single, I contrive"—we four, sir.' The old clerk laughed and rubbed his hands, half at his jest and half at the appearance of the waiter, who came in to lay the cloth; which being done, another waiter came in with a tureen, and another with a decanter of sherry, and a fourth with nothing but a napkin and an air of authoritative supervision.

'You need not wait,' said Mr Lumby; and the quartette withdrew itself—with lingering touches of decanter and table-cloth and salt spoons—as though only half resigned to leave a picture unfinished.—'There are not many business men like Garling, eh, Johnson?'

'Well, sir,' said Johnson, as if he tasted Garling with his soup, and after critical observation, approved of him, 'we think him quite unequalled. Business seems to be his very life, sir. Mr Garling is not a man of whom I should be inclined to speak as a reveller, in any direction, but that's the only word that I can find. He seems to revel in business.' It was evident that Johnson regarded the cashier with an unstinted veneration. With the first glass of champagne, the old clerk drank long life and happiness to Mr Gerard; but he went back to Garling, and as the good viands and the cheerful wine warmed his elderly heart, he chanted his praises higher. 'He doesn't work like a servant, sir, but like a master. You might think, to see how he works, that every business combination was intended to swell his own account at the Bank. But then, it's a delight to him, and that's one proof of his financial genius.'

If the ancient clerk had looked at his employer then, he might have seen the shadow deepen on his face; deepen, deepen, a shadow of mistrust and fear. The shadow of the cashier's ugly secret was on his heart, and fell outwards on his face. Garling under an alias? Garling married? Garling starving his wife? Incredible. And true.

'Yes,' he made answer after a while, 'he has always seemed absorbed in business—too much absorbed, perhaps, to be quite wholesome.'

'Not a holiday for nine years, sir,' said the old

clerk. 'It's wonderful, wonderful.'—The head of the firm sat silent, sipping at his wine.—'And the business seems to absorb him altogether. Quite a lonely man.'

Lumby stirred at that. 'No friends?'

'Since young Martial died, more than twenty years ago, not one intimate friend, I believe, sir. Martial was managing clerk to Messrs Begg, Batter, and Bagg, in Chancery Lane, sir, an eminent legal firm. A most able and promising young man. His death was a great blow to Mr Garling, and I believe he has never formed a friendship since.'

'Perhaps that speaks well for him, Johnson?' said Mr Lumby in a questioning voice.

'I should say so, sir,' the clerk responded—'decidedly, I should say so. Those stern and silent natures, sir, feel deeply.' Elderly Johnson, with his own ancient heart softened and warmed within him, was prepared to take almost a sentimental view of Garling's loneliness. The port was old, like Johnson's self, and all the mellow shine of the suns that glowed upon its parent grape lay snugly beaming in his bosom. Kindly Johnson, thus happy and thus honoured, in private talk with the head of the great House, and sitting with his venerable legs beneath the same mahogany with him—why, at such an hour should he not think well of all men, and best of all of the captain of his troop—the troop he had served in now for half a century?

The cloud of distrust lifted and lightened ever so little in Lumby's mind—and fell again. The wife might have brought desertion on herself, might have deserved it all, and more. But then—the alias, the alias! The cloud thickened and fell lower yet. The talk strayed to other themes, and Lumby strove to take his part in it, and bore himself well enough to make Johnson believe him the most affable of men. And when at last the elderly clerk had gone with an envelope in his breast-pocket, sealed as yet and of unknown contents, the head of the House walked the apartment with troubled steps and bent head. The dialogue he had overheard between Garling and his unknown visitor troubled him terribly. He had trusted Garling so completely, that no doubt of his probity had ever lifted its head. He had respected him so profoundly, that the revelation of that afternoon had come upon him as a thing unbelievable. And being once shaken in his belief in the man, the business idol he had set up all these years in his own mind began to totter. Garling might still be honest in money matters, but there was more than room for doubt. Perhaps—so Mr Lumby thought—his own laxness might have tempted the man, and being such a man as he now knew him to be, the chances of his fall from honesty seemed great. It still lacked an hour of midnight when Mr Lumby rang the bell.

'I shall be out late,' he said to the waiter. 'Let a fire be laid in my bedroom, so that I can light it on my return, and leave a small decanter of brandy there for me.'

The waiter bowed; and Mr Lumby, assuming his hat and greatcoat, left the hotel and walked resolutely towards his offices. Once he stopped dead short in the street, and stood for half a minute. 'Underhand?' he murmured, as if questioning himself. 'I cannot help it. I must know.' He

walked on again sturdily, and reached his goal. He tried his key upon the door. The latch turned easily; but the door was bolted and barred within. He rang the bell; and after a long pause, he heard the sound of footsteps.

'Who's there?' asked the voice of the watchman who slept upon the premises. A little trap-door was pushed open, and the voice added: 'Let me have a look at you.' The light of a bull's-eye lantern fell through the space left by the trap-door full upon Mr Lumby's face; and in a changed tone the watchman cried: 'Wait one minute, sir.—I beg your pardon.' Lock and bolt went creaking back, and the door opened. 'I never dreamt as it was you, sir,' said the man.

'Lock the door again, and light me up-stairs,' returned the head of the firm.

The man obeyed, and in the little blot of light which dwelt about his feet, Mr Lumby marched stolidly on through darkness. 'Light the gas.'—The man obeyed again.—'I shall be here for some hours, perhaps all night. I have important business to do. I may be here to-morrow night, and perhaps again on Wednesday; but my being here is not to be spoken of. You understand?'

'Perfectly, sir,' the man responded.

'Very good. Good-night.'

'Good-night, sir;' and the man was gone, his footsteps sounding lonely on corridor and staircase.

'Now, Garling,' muttered Mr Lumby as he closed and locked the door, 'let us see if you play fair.' He pushed aside the sliding panel of corrugated glass between the cashier's room and his own, and entered. On one side of this apartment, raised but one inch from the floor, stood a row of enormous ledgers, dating back many years. A broad-shouldered solid phalanx, they stood so tightly wedged together that it seemed if they had been each a leaf thicker, it would have been impossible to squeeze them into the place they occupied. Each bore upon its back in gilt figures the date of the year whose entries it held, the gilding being very dull and faded in the earliest volume, and mounting by slow stages through succeeding volumes to the fresh glitter of last year. Mr Lumby seized that which dealt with the first year of Garling's stewardship and dragged it from its place. It cost some effort to do this, and before he had laid the ponderous volume on the table in his own room, his brow was moist. He took off his hat and overcoat, wiped his forehead, and sat down with the book before him. Then casting the great boards open, he sat awhile with knitted brows thinking. Looking through the space where the sliding panel had been, his eyes lighted upon a slender volume standing upon a shelf above the others, and rising, he crossed the room and returned with it. From the pages of the great ledger distilled a musty fungous odour like the smell of a long-closed vault, or the earthy scent of damp rot in a deserted chamber. There was something depressing in this odour; but he shook the feeling away, and set resolutely to work. He had wielded in his own hand the destinies of the great House, and in his day he had been a giant among accountants. The faculty was somewhat rusty with long disuse, as even the finest faculties are apt, to grow, and he found

himself at first less swift and certain than of old. But, as he laboured, he felt the power growing anew within him; and in an hour's time he was sweeping over the serried columns at a pace which to most men would have made accuracy impossible. The night sped by; and he still sat there with knitted brows, poring over the leaves. The dawn was gray, and the gaslight had grown sickly, when he laid a finger with a sudden gesture as of detection, upon one set of figures at the bottom of a page. His face had been growing more and more anxious for an hour, and now it was keen and hard on a sudden, as though triumph for the moment outweighed the sense of fear.

'Clumsy, after all,' he muttered—'clumsy after all. The old plan. Juggling cross-entries to and fro, as though that could fog anybody but a fool.' Looking up, he saw how light the air had grown; and consulting his watch, he found that it had run down at a few minutes after six o'clock. 'It may be half-past seven by now,' he said, under his breath. 'I must be away at once.' By instinct, he moved silently in the silent house; and having thrust the great ledger back again into its place, and laid down the slender volume exactly as he found it, he closed the panel, and looked about him to see if there were anything which bore an altered aspect. The gas brackets had not been so drawn out when he came, and he replaced them. He unlocked the door, withdrew the key, locked it on the outer side, and in the dim light felt his way along the corridor and down the stairs. The watchman had opened the large doors, and was smoking a morning pipe outside. The streets were almost in clear daylight, dimly as the dawn had seemed to peep through the office windows.

'Good-morning, sir,' said the watchman, touching his hat.

'Good-morning,' returned Mr Lumby; and pausing, laid a warning finger on the watchman's breast: 'Not a word of my having been here—to anybody. I shall be down again to-night at nine.'

'Very good, sir,' answered the man respectfully; and his employer, walking sturdily, returned the corner and was gone from sight.

'There's somebody up to something,' thought the watchman as he resumed his pipe; 'and the governor's a-finding of 'em out. That's evident.—You've got a pretty tidy berth here, Joseph,' apostrophising himself, 'and you know when you're well off, don't you? Very well, then, don't let us hear none o' your chin-music. Of all the disarsterous things as is, onregulated chin-music is the wust. "Not a word," says the governor, "not to nobody." Very well then, Joseph, "not a word" it is!'

Mr Lumby walked onwards sturdily, bound for his hotel. There was a somewhat dazed and unreal sense upon him, in the first place, born probably of his having been up all night; and he was not yet nearly so much moved by his discovery, as it had seemed probable to himself that he would be if he made it. He had his doubts at first as to the meaning of the discovery. At the beginning of his day of trust, Garling had been deliberately false; but had the falsehood gone on? or was restitution made, and had he walked honestly since? That question remained still

to be decided, but with so large a presumption on the wrong side of it as amounted almost to a moral certainty. What motive could the man have had? What reason in such a case to search for motives? Yet Garling had always, so far as his chief employer knew, lived plainly—more plainly than necessity demanded, and had indeed passed as a saving man, with a tolerable balance at the Bank. So much had been said of him currently many years ago. Surely he was too long-headed and keen to gamble. Where could the temptation come from with such a man? In what quarter was he likely to be assailable? It was against Mr Lumby's experience that a man at once saving by nature and prosperous by circumstance should become a swindler. It was not only against experience, but in the very teeth of reason. And now—how much was likely to be gone? and how much was likely to be recoverable? All this was futile guesswork for the present; but the business man's heart quaked at the bare thought that enough might be gone to shake the credit of the House. If that were so, he could never forgive himself. For it was he to whom the concerns of the House had been left by his father, and if they had been fatally betrayed, it was he who was to blame. Generation after generation of Lumbies, father and son for a hundred and thirty years, had carried on the House with ever-growing wealth and credit; and if in his day it should sink dishonourably, it would be more than he could bear. Now he began to wake to the possible dread of the discovery he had made. But he put it from him. No man could have conceived and carried on without detection a fraud so vast; and yet he had trusted Garling so implicitly, that he had left him the power to gather everything into his own hands, if he had the will to do it; and disappearing suddenly, to leave the concerns of the firm a shapeless wreck and ruin. Was Garling bold and vile enough for such a deed? Who knew? Was he able enough to do it, if he chose to be a villain? Of that Lumby had no doubt. And there grew up before him the vision of a systematic fraud so carefully planned and so thoroughly executed, that he quailed to think of it. But as this dread seemed to grow more and more possible to his mind, the old man's stout heart rose to meet it. Perhaps it was a petty matter after all—a question of a few hundreds, or at the utmost a few thousands; but if it were the deep-laid scheme he feared, he would hoist the wicked engineer with his own petard. He hungered for the night to come, that he might be back unknown at the books again, to trace the swindle upwards from its birth; and then, fully armed with knowledge, turn upon the man who had planned against his honour and betrayed his trust, and crush him with a word.

The entrance of Mr Lumby to the hotel was noticed with befitting wonder by the boots at the amazing hour of eight A.M. He had walked the streets for more than half an hour, to clear his brain, which was still in turmoil as he entered, and mounted to his bedroom. 'It may take a week—a month—to go through the books and learn everything.' So he mused. 'Can I afford to wait so long? Will it not be safest to have him watched? or will he be so keen that a watch may set him off? Shall I take anybody into

confidence, or track him by myself? Why, if I can do it alone, should I publish my own laxity? I don't want to be laughed at or pitied by business men in London. "Poor old Lumby, smart man once, gone past his time." No, no. None of that for me. The scoundrel, trusted as he has been! The fool I was to trust him! Trust no man, no man! The villain! I made him, made him! took him from the gutter almost, and made him a figure in the City—a man of mark. Black ingratitude. The heartless scoundrel! Come—what have I proved against him yet, to be in such a fever? More than enough, more than enough. Oh, the scoundrel—to take him by the elbow when I know all; to take him lightly in a friendly way—"Garling, the favour of a word with you." I think I see him. "Oblige me by looking at this paper—a calculation for the past nine years, showing the sums of which you have swindled the firm of Lumby and Lumby." Is that worth doing? Is that worth waiting for and creeping to through nights of watching? Come, come! I may find that he has been honest since that first year; some pressure may have been upon him.—Pressure! He knew well enough that in any extremity he might come to me.'

He maddened himself thus, walking up and down his room for a long time, but by-and-by settled into a slow rage of hate and anger infinitely more deadly, and more terrible to endure. In this mood he sat down to think, and found thought beyond him. There was no room in his mind for anything but that slow rage, unless it were an undefined fear of what the rage might lead to; for he felt almost murderous, and some dread of his own passion began to take hold upon him. He had always thought himself a kindly and a merciful man, and in truth he had been so; but he had never had cause to hate or to be greatly angry until now. The two things that hurt him most were his own imbecility of confidence in the man—for so he called it—and the fact that he himself had bred the creature who so stung him. He had bragged of Garling's finance, of Garling's keenness, of Garling's trustworthiness—he had promoted him from post to post; he—known as a sound man of business—had so belauded and so trusted Garling, that all men had accepted him. How could he blame himself bitterly enough? He raged up and down the room again. So, now in a whirlwind, and now in a sudden calm, and now back again into the whirlwind, his thoughts fought and wrestled. But one thing became abundantly clear to him. If he desired to survive this blow at all, and still more if he meant to repay it—and he did—he must be calm. And the first way to that was to make up a definite mind as to the course he should take. There was no fear—except a certain phantom fear that would intrude itself however often banished—that Garling could as yet have taken fright. There was little likelihood of his learning of his employer's nightly visits to the office, and no reason, therefore, for him to think himself suspected. It would be best on all grounds—if it could be safely done—to learn everything before bringing his charge; and after much doubtful examination, he decided to wait, and by nightly studies of the books, to learn all that could be learned. But an impulse which

seemed merely accidental, threw this resolve to pieces.

He took a bath, and tried to breakfast; and after a time, returning to his bedroom, carefully darkened the room and lay down to sleep. For some hours sleep seemed unlikely enough, and he did nothing but fight over all the old ground again, passing through new rages and new revengeful pauses of rage; but at length quite suddenly, as he lay with closed eyes, he fell into a doze, and thence, after some uneasy tossings, into a deep if troubled slumber. When he awoke, the brief spring day was already fading into dusk. He arose refreshed; and his thoughts instantly recurring to the business before him, he felt a sort of hunger and hurry to begin it, and waited with much impatience for the hour of nine. It was half because he had named that time to the watchman, that he chose it now; for he was in a mood to be guided by hints of superstition and beginnings of foreboding; but there was solid reason for not going earlier, since on uncertain and irregular occasions, the whole staff of clerks stayed late, and it was essential to his purpose to be secret.

The night was raw, and as desolate as only night in a great city can be. There was a filthy mist abroad, bedraggling the lamps and the illuminated windows; and the pavement was slimy to the feet, as though the mist had been beaten and trodden down by the traffic into that consistency. At fretful unavailing war with the mist, there was a miserable wind, maudlin, and moaning its own discomfort, shivering and whimpering in such a fashion as to become trying to the human temper and provoke impatience at its feebleness. Even the most inveterate loungers were within doors to-night, and only misery and business were abroad. Mr Lumby walked on stoutly, until, without apparent reason, he came to a sudden halt, and stood staring thoughtfully at the greasy pavement. So far as he could have told, then, or afterwards, there was absolutely nothing in his mind to determine him. He had thought the whole matter over, and had decided on his course. And yet in the pause he made he changed his resolution, and turning to the right, swung straight towards Garling's chambers. Reaching Fleet Street, he began to examine the numbers of the houses, and went peering through mist and night from door to door. He knew Garling's number, but had forgotten the look of the house, if ever he had known it. As he went on peering from door to door, a cabman, a dozen yards in front of him, came stumbling across the pavement with a canvas-covered box. He placed this on the top of his cab and stood by the door. A girl, closely wrapped against the mist and cold, tripped over the pavement and entered the vehicle. Following her came a man, muffled to the chin, and carrying a satchel of black leather. Crawling slowly along the same side of the street came a hansom cab, and Mr Lumby, with bent head and a feigned lameness in his gait, stumped swiftly to it and stayed the driver with a motion of his hand. The hansom pulled up three yards behind the four-wheeler.

'Where to, sir?' asked the foremost driver.

'Waterloo station, main line,' said Garling's voice in answer.

Lumby standing, and facing the driver of the

other cab, waved to him to be still. 'Follow,' whispered the merchant across the top of the cab. The cabman nodded, and drove slowly in Garling's rear. 'Is this the flight?' asked Lumby of himself—'Is this the flight?'

ECCLESIASTICAL RELICS.

THE collecting of relics forms one of the most interesting features in connection with the early history of the Church, not only as showing the esteem and veneration in which these were formerly held, but also as exhibiting the superstitious feelings prevalent among the early Christians. In whatever light these practices may now be regarded, it may fairly be assumed that in most instances the zeal which originally prompted the enthusiast to collect and treasure such relics was both innocent and natural; but as time went on, the number of these relics increased, and, in course of degeneracy, articles venerated as such, multiplied beyond measure, so that not only those whose supply must necessarily be limited became accessible to an extraordinary degree, but the most puerile objects were seized upon as fitting symbols for veneration and worship. To the roll of martyrs were added myriads of imaginary saints; and when the relics of the real saints had become exhausted, recourse was had to those of the imaginary saints, who existed only in legendary history. The search for these was further promoted by the fact, that the most exorbitant prices were paid for relics of but minor importance; while almost all those of greater worth had richly endowed convents or churches raised for their safe keeping.

Naturally enough, this demand for relics led to forgeries and impositions, and many such have been recorded. Ford relates, in his *Hand-book of Spain*, that the Archbishop of Castro actually raised a college in 1588 on the site where two notorious impostors had hid bones and forged writings in a leaden vessel. On the discovery of these, the prelate, imagining them to be the remains of San Cecilio, a deaf and dumb boy said to have been cured by a miracle, had thus intended to render a tribute to his memory and secure a fitting resting-place for his bones. The brain of St Peter, preserved at Rome, and inclosed in a box for better safety, was on examination found to be a marble stone. A somewhat similar discovery was made concerning the supposed arm of St Anthony, which was afterwards discovered to be the mutilated limb of a hart. A Bishop of Tours in the eleventh century being induced to visit a much-venerated chapel in which a saint was buried, found that its patron was no other than a robber who had been executed for his crimes. That people thus regarded the remains of a robber as a fitting emblem of divinity, is undoubtedly strange; but it may have been that the so-called robber was simply an expatriated political leader, who, as in the popular conceptions of Robin Hood and Rob Roy, was regarded as more sinned against than sinning.

Many relics are constantly shown, whose claims to veneration are only traditional. These lead us

back to the remotest times. Among the more prominent pointed out are the red earth of which Adam was made; the tomb of Seth on the slopes of Antilibanus; and that of Joshua, which is represented as being near Constantinople. The bones of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob rest at the church of St Maria Sopra Minerva at Rome. At the Cathedral of Prague is preserved the stone on which Abraham gave the angels to eat; and Adam's guardian angel changed to a stone, for not being more watchful, is said to repose in a corner of the exterior wall of the Kaaba.

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To such minute objects has the searcher for sacred spots turned, that the hole where the tree grew of which the Cross was made is guarded; and fortunately, having been found to be on the site where the Convent of the Cross stands, the monks there have bordered it with silver. Tradition points to this tree as the growth of a bough cut off that from which Adam ate the forbidden fruit. Adam's skull was said to be originally buried under it; while the tree itself was afterwards, along with the skull, preserved in the Ark. The tree was subsequently planted on a mountain in Judea, and the skull buried there. It is from this, it is said, that Calvary or Golgotha, which means the place of skulls, derived its name.

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of his uncle the Earl of Mortlake, very unexpectedly succeeded to the title, and was coming home from India. I called on him shortly after his return, and was received with the greatest cordiality. Of course, the first thing I did was to ask after his wife. For a second or two, he did not answer me; but I noticed that he turned very pale. At last, mastering his emotion, he said: 'She is dead.' I was about to condole with him, when he checked me: 'Do not say any more about it; the subject is too painful for me to discuss at the present moment.'

Not long after this, I met my cousin—who, by the way, had jilted me and married Sir A. Colville, a baronet with large landed estates—and I asked her about her young friend, expressing my regret at her early death.

'Who told you she was dead?' she asked.

'George Stanhope, himself,' I replied.

'Very strange!' she said, musingly.

'What is strange?' I asked.

'That I should not have heard of it.'

'Then, were you not aware of the circumstance till I informed you of it?'

'No; I know nothing but what you have told me.'

'I do not want to be inquisitive,' I pursued, 'but I must ask you one more question: When Mr Stanhope went to India, did his wife accompany him?'

'No; she remained in England.'

I could not quite understand Lady Colville's manner. She seemed shocked and pained; the subject appeared to be as distressing to her as it had been to Stanhope. She was silent for a time, and then she went on: 'I wish, Lionel, you and I had not been mixed up with that affair. I hope no evil will come of it.'

'What should, my dear cousin?'

'I cannot exactly tell. The awkward part of the business is that I feel certain there was a child born of the marriage.'

'Why is that awkward?'

'Don't you see that if the child is living, and is a boy, the boy would be Lord Mortlake's heir?'

'Of course he would.'

'But,' she replied with emphasis, 'I do not believe that he knows of the child's existence.'

'Then the sooner he is informed of it, the better,' I replied.

'But I do not know if the child is alive or dead.'

'I shall, with your permission, make it my business to ascertain,' I replied.

'I would rather you did nothing of the kind,' she said quickly. 'If Lord Mortlake applied to me, I should give him all the information I could. He is one of the most amiable and honorable men I know; we may therefore rest assured that if he desires secrecy on any point, he has good and valid reasons for it.'

'That may be perfectly true,' I replied. 'I have the fullest trust in Lord Mortlake's honour. But there is one thing more I have to say—the register at Knutsford has been tampered with; the leaf containing the entry of the marriage has been abstracted. What does that mean?'

'I cannot even conjecture; but rest assured that Lord Mortlake has had nothing to do with it.'

'Well, at least you can tell me how they

became acquainted, and why you took such an interest in Miss Craven's affairs. I should not have solemnised the marriage, had it not been for your solicitation.'

'I know very little; but what I do know I will tell you.—When I was a child, Caroline Craven and I were schoolfellows, and I was her bosom-friend. Her mother and mine had also been schoolfellows, and their friendship had continued after marriage. Mrs Craven was a sickly, rather weak-minded woman, but at the same time well educated and well bred. It was considered that when she married the rich Mr Craven, she had made a good match; but I doubt very much if she was happy. He was a pompous, purse-proud man, and not very popular among his friends. As I have said, Caroline Craven and I went to the same school at Barminster. It was kept by the Misses Onslow. They were well connected and highly cultivated women; but they were also narrow-minded, and prim and punctilious. Caroline was a wild, giddy girl, full of spirit, and full of talent, and, as you know, very beautiful. It was towards the end of our residence at this establishment, just when we were thinking of being released from our studies and coming out, that Mrs Craven fell ill, and was ordered to the south of France for change of air. My father and mother accompanied her and her husband; and we were sent back to school for another year. Caroline remonstrated when she heard of this decision, and vowed she would not go back to school; but it was only an evanescent feeling; she knew her father's stern character too well to think of disobeying him.

'When the midsummer holidays came, which it had been arranged we should spend with Lady Mansfield at Hampton Court, we were packed off on a visit to some friends at Tregothnan in Cornwall, as Lady Mansfield was too ill to receive us. I suppose it was thought we could not get at any mischief in such an out-of-the-way district as Tregothnan. But when two girls of eighteen and nineteen are left to their own devices, mischief is sure to follow, especially when one of them is of so impetuous and impulsive a nature as Caroline Craven. In our walks and wanderings in the neighbourhood of Tregothnan Park, we made the acquaintance of your friend Mr Stanhope. He was our constant companion for many weeks; and it soon became evident that he and Caroline were deeply attached to each other. Mr Stanhope was in those days poor; and Caroline knew that her father would never consent to her union with a poor man, however good his family might be. Still, as Mr Stanhope was as impulsive as she was, they agreed to get married first, and obtain his consent afterwards; and I weakly consented to aid them. The marriage took place, as you know, and we all returned to Tregothnan. I never saw two people so devotedly attached; they seemed to live only in each other's presence.

'At last the vacation came to an end, and we had to return to Miss Onslow's. The parting between the lovers was a very painful one; but it had to be endured; and as Caroline could not make up her mind to face her father's anger, all sorts of vows were meanwhile exchanged. Caroline was always inclined to

put off the evil day; and so it was arranged that as soon as Mrs Craven was convalescent, she should be informed of the marriage; and through her influence, Caroline hoped to obtain her father's forgiveness. Instead, however, of recovering, as it was expected, Mrs Craven took the fever, and died at Rome. This was a death-blow to poor Caroline's hopes; and shortly after that, my father and mother returned to England, and I was taken from school; since which, I have never seen my friend or heard from her. I heard that Mr Craven did not intend to return to England, and eventually that he had settled at Florence; but the friendship between the families ceased at the death of Mrs Craven; and since then I have lost sight of my friend altogether.

My cousin's narrative threw very little light on the points I wished to have elucidated—namely, Was the girl I had married to Lord Mortlake really dead? If she was not, what had become of her? At one time, I felt a strong inclination to proceed at once to Lord Mortlake, and open all my mind to him, and seek in that direction a solution of the mystery; but on consideration, I came to the conclusion that such a course was not advisable—that it was no concern of mine, and that I had better let the matter rest.

More than thirteen years had elapsed since the ceremony which forms the ground-work of this narrative took place at St John's, Knutsfield, and in the interval I had been preferred to a charge in the district of Canterbury. It was while in residence here that I was induced to proceed further with the investigations I have already described. In the ancient city of Canterbury there resided a maiden lady by the name of Onslow. She was moving in good society, and was considered a very kind, benevolent lady. After a time, it came to my knowledge that she had formerly kept a ladies' school. On hearing this, my old curiosity returned, and I determined to call on Miss Onslow, and ascertain if she was the same person who had been preceptress to my cousin and Miss Craven.

Miss Onslow proved to be a very stately old lady, very tall and very angular, with strongly marked features and dark piercing eyes. I took a dislike to her the first instant I set my eyes upon her; but that does not matter. I apologised for my intrusion, and was received most graciously.

'I understand,' I said, 'that you formerly kept an establishment for the education of young ladies?'

'Yes,' she replied; 'at York House, Barmister.'

'Just so. And among your pupils, some thirteen years since, you had a Miss Emily Skeffington, now Lady Colville?'

She answered in the affirmative.

'You also had at the same time a pupil named Caroline Amelia Craven?'

'A bad girl, sir—a very troublesome girl,' she said with much vehemence.

'Possibly. But we will not discuss Miss Craven's qualities. How long did she remain after Miss Skeffington left?'

Miss Onslow's brow darkened; she hesitated for a few seconds, and then replied: 'Some length of time—nearly a year, I should think. Her mother died abroad; and when her father sent for her, she was too ill to travel.'

'Did she remain in your establishment the whole of that time?'

'No; she was so ill, that at last we had to take her to the seaside.'

'What was the nature of her malady?'

'We did not quite know.'

'Did not the medical man give you some clue to her ailment?'

Miss Onslow gazed at me haughtily and defiantly, but she made no answer. 'Never mind,' I went on as blandly as I could. 'I will ask you another question, which I am sure you will at once answer. Did you know that Caroline Craven was married?'

She stared, and grew very pale, but replied at once and most emphatically: 'No.'

'But Miss Craven must have told you she was.'

'Girls who are in that situation,' she answered quickly, 'always say that; but there were no valid proofs'—

'In that situation? What am I to understand?'

'I really do not see, sir, what right you have to cross-question me in this manner,' she said haughtily.

'Very true, madam; I certainly have no right to question you; but it will be wise on your part to answer, because I have good reasons for probing this matter to the bottom, and I would rather do it quietly than otherwise.—Now tell me,' I went on, 'what am I to understand by the phrase "in that situation"?'

'She was about to become a mother,' she answered doggedly.

'The girl being in that situation, and asserting that she was married, what steps did you take to ascertain if there was any truth in her statement?'

'None. She had no certificate; and we did not want to create a scandal by publishing the facts to the world.'

'Did you make this known to her father?'

'No. If the truth had got wind, even supposing the girl to have really been married, it would have ruined us.'

'True. You thought nothing about the girl or her future prospects; all that you did was to hush the matter up and pack her off to the seaside. What was the name of the place you took her to?'

'Sandgate, a small watering-place in Kent.'

'And the child—what has become of it?'

'I died a few months after its birth.'

'Or that you are certain?'

'Yes, of that I am certain.'

'And the mother, what became of her?'

'She went to Florence to her father.'

'Is she alive or dead?'

'I cannot say. I have heard nothing of her since she left us.'

I cannot say that I was quite satisfied with the lady's mode of answering my questions; but at the same time I felt that I had no reasonable grounds for questioning the truth of her statements; so I merely thanked her, saying that

she would oblige me if she would give me the address of the person with whom Mrs Stanhope lodged, and also that of the medical practitioner who attended. She complied at once; and folding up the paper, I was about to leave the room, when she interposed, and earnestly entreated me not to publish to the world her share in the matter.

'At present,' I said, 'I have no intention of so doing; but I can make no promise. If the child is really dead, as you state, no good purpose could be served by such a course. Before, however, I am satisfied upon that point, I must have better evidence than that which I now possess;' and with that I bowed and left the room.

THE ADVENTURES OF AN AMERICAN SPECIAL.

THIRD PAPER.

'CONDENSE, young man, condense. If you want to get on in life, condense.' These words were addressed to a young reporter by the venerable Horace Greeley, in the writer's hearing; and indeed the journal he established and conducted with honour and profit for so many years, was a happy illustration of his maxim. Nothing high or low was considered too unimportant to find admission; but the severe pencils of the night-editors assigned the item its proper space. Sometimes it happens that the ubiquitous special may ferret out something on his own account, by a strict promise of giving incident, but suppressing names or addresses. This is called 'sensation local' work, and is received with great caution by the editors. It is generally done by reporters who are on the extra staff of a journal, or who sell their locals wherever they can find a purchaser. Often as not, they are the result of a full brain and a needy pocket. Of this class was the vivid description of a Fenian plot to burn Mr Ashbury's yacht the *Cambria* as she lay off Gowanus Bay; or the still more startling one entitled 'Barnacle Bill,' which appeared simultaneously in the *New York Sun* and the *Boston Post*, if the writer's memory serves him. In this thrilling and minutely circumstantial narrative, it was roundly asserted that the loss of so many steamships near Cape Race was due to the presence of wreckers, who decoyed vessels with false lights.

So great a furor did this create at the time, that telegraphic communications were exchanged between the governments of Washington and Newfoundland, with the result that a British man-of-war was despatched to the bleak promontory of Cape Race on a fool's errand.

But far more serious for the people of New York was the one which the *Herald* defiantly inflicted on a credulous public. A special edition of the *Herald* one summer morning informed its readers that all the wild animals in Central Park had broken loose, and were tearing about the streets. This was followed by a graphic description of a fight between Commodore Vanderbilt, armed with a revolver, and a rhinoceros; while other local celebrities had desperate encounters with lions, tigers, and infuri-

ated elephants. At the end of four columns of minutely described horrors, it was announced that of course the article was a hoax, but that in consequence of the carelessness of the Park officials, such a thing might happen at any time!

The American's restless, impetuous disposition is proverbial. Scarcely any of the *Herald's* readers took the trouble to wade through those four columns, but rushing into street and café, informed their neighbours of the terrible tidings. Women who had husbands in the city were in agony for hours, and in many cases the most appalling and disastrous results came from this cruel hoax. Some idea of the widespread dismay and panic occasioned may be gathered from the fact that the writer's mother, living in Bergen Point, twenty miles from the scene of the alleged outbreak, with the majestic Hudson between, had occasion to visit a neighbour. A large greyhound came bounding along the street as she reached her friend's house. One glance was enough. With a shriek of terror, she fled, tripped, and fainted.

Occasionally, 'sensation locals' are true in substance and fact, though names and dates may not be given. A case of the kind came under the writer's notice. 'Mr Blank,' said a well-known Bohemian one evening, 'would you like to know a burglar?'

'Rather an odd addition to one's stock of acquaintances, isn't it?' returned the writer. 'However, one may get something out of it.'

'More, perhaps, than you think,' returned his friend, as they walked towards 'Harry Hill's,' a sort of concert hall, within a stone's-throw of police headquarters, and the well-known resort of sporting-men, thieves, and abandoned characters. The place, however, was well conducted; and indeed, the secret of its success lay in the fact that its proprietor pandered to that morbid craving which some respectable people have of seeing vice without becoming a victim.

'If half what this man says be true, it will create a breeze,' said the writer's friend as they entered the hall. 'There he is at yonder table;' pointing to a short, squarely-built man of about forty, with a clean shaven face, good clothes, and a profusion of jewellery. A quiet, respectable-looking man in the main, and not at all a person that one would associate with midnight crime.

'How are you, Mr Kelly?' cried the writer's companion, addressing him carelessly. 'This is my friend, Mr Blank of the —.'

Mr Kelly expressed his gratification at meeting the writer, and invited him to drink at his expense.

The reader may wonder at this frankness of manner towards one who was avowedly an exposé of crime. But the fact of the matter is that your criminal is as greedy of appearing in the public print as any third or fourth rate exponent of the dramatic art. Their appetite for notoriety is insatiable. They long to pose as heroes, even though it may get their necks into a noose. It is this bombast and garrulous vanity which enable the police to pounce upon them so readily, and then surprise the public with accounts of their own sagacity in following up a clue. Every trade has its tricks, and the police force

is no exception to the rule. At that time, Mr Kelly was not wanted for any particular 'job,' and he was consequently free and affable with everybody.

'Police!' said Mr Kelly—'police! what are they good for?' and he emptied his glass with an air of profound contempt. It need scarcely be said that some very carefully prepared remarks had been spoken in order to induce Mr Kelly to launch forth.

'Why, gentlemen,' he continued, 'what's the police good for? Some poor "gonoff," as hasn't enough money to square 'em, gets "lagged" for maybe five or six "stretches;" and the big uns don't get touched. Police!' he repeated again. 'There's that job at ——'—mentioning the name of a jeweller on Broadway—'why don't they find out who done that? They say he must have stole the things himself. Rubbish! There's that job on Long Island last week, and Staten Island the week before.'

'In fact,' said the writer, 'there are so many burglaries committed now, that one would think it was done by a regularly organised gang, as I believe has been hinted at in some of the papers.'

'What would you think of the Burglars' Company, Limited?' he said with a merry twinkle in his eye—'comic idear, ain't it?—with a paid-up capital of ten thousand dollars, and burglars' tools that would open any safe in the United States!'

'Splendid idea!' said the writer, laughing. 'I've a notion I'd write it up.'

'Do!' said Mr Kelly; 'and send it to old Kelso [the chief of police]; you could make good reading out of it. You might say there was one man as planned the whole thing, and that the gang was so well organised, they set the police force at defiance. Pitch into old Kelso, and tell him he ain't worth his salary. That'll make him as mad as a hatter, I reckon.—I could put you up to a wrinkle or two, if I had a mind to; for I've known a heap of queer characters, and they've given me away points that would make your hair stand on end.'

The writer expressed himself deeply obliged to Mr Kelly; and a conversation ensued, which resulted in his inviting us to his house to see his 'old woman.'

His old woman turned out to be a very handsome blonde of some eight-and-twenty, who immediately sent out for fried oysters and laid the table for supper. The house was well, if not elaborately furnished. Mr Kelly announced that he would move the first of May, as he intended to take a 'public' in the Ninth Ward.

After a very pleasant evening, during which our host related a great many thrilling adventures, as done by some acquaintances of his in the cracksmen line, we took our departure.

A month passed away. Burglaries and house-breaking still continued in Long Island and Brooklyn to an alarming extent, baffling all attempts of the police at detection.

One Sunday afternoon, a policeman walking past either the Third or the Sixth Avenue Savings-bank—the writer has forgotten which—heard a peculiar throbbing. He summoned assistance; and found, on investigation, that the sounds came, not from the bank itself, but from

the cellar of a house next door. Breaking in, they descended to the back basement, which they found completely undermined and tunnelled towards the bank vaults. The cause of the strange noise was a small steam-engine working at a pressure which threatened every moment to burst the boiler. By the side of the engine lay one of the gang of burglars, intoxicated. The engine worked a drill which would in four hours more have penetrated to the vaults; and the robbers might have carried off with ease nearly a million of dollars. Had the man who was left in charge attended to his duty, and not allowed the boiler to get superheated, the success of the burglarious operations was assured.

Mere chance—that fatal *bête noire* of the criminal—led to the detection and exposure of Mr Kelly's Burglars' Company, Limited. They had hired the house next the bank for a year, paying the rent in advance, and announced that it would soon be opened as a first-class bakery and confection shop!

The result of the trial proved that there actually did exist an elaborate association of criminals, with a capital of six thousand dollars, represented by costly burglars' tools of every description. Mr Kelly had told very nearly the truth, having two objects in view—the airing of his own vanity, and the indulgence of what is known in America as the game of Bluff at the expense of the police force. It is more than probable that Mr Kelly found himself watched by the police more than was agreeable, as, knowing his antecedents and associates, they would not give him credit for remaining idle. It is a notorious fact that by *telling the truth*, he hoodwinked them completely, and had chance not thwarted his plans, they must have been completely successful.

Mr Kelly is now, to the best of the writer's knowledge and belief, concentrating his genius on the severance of oakum strands or stone-breaking at Sing-Sing.

SOME SINGULAR DELUSIONS.

In Heywood's *History of Angels* we find the following strange story: 'A young hypochondriac had a strong imagination that he was dead, and did not only abstain from meat and drink, but importuned his parents that he might be carried to his grave, and buried before his flesh was quite putrefied. By the counsel of physicians, he was wrapped in a winding-sheet, laid upon a bier, and so carried on men's shoulders towards the church. On the way, two or three pleasant fellows, hired for the purpose, meeting the procession, demanded whose body it was. Being told his name—"Surely," replied one, "the world is well rid of him; he was a man of a very bad and vicious life; and his friends have cause to rejoice that he hath ended his days thus, rather than at the gallows!" Thereupon, the dead man rose on his bier, and told them they were wicked men to do him that wrong; and if he were alive again, he would teach them to speak better of the dead. But they proceeding to defame him, and

to give him much more disgraceful, contemptuous language, he, not able to suffer it, leaped from the bier, and fell about their ears with such rage and fury, that he ceased not buffeting them until quite wearied; and by the violent agitation of the humours, his body being altered, he returned to his right mind; and being brought home and refreshed with wholesome diet, within a few days recovered both his health and his understanding.'

In Hone's *Year Book* we read of a farmer at Stevenage, in Hertfordshire, who died in 1721, but was not buried till 1751, thirty years afterwards. This delay in the interment arose from a singular delusion under which the farmer in the latter years of his life had laboured. In making his will he bequeathed his estate, worth four hundred pounds a year, to his two brothers, and, if they should die, to his nephew, to be enjoyed by them for thirty years, at the expiration of which time he expected to return to life, when the estate was to revert to him. He ordered, therefore, that, after his death, and with a view to his reappearance at the end of the thirty years, his coffin should not be put in the earth, but affixed on a beam in his barn, locked, and the key dropped through a hole into the coffin, that he might unlock it from the inside and let himself out! He was allowed four days' grace beyond the time limited, and still refusing to present himself, his remains were committed to mother earth.

Overwhelmed by the horrors he witnessed in the unhappy time when

King Liberty, drunken and frantic,
Let Anarchy loose on his slaves,
And plundered and murdered his people,
Dancing on graves,

a famous Paris watchmaker became persuaded that he had lost his head on the scaffold, and that it had been put on a heap with those of many other victims of revolutionary 'justice'; but that the judges, growing merciful somewhat late, had ordered the severed heads to be reunited to their respective bodies, and by a mistake on the part of the officer concerned in executing the novel decree, another man's head had been placed upon his shoulders, whereby he had exchanged an excellent set of teeth for a very indifferent one. He was thought mad enough to be confined in the Bicêtre, and there he might have remained to the end of his days, but for a lucky repartee made to him when he defended the possibility of St Denis walking with his head between his hands and continually kissing it. 'What a fool you must be to believe such a story,' exclaimed a sceptical listener. 'How could St Denis kiss his own head; was it with his heels?' The riddle was so unanswerable, that the man gave it up, and henceforth troubled himself about nobody's head, not even his own, and before long was sane enough to resume his old place in the world.

Not very long since, there died a Paris a man named Viory, notable for stopping and talking to every dog he met in the streets; not out of an irrepressible affection for the friend of man, but as an act of condescension towards a subject. Sane enough to all appearance, Viory claimed to be the monarch of the canine race,

by reason of having been a dog himself in a former state of existence.—Reversing the process of transformation, a patient in an American lunatic asylum insisted upon it that he had been changed into a horse, made himself a tail out of the frayed ends of a rope, donned harness, and attached himself to a wagon made out of an old soap-box, and busied himself in dragging it about all day. He then carefully locked it up with the carts of the establishment at night, and galloped off to a field, like a horse released from his labours. Like a steed of high-mettle, he never passed a wheelbarrow without shying at it.—A still more extraordinary freak of the imagination was displayed by a Frenchman, mad for the loss of his beloved wife. He was found standing in a large flower-pot, intent upon refreshing himself with the contents of a watering-pot, and informed his astonished friends that his wife had carried away a portion of his soul, leaving him only sufficient for a plant; he had consequently been transformed into a cypress, as they saw; and all he had to ask them was to lose no time in transplanting him in the cemetery grounds.

Not a few would-be sons-in-law of the Queen of England have had to be contented with appearing in court instead of at court; a fate that befell an aspirant for Her Majesty's own hand. In a case tried at Chicago, it was shown that James Love of that city was under the belief that Queen Victoria, with the Emperor Napoleon and his consort Eugenie, visited Chicago after the great fire there, and took up their quarters at the boarding-house in which Love was living. Seeing the Queen of England daily, he grew to adore her; and she in return worshipped him. Mr Disraeli favoured the match, and the English people approved it.—But J. C. Knickerbocker also fell in love with the august lady, and so managed matters that Mr Love was debarred her presence. Nay, more. When Mr Love went for a marriage license, the clerk, on seeing the lady concerned was 'Victoria Guelph, Queen of England,' refused to grant him the license; and before long, Mr Love had to appear in court to vindicate his competency to manage his affairs. The ill-used man drew a touching picture of his devotion to the Queen, and of her unalterable affection for him. He averred that his diabolical foes had drugged his lady-love; and that a third candidate for her hand, named Cassel, had even threatened her life with a hatchet, but failed to shake her resolution. He had appealed to the British people to rescue their sovereign; but they had unaccountably made no sign; and he implored the court to subpoena the object of his affections, who had, singularly enough, neglected to appear and corroborate his story.

For a man to be bewitched by a woman, is common; that he should like it, is common too; such being the case, one can hardly comprehend a man complaining of being bewitched by his wife, but that was the grievance with an Iowa farmer. Not that his trouble ended there; for his neighbours bewitched his pigs, or so he said; while the princess of witches, in the guise of the hired girl, set her uncanny subjects to call him foul names, gibe at him, and prick him with pins. In vain would he cover himself with blankets; his howling tormentors quickly pulled them off

again; they hunted him out of every cunningly devised hiding-place; and he dared never say 'Yes' or 'No,' in answer to a question, knowing they would not rest, or let him rest until he had eaten his own words.

Many a delusion has been aired in the Agony columns of the London newspapers, but never a more pitiable one than the following:

'MURDER!—Whereas, in consequence of evidence in my possession concerning divers murders, or suspected murders, committed in times past, I am under the painful apprehension that the strongest possible motives exist in certain quarters for destroying my life; and whereas I have good reason to suspect that drugs have been given to me at different times since July last, and in previous years, and that I am now in danger of being stricken down by poison, violence, or disease artificially created; and whereas I have recently suffered from sleeplessness and nervous irritability, with muscular twitchings, rippings of the blood, stiffening of the fingers, &c., and am now suffering from incipient weakness of the chest:—I hereby offer an annuity of Fifty Pounds during my life—with full pardon, so far as I may be able to secure it—to any person, who, recognising me from having been concerned in administering to me any noxious drug or poison, shall furnish such evidence as will prove a murderous intention on the instigators of this crime.'

It is a shade pleasanter, perhaps, to fancy somebody has designs upon your life, than to imagine that you have yourself killed somebody; as was the case with an American engine-driver who applied for a three months 'lay-off,' on the plea that he was 'killing too many men on his run,' accusing himself of a wholesale manslaughter, of which he was quite guiltless. For some occult reason, American engine-drivers would seem to be subject to dangerous hallucinations. One had to be relegated to other duties because he was constantly stopping his train for non-existent obstructions on the track, or pulling up in the belief that very palpable bridges had gone altogether. Another was always on the look-out for a black horse, which he averred was in the nightly habit of jumping on the line just ahead of him, and leading him in a race of several miles; and when, in his anxiety to overtake the phantom steed, he ran through a stopping station at the rate of fifty miles an hour, it was thought desirable to give him a rest.—No masterless horse troubled the eye and mind of an old driver on the Central Illinois Railway; his phantom took the shape of an Indian warrior mounted on a white horse, careering along the prairie beside the track, and racing with the train, unheeding of the fireman's lumps of coal, and the shots from the revolver of the imaginative driver.

That the fireman should be infected with his mate's delusion was nothing wonderful. Madness of this sort is very catching, or where would the reputation of Lourdes be? Some imaginative individual saw, or fancied he saw, the window-panes of the houses in Rustadt suddenly emblazoned with crosses, swords, and other significant emblems; and soon the natives of Baden, Rhenish Bavaria, Alsace, and Lorraine thought of little else but the strange signs and tokens, and left their work undone, to gaze for hours

at the nearest window-panes; until their faith and patience were rewarded by seeing therein, not only swords and crosses, but deaths-heads, soldiers, nuns, cannon, and war-ships. A sceptical Genevan journalist set the appearances down to a kind of hypnotism, caused by long gazing on smoky window-panes burned by the sunshine; but believing Badenians looked upon them as omens of trouble to Fatherland; and sanguine Alsations held them to be happy prognostics of the swift-coming *revanche*. Of course, nothing came of it all; the hallucination passed away; teaching its victims that seeing is not always believing, for when the mind goes wrong, the eye is not to be trusted.

THE FUTURE OF ROAD-TRAVELLING.

WILL the time ever come when the main roads of the country will be once more used as they were in what we already call the 'old coaching-days,' for general traffic? A year or two ago, the question would have been answered immediately, positively, and perhaps impatiently, in the negative. To-day, as we shall endeavour to show, there is considerable probability of those roads being again put, if not exclusively, at least to a very large extent, to the use for which they were originally intended. Of course, the railways are supposed to have completely monopolised the long-distance travelling. No one who wanted to go, say, into Yorkshire or Scotland, from London, would have thought, half-a-dozen years ago, of adopting any other means of locomotion than that supplied at Euston and King's Cross. Coaches and stage-wagons are practically extinct; for the expensive amusement which is now known as 'coaching' is useless to the *bond fide* traveller; and they are few indeed who can derive much real pleasure from a steady hundred-mile walk along one of our trunk-roads, though a saunter through the bylanes is no doubt a different thing.

But matters have changed very greatly during the past half-dozen years, and are destined, we firmly believe, to change still more remarkably during the years immediately before us. There are now numbers of men in London who, if they wanted to visit Yorkshire, or even Scotland, would eschew the iron-road, and take to the Macadam, mounted, not on horse-flesh, but on steel, and deriving from their own muscular legs the force required for travelling at the rate of eighty or a hundred or even more miles *per diem*. But although the once rare bicycle has now penetrated to every hamlet, and has conquered the once powerful prejudice against it, we are well aware that it can never effect the revolution in travelling of which we spoke in our first sentence. 'Cyclists' are increasing at a wonderfully rapid rate; and we are persuaded that the takings of the railway Companies must be considerably less than they would be if bicycles were unknown. But it is of course only the young and vigorous male portion of the community, who can utilise it for long-distance travelling.

It is to the tricycle, in some of the many forms it is now assuming, that we look as the

travelling-carriage of the future. Within a very short time it has come extensively into use; and as it is available for ladies as well as gentlemen, and is safe and steady for old as well as young, while the clergyman and doctor can use it without that sacrifice of dignity which is supposed to be involved in the use of the bicycle, it will be seen that the tricycle appeals to a very wide constituency indeed. It is impossible to say how many of these useful machines are already in use, and it is equally impossible for the candid critic to affirm which of the countless patterns in vogue is the best. It is enough to say that a person of average strength can with practice propel himself (or herself) over ordinary roads at the rate of six, eight, or even ten miles per hour, without any extraordinary exertion or fatigue; while if two club together and sit side by side on a 'sociable,' the labour is considerably diminished. What pleasanter mode of spending a holiday can there be than for a man to take his wife through the country in this fashion? The luggage is strapped behind; you start at what hour you please, taking whatever route you prefer; you halt when and where it suits you, and have no trouble with your horse when the day's journey is done. The travelling costs you nothing, unless it be a few pence for turnpikes. You save your railway fare; and you see more of the country than you could possibly do in any other way; while the moderate exercise—which you need never permit to become irksome—will do you a thousand times more good than lounging on the sands or rushing over the continent.

Still, we admit, we have not proved our point. The question is, whether these modes of locomotion will ever supplant in any large degree our present method. We acknowledge that so long as any physical labour whatever has to be performed in the propulsion of tricycles, they will not come into universal use. Let us not forget, however, that in many districts where railway accommodation is *nil* or defective, they are used very extensively for business as well as pleasure. Postmen and doctors especially, have taken readily to this method of locomotion. But inventions are in progress, and have indeed been already perfected, which promise to take the tricycle out of the category of velocipedes or foot-worked machines, and give it a far greater value and importance.

It is well known that one of the first uses that M. Faure made of his new discoveries relating to the storage of electricity was to propel a tricycle, and the speed he then obtained was ten miles per hour; and in this connection it appears as though the French, who were the first to introduce the modern bicycle about fourteen years ago, will be the first to manufacture its direct descendant through a nearly traceable evolution, the Electric Tricycle. With such a machine, supposing that the cost of producing the power be not prohibitive, we can foresee the day when the family party will journey down to Brighton on a fine afternoon by road instead of rail; when the splendid main roads of our country will again be thronged with travellers moving along easily, safely, and inexpensively, not in swaying coaches, but in smoothly rolling tricycles; when the old *Red Lion* and *Blue Boar*, deserted these last forty years, will

again become gay and busy; and when the long neglected villages and bylanes will be explored by tourists who will never want to catch a train.

INSECTS ON THE SURFACE OF ORANGES.

When a dish of oranges is seen on the table for dessert, the fact is hardly realised that in all probability their surface is the habitat of an insect of the *Coccus* family. This tiny creature is found on the orange skin in every stage of transformation, from the egg to the perfect insect, during the winter months, instead of remaining dormant in the cold weather, as is the case with most of the insect tribe. It would hardly be possible to find a St Michael's or Tangerine orange that had not hundreds of these little creatures in various stages of development on their surface. Lemons, too, are frequently covered. Upon inspection, the skin of an orange will be found to be dotted over with brownish scarlet spots of various sizes. These specks can be easily removed by a needle; and when placed under a microscope, an interesting scene is presented, consisting of a large number of eggs, which are oval white bodies, standing on end, like little bags of flour, some of the inhabitants of which may very probably be seen in process of emerging from the opened end of the egg. The female insect upon leaving the egg has six legs, two long hair-like appendages, and no wings; it thrusts a sucker into the orange in order to obtain nourishment, and never moves again, passing through the various stages of development until it lays its eggs and dies. In the case of the male insect, the chrysalis after a short period opens and the insect flies off. The male is supplied with wings twice the length of its body, and each of the legs has a hook-like projection. It has four eyes and two antennæ, and is so tiny that it cannot be seen when flying.

From some parts of Spain, oranges come to us having their rind covered with a *coccus* of quite a different type. The surface of oranges, indeed, affords the possessor of a microscope an infinite amount of interest and amusement.

THE MIRK.

WHEN snaw lay deep upon the brae,
Or drifted owre the lonesome moor,
A waste around the cottage door
Where ance the bloom o' heather lay,
The bairnies, tired o' laugh an' play,
Would singin' gang to sleep at night;
While in the pane I'd place a light
To guide the wanderer aright,
That in the mirk might lose his way.

Now thirty years ha'e fled this day,
Since last I heard the bairnies' sang,
Yet every bush where birds are thrang
Brings back again the simple lay,
That never mair will cheer the brae;
For on my hame there fell a blight—
My bonnie singers a' took flight:
O shine on me, Thou Beacon-light,
Lest in the mirk I lose my way!

SARAH MOIR ROBERTSON.

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GOING FORTH TO LABOUR.

A FEELING of pity, mixed with contempt, is provoked on seeing a family moving in a respectable position in which, through some species of pride or indifference, sons are brought up to do nothing. The father, a good enough man in his way, has not the vigour of character to see the folly of which he is guilty. He has perhaps an idea of the youngsters getting some sort of position in the Civil Service; but for want of ability, and assiduity in learning, that proves hopeless, and comes to nothing. Then he has a notion of the Army, which used to be the general refuge for the genteel destitute; but matters in that respect are also now so hemmed in with regulations and restrictions, that it, too, proves abortive. It is altogether an awkward case. There are the young fellows growing up. They are beginning to show symptoms of a moustache. Costly fancies are demonstrated in the way of dress. Tailors', bootmakers', and jewellers' bills are becoming unpleasantly numerous and oppressive. Papa is perplexed, and at his wits' end. It is a bad look-out.

The man has obviously behaved foolishly. If he has got into a mess, it is his own blame, and he must take the consequences. Why did he not bring up his family with the belief that in the ordinary course of things, according to the destiny of nature, they must Go Forth to Labour—not sham labour, like that pictured by fashionable frivolity, but downright work—something which will help on the general business of the world, and produce a reasonably fair livelihood? This is a question which the man cannot or will not answer. It was a hateful false pride that was at the bottom of his stupidity. He belonged to a condition of society in which an industrial career in commerce or the useful arts is looked down upon; and to avoid that, all risks are to be run, even to the extent of pinching poverty, and a resort to shabby contrivances for a livelihood.

Suppose the man had succeeded in his primary

idea of getting his sons appointed to some department of the Civil Service, it would have been a paltry affair after all. The Civil Service means continuous daily toil through life, with a moderate subsistence, and a round of duties which almost amounts to a crushing out of all mental saliency. Hope is left behind. With good health, and good behaviour, there is no doubt a prospect of employment until old age, with a small retiring pension, but all chance of improvement of circumstances on a scale worth speaking of has to be laid aside. The father who gets his son established in the Civil Service, has condemned him to life-long drudgery and obscurity, and that is hardly to be deemed a matter of kindly gratulation. A youth should, if possible, be floated off on a career in which his capacities will have scope for development in enterprise. Without progressive incitements corresponding to faculties and opportunities, life is apt to be but a cheerless monotony. Perhaps, from the eagerness with which the Civil Service is sought after, this dull routine of existence commends itself to vast masses of young men who are disinclined to self-reliant exertion. If so, we leave them to enjoy what they appreciate, and turn our attention to those phases of society more likely to be roused to an independent exercise of brains and sinews.

It is an instructive fact, that those who affect to consider themselves as belonging to the higher classes of society, are by bad up-bringing excluded from the pursuits which have made England the most wealthy and powerful nation in the world. Riches are not obtainable by putting on a fine appearance, or by talk, or by the pretensions of dreamers, but by Going Forth to Labour, and pursuing that Labour with all reasonable diligence. The costly education given to youth, often in itself is a bar to advancement in life. As a consequence, the wealthier classes are in the main recruited from the ranks. For the most part, they began as poor boys who, fearing no imaginary humiliation, and embracing every opportunity of advancement, 'justified by honour,' at length

attained to the distinction and ease of circumstances which they are now seen to enjoy. We may be quite certain that the wealthy men we see and hear of have not made their way by street-lounging, by attending steeplechases, or by squandering their time in Club rooms under the inspiration of nips of brandy and cigars.

Of late, we are happy to say, the so-called higher classes have shown symptoms of turning over a new leaf. Feeling as if they were about to be left in the lurch, a number of them have resolved to send their sons Forth to Labour in fields which lie invitingly open for their mental and bodily capacities. As better than any moralising, we propose, in illustration, to tell a story of real life, which we condense from a narrative recently published.* An English gentleman, whom, for brevity's sake, we may call the Captain, living in good circumstances, with a wife, three sons, and a daughter, was suddenly brought into difficulties by certain pecuniary losses. He resolved to make a personal sacrifice for the sake of his boys; and in this, his wife and daughter cheerfully concurred. The Colonies offered an opening for enterprise, and the part he selected was the neighbourhood of Winnipeg, in Manitoba. This newly opened-up district has been much spoken about recently. It is situated near the south end of Lake Winnipeg, and west of Lake Superior, in Canada, and noted for its general fertility. Had we been to make a choice, we would, for the sake of a generally agreeable climate, have selected New Zealand, or some part of Australia; but to many persons, such would be objectionable, owing to the long voyage and distance from England. Canada is comparatively near home, and can be so easily reached by steamboat, as to be deemed preferable by a large number of emigrants. It was so, on the present occasion.

Some time before setting out, the Captain submitted his sons to an agricultural training, so that, on arrival in the colony, they took kindly to a routine of rough work in the fields. Going by way of the St Lawrence and Toronto, the family reached Winnipeg in twenty-two days, including stoppages. They found Winnipeg a busy and thriving town, rapidly rising into importance, with establishments for the sale of every kind of farming implement; also for the sale of horses, draught oxen, milk cows, and other animals. Likewise shops of different kinds, for articles native and imported. Hotels large and numerous.

The Captain had bargained for a lease of a settlement including a dwelling-house, a garden, and some land in crop. The whole was a downright imposition. The dwelling-house was little better than a dilapidated shed, with the rain pouring through the roof. There was no garden;

and ten acres alleged to be in tillage, were upwards of a mile off, through swamps waist deep. Certain so-called stables and cattle-sheds, were simply roofless piles of manure and rubbish. So much for entering into a contract for houses and lands without seeing them. It was too late to repine, or to think of going back. The Captain, with his sons, set a stout heart to the business, and did their best to get things into order.

It was rather late in the season—the beginning of June, 1880; but this family of Crusoes managed, by dint of hard work, to cultivate some land near their dwelling, sufficient to insure the prospect of a tolerable harvest. A good deal of carpentry in a rough way was also effected; wooden fences were set up, and the dwelling-house underwent a thorough repair. There was now an air of comfort, where there had been formerly nothing but misery. The writer of the narrative says: 'For forty dollars (eight pounds) I purchased a cow and calf of a neighbour; and within seven weeks of leaving England, we had as good cream and butter on our table as in Devonshire itself. Poultry, pigs, &c. soon followed.' Not caring for delicacies, which could be procured only from Winnipeg, ten miles off, the family had for diet, bacon, salted pork, eggs, salads, vegetables, pastry, and home-made bread, all which were sufficiently nutritive. Domestic work, we presume, was done by the ladies, for we hear nothing of hired assistants.

The struggle was hard, but contained the elements of success. Horses, a serviceable wagon, a mowing-machine, and other implements of husbandry, were purchased, and put to a good use. The worst thing to contend against were the roads, which in wet weather were in a frightful condition. Every hardship, bad roads and all, was philosophically surmounted. Fortunately, there was near at hand a vast stretch of prairie, yielding wonderfully high and thick grass of excellent quality; of this, a large quantity was cut and winnowed, forming a useful stock for sale, and also for winter use. The boys took to the work of hay-making, as well as everything else, with much alacrity. The Captain tells us, for the encouragement of others, 'that *wholly unaided*, his three boys—the eldest under twenty—managed to plough and crop sixty acres in the short period of six weeks—the work, too, being *well done*!'

There seem to be two heavy drawbacks against Manitoba, which are touched upon lightly. The first is the comparatively short summer, with its great heat, and swarms of black flies and mosquitoes, which there seems no way of extirpating. The second drawback is the long winter, with its intense frost, sometimes sinking to fifty degrees below zero, and which would be wholly unendurable but for the dryness of the atmosphere. When the wind blows during this frosty season, no one dares to encounter it unless wrapped up in skins and furs. Driving home from Winnipeg the day before Christmas, it

* *A Year in Manitoba, 1880-1881, being the Experience of a Retired Officer in settling his Sons.* W. & R. Chambers, 1882.

seemed almost too cold for any one to survive it. 'My nose and cheeks,' says the Captain, 'were frozen on two different occasions during the day, leaving very sore evidences thereof for some while afterwards; and it was imperative every now and then to get down and run alongside for a considerable distance, to maintain circulation at all. . . . Of course, it becomes, under any circumstances, a question of more or less clothing; coats of skins—the dress of primitive man—best meeting the necessities of the case. For these, bears, beavers, wolves, racoons, skunks, and every variety of furred animal, are freely drawn upon; but especially and chiefly the buffalo supplies his hide for the comfort of those who have now nearly exterminated him from those prairie-wilds where but lately he was wont to reign supreme in herds of countless thousands.'

With all its drawbacks, the Captain was favourably impressed with Manitoba for the special object he had in view, namely, that of settling his sons. He does not think it is a country suited for tenant-farmers of the ordinary class, or for persons coming out to take things easily. 'One sees numbers of young, smartly dressed fellows, ornate with gold chains, rings, and solitaires, with finely starched linen—fresh arrivals from England—lounging about the streets of Winnipeg; and we wonder whether they have at all realised what farming in Manitoba means! It certainly means the greatest exertion to maintain even personal cleanliness and common decency of attire; for the destruction of clothes is truly alarming, and nothing but the adoption of the "overall" duck suits of the country and high boots, can preserve a man who has to work from soon becoming, as to his clothing, a veritable scarecrow.' Considering how successfully his sons had taken to the rough mode of life pursued in the colony, the Captain thinks that Manitoba is well adapted for a class of young men with good education and fond of a country life and pursuits, provided they are industrious and not likely to be daunted by trifles. This is exactly the class who are so numerous as to be a positive embarrassment to the country at home, and whom many parents would be thankful to see comfortably and decently settled.

The writer candidly tells us that Manitoba is not the place for persons of settled habits in middle life. For himself and his wife, he says: 'We should indeed be very sorry were we compelled to live here always.' This is an important admission. Intending emigrants would need to consider the nature of the country they select. As a rule, capitalist emigrants in middle life, and who design to rely upon agriculture, cannot be advised to go to Manitoba, or indeed any raw district in the north-west of America. We should also doubt whether it is suited for the reception of the large number of artisans who have been flocking thither; though it appears there is a good opening for blacksmiths and such

handicrafts. It should be added, however, that the improvement by means of railways will speedily change the aspect of affairs, and afford openings for settlement hitherto unheard of. We need not pursue the subject. Our object was to point out how a gentleman with his wife quitted home and country, making for the time many sacrifices, for the purpose of establishing their sons in a career adapted to their faculties, and which proved eminently successful. It was a noble effort, and can only be spoken of with the heartiest approval. Instead of seeing their boys merged in the crowd of genteel idlers who have become a pest to society, they had the satisfaction of observing them Going Forth to Labour in a field every way worthy of their exertions. W. C.

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER XIX.—REGINALD, IN HIS FRIENDSHIP FOR VAL STRANGE, BEGAN TO GROW DESPERATELY FEARFUL FOR HIM.

MR REGINALD JOLLY and his father walked together in Piccadilly. Even Captain Morris, the sometime laureate of the West End, would have found but little in his favourite haunt to praise on such a morning. Mud and mist were its prevailing characteristics; the mud oceanic, the mist Scottish, and the general outlook profoundly melancholy. London is the home of wonders, and amongst its store of marvels it is open to question whether there be one greater than the placid endurance of its people. In Stamboul—which is the incapable official's earthly paradise—men bear anything. But in London, capital city of the land of the free, it is singular that we make no rebellion against misrule. There was an Irishman once, who, being informed that for a score of years the bailiff or land-steward in a certain district had not been shot at, excused his countrymen on the ground that what was everybody's business was nobody's business. Perhaps the same proverb applies in other cases; and anyhow, Piccadilly lay in its usual spring-tide condition.

In all minds, good temper is not merely synchronous with boot-polish; but there are circumstances and conditions in which the one may disappear with the loss of the other. Mr Jolly, in spite of the weather, had turned out of his chambers in the Albany in a beaming condition. A passing hansom rolled up a sudden wave of mud; the wave overflowed Mr Jolly's varnished shoes and spotless gaiters; the cabman turned and grinned derisively; a small boy, with that inhuman delight in misery which only small boys feel, danced with joy on the muddy pavement at the sight; and the injured gentleman forgetting dignity in anger, made at the juvenile satirist with his cane. But the small boy, surrounding himself with a very halo of mud-splashes, dived behind a lamp-post, and from that place of vantage hurled forth satires too ponderous—so it seemed—for infant tongue to wield; and Mr Jolly could but shake his stick at him in impotent exasperation. Turning, in anger curious, disproportionate to the event,

such as elderly gentlemen are subject to on like occasions, the injured man faced his only son, and read on his undutiful countenance a smile of mirth. At that, with such reproach in his glance as may have stricken Brutus when dying Cæsar breathed '*et tu,*' he walked in silence to a near cab-stand, and entering the first vehicle he came to, gave the word for home. When Reginald would have entered with him, the aggrieved father voicelessly waved him back and drove away alone. The aged-seeming youth stood upon the kerbstone and watched the retreating cab. His smile was half-glad, half-pensive, and he gave the small boy a penny. Then obscuring the remnant of his emotion with an eyeglass, behind which all passions faded to a stony glare, he turned away, and felt a hand upon his shoulder.

'Hillo! How de do?' from Reginald.

'How de do?' from Mr Gilbert, late yachting comrade of Val Strange's. 'Nice day.—Your governor, wasn't it, who drove away just now?—Thought so.—Which way are you going?'

'I am a waif upon the human sea,' responded Reginald, winking behind his eyeglass with much dexterity. 'I was going somewhere; but my guile has left me, and I am alone in London, and I don't know where to go.'

'Come and lunch with a fellow at the Club—just across the road.'

'What fellow am I to lunch with?' inquired Reginald.

'Come on,' returned Gilbert; and led the way to a ford, or crossing, by means of which they passed over the river of mud and came to the Club portals.

'Thus,' said Reginald later on, waving his hands vaguely at the well-furnished table, the cheerful apartment, and the fire.—'Thus we pluck sweetness from misfortune, and the grief of the father becomes gladness to the son.'—Gilbert, who had seen the disaster to the elder Jolly, smiled, and pushed the claret across the table.—'Strange is in town, I believe,' said Reginald, a moment later. 'Have you seen him?'

'No,' said Gilbert, a slow smile again wreathing itself about his broad features. 'Strange and I are at loggerheads.' When Gilbert smiled, there was this peculiarity about it, that the smile worked underground, so to speak, travelling unseen about his countenance, breaking out at salient points, to disappear again and break out again, now in a wreathing of the lips, now in a twinkle of the eye, until, having permeated the whole mass of his mid-England features, it burst forth all over in a kind of triumph.

'At loggerheads?' said Reginald, fixing his eyeglass in order to reproach him. 'Why, I thought you two were the Damon and Pythias of the modern world. And who ever heard of anybody quarrelling with Val Strange?'

'I never quarrelled with him,' said Gilbert, with his smile in ambush in his eyes. 'I never row with anybody. Not on principle, because I think a fellow ought to assert himself at times; but because I haven't energy. The fact is, he quarrelled with me.'

'What about?' inquired the other.

'I think I have the letter about the somewhere,' said Gilbert, pulling out some loose papers. 'Yes; here it is.'

Reginald took the letter from his outstretched hand. 'Am I to read this?'

Gilbert nodded; and his companion taking down his eyeglass, opened the letter, and read a line or two: 'I am in the dullest hole I ever got into in my life;' and so forth. At this he turned his eyes to the address from which the writer dated, and saw that this epistle had been forwarded from his father's house. He gave a little gasp at that discovery, and partly to cover a momentary confusion, read on. When he had read it through, he handed it back to Gilbert. 'Did you send the telegram?' he inquired innocently.

Gilbert's slow smile declared itself on his lips, disappeared, shone out in his eyes, disappeared, and beamed suddenly on every feature. He nodded twice or thrice, and responded, in the phrase of the once-famous Muster Gerridge: 'I believe you, my boy. I sent it. I did more. I went out of my way to oblige him. You see, he asked me not to fail in making the telegram urgent enough to fetch him out of the place he'd got into; and so, thinking the first mightn't seem sufficiently particular, I sent a second; and then—so that there shouldn't be any mistake about it—I sent another. Then he comes up to town, slangs me horribly for overdoing it, and tells me he's done with me for ever. It's Talleyrand over again. *Trop de zèle.* You catch me ever helping anybody again, and tell me of it.'

'You don't happen to know whom Strange was staying with, do you?' asked Reginald.

'No,' said Gilbert. 'He omitted to name his host, and I don't know anybody but Val himself in that part of the country.' And Mr Gilbert, had he known the truth, would rather have been shot than have betrayed Strange in this manner.—'Why do you ask? Do you know 'em?'

'Ye-es!' said Reginald, again assuming his eyeglass, and speaking in a tone of anything but certainty. 'I think I do.'

'They must be a wooden lot,' said Gilbert, 'to frighten Strange in that way. In the matter of patient endurance of boredom, I'm a perfect camel, and Val is the next man to me. I never knew anybody who could endure being bored better than Val, except myself of course. But then, you know,' said Gilbert, as if deprecating his own virtues, 'I'm so used to it. I can't remember not being bored; everything's a bore to me, and always was, and so, you see, I've had lots of practice.'

'Ye-es,' said Reginald again. 'Must have had.' He was both humiliated and indignant; but by dint of much self-control, he disguised his feelings, and turning the conversation to other matters, sat on for an hour, and then took leave. He was eager to be alone, that he might puzzle out this curious affair of Strange's. If it were true that Val had found things dull at the Grange, it was certain that he had borne the infliction in a marvellously cheerful manner on the whole. Dull? He had been the life of the house—the very centre of all people's enjoyment. Once or twice there might have been a preoccupied and even a dreary look upon his face—Reginald remembered that—but he had always emerged from his momentary quiet into a very fever of good spirits. There was some small mystery at

the bottom of the matter, and the younger Jolly was one of those people to whom mystery is a thing unendurable. There was a fair share of mother-wit hidden in that prematurely bald head of his, and as he sat in deep bewilderment over the whole matter, some uncertain gleams of light began to dawn. It was evident that Strange must have been intensely eager to get away, before he would have written such a letter to Gilbert. It was equally evident that the reason he gave was not the true one. It was plain, also, that when the telegram arrived which should have been his excuse for leaving, he had changed his mind, and did not want to go. The complete pretence of the excuse was proved by his immediate return when at last the third telegram had forced him away. This, then, was clear—that, at the Grange, at the time of Val's stay, there was some unusual attraction and some equally unusual repulsion. Reginald cudgelled his brains to remember whether anybody who might have been disagreeable to Strange had left the house between the writing of the letter and the receipt of the telegram. No. There was nobody leaving at that time. Had anybody arrived who brought a new attraction to the place, and made him eager to return? No. Then the attraction and the repulsion existed there together. How?

When the present writer was very young indeed, he was in love, in a quite hopeless manner, with a lady whose years probably doubled his own. The lady was perhaps two-and-twenty, and is at this time elderly, and indeed a grandmother. The present writer was permitted to make one of a water-party, and to his own ecstatic delight, was relegated to the boat in which the object of his unspoken adoration sat with a younger sister. It was a large boat; and there were several young men, who wore high collars, and otherwise made open proclamation of achieved manhood, told off to it; but there were no other ladies. One of the young men had the celestial happiness to be the brother of my adored. Unmindful of that splendid privilege, he called to the occupants of another boat, complaining of the inequality of distribution. My hated rival, who was two-and-thirty, turned upon him: 'It's all right, Tom. We have your sisters. Don't ask any more ladies here!'—'Don't ask any more?' queried the other. 'Sisters?' It was spoken with extreme disdain. 'What do you think a fellow wants with his sisters at a picnic?' This was my first lesson in a phase of nature which I have since studied with some care. It impressed me all the more because it was uttered in respect to *such* a sister; and the moral I deduce from it, and from my after-studies is this: that, as a rule, a brother is ignorant—is even ridiculously ignorant—of his sister's fascinations for other people. He is prepared to admit the attractions of other men's sisters—they appeal to him: he is not altogether amazed—though perhaps amused—that a man should marry or desire to marry *his* sister; but if the future brother-in-law, in a flush of that foolish fever under which he labours, should chance to pour out his thoughts of his divinity, it seems—confess it—a little ridiculous to the divinity's brother. Those lambent orbs in which the soul is made visible for the first and last time in this world for you or me—'item,' saith the brother, 'a gray eye or so.' Her sigh melts

not him, her glance commands him not, he will grin superior at your raptures; had it been Susan now—*your* sister, he could have understood it.

Any other man knowing all that Reginald knew, and having but half his readiness of observation, would have jumped to the truth at once. It may be accepted as proof of considerable keenness that he reached the truth at all. It was a slow and doubtful process; but he mastered the problem at length, and was satisfied that his solution was the true one. It troubled him on many grounds. He had grown into a great liking for Gerard, and had long had the sincerest friendship for Strange. And he himself was proud, and in respect to some matters, loftily honourable. The British undergraduate has, if you take him in the lump, fewer of the Christian virtues than you might wish to find in him; but some of the mere heathen virtues are an absolute part of him, and men who have them not, he despises, and from his soul abhors. Reginald, in his friendship for Val Strange, began to grow desperately fearful for him. It was remarkable, having once made up his mind to the reason of Val's astonishing behaviour in the matter of the telegrams, how true an allowance of the impulses which guided all three of the people involved, he was able to make. He adjudged to Gerard, at once, the unsuspecting single-heartedness which belonged to him; to Constance, the honour which baffled inclination; and to Strange, the weakness which made his passion so dangerously strong. He resolved to watch, even to make opportunities for watching; and if the result should confirm his thoughts, to speak.

THE PEPYSIAN LIBRARY.

THE *Diary* of Samuel Pepys, written between the years 1660 and 1669, is more or less familiar to every reader; but comparatively few are aware of the treasures contained in that unique collection, the Pepysian Library at Cambridge. A curious document is still extant, namely, that part of the will of Pepys which refers to the disposal of his literary treasures. In accordance with the provisions of that will, the 'new building' in the second court of Magdalene College bears upon its outer wall the motto and armorial bearings of Samuel Pepys, with the legend, *Bibliotheca Pepysiana*.

Let us cross the threshold, reader, and ascend the staircase—always supposing we are accompanied by the Master, or one of the Fellows of Magdalene; for not otherwise could Hercules himself obtain admittance into this literary garden of the Hesperides. We have not far to go, only a few stone steps; and our conductor pauses before a quite ordinary-looking door, unlocks it, and behold we are in the *Bibliotheca Pepysiana*! It is quite a little room, as libraries go—fireproof, by the way—with three or four windows, whence we get a charming glimpse of sunny meadow-land and silvery stream. The exquisitely polished floor reflects the ruddy glow of the firelight; the glass fronts of the eleven mahogany book-

cases—Pepys's own—shine again; and if a speck of dust is anywhere to be found in the whole room, it pertains to our own shoes, and in nowise to the Pepysian Library. Verily, I believe that if the shade of old Pepys could come sauntering in some sunny afternoon, marshalled, of course, by the indispensable—and most courteous—Fellow, it would do his heart good to see the care that is taken of his collection. But, in a sort of sense, Pepys is always present there, for over the mantel-piece he beams forth from the canvas of Sir Godfrey Kneller, in a voluminous periwig, 'very noble,' to use his own most favourite term of eulogy. (A far finer portrait of Pepys, however, by Sir Peter Lely, hangs in the Hall at Magdalene.)

As I have already had occasion to mention, the bookcases are Pepys's own. They are of mahogany, handsomely carved, with handles attached at the sides. The doors are formed of small panes of glass, those in the lower divisions being made to lift up. The books are almost all arranged in double rows, the smaller in front of the larger, so that the lettering upon each book in both rows is clearly visible. The advent of these bookcases from the cabinet-maker, Mr Sympson, is mentioned in the *Diary* under date August 24, 1666.

But perhaps the most interesting thing about this library is the fact that its three thousand volumes are all arranged upon the shelves exactly as Pepys left them. They were classified by him according to size, No. 1 being the smallest, and No. 3000 the largest. This arrangement is apt to be amusing, as, glancing round the shelves, we perceive, say, a volume of the fiercest polemical theology flanked on one side by a collection of 'Loose Plays,' and on the other, maybe, by a book of 'pithie and profitable riddles, right pleasaunt and delectable to the reader.' All the books—with a few exceptions in morocco and vellum—are bound in Pepys's regular livery of black and gold; and wherever a volume happens to be in the least degree shorter than its neighbours, it is elevated upon a small block of wood, painted exactly to resemble the binding. Suppose we unlock one of the cases, and take out a folio volume bearing the simple lettering 'Chesse Play.' Upon the first board is inscribed, as on all the books, a device in gold—the two anchors of the Admiralty, of which Mr Pepys was at one time Secretary, crossed behind a shield, bearing a legend. This shield is surmounted by his crest. On the last board are his arms and motto. And so, having examined the outside, we turn to the inside also, and find that this simple-looking volume is none other than 'The Game and Playe of the Chesse, translated out of French and imprinted by W. Caxton; fynysshed the last day of March, the yer of our Lord God a thousand four hundred and lxxiiij.' This is said to be the first book printed in England. The Pepysian Library is peculiarly rich in Caxtons, Wynkyn de Worces, Pynsons,

and other early-English printed books. Among the most interesting are the 'Polychronycon,' 1482, folio; 'The Chronicles of England, emprinted by me W. Caxton in thabbey of Westmynstre by London the V day of Juyn the yere of thincarnation of our Lord God m.cccc.lxxx,' folio; 'Thymage or Mirroure of the Worlde,' 1481, folio; 'The Book of the Ordre of Chyvalry or Knyghthode [one of the very rarest volumes from Caxton's press]; translated out of Frensshe into Englishe at a Request of a Gentyll and Noble Esquier by me W. Caxton.' It is supposed to have been printed in 1484. The first and second editions of the 'Tales of Cauntyrburye,' and 'The Proffyttable Boke for Mañes Sovle, and right comfortable to the Body, and speccially in Adversite and Tribulacyon; whiche Boke is called The Chastysing of Goddes Chyldren,' are also printed by Caxton.

Walking slowly round the shelves, our eye is very probably arrested by a small duodecimo volume bearing the interesting lettering 'Old Novels.' We take it down; and find that it contains various curious pieces purchased separately, and afterwards bound up together, as, 'The Worthie Historie of the most Noble and Valyaunt Knight Placidus, otherwise called Eustas, who was martyred for the Profession of Jesus Christ. Gathered in English verse by John Partridge in the yere of our Lord 1566,' black-letter, and supposed to be unique. Evidently a novel for Sunday afternoons! The following piece of prose, also in black-letter, and also supposed to be unique, entitled 'The Goodli History of the most Noble and Beautiful Ladye Lucrece of Siene in Tuscan, and of her Lover Eurialus, very pleasant and delectable to the Reader,' MDLXVII., was possibly for week-day perusal, and approximates more closely to the novel of modern times. Another of these 'Old Novels' is entitled, 'The Mirror of Martyrs, or the Life and Death of that thrice valiant Capitaine and most Godly Martyre Sir John Oldecastle, Knight. Printed by V. S. for William Wood, 1601.' I wish that some of our 'new novels' were anything like such improving reading. Passing on, most of us will experience something of the delight of meeting an old friend when we come upon a quarto entitled, 'A Parable of the Spider and the Flie: made by John Heywood: imprinted at London in Flete Strete, by Thomas Powell, 1556.' There is another copy of this work in University Library.

Four curious little duodecimo volumes—printed for the most part in black-letter—containing from one thousand to fifteen hundred pages respectively, are entitled (1) Penny Merri-ments; (2) Penny Witticisms; (3) Penny Compliments; (4) Penny Goodlinesses. Here are a few of the titles from one of the volumes: 'The History of Friar Bacon,' poetry; 'The History of the Valyaunt London Apprentice Aurelius, written for the encouragement of Youth,' prose; 'A Brief Sum of Certain Wormwood Lectures:

Which women used to sing and say
Unto their husbands every day,

translated out of all languages into Billingsgate Dialogue, by Matthew Parker, 1682, prose (Confuse not, O reader, this Matthew Parker with the venerable Archbishop of that name); 'The Delightful History of Dorastus and Fawnia,' in

black-letter, is familiar to all students of Shakspeare as the groundwork of the *Winter's Tale*; 'The True Tryal of Understanding or Wit newly revived, being a Booke of Excellent New Riddles,' by S. M., 1687, poetry; 'Variety of Merry Riddles,' by Laurence Price, 1684; 'The Book of Merry Riddles,' 1685, black-letter, prose. In one of which books, by the way—I fancy in Price's book, but cannot be certain—I stumbled upon my old nursery friend, 'Two legs sat upon three legs, with one leg in his lap; in came four legs, caught up one leg,' &c. I had never imagined it so venerable, and shall look upon it in future with the greater reverence.

And now let us turn to the five folio volumes of Old Ballads, for which this library is chiefly famous. The first volume contains the following note in Pepys's handwriting: 'My collection of ballads, begun by Mr Selden, improv'd by the addition of many pieces elder thereto in time; the whole continued to the year 1700.' The earlier ones are in black-letter with pictures, and the later ones in white-letter without pictures. They were classified and indexed by their purchaser under the following heads: (1) Devotion and morality; (2) History true and fabulous (would that I had Pepys's eye for discovering the boundary-line between these two extremes); (3) Tragedy, namely, murders, executions, judgments of God; (4) State and Times; (5) Love pleasant; (6) Love unfortunate; (7) Marriage, &c.; (8) Sea: love, gallantry, and actions; (9) Drinking and good-fellowship; (10) Humour, frolics and mirth. The greater number of these ballads are familiar to most readers, for the Bibliotheca Pepysiana was one of the chief sources from which Bishop Percy obtained his *Reliques of Old English Romance Poetry*, while very many of those omitted by Percy have been printed by Evans in his collection of Old Ballads. At the end of the fifth volume is a copy of the 'adjustment and settlement of the ancient ballad warehouse, with the propriety and right of printing the same, between William Thackeray, John Millet, and Alexander Millbourne in 1689.'

Foremost amid the manuscript treasures, the six volumes of Pepys's own shorthand *Diary* are probably to most people of the greatest interest. The shorthand employed is that known by the name of Shelton's System, a copy of whose *Tachygraphy*, with other works on shorthand, is to be found in the library. The *Diary* was first deciphered by the Rev. John Smith, of St John's College, and a manuscript copy made in plain English, which is still preserved in the Bibliotheca Pepysiana. The various editions of the published *Diary* consist only of extracts from this work, many portions of which are wholly unfit for publication. Second only in interest to the above is the original narrative of the escape of Charles II. after the battle of Worcester, taken down by Pepys in shorthand, from the king's own mouth. This manuscript having been likewise deciphered and published, is well known to most readers. The Maitland Manuscripts, two precious volumes of ancient Scottish poetry, have furnished the principal portion of the published collections of Pinkerton and others. But perhaps the most delightful volume among the manuscripts

is a folio containing nothing but letters—Henry VIII.'s love-letters to Anne Boleyn, very neatly copied, by an English traveller, in 1682, from their originals in the Vatican; a number of letters to and from the Earl of Leicester, the Regent Murray, and other great men of the sixteenth century, many of them in Spanish; more than one letter from Oliver Cromwell; a letter of Charles II., dated from the Hague, shortly after the execution of his father; and very many others, the exact particulars of which have passed out of my memory.

Two thick folios contain 'The Original Libro de Cargos as to the Provision, Ammunition, &c. of the Provedor of the Spanish Armada.' They are written in Spanish, and have a hole pierced through, for the purpose of hanging them up in the ship.

Pepys appears to have been the first to collect pictures, prints, &c. illustrative of the city of London; two deeply interesting folio volumes in the Pepysian Library are entirely filled with them. Mr Jackson, by the way, is known to have added to this branch of the collection. I remember also with great pleasure a French fashion-book of the seventeenth century, infinitely more interesting than the fashion-books of modern days (*biblia à biblia* with a vengeance, these), inasmuch as each plate was the portrait of some celebrated man or woman. The costumes, very interesting from the historical point of view, nevertheless struck me as peculiarly frightful and unmeaning, especially the ladies in riding-habits—long skirts, men's doublets and *periwigs*—'an odde sight, and a sight that did not please me,' as Pepys himself remarked in the *Diary*, upon meeting certain of the 'Ladies of Honour' so attired in the galleries at Whitehall. But it was not sufficient for the maids of honour to array themselves in periwigs, the gentlemen must needs betake themselves to *muffs*.

And last, not least, we have to look through those four priceless folios of prints, sketches, and engravings, portraits for the most part of celebrities famous and forgotten. I remember being struck with a deeply thoughtful head of Spinoza, also a picture of Michel de Montaigne—which, by the way, I have seen elsewhere—a dashing young cavalier, not as yet done sowing the wild-oats which bore fruit in those wonderful Essays. Sir Thomas Challoner, by Hollar—suspected by Dr Dibdin to be a proof—is an exceedingly fine head. Over it is written in pencil, probably either by Pepys or Jackson: 'Bravo, sixty-one guineas for my Lord Buckingham.' Rather a large print represents Sir Thomas Overbury in a sitting posture; over it is the following inscription in pencil, apparently by the same hand: 'Bravo, fifty guineas for Lord Buckingham.' A print of Devereux, Earl of Essex, on horseback has a pencilling of 'fifty guineas' over it. Lady Castlemaine, with wavy hair, occurs more than once; also 'pretty, witty Nell Gwynn,' usually represented amid lambs garlanded with daisies, in her favourite rôle of innocence. Then come a series of 'forgotten worthies'—Drake and Gilbert and Frobisher, and Fenton and Raleigh and Grenville, with others whose names are less familiar. 'Charles Kingsley's page,' it has come to be called in the College, from his continual and loving study of it. (It is almost

unnecessary to say that Kingsley was a Magdalene man.)

A large oval print of Sir Edward Spragge is stated by Dr Dibdin to be very rare. There are also some spirited sketches of heads in Indian ink, one especially I remember of Newton before he was Sir Isaac; also a sketch of Sir John Hotham; and another of Tarlton the jester.

Such is the Pepysian Library. A little chamber where Time stands still as in the palace of the Sleeping Beauty, where we have only to cross the threshold to enter the seventeenth century. Only, be sure, reader, I have not described one quarter of the rarities which, if you make a pilgrimage to Magdalene, you will without doubt discover for yourself.

THE MORTLAKE PEERAGE.

CHAPTER II.

My next step, after seeing Miss Onslow, was to proceed to Sandgate, and call at the addresses given me of the doctor and the lodging-house keeper. The latter I could not find; she had left the town, and no one knew where she was now living. The doctor, I discovered, had given up practising, and had taken up his residence at Folkestone; so I had to hark back to that town, where eventually I found him. Dr Scudamore proved to be a very gentlemanly old man, in no way disposed to be reticent. He remembered the whole affair. He thought the young lady was very good-looking, but not very strong-minded. And somehow he imagined she was not happy, and tried to gain her confidence, but could not. Both mother and child were strong and healthy; in the whole of his practice he never saw a finer infant. He knew nothing of what became of them after they left Sandgate, and could give me no information about Mrs Pocock, the lodging-house keeper. He, however, voluntarily stated that he did not believe that the lady he attended was dead. He gave as his reason that, as he was crossing from Calais to Dover not many months since, he saw a lady, whom he believed to be his former patient. She was attended by a gentleman, who seemed to be her husband, and had a large retinue of servants. He bowed to her, and she returned his salutation. I did not attach much importance to this, because a bow from so courtly an old gentleman as Mr Scudamore, I argued, even if given in mistake, would be almost sure to elicit a response. But Mr Scudamore would not listen to such an idea; he was confident that the lady was the same person he had attended at Sandgate—only that she had grown more womanly and even more beautiful.

All this was very tantalising. I could not entirely credit Mr Scudamore's story; nor did I feel perfectly satisfied with Lord Mortlake's assertion that his wife was dead. I did not for one moment imagine that he had treated his wife unhandsomely, or that she had been subjected to any foul-play on his part. On the contrary, I had a strong conviction that he had been deceived, and that he was in reality as much in the dark with regard to her existence and whereabouts, as I was; nevertheless, the conviction that Lady Mortlake was still alive had become so

rooted in my mind that I was not inclined to give credence to anything to the contrary. It may be asked, why did I not go to Lord Mortlake and seek a solution of the mystery from him? At least he could give me his grounds for asserting that his wife was dead. That is all perfectly true; but it was not practicable. I did not know where he was to be found. Lord Mortlake had not been in England for years. He had been travelling in all parts of the world; and according to common report, had become a misanthrope, or been seized with a mania for trapping and hunting. At anyrate, so far as his friends knew, he was living somewhere in the backwoods of America; and no one had any idea when he was likely to return.

One morning some time after this, I received a message from Miss Onslow, who was seriously ill, requesting that I would call upon her. Accordingly, I went, and found the lady in her sick-room. I was shocked and surprised to see how much she was altered since I had last seen her. Always thin, she had now shrunk into a mere skeleton. She beckoned me to approach her, and whispered: 'I want to speak to you alone—before my sister comes; there is no time to be lost. I am dying!'

'You can leave the room,' I said to the woman in attendance. 'I want to have some conversation with Miss Onslow of a private nature.'

'The doctor said she was not to be left,' answered the attendant sullenly.

'I will ring if there is any necessity,' I replied.

The woman glared at me; she did not answer, but left the room without a word.

As soon as the door was closed, Miss Onslow put her long thin hand out of the bed, and thrust into my hands a packet of old letters. 'Put them into your pocket,' she whispered. 'Don't let her see them; she is a spy.'

'What are they?' I asked.

'Letters—their letters—the ones we suppressed.'

'Mr and Mrs Stanhope's?' I asked.

'Yes,' was the reply.

'Then you were the cause of their separation?'

She gazed at me piteously, and then answered, 'Yes.'

'God will judge you for that wicked act!' I exclaimed. 'Those who separate husband and wife will have much to answer for.'

The wild yearning look in her eyes came back, and she said: 'The thought of how we treated that poor girl has been like a canker in my heart. I wish I had my time over again.'

'A vain wish, my poor woman,' I said, softened by her anguish, 'and one that will not serve you.'

At this moment the door opened, and another tall woman, the very counterpart of Miss Onslow, only stouter and better looking, entered the room, and stalked across towards the sick woman, who faintly ejaculated: 'My sister.'

'What is all this, Ann—and who is this gentleman?' asked the new-comer sternly.

The sick woman essayed to answer—raised her head a little from the pillow, and then suddenly fell back. She was dead. She had been suffering, as I afterwards learned, from heart-

disease, and the shock of her sister's sudden entrance had killed her.

I went home in a very sad mood. The scene I had just witnessed was so deeply impressed on my mind, that I could not get rid of it—it haunted me; while I was almost unmanned by the thought that a soul had passed into eternity in such a state. In the hope that the perusal of the letters given me by the dead woman might distract my attention from these morbid ideas, I sat down and read them. There were more than twenty, some of so touching and pathetic a character, that I was moved to tears as I read them. Mr Stanhope's were full of love and tenderness, urging his wife to disclose their marriage to her father, or to let him do so; vowing eternal fidelity, and complaining that she did not answer his letters. His wife's at first expressed the most unbounded love; but they gradually changed. It was evident to me that the Misses Onslow were trying to poison her mind, and persuade her that she was deserted. When the idea first dawned upon the young wife, her agony of mind as expressed in her letters was intense; but she evidently would not believe it, and urged him to come and take her away. Poverty, she said, she could bear; but the thought that he had ceased to love her, was maddening. Some of her letters were very incoherent, full of passionate love, alternating with vows of hatred and revenge; and I came to the conclusion that the writer at these times was hardly accountable for what she wrote. The mystery to me was, how human beings could have read these letters and acted such an inhuman part.

From one of Mr Stanhope's later letters, it was evident that he had procured an interview with one of the Misses Onslow, and had tried to discover the whereabouts of his wife. The letter was obviously written while he was in a state of great mental excitement. He said that though he still loved her, he was stung to the quick by her silence and neglect; stated his intention to accept an appointment in India, and gave an address in Calcutta where she could write to him.

The first thing I did after I had read these was to apply to Lord Mortlake's bankers for his address. They stated that they had not heard from him for some time; but they gave the address of a bank in New York through which he received his remittances. I wrote to the manager, inclosing a letter to my friend. Time went on, and I got no answer; but the letter was not returned.

Shortly after the death of Miss Onslow, I received a note from Dr Scudamore. He said that, understanding that I was anxious to discover the whereabouts of Mrs Pocock—the person with whom Mrs Stanhope lodged while she was at Sandgate—he had made inquiries, and had discovered that, having lost her first husband, she had been married again to a man of the name of Minter, at Ramsgate, a small shipowner. At the same time he inclosed her address. This was another link in the chain; and I started off to pick it up.

I found the woman very uncommunicative. All I could get out of her was, that the child of the lady I spoke of died a few months after it was born, and was buried at Ashford. She

admitted that she had the charge of the child till its death; and she produced a certificate of its burial. I was about taking a copy of this, when I discovered that it was a certificate of the baptism of the child, and not its burial. I took no notice till I had copied it, then I said: 'Thank you. Now I'll see the certificate of the burial.'

She looked at me blankly; then she snatched up the paper and examined it. With a muttered execration, either on me or herself, I could not make out which, she produced the other paper, and gave it me. Just as I had finished making a copy of this, a handsome boy of about fourteen or fifteen entered the room. He was about to withdraw, when I stopped him and asked his name. 'George Pocock,' he answered.

'This is your son, then, I suppose?'

'Of course he is!' she replied. 'What makes you ask?'

'Because he is the very picture of what Mr Stanhope was when he was young. The likeness is perfectly astounding.'

'I can't help nothing about who he's like,' she said sullenly. 'He's my boy.—Ain't ye, George?'

'Yes, mother,' he replied meekly.

I folded up the copies of the certificates carefully and put them into my pocket-book. The woman all this while was motioning to her boy and looking daggers at him. I was watching her all the time. At this moment, a voice in the passage called out: 'Dinner ready, Polly?' and a bluff, hearty-looking man entered the room.—'Sarvant, sir,' he said on seeing me, and he doffed his hat.

'This is your wife's son?' I said interrogatively.

There was a broad grin on his face as he answered: 'So she says; but blaame me if I know whose he is! He ain't a bit like the missus, is he? And he ain't no more like old Pocock than she's like the Queen. 'Tain't hern, sir; doan't you believe it!'

'What rubbish you do talk, Robert!' his wife cried; and then turning to me, she said: 'You mustn't mind what he says. He's jealous of the boy.'

'Ho, ho, ho!' laughed Mr Minter. 'Jealous! 'Tain't no business of mine, sir, whose child he is, but I likes to have my say, and what I says, I sticks to. 'Tain't hern; doan't you believe it.'

'I am quite of your opinion, Mr Minter,' I said. 'I was just remarking how unlike his mother he was, when you entered the room.'

'Was ye now, sir? Well, I call that pekewlar—werry pekewlar. It's what I call a coincidence!'—Then there was an aside, as the dramatists call it: 'How about the dinner, Polly? Hadn't you better see about the taters?'

Mrs Minter took the hint, and vanished. As soon as she and the boy were gone, he recommenced: 'Lord bless you, sir, she's as good a little woman as ever stepped in shoe-leather, but she's got her pekewliarities.—He's not her boy, sir. Her boy, which was about the same age, died, and she tried to make people believe it was this one. My sister knows all about it.'

'What was her reason for acting thus?'

'The Lord above knows! I like to act fair

and straight; and I always told her if I come across anybody as knowed the boy's friends, I'd tell 'em.'

'Have you any proof of this?' I asked.

'My sister knows all about it, and she'll swear to it.—Do you know the boy's friends, sir?'

'Yes; if he is the one I think he is, I know both his father and mother.'

'Surely now, that is werry pekwlar! Just fancy my coming in opportune-like! I suppose if I'd been five or ten minutes later, I shouldn't have seen you, sir!'

'No; I was just going when you came home.'

'Well, I do say this is a coincidence; and if I might be so bold, will ye stop and take a bit o' dinner with us? We've got a beautiful bit o' pork, and apple-sass, and taters and greens. The taters I growed myself, and they're fust-rate!'

'No, thank you,' I said; 'I could not think of intruding on you in that way.'

'No offence, sir; I'm only a rough sailor; but if you'll stop, you're welcome. I can't say more, can I?'

'No; certainly you cannot; and I'm obliged for your hospitality.—But what about your sister? What is her address?'

'That's just it. What I says to myself was, If the gentleman would only stop and have a snack with us, I could put the old mare in the trap and drive him over.'

'There is no occasion for you to disturb the old mare. I have got my carriage at the hotel.—Where does your sister live?'

'Why, at Chislet.'

'Then allow me to suggest that you get your dinner—there is no hurry—and then come down to the *Albion*.'

'I am your man, sir,' said Minter. 'State your time, and I'll be punctual.'

'In an hour—say half-past two,' I replied.

At half-past two to the minute, Mr. or rather as I found he was called, Captain Minter made his appearance at the hotel. He was quite a dandy, being attired in a blue coat with brass buttons, white duck trousers, and a tall hat.

The carriage-door was opened, and I motioned him to get in.

'What! get inside along of your worship? I never rid in a coach like this afore. Can't I get up aloft along with the coachman?'

'O no! That would never do. My coachman would not like it.'

'Well,' he said, 'if I must, I must;' and he plunged in and took his seat.

It will not be necessary to describe our journey to Chislet; all I need say is that we found Mrs. Moody, the Captain's sister, at home. Her story was a very straightforward one. She stated that Mrs. Pocock had a son about three months older than Mrs. Stanhope's child; that when the Pococks lived at Sandgate she lived with them as servant; that at Mr. Pocock's death, the house at Sandgate was given up, and the widow with the two children removed to Ashford. A few weeks after their removal, the elder child sickened and died. After this, she left Mrs. Pocock, and did not see anything of her for years. Meantime, Mrs. Pocock married Captain Minter, her brother; and after a time, when she came back to Kent, she was surprised to find that Mrs. Minter claimed the live child as her own. She would undertake to

swear that the child that died was Mrs. Pocock's, and the one that was alive was the lady's that lodged with them at Sandgate.

Apart from the fact that there was no motive to induce this woman to fabricate such a story, there was something so simple and honest in her manner, so entirely different from the shifty ways and looks of Mrs. Minter, that I was deeply impressed with its truthfulness. Having obtained all the information I could from honest Captain Minter and his sister, and having examined the registers at Folkestone and Ashford, and found the copies of the entries I possessed perfectly correct, I went up to town to consult my legal friend as to what course I should take in consequence of the discoveries I had made.

His advice was that Mrs. Moody's deposition should be taken at once, and that Mrs. Minter should be threatened with legal proceedings if she did not sign a confession and give up possession of the boy forthwith. This brought the lady to book; and a legal document acknowledging the fraud was drawn up and duly signed and attested.

I immediately took possession of the boy. I may say, and I do so because I wish to judge Mrs. Minter as leniently as is consistent with the truth, that both she and the boy were much affected at parting. The woman pleaded hard that he should be left with her a few months longer, and the boy was quite opposed to the separation; but I felt it incumbent upon me to be firm. I did not think I should be doing my duty towards my friend to leave his son, the heir to one of the oldest English earldoms, in the keeping of such people. I took the boy home with me, and he remained some months in my house. I never saw a youth improve so rapidly. He soon got rid of the roughness of manner which, spite of his natural refinement, he had acquired from Captain and Mrs. Minter, and showed himself an apt scholar both in letters and deportment. I may also state that for some months I was his only tutor. I was jealous of his future reputation; and I did not want him to come in contact with other boys of his age and station till I had toned down some of the ruder ideas and feelings imparted to him by his early associations.

Meantime, I had written another long letter to Lord Mortlake, informing him of the discovery of his child, and asking him for instructions as to my further proceedings. At the end of six months this letter also remained unanswered.

I shall now have to pass over an interval of twelve months, during which, however, circumstances took me one step farther towards the solution of the mystery which surrounded the death or disappearance of Lord Mortlake's wife.

It was the height of the London season, and upon one of the Reception days I was watching the carriages slowly defiling towards the Palace. Indeed, I could not but feel a sort of pride in the array of beauty and magnificence that met my view; thinking, and I believe with perfect justice, that in no other capital in Europe could be seen such an exhibition of grace, elegance, and beauty; when I was struck by one lady whose beauty transcended all the rest. There was power and intellect as well as extreme

loveliness in her face—a handsome and regal woman, the very Queen of Beauty. The carriage was moving slowly, so that I had time to take in all the details of her features. It was, however, not so much the charm of these that struck me, but their familiarity. In them I recognised those of the girl I had married to Lord Mortlake—Caroline Amelia Craven.

I asked a footman who was standing near by, whose carriage it was, and the reply was Lady Synge's. I did not remember the name; so I went home and consulted the Peerage and Baronetage, and found that Lady Synge must be forty-five at the least. Evidently, there had been a mistake; the lady in the carriage, and whose features I fancied I recognised, was not much above thirty. I say, whose features I fancied I recognised; but in reality I had no doubt that she was the very woman I had married to Lord Mortlake at Knutsfield church, and whom he had been deceived into believing was dead. But here a queer doubt arose in my mind. Was Lord Mortlake deceived as to her death? or did he, when he said she was dead, speak metaphorically?—did he mean that she was dead to him? These were questions I could not answer; but I believed that I had conclusively settled one fact—that the woman whom Lord Mortlake had married was still alive.

I remained in town some days after this; but though I frequented the fashionable quarters, and visited the Parks daily, I saw no more of the lady whom I had believed to be Lady Mortlake.

Time passed on, and I was still without news of Lord Mortlake, and fears were being entertained that he had come to an untimely end. I had written to his New York bankers, and had a reply. They had a large sum of money still in hand; but the Earl had not drawn upon them for many months. All my letters had been duly forwarded to St Louis, on the banks of the Missouri; and information from thence had been obtained that, when last heard of, Lord Mortlake was following the course of the Yellowstone River, with the avowed purpose of crossing the Rocky Mountains.

INSECTS AND FLOWERS.

UNTIL the end of last century, butterflies, moths, and many winged creatures were allowed to flit about the painted fields without arousing the faintest curiosity as to their movements, or the least suspicion that they were doing any particular good. Fluttering a careless life away, they were supposed to be having a good time of it. This 'pursuit of pleasure' was permitted them without any reproach, on account of its brevity. One burning noon, a shower, a shadow, the dew of twilight, and their precarious existence was over. Not the most energetic utilitarian ever dreamed of interfering; and the only shade of criticism cast on their proceedings came from the superior behaviour of one of their own order, the compulsorily unselfish honey-maker.

But in the year 1793, Christian Sprengel, an enthusiastic German botanist, of strong imagination and deep religious feeling, published a work which, translated into English, bears the somewhat audacious title of *The Discovered Secret of Nature*.

He was the earliest observer of the relations of insects to flowers, and knew that they were attracted from great distances by conspicuous colours and agreeable scents. He not only understood the use of these universally acknowledged guides, but went so far as to assert that dark-coloured marks and streaks on the corolla of a flower served as path-pointers to the nectary. Fallacious guides, it is true, he often declared them to be; for, not believing in the high intelligence even of bees, he imagined that they were led to visit certain kinds of flowers which existed by an organised system of deception—*Scheinsäublumen* (sham-nectar producers). The visits of insects were indispensable to their fertilisation, but the banquet was never forthcoming. Delpino supported him in this opinion; but Darwin, although unable to find true nectar in several kinds of orchids, could not believe in what he termed so gigantic an imposture, and discovered that in cases where the nectaries are dry, a fluid may be found in a lax inner membrane, which the proboscis of some insects is able to reach. It is a curious fact that Sprengel, whilst aware of the many beautiful contrivances in flowers which can only be explained by their relation to insects—since self-fertilisation is evidently in many cases impossible—still stopped short of the mark, and was not aware that there was any difference in power between pollen from the same plant and pollen from another plant of the same species.

H. Müller, in his work on the Fertilisation of Flowers, refers to this, and says: 'It is remarkable in how very many cases Sprengel rightly perceived that pollen is necessarily transported to the stigmas of other flowers of the same species by the insects which visit them, and yet did not imagine that this transportation was of any service to the plants themselves.' He could hardly, however, have failed to remark that between anthers and stigma, even if inclosed in the same envelope, there is generally some obstacle interposed, which looks as if the object were not to do what, on the other hand, it is the clear intention of Nature should be done. He saw that this was a strange thing; and by degrees he came to think that he had solved the mystery, and discovered Nature's secret! What, by reason of their own arrangements, flowers were unable to do for themselves, bees and other insects were invited to do for them. If the stigma should be placed so far above the anthers that the pollen-dust could by no manner of means reach its viscid surface—if the anthers, when they became ripe, should suddenly whirl round and scatter their contents in another direction—if they habitually faced away—if there were some lid or shelf to prevent the pollen from falling on to the stigma—if, when shut up together in a common envelope, the stamens and the stigma do not come to maturity at the same time—then Nature instructed insects to correct these mistakes, and by dusting themselves with the pollen, to spread it where it ought to be placed.

Sprengel does not appear to have been struck with the inconsistency of a separate set of ways and means being thus organised, when the required end would so simply and obviously have been attained by the slightest possible alteration in the organs of the flower itself.

Almost about the same period, the whole secret

would appear to have been also in the hands of Erasmus Darwin; but he too failed to perceive the real meaning and immense importance of his own discoveries. He understood the production of different, and sometimes more excellent varieties by the transfer of fecundating dust from the anthers of one flower to the stigma of another of the same species, and describes how a cabbage was thus produced which was said to 'fatten a beast six weeks sooner than turnips.' The sort of cabbage in use was the tallow loaf or drumhead cabbage; but it being too tender to bear sharp frost, some of it and the common purple cabbage used for pickling—the hardest known—were planted alternately, and when the seed-pods were perfectly formed, the purple were cut down, and the other was left for seed. 'This,' he says, 'had the desired effect, and produced a mixed stock of a deep green colour with purple veins, retaining the size of the drumhead, and acquiring the hardness of the purple.'

Here was the secret practically discovered; but still, it did not occur even to so shrewd an observer that this very cross-fertilisation is the law of Nature, and is daily carried out, not by the hand of man, but by butterflies, moths, and bees. It remained for Charles Darwin, the most patient, sagacious, accurate, and truthful of investigators, and whose lamented death took place so recently, to point out the true meaning of the secret which Sprengel held himself to have sounded, and to show why flowers should be visited by insects, and how cross-fertilisation is practically insured by contrivances of endless ingenuity and beauty. The simple fact of the existence of such contrivances would be sufficient to prove that some advantage was to be gained. Urged on by this conviction, continually confirmed and strengthened by the most minute observations and the most careful experiments, Darwin has been enabled to demonstrate unmistakably that the offspring of flowers crossed by pollen from another plant of the same species are markedly superior to the offspring of those which have been self-fertilised; that they are in every way better fitted for the struggle of life; that they have an innate power of resisting unfavourable circumstances; and when subjected to severe competition, exhibit a superiority in their power of growth.

Darwin's experiments, which he pursued during the course of a great many years, are not difficult to follow. To carry them out successfully they require the same care and patience that he himself expended upon them; but they are neither very intricate nor very costly. He thus describes what was his own manner of proceeding. A single plant, if it produced a sufficiency of flowers, or two or three plants, were placed under a net stretched on a frame, and large enough to cover them completely. Thus protected, several flowers were marked, and fertilised with their own pollen; and an equal number of the same flowers, marked in a different manner, were at the same time crossed with pollen from a distinct plant. Care was next taken that the seeds were thoroughly ripened before being gathered. Afterwards, the crossed and self-fertilised seeds were placed on damp sand, on opposite sides of a glass tumbler, covered by a glass plate, with a partition between the two lots, and the glass was placed

on the chimney-piece in a warm room. As often as a pair germinated at the same time, they were placed on opposite sides of a pot, with a superficial partition between the two. In comparing the two sets, the eye alone was never trusted. The height of every plant on both sides was carefully measured. Independently of any external cause which could be detected, the self-fertilised plants were more liable to premature death; and with a large number of specimens the crossed plants not only exhibited a well-marked tendency to flower before the self-fertilised ones growing in the same pots, but produced a greater quantity of seed.

Sometimes crossed and self-fertilised seeds were sown in separate rows in the open ground, which was kept clear of weeds, so that the seedlings were not subjected to any competition with other kinds of plants. Those, however, in each row had to struggle with the adjoining ones in the same row. Darwin relates that he covered a foxglove plant growing in its native soil, with a net, and fertilised six flowers each with its own pollen, and six others with pollen from another foxglove growing within the distance of a few feet. The covered plant was occasionally shaken with violence, so as to imitate the effects of a gale of wind, and thus to facilitate as far as possible self-fertilisation. It bore ninety-two flowers—besides the dozen artificially fertilised—and of these only twenty-four produced capsules; whereas almost all the flowers on the surrounding uncovered plants were fruitful. Of the twenty-four spontaneously self-fertilised capsules, only two contained their full complement of seed; six contained a moderate supply; and the remaining sixteen extremely few seeds. Seeds from the above crossed and self-fertilised capsules, after germinating on bare sand, were planted in pairs on the opposite sides of five moderately sized pots, which were kept in the greenhouse. The plants after a time appeared starved, and were therefore, without being disturbed, turned out of their pots, and planted in the open ground in two close parallel rows. They were thus subjected to tolerably severe competition with one another, but not nearly so severe as if they had been left in the pots. At the time when they were turned out, their leaves were between five and eight inches in length; and the longest leaf on the finest plant on each side of the pot was measured, with the result that the leaves of the crossed plants exceeded on an average those of the self-fertilised plants by a quarter of an inch.

In his work on the Fertilisation of Orchids, Darwin has fully described the marvellous mechanisms by which cross-fertilisation is in almost every species there secured; but it is an error to imagine that though their adaptations for the purpose are more obvious than in any other group of plants, the case is exceptional. The manner in which the anthers of *Salvia* are depressed by a lever-like action, and rubbed upon the backs of bees, is equally curious; and Müller describes a plant, *Posoqueria fragrans*, whose anthers explode when a moth visits the flower, and cover the insect with pollen. One of the filaments, which is broader than the others, then moves, and closes the flower for about twelve hours, after which time it resumes its original position. Thus the stigma cannot be fertilised

by pollen from the same flower, but only by that brought by a moth from some other flower. Endless would be the list of similar contrivances, not only to be met with in rare and singular plants, but in our own hedges and fields at every turn on every summer day; and Nature, whilst alluring those insects to visit plants whose agency is necessary, displays an almost equal sagacity in preventing the visits of unprofitable or dangerous guests.

Insects must have a certain size, shape, and weight, before they can be of use. Some inkling of excluding-contrivances has casually occurred to reflective botanists; but it is to Kerner that we owe the explanation of a great many floral structures which can evidently have no other meaning than to shut out unbidden visitors. Erasmus Darwin remarked upon the protective function of the connate leaves of the teasel, but without having much notion why the nectar should be guarded. Belt, in his *Nicaragua*, observes that many flowers have means of preventing insects from obtaining access to the nectar; and Dr Ogle, in his preface to his translation of Kerner's work, describes the ingenious protection afforded by viscous rings. *Stickiness* is one of the true protective appliances recognised by Kerner; and he further holds that the position, direction, and shape of the leaf are of just as great significance for the preservation of species, as the form, colour, and scent of the flowers; that not even a hair is meaningless, whether found on the seed-lobe or the leaf, on the stem or the blossom; thus repeating Sprengel's conviction, that 'the wise Author of Nature would not have created even a hair in vain.' The flowering process is necessarily exposed to many dangers—dangers from grazing animals, from caterpillars, snails, and small insects; but ruminating animals, such as cows, are endowed with the instinct to avoid the most beautiful blossoms; far from being attracted, they are apparently repelled by colours and scents. Kerner, for instance, bids us remark, that when cattle are driven to their pastures through countless blossoms of Colchicum, Parnassia, and Euphrasia, they go along snatching the sprouting leaves and grass, and of other plants from among the flowers, but never touching the flowers themselves; and in cases where the flowers are so intermixed with leaves, or so close to them that the destruction of the one involves the destruction of the other, even the leaves are avoided!

It has been already mentioned that Erasmus Darwin was the first to recognise the water collected in the leaves of the teasel as a protective appliance; and there are many other common plants whose funnel-shaped leaves retain water for a length of time. The flowers belonging to them, usually full of nectar, are thus rendered perfectly inaccessible to any but flying insects; and it is needless to say that plants growing in water are still more thoroughly protected. Against such intruders as snails and caterpillars, hairs and bristles are employed. Such soft-skinned animals are particularly sensitive, and quickly learn to shun the contact of a stiff sharp point. The lower bracts of flowers are often furnished with such points, and down-pointing needles are frequently massed at certain spots. It may be laid down as a rule that the closer to the flower, the greater the accumulation of prickly formations. Kerner

gives an enlarged drawing of *Centaurea cyanus*, whose stem and leaves are free from prickles; while every one of the lower involucre bracts is beset with saw-like teeth round its whole margin, excepting when overlapped by a neighbouring bract. All these teeth curve down, so that their needle-like points are presented to any animal that would creep up into the flower. On the common thistle, both up and down pointing needles may be seen. Another plate represents a flower of the *Melampyrum pratense*, where the pricklets are set on the filaments of the anthers, inclosing the entrance to the nectar recess like a pair of toothed jaws; the object being to deter creatures that would creep in from below or from the sides, but presenting no obstacle to the proboscis of the welcome bee. In many lilies and in gentians, where the nectar is placed in certain depressions of the corolla, a kind of cage is formed over them by twisted hairs. Insects approaching from above can push their proboscis between the bars of this trellis; whilst smaller insects are excluded, and are caught and held fast as securely as in a spider's web.

But in the conformation of the flower itself, the most beautiful preventive arrangements are to be found; and the most multitudinous. Kerner divides them into two groups: one containing those structures which completely cover in the nectar; the other containing those in which the closure is incomplete, only a narrow orifice being left. In the first group, insects have no means of access except by lifting up the over-arching or closely approximated parts, which always implies a vigorous push, and can never be effected except by an animal of tolerable size; for a creature of such dimensions as not necessarily to come in contact with the pollen and stigma, will also be without the strength to push asunder the parts which form the nectar cavity. Antirrhinum and Toad flax are quoted as instances of this formation. An insect alighting on the lower lip cannot get at the nectar in the spur unless it is heavy enough to depress the lip. In the second group, where the passage is not completely closed, the constriction is effected by curvatures and swellings. In the Narcissus and *Oenothera*, the lower part of the perianth is narrowed into a channel only wide enough to admit the entrance of a long proboscis. Sometimes it is the corolla which serves the purpose, being reduced in its lower part to a long straight tube. In Monkshood, the limb of the petal is rolled back in a spire; the nectar is therefore inaccessible to small insects. In *Calceolaria*, the whole lower lip is rolled into a pouch whose entrance is so tortuous that it becomes impossible to most insects to get at the nectar. Strong and heavy humble-bees alone can rifle it, and in so doing, they must come in contact with stigma and pollen.

Such innumerable instances and examples of contrivances transcending all that the most fertile imagination of man could invent, are crowded together in the works of Darwin, Sir John Lubbock, Kerner, and others, that it is difficult to know where to stop in making mention of them; but the result amounts simply to this, that so infinite a variety of means points to one unmistakable object. Insects that convey pollen from plant to plant are welcome guests, and

useless creatures are excluded. The discoverers of the last century paved the way to the advanced knowledge of this. They were well satisfied with a little learning; and it is only another proof of the extreme modesty of true science, that our present great and successful investigators do not now proclaim that they have discovered the secrets of Nature, but rather that their knowledge is still in its infancy; that a rich field for observation and experiment is open, and that the veil is far from being lifted.

THE HUMOURS OF A BUILDING SOCIETY'S BANQUET.

Most people are familiar with the course of proceedings at the annual dinners, held in London, of the great Societies, benevolent, literary, dramatic, scientific, and otherwise, which are frequently graced by royalty, and made illustrious by the presence of influential and popular members of the old nobility. The other end of the social scale, however, may not be quite so well known; and a description of the annual dinner of one of the smaller Friendly Societies may possibly be novel as well as amusing.

We will ask the reader to accompany us, then, to the annual dinner of the Kosmos Building Society, which is to be held at one of the larger taverns in the City. Dinner is announced for six o'clock; and by about half-past five, the guests—most of whom are of the small shopkeeper class of the East End of London—begin to assemble in the waiting-room, flocking together in groups of about five or six, and vainly endeavouring to look comfortable in their badly-fitting Sunday clothes. Presently, an individual, who perchance has been in service in a gentleman's family, or, what is more probable, knows some one who has, makes his appearance at the door in evening dress, with white tie. A knot of men standing near one of the windows turn round to look at him, and then surmise among themselves as to who that 'parson-lookin' chap' is; until one individual, of superior imaginative powers, boldly hazards the suggestion that 'it's the bloke as is goin' to say grace!' Satisfied with this explanation, they turn their backs on him, and resume the occupation of staring fixedly out of the window on to the busy street below.

Meanwhile, the 'parson-lookin' chap,' who is not in holy orders, but is a thriving young tradesman, has made his way to another corner of the room where a few of his particular friends are assembled. He sits down amongst them; and with the air of a man perfectly accustomed to this sort of thing, rings the bell for the waiter, and orders 'Arr a dozen glasses of sherry an' bitters, sharp;' and as the waiter disappears through the doorway, calls out after him with the air of a connoisseur: 'Dry sherry, waitaw!' Whilst he and his friends are engaged in sipping this appetising beverage, he regulates their ears with a choice commercial anecdote. It appears that 'Ole Bloggs the 'olesale tater-man sent eight bushel o' taters to Jimmy Smith down our way; an' Jimmy Smith let 'em lie out in 'is shed all night, an' in the mornin' they were all frost-bitten, so 'e sent 'em ivry one back. An' Ole Bloggs 'e were that savage, an' vowed if 'e iver

sold Jimmy Smith any more stuff agen, 'e wished as 'ow 'is corpse might walk!' This delicious piece of humour is highly relished by the audience, who are divided betwixt admiration at the display of business-like strategy on the part of Jimmy Smith, and amusement at the craving for post-mortem perambulation evinced by the exasperated Bloggs. Fresh comers keep dropping in and going up to where their own acquaintances happen to be congregated. The favourite mode of greeting appears to be: 'Illo! who'd a thought o' seein' you 'ere?'—a form of recognition evidently containing some hidden humour, as it is invariably followed by a choking giggle on the part of both parties.

Presently, dinner is announced; and the whole company are jostling and treading on one another's heels in their eagerness to get to the doorway. Some considerable confusion ensues before all are seated; but when at length order is restored, the waiters commence to serve without any audible invocation of a blessing on the meal, either from the 'parson-lookin' chap' or any other functionary, clerical or otherwise. At the last moment it is discovered that the Chairman of the Society is absent; and after several members of the Board have obligingly volunteered their services to supply his place, the oldest Director present is duly installed in the seat of office. When all are served, a lull for about twenty minutes takes place, broken only by the clattering of knives and forks, and the varied sounds emitted by the guests as they proceed from time to time to quench their thirst. But after the keen edge of the appetite has been taken off, the hum of conversation breaks out afresh.

'Mr Tomkins!' bawls out a pompous, podgy, little man from the Directors' table, holding his glass in his hand, 'I looks towards yer.'

'All right, Ginger!' is the familiar response of the individual thus apostrophised, a gaunt, lanky, cadaverous-looking man, with an enormous collar, and an exaggerated black silk necktie. 'I dessay yer does; ony don't worrit me now—I'm eatin'!'

The little man addressed in this friendly off-hand fashion looks round very fiercely for a few moments; but finding apparently no notice taken of his spicy patronymic, calms down, and assumes an expression of awful benignity.

In a little while a slight bustle takes place at the upper end of the room; and the energetic undersized Secretary leaps to his feet, and in an excited tone makes the startling announcement: 'Gentlemen, our Chairman 'as arrived.' This piece of information fails to produce the electric effect which had doubtless been anticipated, the majority of the guests being, like the unsociable Mr Tomkins, still too much absorbed in the all-important process of sustentation, to pay much heed to the arrival of the Chairman or any one else; and it is not until the announcement has been repeated in a louder and shriller key, that a few persons near that end of the room look up from their plates, and hammer hastily on the table with the handles of their knives, to express their deep sense of gratification at this auspicious event. In the meantime, the Chairman remains standing at the side of the chair occupied *pro tem.* by his substitute. As that gentleman does not offer to vacate the place of honour, the Chairman remarks to him in a

mildly suggestive tone of voice: 'Pray, don't move.'

'I ain't a-goin' to, Tommy,' is the unwelcome reply. 'I don't budge from this 'ere seat till you've 'ad yer vittles, old man. So just set down an' peg away, an' don't mind me.'

As it is impossible to demur to the self-abnegating generosity of this determination, the Chairman has no recourse but to sit down and hastily swallow his dinner and his vexation at a small side-table.

When dinner is finished, the tables cleared, and the legitimate Chairman fully installed in possession of his rights, the business of the evening begins. The annual dinner has been chosen as the occasion for presenting the Secretary of the Society with an illuminated Address, in recognition of his invaluable services. The Chairman, a sprucely attired man, with a painful affectation of East End gentility, rises and calls out: 'Gentlemen, will you please 'ave the goodness to order what you will 'ave; and then, gentlemen, when you 'ave all charged your glasses, we will proceed to bizness.'

For a few minutes the waiters are busily engaged in supplying each man with his favourite liquor. Gin and brandy appear to be most in request; while a few individuals, after some little hesitation, decide to indulge in sherry; but lest there should be a misapprehension on the part of the waiter, they particularly impress upon his mind the fact that the beverage in which they desire to luxuriate is 'sherry wine.'

The usual loyal toasts being disposed of, the Chairman commences as follows: 'Gentlemen—an' I wish I could say Ladies; but, as you all know, the fair sex is not admitted to these convivial meetin's—Gentlemen, we 'ave now met to take upon ourselves one of the most pleasin' duties which 'as fallen to our lot since my connection with this Serciety. Me an' your Directors 'ave long thought the time was come when it would not be amiss to present our valued and esteemed Secretary with some trifling token of our regard for the services which 'e 'as so long rendered to this Serciety. Ahem! We are all of us aware 'ow much we 'ave to thank Mr Twaddles for. But perhaps, gentlemen, some of you may not know, as I do, 'ow often our Secretary 'as torn himself away from the 'appiness of 'is domestic 'earth, in order to attend to the interests of us 'ere.'

At this instance of stoical devotion to duty on the part of Mr Twaddles, some of the younger guests set up a loud titter, which is immediately suppressed with indignant cries of 'Horder, horder!'

'It is not my intention, gentlemen,' continues the Chairman, 'to enlarge on the merits of Mr Twaddles, which all of you 'ave 'ad so many opportunities of judgin' for yourselves; but this I will say, gentlemen, that great as 'ave bin the services of Mr Twaddles, I think we of the Kosmos Building Serciety know 'ow to afford 'im addikate remuneration for the same. Most of you know the character of the testimonial which we are to 'ave the pleasure of presentin' 'im to-night; but when I tell you that the bit o' vellum, together with the frame in which it is set, cost something like a matter of seven pund ten shillin', to say nothink at all o' the odd pence,

I think as you will agree with me that the testimonial is in all respects worthy of the man. To cut a long tale short, gentlemen, my friend Mr Stubbins will now proceed to read you the Address, which 'as bin illuminated on the vellum.'

Mr Stubbins, the gentleman who, at an earlier stage of the proceedings, had been addressed as 'Ginger,' stands up and takes the illuminated Address in his hand. The varied emotions inspired by the occasion, however, prove too much for this gentleman's equilibrium. He sways unsteadily about for a few moments; and then the Chairman, perceiving that he is beginning to read the Address in a thick husky voice, with the writing turned upside down, hastily snatches it out of his hand with a polite 'Permit me;' while Mr Stubbins sits down in his chair with a loud 'flop,' and gazes round at the company with an air of vacant defiance.

The Chairman then in a mellifluous voice reads the contents of the 'bit o' vellum,' which sets forth in flowery and euphuistic language the deep sense entertained by the members of the Kosmos Building Society of the manifold and priceless services rendered by its able and indefatigable Secretary. 'Mr Twaddles,' continues the Chairman, turning towards that individual, 'I 'ave now the 'appiness to present you, on the part of the Kosmos Building Serciety, with this 'umble testimony of the value which they attach to your services; an' I'm sure I shall be expressin' the feelin's of ivry person 'ere present when I say as we all 'ope that you an' Mrs Twaddles may long be spared to enjoy the same, an' also to 'and it down as an heirloom to your children's children.—Gentlemen,' he proceeds, turning once more to the company, 'I could say more on this occasion, but I won't. There's other speakers as 'as got to come after me, an' therefore I will no longer detain you from the 'appiness of 'earin' them as I know you would much rayther listen to.'

When the applause called forth by this ingenuous burst of modesty has somewhat subsided, Mr Twaddles rises to acknowledge the gift. His appearance is the signal for a rapturous stamping of feet and jingling of glasses, in the midst of which an old gentleman, who evidently deeply sympathises with the Secretary in this trying moment of his life, calls out in a warning voice: 'Keep yer 'ead straight, Twaddles, old boy.' Without apparently heeding this friendly well-meant piece of advice, Mr Twaddles commences: 'Mr Chairman an' Gentlemen, this is indeed the proudest moment of my life; an' I now feel as I'm more than rewarded for all the labours as I've bin at for this Serciety. I know as there are many Sercieties where the Secretary is not treated 'arf as well as I've always 'ad the 'appiness to be by the Chairman an' Directors of this Serciety, an' I could give you the names of 'em gentlemen, I could indeed; but I always know which side my bread's buttered on, gentlemen, an' I've got much to be thankful for where I am now. From the very bottom of my 'eart, gentlemen, I give you my thanks for your great kindness to me on this occasion, which 'as come so totally unexpected, that I niver knew anythink at all about it till this very evenin', gentlemen, I give you my word. Of course,

gentlemen, after the great favour which you 'ave done me this day, I can 'ardly make so bold as to ask anythink further at your 'ands; an' yet there's one little thing more as I'd willin'ly be indebted to you for, an' that's this: if there's any gentleman 'ere present as knows a friend, or maybe only an acquaintance, as is not connected with a Buildin' Serciety, if he'd only just mention the name of the Kosmos Building Serciety to that gentleman, and then come round an' let me know, I'd drop in an' make a call on 'im any time as 'ud be most convenient. An' if there's any gentleman 'ere as wants to buy 'is 'ouse—why, ivery man had ought to be 'is own lan'-lord, gentlemen—I'm sure our terms to borrowers is as easy an' nice as could be wished; an' if iver we do 'ave to foreclose, gentlemen, well, then, all I can say is as it goes against my grain as nothink iver was like it. Gentlemen, whenever Self an' Mrs Twaddles looks up at this 'ere precious bit o' vellum, as will in futur 'ang just over our front parlour chimley-piece, where ivery person as comes in the room can see it, we shall always think what a blessed thing it was as your humble servant okkipied the position which 'e is now proud to fill.'

After this touching display of post-prandial eloquence, Mr Twaddles sits down with a smile of modest satisfaction irradiating his homely features. Deafening applause follows the conclusion of his speech; and the entire company, waiters and all, combine their joint efforts to give vocal utterance to the unanimous expression of opinion that he (Mr Twaddles) is a jolly good fellow, intimating at the same time that on that point they are prepared to defy contradiction.

When the important business connected with Mr Twaddles has been disposed of, the other toasts follow in rapid succession, the last health to be drunk being that of the Solicitor, to the Society. During the acclamations following the solicitor's health, a gentleman at the other end of the room jumps up and exclaims: 'He hed ought to hev bin in the army, gentlemen, he's sich a good un to charge.' This playfully satirical accusation calls forth roars of laughter, which completely drown the indignant protest of the irate man of law, that his charges 'are strictly mod'rate, and let 'em get the work done cheaper if they can.'

After the healths have been finished, the mirth flows fast and furious; the only person who takes no further part in the merriment being Mr Stubbins, who, no doubt from a praiseworthy feeling of shyness, has long since disappeared from public notice, and is now slumbering peacefully below the table.

At the end of one of the tables at which is seated the humble representative of the press, a small party is kept in a continually bubbling state of mirthfulness at the irresistible humour of a young man with a much turned-up nose and crossed eye, who appears to be the comic spirit of the party. One stout, shrewd-looking elderly man, in particular, keeps exploding into bursts of laughter out of all proportion to the most exaggerated appreciation of the jester's facetiousness; in fact, there seems to be some little occult joke going on, of which he alone is conscious. At last, after a more than usually hearty burst of merriment, the hidden source of

humour makes its appearance. Nudging and winking at his right-hand neighbour, he confides to him in a loud whisper: 'There's our Bill a-carryin' on wi' 'is gimcracks an' 'is tomfoolery; an' 'ere's the reportin' chap a-sittin' close by, a-takin' of it all down, an' a-goin' to print it. O lawk-a-mussy on me!' and he rolls back in his chair and laughs till his white waistcoat heaves and quivers with emotion.

As these manifestations of merriment begin to subside, the thriving young tradesman of quasi-clerical appearance gets up to oblige the company, and in melodious strains expresses his conviction that

When the pigs begin to fly,
Oh! won't the pork be 'igh?
I guess they'll be the funniest birds
As iver wos in the sky.

When he has finished, another gentleman of musical proclivities goes up to the piano. His performance, however, comes to an abrupt conclusion, if, indeed, it can be said to have had a beginning. Music, which has charms to soothe the savage breast, exercises such an unwonted sedative influence in this gentleman's bosom, that after fumbling helplessly about for a few moments, he manifests an inclination to fall asleep with his head on the keyboard.

It now becomes plainly evident that it is high time for the company to break up; and after the usual difficulty with regard to hats, umbrellas, and overcoats, the Kosmos Building Society's symposium came to a close.

WAITING.

Waiting while the shadows gather,
And the sunlight fades away;
While the tender gloaming deepens,
And the golden turns to gray;

Watching while the starlight quivers
Brightly in the heaven above;
I am waiting for her coming,
Waiting, watching for my love.

Listening for the well-known footfall,
And the voice whose loving tone
Sweetly bids me cease my waiting,
Watching, listening for my own.

Lingering still among the shadows,
As they deepen on the beach,
Hearts exchange in sacred stillness
Thoughts that would be soiled by speech.

Thus in perfect love and trusting,
Winged moments pass away;
Till the holy, star-crowned night is
Sweet to us as golden day.

And as tenderly the gloaming
Gathered on the brow of day,
God shall keep her, God shall bless her,
When Life's golden turns to gray.

J. REID.

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THE DOMESTIC-SERVANT DIFFICULTY.

To get good female domestic servants is notoriously one of the difficulties of modern family life. Most ladies who are in housekeeping have at some time experienced great inconvenience through having incompetent or disagreeable servants. We Britons are a home-loving people. In his home, the harassed man of business expects to find peace, rest, and relief from the worries of his daily toil. But frequently the home machinery, instead of running smoothly, is thrown out of gear by some mishap with the servants. Can anything be done to improve our family domestics, or must we for ever be content with merely uttering our complaints over a chronic evil, for which the civilisation of the nineteenth century is unable to provide a remedy?

For all practical purposes, we may dismiss from our minds two classes of mistresses and servants. The lady who keeps many servants, pays them high wages, allows them much liberty, and does not overwork them, is not likely to have great difficulty in procuring and retaining a good staff of household servants. On the other hand, the menials who are ill-treated, underpaid, overworked, and allowed but little time for leisure or 'outings,' will be sure to rebel against this tyranny, and escape from it as soon as they can. The overwhelming majority with whom we have to deal lie between those extremes. Where the work is moderate and the wages are tolerably good, many situations 'go a-begging.' The demand for good servants is greater than the supply. And yet, if we may be allowed to use the illustration, we have plenty of girls—the stuff out of which good servants are manufactured. There are thousands of English, Irish, and Scotch girls, not to mention others, who are not employed in factories or in any public places of business, but who remain at home doing nothing. And the vexatious anomaly is, that although it would be better for themselves, for their parents, and for the general public if these young women were

in domestic service, yet they prefer to be hangers-on at home—'stop-at-home girls'—rather than go out and earn their living. A remedy for this state of things ought to be found. With multitudes of healthy girls, we have good raw material in abundance; surely we ought to be able to find the skill and machinery necessary to turn out as finished, that very valuable article, a good domestic servant. Good, honest, clever, respectable female servants are almost invaluable persons in a family; and there are many such; but at present we have not a sufficient number of them, and a considerable portion of those we have are acknowledged to be of an inferior order.

The explanation of, and the remedies suggested for, this modern household difficulty, which from time to time appear in the public papers, are amusingly contradictory. One mistress blames 'over-education' for spoiling servants; while another considers that girls are insufferably stupid and ignorant. One writer suggests that servants think more of a comfortable home than of anything else; another says they are petted and pampered too much. Some urge a rigorous household discipline; while others complain of irritating restrictions. One pleads for a lady being more familiar with her servants; another says that a mistress ought to 'keep her place'—whatever that may mean. Some writers tell us that servants as a class are overworked; others assure us that many of them have so little to do that they waste their time in reading novels, in gossiping, and in looking out of the windows. These Babel tongues only show in what a chaotic state many people's minds are on this subject.

We may notice, however, that all these suggestions indicate something like unanimity on two points—namely, that the relationship between mistresses and servants is not satisfactory; and that an improvement, if not a cure, is possible for the evil complained of. It would lift a load of care from many hearts, and bring sunshine to many homes where there is now shadow, if a

thoroughly good understanding were established between the queen of the household and her domestics, whose conduct to a great extent makes or mars the happiness of family life. To attain this object is worth an effort; and the remedies which have occurred to us are, that there must be more forbearance shown to each other by the classes concerned, and that by some means or other domestic servants must be better taught and trained for their work.

In dealing with the first point we are treading on somewhat delicate ground; still, it may not be amiss to point out a few faults on both sides which might easily be corrected. And here we gladly acknowledge that there are vast numbers of good mistresses and servants to whom the following remarks do not, and are not intended to, apply. There are, however, ladies who make a great deal of unnecessary work for their servants by thoughtless indolence. They will insist on their maids trotting up and down stairs to do the merest trifles. The coal-scuttle is beside their chair, but they will not touch the handle of the shovel to put a few coals on the fire. They will not shut a door, or draw up a window-blind, or light a lamp; but, in the language of the song, they 'ring the bell for Sarah.' Poor Sarah may be so hard worked that she does not know which way to turn; but that does not matter—she must leave more important duties to answer the bell.

There is a great difference between French and English ladies in this respect. As a rule, French ladies do not give their domestics unnecessary trouble; besides, they pay them well and treat them kindly.

Again, some mistresses appear to live in a region of ice, their ideas of caste not allowing them to speak to their servants except to give orders. As a natural consequence, the servant does not look up to such a mistress as a friend, or study her interests, but thinks only of the amount of wages she will get. A great many ladies—who appear to forget that the world keeps jogging on—constantly complain that servants are more difficult to manage, and that they will not do now as they did twenty or thirty years ago. But is it not unreasonable to expect that they should? All classes of the community now live in a different style from what they did in the past generation. If desirable, it is not possible to bring back former times, and wise people leave off crying for the moon. Formerly, a servant-girl had to dress in a certain manner, have no 'followers,' receive few friends, have no leisure hours or nights out, except to attend a place of worship, and certainly dared not presume to have her letters addressed with the prefix 'Miss.' For better or for worse, mistresses must recognise the fact that the times are changed.

On the other hand, it cannot be denied that modern servants have grave faults. Many are disobedient, not to say insolent. They cannot brook having their faults pointed out. They are extravagant and reckless with the property of their employers. The waste in some households is shameful. Some servants prefer to dress in tawdry finery, rather than in clothes suitable for their work and becoming their station. They love gadding about in the streets better than

doing their duty in the family at home. Not unfrequently, servants are wretchedly incompetent. They are foolish, often 'giving notice' for the most trivial reasons. They treat 'Missis'—who is generally their best friend—as if she were their natural enemy. Now, it is evident that so long as those feelings of antagonism exist between the head of the household and her domestics, family life cannot be pleasant. A spirit of mutual forbearance would do much towards improving the relationship of mistresses and servants; it would act like oil poured on the wheels and cogs of some valuable but screeching machinery.

That girls who are intended for domestic service should be better *trained* to their work, has not received, we think, the attention it deserves. We have many institutions whose object is to benefit females; but we have no good system for training domestic servants. We have Girls' Friendly Societies, Servants' Benevolent Institutions, Homes of Hope, Refuges, Female Protection Societies, and so forth; but our great want is some extended organisation by which young girls could be educated in the duties of the household. Our land abounds with various and noble charities; but we should not forget that 'prevention is better than cure,' and that the best form of charity is that which helps people to help themselves.

The girls brought up in Workhouses, in Orphanages, in Reformatories, and similar places, often make poor servants. Those ladies who, through benevolence, have taken such girls into their service have frequently complained in the public papers of their ignorance and general incompetence. This is the more disappointing, from the fact that these charitable institutions are supported by money obtained from the public. A little reflection, however, will convince mistresses that they expect too much when they look for a good supply of competent domestic servants from such places. This is not exactly their work. The objects of these institutions are to teach the children good morals, to feed and clothe them, and to give them a start in general education. In most cases they leave before much knowledge of household duties can be acquired. This is the weak point in our domestic economy. Untaught girls go out to their first situations, and have to scramble into a knowledge of their work as best they can. Clever servants are not made by accident. Cooking is an art to be learned, as much so as playing the piano. And judging from the number of advertisements to be seen constantly in the papers for 'plain cooks,' there are many young women who have not learned the elementary principles of this art.

The same may be said respecting the other duties required of servants. Nursing children or invalids, dusting, cleaning, sewing, arranging the toilets of ladies, waiting at dinner, &c.—all these duties require skill. It is a fact that our best servants come from the families of small farmers, tradesmen, and well-to-do mechanics. And they are superior because they have had a better home-training than those brought up in the haunts of poverty and vice.

What we advocate, then, is that in some way our servants shall be thoroughly instructed to do all kinds of household work. A central

Domestic Servants' Training Home in London, with branches in the provinces, is the organisation which appears to us most likely to accomplish the end in view. It must, of course, at first be a work of charity, taken up by ladies of position throughout the land. The methods of teaching would probably be by holding classes and giving lectures, similar to the methods now adopted by our different Schools of Cookery. In some cases, lessons could be given at home. Such an institution would work in harmony with all our day-schools, supplementing their teaching, and thus making the education of females more complete. Nor need its operations be confined to any particular class; for while its main object would be to train the poorer classes of girls to become good servants, and therefore good wives for those who afterwards would want them, at the same time it might give instruction in those higher branches of knowledge so essential to lady-helps, matrons, housekeepers, and even mistresses.

One very important part of the work of such an institution would be the establishment of night classes and lectures for the convenience of females who are fully employed during the day. Girls at home, in factories, dressmakers, milliners, and others, would thus have an opportunity of acquiring that knowledge of household work which so many of them lack. As already intimated, the direct results of this scheme would be to make good domestic servants and good wives; but the indirect results would be to aid the temperance reformation and to promote thrift.

It is generally acknowledged that one reason why so many working-men prefer the public-house to their own homes is because their wives do not possess the household virtues of cleanliness, neatness, and order. They have not the knack of making home attractive. Hence the husband leaves a comfortless house to seek comfort elsewhere. The question of course will be asked, Is such a national scheme practicable? We will suggest an answer to this question by asking another. In this age, what undertaking is there which is not practicable? But supposing we allow, for the sake of argument, that there are insuperable difficulties in the way of establishing a National Training Home for Domestic Servants, we see no obstacle to prevent something of the kind being attempted on a smaller scale. In any locality, if a few ladies of position formed themselves into a Committee, and energetically took up the subject, they would be sure to have considerable success. Young women, for the sake of advantages to themselves, would be induced to attend the classes and lectures of such societies, and the working expenses need not be heavy. The Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants, 14 Grosvenor Road, Westminster, is something like what we are advocating. That Institution is doing an excellent work among the friendless, ignorant, intractable, young girls of London. Its funds deserve to be more liberally supported, so that its beneficent operations might be extended all over the country.

In nearly every town in the kingdom there are hundreds or thousands of girls growing up who are ignorant of, and incompetent to perform the duties of an ordinary household. We should like to see those now helpless girls taught and trained to be good domestic servants. Plenty

of situations with good wages are awaiting them. They need not emigrate to find them. On the other hand, by making good servants, we should be lessening a social evil, and removing that irritating friction which is constantly grinding away the peace of our family life.

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER XX.—'VALENTINE STRANGE, I WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU.'

CONSTANCE was staying with Mr Jolly's maiden sister, who lived in a small house at a large rental in Chesterfield Street, Mayfair; and thither Reginald drove before dinner that evening, resolved on what should seem a call of duty on the maiden aunt. To his profound amazement, he found Strange there, settled apparently as a friend of the household. He glared at him with unveiled surprise, and Val himself looked almost as guilty as he felt. 'Why, what,' cried the startled new-comer, 'in the name of all the wonders, brings you here?'

'Reginald!' said the maiden aunt, with some severity.

'Don't be alarmed, my dear,' said Reginald in response. 'Strange and I are old friends.' He kissed the withered cheek dutifully, as he had always done, and nodded at Constance. He was himself again.

'How is papa?' inquired Constance.

'Drowned, drowned, drowned, as the Queen in *Hamlet* says,' returned the flippant young man; and proceeded to relate the little episode of the morning. His eyes wandered from Strange to Constance, and from Constance to Strange, and he watched and speculated as he chattered. The mere insertion of his eyeglass seemed to lend him a certain sublime stoniness of visage. He watched everything in seeming to watch nothing; and being a born diplomatist, he abstracted himself gradually from Strange and Constance, and gave himself wholly over to the amusement of the old lady. But, for whatever reason, the two made no sign, and seemed, indeed, even a little bored with each other, and aware of the world. Reginald, confident in the freedom he could take, determined to sit out the term of Val's visit, and having accomplished that feat, and driven Strange into rising, he also arose.

'We'll go together,' he said quietly.

*Val, being unable to find a reason for sitting down again, abused himself inwardly for not having exercised another minute's patience; not guessing that in that cause, Reginald would have willingly sat there for a week. Unimpressible, and even stupid as he contrived to look behind his glass, the little man noted everything. In Strange's farewell to Constance there was something of an appeal, a touch so fine, that the best of actors would have been put to it to copy the manner of it. Constance's manner was chilly; but her bosom gave one long heave, and she paled and trembled ever so little as she said good-bye and gave him her hand. These signs were so delicate in themselves, that I have in expressing them a sort of feeling that I exaggerate them; but the keen though vacuous-looking eye

behind the eyeglass took in all, and the youth made his own conclusions.

'Valentine Strange,' he said, pausing in the street a few seconds later, and tapping his friend lightly on the breast, 'I want to speak to you.'

Val looked at him quietly. 'What is it?'

'Come with me to your own rooms,' said Reginald. 'We can be quiet there.'

Val, with a little sinking at the heart, foreboding what was coming, nodded in assent; and having summoned a hansom, they were trundled along with scarcely a word between them.

'Now,' said Strange, turning upon him when his rooms were reached, 'what is it?' The air was dusky, but there was a fire aglow upon the hearth by which the two could read each other's faces.

'Got any baccy?' asked the younger.—'Thank you.' He chose a pipe from the rack above the mantel-piece, and having filled and lit it, sat down gravely and smoked, with both hands stretched out to the red gleam of the fire.

'What is it?' Strange asked again, this time with some impatience.

'You remember kicking Davis in the Fives Court?' asked Reginald with apparent irrelevance.

'Yes,' said Strange, breathing tightly, and not knowing what to make of this beginning. 'What about it?'

'Remember the fight that came after it?'

'Perfectly,' said Val, trying to laugh, and not succeeding very brilliantly.

'Remember what it was all about?'

'Certainly. What of it?'

'You did me a royal good turn that day,' said Reginald. 'It's twelve years ago, ain't it? We've been close chums ever since that time, haven't we, Val? And that was the beginning of it. Very well. You've always been stronger and richer and luckier and handsomer than me, haven't you? Very well, again.'

'You have not been drinking, have you?' asked Strange.

'Half a pint of claret at luncheon,' said the little man, with his eyes on the red glow of the fire. 'We've been chums for twelve years. You began by licking an enemy of mine, and you've gone on with all manner of kindnesses ever since. And now I'm going to show my gratitude. You're not the Valentine Strange you used to be. There's something on your mind. Will you tell me what it is, Val, or shall I tell you?'—Strange sat in silence.—'Remember, Val,' said his companion, lifting his gaze from the fire and looking full in Val's eyes across the semi-darkness of the place, 'this is the first chance of doing you a turn, I've had. I give you notice that I'm going to take it—mercilessly.'

'That half-pint,' said Val, 'was longer or stronger than common. Have a nap.'

'Am I to tell you what it is?' asked Reginald, with no alteration in his tone, and with his eyes still fixed on his companion; 'or will you tell me?'

'Oh!' cried Val, in a tone of easy impatience and derision, 'let us have it. Let me get a light.—And now, go ahead. I'm waiting.' He threw both legs over the arm of his chair, and slipped back, so that his face fell into darkness.

In answer to this movement, the little man arose and lit the gas before he spoke another word.

Strange came uneasily back into his former posture. 'Confound your mystery!' he cried. 'What have you to say?'

'I have something to say,' returned the other, 'that I don't want to say. Something I tremendously dislike to say. Something I must say, unless you'll say it for me.'—Strange's only answer was to cast his hands resignedly abroad. Reginald stood upon the hearthrug before him, and had the advantage, unusual with him, of looking at Strange from a superior height. It is remarkable how that tells in a discussion—with some people.—'Now, will you tell me, Val—you, an honourable man—will you tell me on your word of honour that you have no guess of what I mean?'

'You little lunatic,' said Strange, with an affectation of good-humoured raillery, 'how *should* I tell?'

'Val,' said the little man feelingly, 'you don't know how much I know.'—At that, Strange started and turned pale. Was it possible that Constance, dreading herself, had besought her brother's interference.—'Suppose,' the little man continued, 'that I had met your friend Gilbert—East?' He threw just a trifle of malice into the pause, for he was angry with Strange for that deception. Strange moved again, and blushed. This was turning the attack altogether, and though the shaft hit him smartly, he could bear it. If the letter to Gilbert were all the mystery, he thought he could make his peace. 'Suppose,' Reginald went on, 'that I had put two and two together, with a result confirmed again this afternoon? Val, for pity's sake, don't make me fool about in this way any longer. Tell me you understand me.'

'Well,' said Val suddenly, with a desperate voice and a face of pallor, 'I understand you. Go on.'

'Thank you,' said the accuser, holding out his hand.—Strange took it and pressed it hard, though he hung his head.—'That's like you, Val. That's honest. I'm very sorry, very sorry, sorrier than I can say. But you're too late, Val. And you're a man of honour, and I'm a man of honour. And—he's a friend of yours too, Val. Now, it's all over, isn't it?'

'Rags, old man,' groaned Val, still holding his hand, and speaking with his head still bent, 'she doesn't care for him!—not a straw!'

The little man gripped Val's hand harder as he responded: 'We're both men of honour, and we're friends, Val—friends. We can't have her talked about. The other man's in his right. She took him with her eyes open, and you came too late. You came in last. Well, you'll find another race that'll be better worth winning in.'—There was no answer to this, except a groan and a harder grip of the hand.—'Faithful are the wounds of a friend,' said Reginald; 'but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful. Run away from it. That's the best thing you can do. Make a bolt—at once.'

'Yes,' said Val, stricken to the heart, 'I'll go.—But,' he added, lifting his head and showing a face so changed, that his companion was amazed and half frightened by it, 'it will be as hard

for'— He checked himself there, but the tone told all.

'The more need to go, if that's the case,' said Reginald, hardening himself. 'Honour! Val, honour!'

'I know it will be,' cried Val, rising and casting his arms upon the mantel-piece. He looked round with haggard eyes. 'I know it!' he cried again, and dropped his head upon his arms.

'How do you know it?' asked the other, almost sternly. 'Val! you haven't—spoken to her?'

'What do you think of me?' cried the miserable Val, not daring to confess. 'But I know it.'

'I've never been hit in this way,' said the young philosopher, laying a friendly hand on Strange's shoulder; 'but I suppose I shall take pot-luck with the others when the time comes. And if men and books speak the truth, the only courage is to run away, in such a case as this. Start at once. Go to Naples.'

'I'm sick of Naples,' said Val, raising his head drearily. 'But I'll get away somewhere, and I'll catch the tidal train to-night. Will you—will you say I'm gone?'

'Yes,' answered Reginald, moved by his friend's trouble. 'And Strange, look here! Stop away till it's all over. There's a good fellow. We shall have you back as jolly as a sand-boy in a few months' time. And I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll go to Bassano's and have a room to ourselves, and dine together, and I'll see you off.'

'Do you want to watch me?' asked Val bitterly.

'That's not like you,' said the little man, reaching up and putting a hand on each of his friend's shoulders. 'I want to cheer you up a bit.'

Strange rang his bell, and ordered his servant to pack for the continent and book for Southampton. 'I'll go there to-night, and start for somewhere,' he said recklessly. 'Come on. Let's to dinner.' He rattled away in an almost hysterical fashion until the time for parting came. But when Reginald had shaken hands with him, as the train moved from the platform, and had withdrawn his hand, he felt that there were tears upon it.

(To be continued.)

INDIAN FOREST-NOTES.

I.—THE MONKEYS AND THE TIGER.

MONKEYS in their wild state are subject to many chances and vicissitudes, of which little is known save to those who have had opportunities of studying their habits and mode of life in forests and jungles. Gregarious, with the exception of a very few species, they abide in one locality as long as food and security are assured; but lack of the one or loss of the other often causes the disintegration and dispersion of a tribe or colony, so that it is not unusual to come across two or three individuals by themselves; and on such occasions it is reasonable to conclude that a tribe has met with some adverse vicissitude, that these wanderers were once the members of a considerable body, and that they in all probability now form the nucleus of what at some future date may become

again a formidable family. Of all the species found in India proper—and the monkey race is somewhat largely represented there—the greenish-gray variety (*Macacus rhesus*) is the most interesting; and its docility, when caught young and reared with care and kindness, is remarkable. Amongst the natives of the North-west Provinces it is known by the name of *bundar*, and shares almost equally with the *Hunumān* (*Semnopithecus entellus*) the veneration of the Hindus.

It was amongst this species I found myself one day, on my arrival at my tent on the banks of the river Kuriālli, in Upper India; and on inquiry I ascertained that a belt of forest at least twenty miles in length and three in breadth, bordering on the river, was inhabited by countless families of these creatures. Each family, consisting often of as many as thirty members, strictly retained its own individuality, and confined itself to a fixed area, where it roamed during the day and slept at night. From dawn till sunset each troop searched for seeds, fruit, and the roots of edible plants, jealously guarded by its gray-bearded patriarch; and it was amusing to watch the anxiety displayed by this individual, if by chance his family came into too close proximity with that of another. Nor was it an unusual occurrence to see the elderly heads of families engaged in a 'battle-royal,' vehemently claiming some too coquettish lady-monkey, who in the fierce heat of the combat generally escaped, in a more or less dilapidated condition, and with extraordinary agility returned to her own tribe, only, however, to be chased about and bullied by her more demure and circumspect relations.

Monkeys in general, and the above species in particular, entertain the greatest antipathy to tigers and leopards; nor is this to be wondered at, for it is these animals only that attempt to molest them; indeed, by the former, monkey-meat is considered a high delicacy. When, therefore, their domain is invaded by the stealthy tiger, and his whereabouts detected, the violence of their anger knows no bounds. High up out of the reach of their foe, they give free vent to their enmity, and with prodigious chatter assemble in all their strength upon the trees beneath which the tiger is lurking; shaking the branches with might and main, and pattering down upon and about their would-be devourer such a shower of dry sticks, twigs, and leaves, that the latter is forced, with an angry growl, to quit his lair and seek other and quieter quarters. But no peace is he allowed so long as he remains in their vicinity; and should darkness set in, these sagacious animals will, on the ensuing morning, search diligently, to see whether or not their enemy has really taken his departure.

Illustrative of this antipathy, a very strange incident came under my notice. After I had been encamped a week or so on the Kuriālli, I was informed that there had been for some days past, and still was, a most unusual commotion existing among a large tribe of monkeys in a distant part of the forest, and that it must be occasioned by the persistent presence of a tiger or leopard in their immediate neighbourhood. From my previous knowledge of the habits of monkeys, I was aware that they treated other animals, such as wild-pig, deer, &c.,

with perfect indifference, and what the natives represented was probably the real clue to the state of frenzy the creatures were reported to be in. Unfortunately, I had no elephant with me on which I could with perfect safety venture to explore the place in question, which was in the very heart of the forest, and overrun with a dense undergrowth of bushes, &c. I was determined, however, to do the best I could; so, taking a thoroughly reliable gun-bearer to carry my second rifle, I set out for the scene of the commotion.

After a while, we arrived within a comparatively short distance of the spot, where a vast concourse of monkeys, chattering and screaming, created an almost deafening clamour, as they bounded and scrambled up and down some trees clustered close together. I knew the risk I incurred in the hazardous undertaking of walking up to a tiger or leopard under such disadvantageous circumstances; in truth, the very nature of the excitement depicted on the faces of the monkeys, which from time to time I carefully noted through a powerful binocular, warned me of the description of animal that stirred their wrath. Moreover, as the air was tainted by odour and free from the presence of wheeling vultures, I felt convinced that the object of their dread was alive, hence my progress became slow and cautious to a degree; yet all the time I felt puzzled to explain why the animal remained in one spot, worried as it undoubtedly must be by the continuous shrieking of a host of monkeys overhead.

Gradually my companion and I approached to within fifty yards of the excited throng; then I became reluctant to proceed farther without again thoroughly reconnoitring the situation. With considerable difficulty I hoisted the native—a lithe, spare man—so that he was able to seize hold of the branch of a tree and swing himself into a commanding position, whence, with the aid of my glasses, he endeavoured to ascertain what was really the matter. The fellow had hardly been on the bough a minute, when he slid swiftly to the ground.

‘Come along, sir,’ he exclaimed; ‘it is dead.’

‘What is it?’ I asked eagerly.

But the native was moving ahead rapidly through the jungle, and though I followed close on his heels, his reply was lost in the terrible uproar the monkeys were making. I was therefore quite unprepared for the strange sight that in a few seconds met my eyes. A full-grown tiger had jammed himself inextricably between two stout *sāl* saplings that sprang from the same root, and widened, so that at the point where he was caught at the waist and pinned, they seemed not more than six inches apart, and perhaps five feet from the ground. The animal was quite dead, and, by his emaciated condition, had evidently succumbed to slow starvation.

Of course it is impossible to describe the exact process by which the tiger got himself into this extraordinary predicament; but the following is, to all appearances, a very likely solution. In the first instance, he must have invaded the domain of the monkeys, and in return been constantly harassed by them for some days. Finally, some monkey more daring and malevolent than his brethren, must have come a

considerable distance down one of the saplings, to vex and annoy the tiger still further; and the latter, believing he saw a chance of gratifying his resentment, and at the same time satisfying his appetite with a choice morsel, very probably made a spring at him, which Jacko probably neatly avoided. But his antagonist had proved less fortunate, and had evidently fallen between the two smooth saplings, and been caught in their embrace; and the more desperately he struggled in his efforts to release himself, the lower he sank into the fork, and the tighter and more unyielding grew the grip of the stems. Thus inextricably wedged in, harried by countless hordes of shrieking monkeys, racked by hunger, tortured by thirst, the unfortunate beast had remained imprisoned till death relieved him of his sufferings.

II.—MONKEYS MIGRATING.

Some three weeks or more after the incidents recorded above, I observed that great multitudes of monkeys began to occupy the trees which grew along the margin of the Kurialli River. By degrees the interior of the forest became entirely deserted. Then for the first time I learned that an annual migration took place, owing to the lack of food in the forest at this season of the year; for every edible particle had been searched out and devoured by these intelligent and, in this respect, industrious creatures. Yet I could hardly believe they meditated crossing the wide river; for wide it comparatively was even at this its narrowest part, where the monkeys were congregating in such vast numbers.

This information I derived from a semi-nude, wandering *jogee* or Hindu devotee, who, to the practice of mendicancy, added what he was pleased to term the science of astrology; and for the most part obtained a subsistence by working on the credulity of his fellow-countrymen.

‘I have roamed these forest tracts for many years,’ he said in answer to a question of mine, ‘and I am bound to be present when these my children’—pointing to the throngs of monkeys—‘cross the Kurialli, for they will need my services.’

‘Indeed,’ I replied. ‘Pray, tell me in what way you propose to help them.’ For I naturally concluded that, during his long residence in the jungles, living as it were with wild animals for his neighbours and constant visitors, circumstances in connection with them must have come under his notice, likely to prove both interesting and curious.

‘I will with pleasure, sir,’ responded the native. ‘You are aware there is just now a dearth in the land my children inhabit. This will continue for the space of two months, that is, till the rains set in; then the roots of the plants, &c. on which they thrive will again become plentiful. In the meantime, those that can get safely across the river will find food on that sandy expanse that you see in the distance covered with low thorny bushes, which at this period produce in perfection the sweet-tasted *bher-berries*.’

‘But you have not told me how you will assist such vast numbers,’ I remarked. ‘I feel sure many will be drowned.’

‘A few will no doubt lose their lives,’ answered

the man, 'for the river is swarming with alligators, who appear to know that my children are collecting on the banks, and are in hopes of snapping up some of them when they go down to drink. But as a matter of fact, the poor creatures are only waiting for my permission to cross. I will direct them to do so as soon as I have ascertained a propitious moment, one in which nearly all the alligators will be asleep; and they will thus be able to swim to the other side in comparative safety.'

'You are really a remarkable man,' I said, somewhat ironically. 'Perhaps you will kindly let me know when you intend giving this signal, as I should very much like to watch so extraordinary a spectacle. Buksheesh, too, for yourself will be forthcoming.'

'I shall be sure to inform your honour,' replied my sable friend with much politeness; and with that he stalked importantly away.

It was probable that in bygone years the wily devotee had witnessed at least a dozen such crossings; hence it seemed to me very likely that, by accurately observing certain signs and indications in the behaviour of the monkeys, he was able to tell to a nicety the exact moment the creatures would enter the water. Using this knowledge for his own glorification, he pretended to be gifted with preternatural powers; and I had but little doubt that the ignorant and superstitious natives who lived in the vicinity were thoroughly impressed with the idea that the migration took place under his immediate superintendence and at his express word of command.

Next morning, just as the first streaks of dawn were reddening the sky, I was roused from my slumbers by a strident voice calling out, 'Sahib, sahib!'

'What is the matter?' I exclaimed, somewhat drowsily and unamiably.

'In about a quarter of an hour I shall give my children the signal to cross. If you wish to witness the scene, you must make haste.'

In the above sentences I recognised the accents of my friend of the previous day. Springing out of bed, I dressed as quickly as I could. Very soon I emerged from my tent, and made my way to the river-bank, which was about one hundred yards or so distant.

The old devotee, full of importance, was standing on the margin with a dozen natives around him. As I approached, raising his arm impressively, he pointed hither and thither for my edification; and truly the sight was an amazing one. Lining the bank of the river for nearly half a mile on each side of me, and squatting along its edge, were thousands and thousands of uncanny-looking brown imps, varying in size from the full-grown and bearded patriarchs of families, to the tiniest of youngsters. Moreover, in the motions and gesticulations of these monkeys, I could detect symptoms of an intense, though apparently suppressed excitement. It was evident they were contemplating a step which they regarded as one of supreme moment to themselves. From the monkeys my gaze next wandered back to the mendicant. He was eyeing his children—as he called them—very intently, and with a look full of eager expectation. Then my glance turned towards the river. A thin light mist lay on the

surface of the water, which, being narrowest at this particular spot, was rather deep, and ran with a fair current. I was trying to see if I could detect any stray alligators on the *qui-vive*, when the loud voice of the old devotee once more rose in the air.

'Jump in, my children—jump!' he shouted, taxing his lungs to their utmost capacity; and sure enough, as though in obedience to his word of command, the long, crowded line of monkeys sprang almost simultaneously into the stream. The continuous splash they created resounded up and down the river like the roar of an Atlantic breaker on a pebbly shore. Then the next instant a myriad brown arms were seen whirling in the air like so many miniature windmills in full swing—the monkey method of swimming being somewhat similar to what we term the 'hand-over-hand' style.

At starting, their progress was fairly rapid, and they kept well together; but soon the pace diminished, and the weaker animals began to lag behind. Then a new and painful interest was added to the scene; the alligators seemed to become aware that something unusual was transpiring in the element they considered peculiarly their own, and the river suddenly became alive with them. Every here and there, first was seen a ripple, raised by the rush of one of these reptiles below the surface of the water, towards a struggling monkey; then a sharp anguished squeal followed as the victim vanished almost instantaneously, having been jerked under by some voracious monster; finally, the observant eye could detect a crimson stain rise to the surface, which, however, speedily mingled with the turbid current and disappeared.

Many victims must have perished in this manner; but of course the main body at length reached the opposite shore, evidently in a very weak and distressed condition, as most of them with difficulty dragged themselves up on to the low bank and out of the reach of the jaws of their hideous foes.

Of course the same painful ordeal would have to be undergone by these unfortunate creatures when the berries on the further bank became exhausted, and hunger compelled them to face renewed loss, by once more swimming back to the forest.

THE MORTLAKE PEERAGE.

CHAPTER III.—CONCLUSION.

In this narrative, as in real life, there must be times when nothing of importance occurs. It was so for some time after the events which I have narrated. In the meantime, my young protégé was making rapid advance in his education. I never came across a more amiable or intelligent lad. As soon as I had rubbed off what I may call his nautical rust, and had coached him a little in mathematics and the classics, I sent him to reside with a clergyman who took private pupils; and I was gratified with the reports I received of his character and progress.

Months had elapsed, but I had received no answer from Lord Mortlake. At length there came a communication from his bankers. It

stated that the last that was known of the missing Earl was that he succeeded in crossing the Rocky Mountains, and had entered California; but after this there were no traces of him, and it was supposed that he had been murdered by the Anahuac Indians. My letters had therefore never reached him; and after a time, believing him to be dead, Lord Mortlake's agents forwarded them, with the rest of his effects, to this country.

It was generally believed—and I must confess that I shared the belief—that Lord Mortlake was dead. There was no reason, if he was alive, for his keeping out of the way. At this juncture, the next of kin, one of the Stanhopes of Leicestershire, assumed the title, and was about to take possession of the estates, when I at once instructed my solicitors to put in a claim on the part of my *protégé*.

The case caused a great deal of excitement in the fashionable world; for the boy's identity, as well as his legitimacy, was hotly contested by Mr Stanhope. The fact that the register at Knutsfield had been tampered with, and that a child had died and been buried as the offspring of Mrs Stanhope, together with many other incidents which I thought were only known to myself, had somehow got to the knowledge of his solicitors—how, I could not imagine.

A case like this soon got into the newspapers, and the principal facts were freely commented on. One editor, more bold than the rest, said that doubts were entertained if the ceremony said to have been performed at Knutsfield had any existence except in the excited brain of a rather susceptible clergyman, and in the hallucinations of a woman predisposed to melancholic depressions, and a pronounced somnambulist!

I must confess that all this caused me a great deal of anxiety. I was quite convinced that the lad was the legitimate son of the Earl of Mortlake; I was quite satisfied with the evidence of Mrs Minter and Mrs Moody; but I could not help seeing that there were so many elements of romance and apparent improbability in the case, that I could not expect a judge and jury to look at it in the same light as I did. I knew that there were enormous difficulties in the way of the prosecution of this suit; but nevertheless there was to me a certain amount of fascination about it that led me on; and I felt that whatever might be the obstacles in the way, or whatever might be the costs of the suit, I should eventually prove my *protégé* to be the rightful inheritor of the Earldom of Mortlake.

It was at this epoch that one morning a lady was announced. I say a lady, because she gave no name: the servant was instructed to say that a lady wished to see me. I bade the man usher her into my study.

The lady who entered was tall and finely formed; but she was too closely veiled for me to distinguish her features. As soon as the servant had closed the door, she raised her veil. It was the Countess of Mortlake.

'You are surprised to see me here,' she said. 'I am equally surprised to find myself in your presence. I have been taught, and I believed, that you were my enemy—that you had destroyed the evidence of my marriage, and denied that it had ever been performed. I now know

that all this is false, and I come to ask you to be my friend. I believe that you are an honest man and a gentleman, and I place myself entirely in your hands.'

I replied, that she might do so with perfect safety—that I greatly sympathised with her, and that my only wish was to serve her and her son.

'My son!' she exclaimed with great emotion—'my dear boy, from whom I have been so long separated. Tell me, where is he?'

'He is with a clergyman, who lives near to Whitehaven. He is well and happy, and you shall shortly see him.'

She thanked me warmly; and after I had stated to her some of the circumstances under which I found the boy, as these have been already made known to the reader, I naturally expressed a wish to know something of her own fortunes since the day on which I married her to George Stanhope in the church at Knutsfield.

'Mine,' she replied, 'is a sad story; but I will make it as short as possible.'

'My father,' she said, 'was a stern, unrelenting man; and my mother was just the opposite. She was very kind to me; and it is hard to speak ill of the dead; but in truth she was but a weak woman, and did not influence my mind for any good. At the same time, though my father was a stern, proud man, he was very indulgent to me. I was an only child, and consequently a spoiled one. In a moment of weakness, I contracted, as you know, a marriage without my parents' knowledge or consent. It was not my husband's fault; it was all my own stupidity and folly. He entreated me to let him write to my father, and ask his consent; and even when we were married, he wanted me to write and tell him, and beg his forgiveness. After my mother's death, I was more than ever afraid of my father, and I felt that I dare not acquaint him with it. In due time I informed the Misses Onslow of my situation. They refused to believe my story. I had no certificate of my marriage, and they treated me with great severity; so cruelly indeed, that I was about to risk all and run away, when they discovered my plan, and frustrated it. After that, they treated me better. At this point, I wanted to send for my husband; and intended that he and I should go over to Florence to my father and ask his forgiveness. But this, the Misses Onslow would not listen to; it would ruin the reputation of their school, they said; and they so acted on my fears, that I consented to keep the marriage a secret till I returned to my father. Up to this time, I had been corresponding with my husband, through the agency of one of the servants, and had been receiving letters from him by the same means. By-and-by, however, his letters became less frequent, and at length ceased.'

The lady was here much affected; she buried her face in her handkerchief and sobbed audibly. After a little while, she mastered her emotion, and went on with her narrative. 'I then wrote a long and pathetic letter to my husband; but he never answered it, and at last went to India, and deserted me.'

'Were you really made to believe that he had deserted you?' I asked.

'I was,' she replied. 'But why do you ask such a question?'

'Because you were made to believe a lie; because you were both tricked and deceived.—Read that!' and taking from my desk the bundle of old letters which Miss Onslow had placed in my hands, I handed one of them to her. It was the last one Mr Stanhope had written to his wife before his departure for India.

As she read it, she became dreadfully excited; her bosom heaved, her eyes filled with tears, and broken sobs burst from her. When she had finished, she kissed the letter passionately, exclaiming: 'Thank God! thank God!'

She paced the room rapidly, uttering broken exclamations of thankfulness. Then she turned upon me suddenly, and cried: 'And this letter was kept from me! Oh! this is the very perfection of cruelty! That letter would have saved me years of agony. I knew that those women were base and cruel; but this exceeds my worst opinion of them!'

For a time she was too deeply affected to go on with her narrative. When she had succeeded somewhat in subduing her emotion, she continued:

'After the birth of my child, which, spite of the threats and entreaties of those two horrid women, I had properly christened and named after his father, I was taken very ill, and did not recover for many months. During that time, I believe I was insane. I was never told so; but I am convinced that such was the fact; and during this period the youngest Miss Onslow constituted herself my nurse. When I recovered, I found that my child was dead; or rather, as I now know, I was by a fraud tricked into believing so. Doubts also were thrown upon the validity of my marriage. It was said that the register at Knutsfield had been examined, and that there was no entry of a marriage having been solemnised. I could get no tidings of my husband, nor would they speak with me about him. At length I was considered well enough to return to my father, and accompanied by Miss Onslow, I went to Florence. My father was a proud man, and very anxious that I should make a good marriage; and Miss Onslow knowing this, was always telling me that if my marriage with Stanhope was discovered, he would disown and disinherit me. Miss Onslow still resided with me, nominally as a companion, but in reality as mistress of the establishment. By her arts she gained a great ascendancy over my father, and I believe if he had lived, he would actually have married her.

'The Marquis of Swindon was a constant guest at my father's table, and he was very kind to me. You may imagine, situated as I was, how grateful I was for any scrap of kindness and sympathy. He did not in the ordinary sense make love to me; but he saw that I was unhappy, and he tried to soothe and comfort me. I experienced the greatest consolation in his society. I liked him, but could not of course love him. He asked me, nay, urged me to marry him; but I told him it was impossible—that my affections were engaged. When my father came to know that I had refused him, he gave way to such passion that it brought on a fit of apoplexy, of which he died. He had threatened that he would disinherit me in his will; but he had no time to carry out his threat; and thus I found myself,

as I supposed, free, and possessed of great wealth. As soon as my father was buried and my business affairs arranged, I proposed to start for India in search of my husband, and I told Miss Onslow of my project; but she laughed at it. I tried to get rid of her; but she refused to go. She used all sorts of threats; and as I knew her to be capable of anything that was diabolical and wicked, I let her remain. Shortly after this, she one day brought me an old *Times* newspaper—she said that her sister had accidentally discovered it—and she pointed to the death column, and showed me the name of my husband. As near as I can remember, the announcement ran thus: "STANHOPE—March 16th, at Bombay, after a short illness, GEORGE SPENCER STANHOPE, aged 31."

'After this, I had another long illness. Liberty I had none; and the thralldom in which I lived was more galling than ever. The only real friend I had was the Marquis of Swindon; his kindness affected me deeply, and I longed to tell him the story of my wrongs; but Miss Onslow had acquired such an influence over me, that I dared not.

'To show you the abject state into which they had brought me, I may state that though I knew that during my illness a large part of my income had disappeared, yet I had not the courage to complain, or to ask what had become of it. These facts, all of which are substantially true, will, I think, show you that I have been more sinned against than sinning.'

'What about Miss Onslow? Where is she now?'

'About two years since, she married a cousin of hers, a lawyer. When this took place, I thought that I should get my liberty, and for some months I was left in peace; but I soon found that I had only exchanged masters. This man came to me one day and threatened me. He said I was living before the world as a single woman, that I had had a child, and that unless I gave him a thousand pounds, he would expose me. Money was no object to me, and I weakly consented; and since that, I have been subject to a series of exactions and annoyances which I feared would bring on my old disorder. But I thank God I have been enabled to bear up against it. Still, it has been a sore trial to me.'

'But when your husband returned from India,' I said, 'why did you not communicate with him?'

'I knew nothing of it. I was then in Florence, I suppose.'

'Did you not read of his coming into the title?' I asked.

'No. I was never in those days allowed to see an English newspaper. Besides, I was almost entirely ignorant of my husband's family and connections, and did not know that he had succeeded to an earldom; so much so, that afterwards, when I heard of the supposed death of the Earl of Mortlake, I was not aware that he was in any way related to me.'

We had some further conversation; and then she said suddenly: 'You have not told me how you became possessed of that letter.'

'I got it from the elder Miss Onslow. Previous to her death, she sent for me—she, I am sure, repented of the part she had played in this matter

—and after placing this packet in my hands, was about to make some disclosure; but she died before she could make it.

'Poor thing!' said the Countess, with some feeling. 'I am glad to hear this; for, bad as she was, she was not so bad as that other horrid creature; indeed, I don't think she would have been bad at all, if it had not been for her.—Are those the letters?' she asked, pointing to the packet I still held in my hand.

'Yes,' I replied. 'Would you like to take them home and read them?'

She accepted the offer eagerly; and I gave her the packet of letters, but cautioning her, whatever she did, not to let them go out of her possession, and stipulating that when she had read them, she would return them to me. This promise she gave me, and I dismissed her. The case had assumed an entirely new aspect, and I wanted time for consideration.

The great Mortlake Peerage Case, as the newspapers called it, was set down for hearing. All the leading members of the bar were engaged on one side or the other. The witnesses from Knutsfield and Ramsgate were waiting to be summoned, and it was expected that in a few days the trial would be commenced. The public were greatly excited with regard to its probable termination, and popular feeling ran very high. There were partisans of both sides, and each argued vigorously for his own point of view. At first, public opinion was rather against than in favour of my *protégé*; but the appearance of the Countess, with her son, in deep mourning, excited great sympathy. In short, no sooner did the lady appear upon the scene, than the current of public opinion, which at one time was strongly in favour of the new claimant Mr Stanhope, turned, and was now running as vigorously in the opposite direction. The extreme beauty of the Countess, her great wealth, and the romantic story of her marriage, had great influence with the British public. It was very satisfactory to have the public with me; but those good people, who were very much inclined to make a hero of the young Earl, were not the people who had to decide the case; their opinion would have no influence with either judge or jury. Still, though things looked in a very satisfactory state, and while it was gratifying to me that the truth was beginning to make itself felt, I must confess that it was an anxious time with me. The opposition story was not without point and cogency. They did not charge me or the Countess with an attempt at fraud; they merely said that we had been imposed upon by people more clever than ourselves, who had made us their dupes. They further said that the plot was not of recent origin, but had been conceived many years since; that my *protégé* was not the son of the Earl and Countess of Mortlake, but the offspring of a Sandgate fisherman. It will be easily seen that there was room for these suggestions, and that in the hands of clever counsel much might be made of them.

Matters were in this state, when suddenly, without any warning, the whole case collapsed—burst like a bubble. There was no trial, no

verdict. The woman Onslow and her husband suddenly disappeared from the scene. What brought about this extraordinary state of things was a letter from the Earl of Mortlake, dated from New York, to say that he was alive and well!

From his letter, it appeared that, after crossing the Rocky Mountains, he made his way to the valley of the Rio Puerco, a splendid country, lying between two ridges of the Sierra de los Comanches. It was a spot which was rarely visited by Europeans, and was inhabited by a savage tribe of Indians called the Comanches. For some time he eluded their vigilance; but ultimately he was taken prisoner, and remained in captivity more than a year. Eventually he escaped, reached New York, and finally landed at Liverpool, where I met him and explained everything. We proceeded to London. Lady Mortlake sat in the drawing-room with her son, anxiously waiting our arrival. As soon as she saw her husband, she uttered a cry of joy, and sprang forward to meet him, the whole pure unrestrained joy of her heart beaming upon her face—a face always lovely, but now, in the maturity of her beauty, more lovely than ever.

'My wife!' said the Earl, as he returned her embrace, 'my own dearest wife—long divided, but ever loved! I thank God we meet again, never to separate till death us do part.'

'Amen!' I responded reverently.

'And this is our boy?' he continued, as he kissed the youth, and folded him in his arms.—'And now,' he said, 'let us thank our good and generous friend to whom we owe all this happiness.'

'No, no!' I cried; 'I want no thanks. I have only done my duty.'

'True! and if we all did that, the world would be a paradise.'

My story is ended. The trials and sufferings through which these two had passed were not without their effect, but happily it was a beneficial one. The Countess, whose heart had hitherto known only endurance, was now filled with an exuberance of joy. She found in her son and husband a vent for all the deep and passionate longings of her soul.

As for the Earl, sorrow, anxiety, and privation had not altered his generous nature or daunted his fine spirit, though it had made him more grave and thoughtful than of yore; but that did not render him less amiable in the eyes of her who, through all the vicissitudes of her eventful life, had ever been faithful and true.

Let us now leave them as they sat, with hand clasped in hand, happy once more in each other's love.

SIMPLE FACTS CONCERNING WATER.

BY AN ANALYST.

AN elementary body is a substance out of which it is impossible to take, by any known means, two dissimilar substances. At one time, water was considered to be an elementary body. In the scientific light of the present time, we know this to have been a mistake. At the time referred to, it was believed that there existed only four elements—namely, earth, air, fire, and water; now we have discovered more than sixty

elementary bodies, whose names may be found in any chemistry text-book. Water abounds everywhere. It is seen in its most sublime and majestic form in the sea; the atmosphere is full of it, as the result of evaporation; it is also the chief constituent of the human body. In its vapoury form it bathes the crest of the mountain; and forming in the valley as dew, it is to be seen condensed on the blades of grass like diamonds in the morning sunshine. If our sage and well-intentioned forefathers were wrong in asserting that water is an elementary body, what, then, is it?

Many men with unmistakable claims to intelligence need not be ashamed to admit that they are not aware that water—a substance that can be both seen and felt—is produced by the union of two invisible gases; yet such is the case. To the student versed in chemical science, the evolving, apparently out of nothing at all, of tangible substances is a result he quite looks for. The two invisible gases of which water is composed are hydrogen and oxygen. This scientific truth ought to be known to everybody. When metallic bodies combine with oxygen, they are said to rust. For example, metallic iron, when it combines with oxygen, as the result of exposure in air or water—which both contain *free* oxygen gas—quickly loses its fine grayish-white metallic lustre, and becomes reddish brown. It has rusted; it has combined with the oxygen gas; and so much of the iron is no longer in the state of simple or 'elementary' iron, but has become an oxide of iron—that is, a 'compound' of iron and oxygen.

With the aid of an electric spark, hydrogen, when brought in contact with oxygen, at once fraternises with it, in a noisy and demonstrative manner—the two entering into a most friendly attachment, which is not easily severed; and the result of this union is water. So that every time we drink a glass of water, our stomachs become the recipients of a glass of oxidised hydrogen. There is a law in nature regarding the chemical union of matter, solid, liquid, or gaseous, of a very wonderful kind, which is, that all bodies on entering into chemical combination with one another, no matter in what form they may meet or in what quantity, do so in a certain unvarying proportion, and none other; and this is known as the law of the union of atoms. The great expounder of this theory was Dalton. But how can it be established that water is *not* an elementary body? In this manner: If a voltaic current be transmitted through it, and the gases at the positive and negative poles be collected in jars, and examined, the former will be found to consist of oxygen, and the latter of hydrogen; or if a red-hot piece of platinum is plunged into it, water at once undergoes decomposition; and if the proper means be taken to collect the vapours arising from this treatment, they will be found, on chemical examination, to be no longer water, but to consist of two gases—namely, hydrogen and oxygen; and thus it is known that water is not an elementary but a compound body. A similar decomposition can be effected by placing a bar of red-hot iron in water, with this difference, that the hydrogen only is set free, the oxygen combining with the iron to form a complicated oxide of iron.

Hydrogen—the lightest fluid known—expressed as one, is the standard by which the atomic weights of all the other elements are compared. Now, taking hydrogen as one, oxygen is sixteen, being this number of times heavier. Two volumes of hydrogen require one of oxygen to form water; but one volume of oxygen, as has been stated, is sixteen times heavier than one volume of hydrogen; therefore, two parts by weight of hydrogen and sixteen parts by weight of oxygen, correctly represent the quantities in which these two elements combine to form the liquid called water.

The general law of bodies, solids, liquids, or gases, is to expand when heated. Now, water positively refuses to do anything of the kind between certain ranges of temperature. That range begins at the freezing-point, thirty-two degrees, and terminates at thirty-nine degrees. Between these points there is an increase of seven degrees of heat; but water, instead of following the general law of expansion, turns right about, and contracts, thus becoming denser and consequently heavier. When the river begins to freeze, it does not begin at the bottom, in obedience to this very law. The water on the surface of the river, as the frost approaches, gradually gets cooler and cooler, and as it does so it sinks, in consequence of its increased density, to the bottom; and the warmer water therefrom naturally rises to the surface, and in its turn also gets cooled. This upward and downward movement continues until the whole of the river is reduced to thirty-nine degrees. But observe what takes place now. The water at this point is in its densest state. When it becomes one degree colder—that is, thirty-eight degrees—it becomes lighter, and of course it can no longer sink; and there it remains until it is cooled down to thirty-two degrees—the freezing-point—when a film of ice begins to form on its surface, which of necessity floats.

There are many other curious things that might be said of water, such as its incompressibility, upon which remarkable property depends the power and useful application of our hydraulics; its sudden expansion on becoming ice, bursting not only our water-pipes, but splitting up and disintegrating our rocks and mountains as well; and various other remarkable qualities which space will not permit of being dealt with.

The uses of water are countless. Suppose we look at it for a moment as regards its domestic application. You often hear of water for household purposes being called 'hard' and 'soft.' The reason why some waters, especially spring-water, are 'hard' is owing to the mineral matters dissolved in them. Rain-water is never 'hard,' because it is nearly free of solid matter. The reason you had such an uncomfortable wash and shave this morning at your friend's house, was owing to the water being largely charged with lime and magnesia. When the soap is rubbed between the palms in water of this description, the stearic acid in the oil of the soap combines with the lime and magnesia, and forms compounds which the water cannot dissolve; and hence the provoking curdiness you observed. For the latter to be a perfect one, complete solution of the constituents of the soap must take place, and in pure water this

would be the case. But some waters are permanently hard, whilst some are only temporarily so. Permanent hardness is caused when the water is charged with sulphate of lime and magnesia; and temporary hardness by carbonates of lime and magnesia. Pure water dissolves the sulphates, but not the carbonates. Then how do the carbonates come to be in the water at all? The reason is this. All natural waters, but especially spring and well water, contain more or less free carbonic acid gas in a state of absorption, and when thus charged, are capable of dissolving the carbonates; but whenever this gas is expelled from the water, say by boiling it, the carbonates are at once deposited; and this accounts for the incrustation in the kettle; and when this takes place, the water becomes quite soft. The boiling does not affect the sulphates to any degree in this way in water that is permanently 'hard.' Temporarily hard water can be made soft by more means than boiling alone. If a tubful of it at night be stirred up with a little 'slaked' lime and allowed to settle, in the morning there will be a white deposit at the bottom of the tub, and the water will be found to be quite 'soft;' because the lime added will combine with the free carbonic acid gas in the water, and the whole of the carbonates will become deposited, in virtue of their insolubility in water without this gas.

For drinking purposes, rain-water, after being passed through a charcoal filter, to remove the organic matter it contains, is the most wholesome for adults. The general objection is its tastelessness. A pinch of salt will remedy this. For the young, however, solid matter in the water, of the right kind, such as lime and magnesia, is good, as these go to build up the bony structures of the child.

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE Naval and Submarine Exhibition, recently held at the Agricultural Hall, London, appears to have been a marked success. Of the seven thousand persons who daily passed within its doors, a large proportion was naturally represented by 'those who go down to the sea in ships.' But the bulk of the visitors were certainly drawn from the general public; a fact not to be wondered at, when we remember what a fascination the broad sea and all that belongs to it have for those whose lives are mostly spent far from its murmur. But from whatever class the casual visitor may have been drawn, he was sure not to regret his shilling fee for admission, for the display contained much that was not only of technical but of general interest.

A huge tank, with glass windows, placed in the middle of the Hall, gave exhibitors of the various diving systems now in use an opportunity of showing how man has learned to make himself an amphibious animal. Here was exemplified the method of diving for sponges or pearls without the aid of any apparatus whatever; and with it was shown the intricate arrangement

of pipes, air-pumps, diving-dresses, and cumbersome helmets, which have until recently been necessary to the preservation of a man out of his natural element. Mr Fleuss's method of diving without these impedimenta was also shown; and judging by the crowds which flocked round when the new system was being demonstrated, we may surmise that the general public take an interest in this new phase of the art of diving. It will be remembered that Mr Fleuss has adapted a modified form of his diving system to an apparatus which will enable a man to enter into gases or irrespirable atmospheres without suffering the least risk. That this invention is no mere ill-conceived toy, which may from its intricate nature break down when wanted for use, may be judged from the valuable aid it rendered lately on the occasion of an accident at Killingworth Colliery, near Newcastle. One of the shafts was under repair, when, without warning, a quantity of timber-work gave way and fell down the shaft, at once stopping communication with the outer world. Unfortunately, the ventilation of the mine was also stopped, with the result that foul air soon began to collect. Eleven poor fellows were confined in this dangerous atmosphere for eighteen hours, after which time, rescuers, equipped with the Fleuss apparatus, arrived upon the scene of operations. In a very short time the suffering miners were restored to their friends, saved from a most terrible fate. In order to show how near all of them were to death, it may be mentioned that one of them subsequently succumbed.

Exhibitions have become so common all the world over since the wonderful success attained by the great show at Hyde Park in 1851, that it seems curious that their popularity has not yet waned. But in case there should be any danger of such a thing, a new kind of Exhibition has been organised, about which, if only because of its novelty, no apprehensions of public apathy need be felt. According to the *Colonies and India* newspaper, Messrs Fry & Co. have announced the startling scheme of an Exhibition which will float from one port to another. A magnificent vessel has been chartered for this purpose, and after being stocked with the produce of different countries, will, early in June, commence a tour of the world of commerce. This way of taking the mountain to Mohammed, instead of asking Mohammed to go to the mountain, is certainly a new departure in trade. The idea is such a good one, and so likely to be beneficial both to this country and our colonies, that we most cordially wish it the success which its ingenious promoters deserve.

As a melancholy contrast to all these advances in the arts of peace, we note in an American paper the description of a new engine of war, which seems to cast into the shade all contrivances for destructive purposes which have yet been invented. This is a gunboat which is a kind of compound of the ironclad and torpedo boat; but the one powerful weapon with which it is furnished is fired not above the water, but seven

feet below the surface. By this means the heaviest ship afloat can be wounded in its most vital part by a submarine shell charged with three hundred and fifty pounds of gun-cotton. The new boat is named *Destroyer*. It is one hundred and thirty feet long, carries a crew of twelve men, will move at a speed of seventeen knots per hour, and is the invention of Captain Ericsson.

The 'cuteness of the American mind is more pleasantly shown in the manner in which iron sheets are now exported from this country for use in the United States. An American Company at Wolverhampton has lately imported shaping and cutting machinery for making coal-shovels, vases, pails, &c., so that when cut and shaped, the iron can be sent across the Atlantic. The object of this is to save the heavy duty upon those parts of the iron sheets—the scrap—which is not actually required in making the articles. The much lower price of the iron on this side of the water, coupled with the saving of the duty in the manner described, makes this enterprise a profitable one. And when we mention that twenty-five tons of iron sheet are utilised in this work at Wolverhampton every week, it will be seen that the scheme must give employment to many.

An interesting pamphlet has been issued by the County of Cork Agricultural Society detailing some experiments on Potato Culture made at the Munster Farm in 1881. These experiments were made with a view to test the productiveness of different varieties of potato-growing under exactly the same conditions, to note their capabilities to resist disease, and lastly to try the merits of different kinds of manures. The variety chosen for the manure experiments was that known as the 'Champion,' and the date of planting was April 12, 1881. The results were as follows: With no manure, the yield per acre amounted to five tons sixteen hundredweight. When an addition per acre was made of two hundredweight of bone and mineral superphosphate, the yield increased by one ton. With four hundredweight of bone-meal to the acre, the yield recorded was ten tons three hundredweight; with kainit alone—two hundredweight to the acre—the yield rose to thirteen tons nineteen hundredweight. The addition of farmyard manure to the soil afforded a yield of thirteen tons fifteen hundredweight; but when the same kind of manure had been stored before use in a closed pit, its energy gave an increased yield of three tons. It must be understood that all these manures were applied to different plots of land of exactly the same size. The importance of these experiments is obvious, and it is thought that they have in great measure influenced the improvement which has been recorded during the past year in the potato crop grown in the south of Ireland.

Our contemporary *Land* calls attention to the circumstance that the Pope is a farmer, and a very successful one too. He does not grow potatoes, nor does he raise stock, but he has large water-farms for the breeding of fish. Into the lagoons of Commachio, where these operations are carried on, the fish come up from the Adriatic in vast quantities. They are there fattened until ready for the table.

The artificial propagation of salmon and other species of fresh-water fish is at length commanding

the attention it deserves. Reared from the egg, and carefully tended and fed during infancy, the fish are in due time liberated from their nursery, and sent forth to stock depleted streams and lakes. We have in this country more than one nursery of the kind, notably the Fishery-works at Howietown, Stirlingshire, founded by Sir James Maitland, which have lately come into prominence in connection with the Scotch Fisheries Exhibition. Here thousands upon thousands of eggs are hatched with such success that only three or four in every thousand fail. The fish when first hatched has a sac attached to it which contains its first food. When this sac disappears, it is fed upon egg, then upon egg and beef grated together. Later on, horse-flesh forms the artificial food, and two, sometimes three dead horses are disposed of every week at Howietown in this manner. As far as possible, Nature is left to herself, and art is only employed where necessary; the chief object of the works being to eschew scientific technicalities, and to deal with the problem of fish-culture so that an ordinary river-keeper can understand what to do and how to do it. 'We have also,' says a contemporary, 'the simple and effective system of Littlewood of Huddersfield, by which, for a small expenditure, any one with a modicum of intelligence could stock any important stream with the most suitable class of fish. The porous earthenware troughs that hatch out the ova are of the cheapest construction, so that a five-pound note can purchase a set sufficient to hatch fifty thousand ova at a time, with ease. A few hours has been sufficient to train a common Highland keeper to use this apparatus with success; and we consider that it virtually solves the question of cheap, effective, and consequently *paying* fish-hatching.' We learn that the promoter of the Howietown establishment was first led to take an interest in fish-culture by an accidental conversation with the late lamented Frank Buckland, whose efforts to preserve our rivers from the pollution of manufactories, deserve the grateful thanks of the community.

The long-vexed question of electric illumination has at length reached such a practical stage, that the text of an Electric Lighting Act introduced by the President of the Board of Trade has been published. The mistake originally made when the gas and water corporations were created, whereby two of the first necessities of life, light and water, have become monopolies which can almost dictate their own terms, has been carefully guarded against in this new Act. Electric Lighting Companies will be licensed for five years only, after which time it will be optional for municipal bodies to buy up the whole plant and to undertake the supply themselves. It is also provided that any Company supplying the current from a central source, shall not have the power to restrict the consumer to any particular form of burner or regulator. In this way the Companies are made the servants of the public, and not their masters.

The near approach of the time when the operation of such an Act of Parliament will become necessary, is foreshadowed by the establishment of the Edison incandescent light on Holborn Viaduct and in various contiguous buildings. The current is furnished from a central office, and is so distributed by wires to the various houses,

that each lamp can be turned off and on by means of a tap without affecting others on the same system. The dynamo machine, the lamps, and all the various details, are the invention of Mr Edison, whose excuse for being somewhat late in the field is his anxiety that everything should work perfectly before being submitted to the public eye. That the system now approaches perfection, must be evident to all. Time alone can tell us about its permanence, and most important of all, its cost as compared with the gas it supersedes. It may be assumed that the gas Companies must at last see that they have a dangerous rival. One London Company has just issued a notice to its customers that it will lend out on hire improved cooking and other gas stoves, patterns of which can be seen at its offices. This speaks for itself.

An attaché of the Chinese Embassy in Paris has just published in one of the French journals a series of articles on the Political and Commercial Aspects of his own country. Perhaps the most interesting portion of these papers is that relating to the various missions which China has sent both to Europe and to America. In 1877, thirty young Chinamen were sent abroad to study engineering. Of these, some were placed in England, some in France, and some in Germany, and after four years' training, returned to their own country. Last year, no fewer than two hundred and sixteen Chinamen, including an Admiral and sixteen officers, were despatched to Western countries to devote themselves to naval studies. At Hartford, United States, there is a Chinese college where two hundred youths receive a liberal education. It will thus be seen that the hunger for knowledge has been felt by those whom we have long been accustomed to regard as barbarians.

Those who eschew the use of meat, and hold that man has no business to call himself a flesh-eating animal, would do well to live in Morocco, for, according to a Report by Mr Payton, our consul there, the country must be a very paradise for vegetarians. Careful cultivation, and a complete system of irrigation applied to the market gardens, have together brought the soil to such perfection, that vegetables and fruits of all kinds flourish most luxuriantly. Potatoes at about a farthing a pound, green peas—from February to May—at four shillings a hundredweight, and walnuts at twopence per hundred, sounds exceedingly tempting.

Many doubts have arisen whether the Channel Tunnel can be made to pay for the gigantic outlay which its construction would entail. The main expense is represented by the constant removal of the debris from the boring-machines. Assuming that the progress made in a thirty-foot tunnel is one yard per hour, the chalk cut away and requiring to be removed would amount to sixty truck-loads, or one per minute. Mr T. R. Crampton long ago devised machinery for meeting this difficulty, and it has been in successful use for some time on a small scale at his brickworks near Sevenoaks. He suggests that the same method should be adopted at the Channel Tunnel works. He proposes that the cutting-machines should be actuated by hydraulic power, by water supplied from above ground. The water, after having done its work, would then, in a proper receptacle, be mixed with the chalk debris,

and form a kind of sludge of the consistence of cream. This liquid mud might then, by means of an ordinary pipe, be carried to the mouth of the shaft, where it could be discharged into the sea, or otherwise disposed of. We should think that there would in a long length of piping be some danger of the chalk gradually depositing itself, and so choking the bore; but this remains to be proved. The idea is an ingenious one, and well worthy of consideration, when we reflect upon the vast saving of labour which its adoption would represent.

Mr Carl Bock, the Eastern explorer, is now in Siam, where he has undertaken a journey for the object of scientific research. Writing in September, he states that although he had received every assistance from the king of Siam, he had many obstacles placed in his way by those who had been deputed to assist him. The natives tried to frighten him by rumours of fevers, evil spirits, and other supposed dangers, and ended by stealing his horse, never dreaming that he would decide to proceed on foot. At one place, an amusing incident occurred, which, however, might have led the explorer into a serious difficulty. A certain chief, who is described as being half naked, blind of one eye, and dreadfully marked with smallpox, allowed his wife to become the traveller's model for a sketch. In the course of his work, he just touched his sitter's chin, as artists will, in order to get a more agreeable pose. Both husband and wife immediately flew into a violent rage at this supposed insult, and the neighbours were called in to eject the intruder. The instant destruction of the sketch was insisted upon. Mr Bock being unwilling to lose it, hit upon the expedient of giving it to the woman alone, and demanded that all her companions should be sent away. While this was being done, he quickly executed a rough duplicate, which the woman quickly tore in pieces, without detecting the ruse which had been played upon her. The results of Mr Bock's travels will be published in book-form by Messrs Sampson Low & Co., but of course this cannot take place until after his return to England in August next.

We learn from a Report published concerning the Hospice on St Gothard, that in the year ending September 1881, nearly sixteen thousand persons received assistance there. Of these, nearly one-fourth were lodged for one night, one hundred and twenty-three had to be treated as invalids, some of whom, suffering from Alpine casualties, were provided with clothing. The need for this refuge on the mountains is considered so great, that it will continue its useful labours even after the tunnel is opened. We are sorry to notice that the expenditure exceeded the receipts last year by nearly four thousand francs. Another Hospice, that of the Great St Bernard, has hitherto had the reputation of being the most elevated inhabited house in Europe. The new Observatory on Mount Etna has robbed it of that distinction, for the latter is one thousand feet higher above the sea-level.

The alterations which are soon to be carried out at the Tower of London will receive the approval of all who have any regard for the monuments of the past. For many years,

the more modern buildings in the fortress have been used as a depository for military stores; and it is found that the woodwork of many of the floors has become so rotten as to be unable to support the weight which they are required to bear. In the meantime, the ancient parts of the Tower defy the ravages of time, and seem to be as strong as when first built. The modern buildings are now to be removed, and certain parts of the old work which they superseded are to be restored. When this work is completed, Londoners will once more see the old place as it was known to their forefathers. But they will have the satisfaction of remembering that the religious intolerance and political intrigues which have stained its walls with the blood of so many just men, have passed away for ever.

BOOK GOSSIP.

It not unfrequently happens that we know less of our contemporaries than we know of the generations that have preceded us. Most people could tell you more about Chaucer and Milton than they can of Tennyson or Mrs Oliphant; and until very recently we knew as little of George Eliot and Thomas Carlyle as we do of Shakespeare or the author of *Piers Plowman*. Any book, therefore, which throws light upon the personal surroundings of our more popular living authors, must always be welcome at many fire-sides. Of this nature is a recent work from the pen of Mr Henry Morley, entitled, *English Literature in the Reign of Victoria* (London: Sampson Low & Co.), and forming the two-thousandth volume of the well-known Tauchnitz Collection of English Authors. The author does not restrict himself entirely to the reign of our present sovereign; he gives by way of introduction a review of English literature from the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth down to that of Victoria. This portion of the work is contained in three chapters, and necessarily deals with this important period in English letters in a somewhat hasty manner. Yet withal, the survey is by one who has a thorough knowledge of his subject, and it forms a fitting prelude to the notices of the authors who have flourished during the present reign. Many of the personal details thus given, though in all cases briefly, are of much interest, and have the fascination which somehow or other belongs to all literature which tells us, in a clever and agreeable manner, something about the more conspicuous men and women of our own day, especially those of them whose works are in our hands, and with whose opinions we may be familiar, while of their personality we know next to nothing. This little work is further rendered interesting by its presenting us with above one hundred and fifty fac-similes of autographs of British authors of the present reign.

Perhaps there is no European country which is so rapidly gaining upon public attention, as is Russia at the present time, both with respect to its political and social development. The fierce spirit of turbulence which from time to time makes itself felt among its vast populations—

now striking at private life, and now at that of the Emperor himself—has resulted in a condition of things which has attracted the attention of many to whom the internal affairs of Russia were previously as unknown and uncared-for as the domestic economy of the Ainos. And this desire for knowledge, this enlightened curiosity, as to things Russian, has been met by the issue of books on almost every conceivable aspect of Russian life. The Germans have been exceedingly active in this work; and a translation of one of their volumes, *Russia Past and Present*, has recently been issued in this country by the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge. The historical accuracy of the work on which this translation is based, may be estimated by the fact that it has been added to the libraries of all the Russian military seminaries, for the use of the pupils in the higher classes. It treats, in successive chapters, of the early inhabitants of Russia, its formation as an empire, its extent, population, configuration, products, manufactures, climate, and the like. There are also chapters on the government of the country, both in its imperial and local capacities; on the constitution of the army and navy; on the state of trade, commerce, and agriculture; along with a description of the chief towns and chief districts of the country. The religious observances and popular customs described, especially the latter, are many of them very curious; and for those who wish to acquire an intelligent conception of life and government in Russia, we do not know a more agreeable and serviceable volume than this.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

DISCONNECTION OF TITLES AND LANDS.

It might be expected that the titles borne by our aristocracy would generally be derived from the lands actually held by them; but this, as we learn from a return made by a contemporary, is far from being the case. The Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Hertford, the Earl of Derby, and Lord Leicester, have, for instance, not an acre of land in the counties from which their titles emanate. The Duke of Devonshire owns eighty thousand acres in Derbyshire, but none in Devon; Lord Derby has some fifty thousand acres in Lancashire, but nothing in Derby; while Lord Leicester's estates are not in the shire of that name, but in Norfolk, where he has over forty thousand acres. The Duke of Norfolk has but four thousand acres in Norfolk, whilst Sussex and York have some thirty-five thousand acres in his ownership. Earls Carnarvon, Suffolk, Westmoreland, Cardigan, Pembroke, Radnor, and Denbigh, derive their large incomes from counties other than those that give them their titles.

The Marquis of Bristol's estate is in Suffolk; the Marquis of Bath's is in Wiltshire. The Marquis of Salisbury's rent-roll is derived from Herts, and not from Wilts; the Marquis of Hertford derives his from Warwick, and not from Herts; the Marquis of Exeter has nothing in Devonshire; and Lord Southampton's name is absent in Hampshire. The great Duke of Rutland owns but seven hundred acres in Rutland, whilst he is lord over eighty-four thousand acres in six

different counties other than the one from which he derives his title. Notts and Lincoln claim the Duke of St Albans, instead of Herts; and the Duke of Richmond's estates are in Sussex and Scotland, and not in Surrey or Yorkshire. The Duke of Manchester lives in Huntingdon, and does not trouble Lancashire; whilst the Earl of Huntingdon's estates are in Ireland, instead of the English county that bears his name. The Duke of Cleveland would be supposed to draw his enormous income from the Vale of Cleveland, which is in Yorkshire; yet it is not so, his estates being in Durham and Sussex. The Duke of Portland by some is supposed to be the owner of that island in which so many, unwillingly, practically learn the art of building breakwaters and fortifications, and which supplies all England with that beautiful hard stone that bears his name. But the fact is the Duke does not own an acre of land in all Dorsetshire; his immense income being mainly derived from his estates in Notts, Derby, Northumberland, and London. The Marquis of Ailesbury is not known as a landowner in Bucks; Wilts and York having that honour. The Duke of Wellington takes his title from a small town in Somerset, in which county he owns but five hundred and twenty acres, whilst in Hampshire he owns sixteen thousand acres. The Duke of Marlborough takes his title from a small town in Wilts, where his Grace has only one thousand acres, whilst Blenheim, with twenty-two thousand acres of the Duke's property, is in Oxford.

DISCOVERY AS TO PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.

Considerable interest has been caused in medical circles by the publication of an address which was delivered by Dr Koch before the Physiological Society of Berlin, on the 24th of March this year. The address dealt with what is called the Etiology—that is, causes—of Tubercular Disease, under which term is included the terrible scourge of pulmonary consumption; and the experiments therein detailed went to show beyond dispute that the spread of tubercular forms of disease is due to the existence of a minute, rod-shaped parasite, or *bacillus*, only discoverable by the microscope. Dr Koch, who has enunciated this discovery, first made himself known by the cleverness and thoroughness of his researches on the contagion of splenic fever, his investigations in regard to which received such public recognition that the young physician was forthwith transferred from a modest country practice, in the neighbourhood of Breslau, to the post of Government Adviser in the Imperial Health Department of Berlin. He has now done with respect to the disease of consumption what he formerly accomplished in the case of splenic fever. The chief value of the discovery lies in two things—first, that a specific and determinable cause has been found for the various forms of tubercular disease; and next, that this knowledge will enable physicians to proceed in the endeavour to discover whether the disease of consumption cannot be overcome by inoculation, as in the case of smallpox in human beings, and splenic fever in cattle and sheep—both which maladies are likewise due to disease-producing *bacilli*. When Dr Koch had

discovered the parasite that was the active agent in splenic fever, Pasteur in France inaugurated that series of wonderful experiments which went to show satisfactorily that animals inoculated with the virus of splenic fever are protected in this way against renewed attacks of that fever. It is open to be discovered whether mankind cannot be made proof against the fearful malady of consumption by a similar process of inoculation, just as mankind has been rendered proof in the case of smallpox. The further results of the experiments we have alluded to will be watched for with great anxiety, not only by physicians, but by the many who have suffered or are liable to suffer from the terrible ravages of consumption.

OUTSIDE THE BAR.

OUTSIDE the Bar, amid the breaking surges,
By mighty winds capriciously misled;
Toy of the tempest-god who madly urges
The ship towards yon reef that lies ahead;
Beset by Night, whose darkling clouds are driven
Across a sky that shows no friendly star,
With rudder broken, and with canvas riven,
How will she reach her goal within the Bar?

Outside the Bar, like some great soul in sorrow,
The labouring barque bemoans the bitter hour;
And her brave crew, with longings for the morrow,
Toil through the night against the tempest's power.
Ah! can *she* conquer when each giant billow
Has roused itself man's handiwork to mar?
Their angry crests afford no restful pillow
To one who longs for peace within the Bar.

Outside the Bar the storm-fiends, wildly mocking
At human weakness, rave in accents rude;
While in their ruthless grasp the ship is rocking,
A prey to every demon's changeful mood.
The way to port is through those breakers standing
Like foeman-sentinels in time of war,
Their iron-clad and hostile forms commanding
The haven of her hopes within the Bar.

Outside the Bar the ocean-voices thunder,
And Night bends over all her deathly frown:
Within the Bar some tender hearts do wonder
If ships will find their refuge near the town.
Now, for the sake of those our spirits cherish,
Who toss upon tempestuous seas afar,
Pray that the barque beleaguered may not perish,
But anchor safely yet within the Bar.

JESSIE M. E. SAXBY.

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GROWTH OF CAPITAL.

POSSESSORS of small capital complain that they receive less and less from their investments. A generation ago, three or four thousand pounds returned an interest that enabled its owner to live in modest comfort. Now, if it is funded in first-class securities, it yields a mere pittance. And not only does interest tend to decline, but the cost of living tends to increase. When this latter first began to hamper people of small fortune, many sought relief in continental countries where living was cheap. To-day, Switzerland, Germany, France, and Italy are relatively dearer places than England. Save in countries almost barbarous, the expenses of the household are continuously rising. The French *rentier*, the British fundholder, the Swiss house-owner, the American farmer, are all affected by a similar tightening of the financial screw, diverse as their sources of revenue may be. Why is this? Will it continue? In short, what is the prospect before capital?

In discussing this question, it cannot be overlooked that the past half-century has witnessed a commercial and industrial activity so extraordinary, that did we read of it in the history of the Phœnicians, Carthaginians, or other ancient traders, we should deem the recital a wild exaggeration. Living in the midst of this great time, and doing each our individual share to accomplish its marvels, we are to a certain extent blinded to its real magnitude, and unable to comprehend its whole consequences. In the incalculable accumulations of capital, and the strangely varied manner in which its profits are divided, lies the explanation of the reduced returns from investments.

Capital has been fertile as it never was before, because everything has favoured its increase. Business has attained something of scientific exactitude. It loses daily its former aspect of adventure, and its calculations become more strictly based upon facts. Few merchants now ship goods upon mere speculation; the majority supply definite quantities and qualities in accord-

ance with the ascertained state of foreign markets. Importations are similarly controlled. Commodities are bought that will find ready sale. They are not stored in warehouses, as in olden times; the object is to hold little and sell much. Hence, produce and manufactures pass with the least possible delay from importers to consumers, and capital is kept in continual movement.

With a diminution of the hazards that arise from delay and storage deterioration, there have disappeared those greater mercantile risks which made international commerce often as incalculable as *roulette*. From the earliest times down to the age of steamships, pirates levied tariffs upon Neptune's highway. They did more harm by terrifying trade, than by the barbarities and plunder they inflicted upon those who fell into their hands. In cutting for itself a path to the remotest ends of the earth, commerce has made the loneliest parts of the ocean as free from sea-robbers as the Thames and the Mersey. A few are left in Chinese waters; but their depredations grow daily less, and will soon cease. Steam, long-range guns, the consensus of nations, make successful piracy impossible; and the reformed buccaneer, finding that honesty is the best policy on sea, as it is on shore, ranges himself on the side of capital. So with wreckers. These latter were almost as injurious to primitive commerce as pirates. They were even more cruel; for they preyed upon the trade of their fellow-countrymen as remorselessly as upon that of foreigners. At present, the Coast-guard service precludes the possibility of crimes that once were rife on every shore.

Besides destroying predatory men, capital is fettering the savagery of Nature herself. Light-houses gleam on every dangerous point; lifeboats and other apparatus for rescuing imperilled men and treasure, place a chain of safeguards upon the tracks of trade. The arts of ship-building and navigation never cease to advance, and the laws of storms are being slowly yet surely understood. Although the sea is a monster ravening upon capital and human life, its percentage of

mischievous lessens with expanding commerce; and this adds to the growth of wealth and international confidence.

It is to the decline of war, however, that the increase of the world's capital is mostly due. Notwithstanding the frightful military expenditure of the past half-century, and the oppressive burden it yet is to Europeans, the tranquillity of the period is greater than ever was enjoyed before. Military brigandage has been the standing occupation of man during his recorded history. Besides fighting his foes abroad, he has rent his own society by turbulent factions, equally fatal to the growth of capital. But now that human energy is turned from the war-path to paths of peace by the resistless might of universal industry, it follows that creation, not destruction, will be the business of mankind. Instead of capital being annihilated, it will be conserved and increased.

With the decadence of strife between nations, there come kinder relationships *within* nations; fellow-citizens quarrel less, and help each other more. When England was aggressive towards the external world, every man was armed, and disputes were settled by the sword. Duelling is now impracticable, even among military men. Judicial combats diminish; and law-courts are less disposed to wrangle than in past times. In all debatable matters, the rights of neighbours are being conceded; and individuality, instead of being treated as an abhorrent contumacy, is now regarded with deference and respect. In religion, in politics, in science, in business, people are permitted to think, judge, and act as they please. What a vast lessening of social friction does this effect! How enormously does it add to the economical progress of mankind! Co-operation, not combat, is becoming the rule of life. As we know from our daily experience, however, the world is yet far from a conceivable state of goodness. Wrong, oppression, greed, and chicanery abound; but not as aforetime. The proof is incontestable, for it lies in the general accumulation of wealth and the public morality which protects it.

One of the causes of the apparent decline in the returns of invested capital is that the habit of saving and investing is becoming general. Until recently, such poor people as could save, kept their money in a hoard. Ages of injustice, pillage, and political uncertainty had cruelly taught the weak and the humble that only by hiding their money could they keep it safely. At present, more than a hundred millions sterling belonging to the British working-classes are mingled with the prodigious national capital. Instead of lying in the shape of inert metal in holes and corners, it is fructifying on the owners' behalf and that of mankind generally. Security for their capital and the profits it bears, have given a huge impulse to the saving habits of the poor, besides widening their intelligence and sympathy. How powerfully the possession of securely-placed capital enlarges the mental horizon of men, is seen in the French peasantry. When the Revolution permitted them to buy land, their hoards were converted into fertile fields; dead capital was endowed with life.

Wealth grew so mightily that it could not be contained in France, and the peasants' economies had to overflow into foreign enterprises. Thus was the Suez Canal partially due to the sous and francs of French labourers. The Canal over the Isthmus of Panama is also being largely constructed with the capital of humble French people, and also by that of Spanish and Italian peasants, who likewise are sharing in the general enrichment and confidence of the age. Nay, so all-embracing is the passion for accumulation, that Irish farmers and labourers, notwithstanding the impoverishment and dismay now prevailing, find means to place money in the savings-banks. Even the negroes of the United States, who for the past two or three years have been hoarding all the gold they could save, are now beginning to place it in various commercial and agricultural enterprises.

Clearly, man is a thrifty being, if he has a fair chance; with the universally extending area of commerce and industry, the chance has come. No wonder, therefore, that the economisers of twenty and thirty years ago find that investments do not yield so prolifically as before. Competition brings down the price of all things. The extraordinary increase of investors, and the multiplication of capital by its accelerated overturn, are producing great changes in the financial position of all people. A new race of powerful capitalists have come into existence, and the progressive inclusion of all the productive parts of the earth adds hourly to their wealth. In thirty years, Australia and New Zealand have passed from almost worthless wildernesses into first-class contributaries of trade; so have the Western and Pacific states of America. British capital has made railways, docks, harbours, tramways, and telegraph communications all over the world. It has opened some of the richest mining districts of the earth; it has peopled deserts and converted savage wilds into fruitful regions. No less than sixty millions sterling is received as the interest each year upon British investments abroad.

Money, we know, makes money; and it is curious to observe that as accumulation goes on, its profits are less wasted. Rich men do not live in the lavish style of former days. Great nobles do not expend their revenues in stately magnificence, as their ancestors did. The love of pageantry, display, and luxurious show, is not now so universally prevalent. Royalty goes abroad unassumingly in a park phaeton; princely territorialists seek to enhance their fortunes by trade and manufactures, like ordinary men of business. A spendthrift aristocrat is despised by his own class, and condemned by humble folks; prodigality is under a ban. Having made wealth or inherited it, the possessor is constrained by the spirit of the age to take care of it—nay more, to increase it. Penny-banks and the Post-office invite the poor to save their odd coppers and put them into the mighty ocean of productive capital; even young children are taught to defer the joy that lies in a halfpenny, until they have laid up a store of many halfpennies.

The increase of work-people's capital is not the whole sum of their financial uprise. Economy rules the operations of their lives more and more. Health is better cared for; more comforts are

sought; pleasures recreate more and excite less; the training of children is improved; in a word, social energy is conserved. All this means diminished expenditure, and increase of wealth actually and potentially. The rising generation will not only inherit more capital, but will be disciplined to take care of it and to augment it as a prime duty.

But the cost of living will be greater than it is now. Here arises an apparent paradox. With greater wealth, greater funded capital, systematised economy, and all that goes to make life less of a struggle, yet the effort to exist is harder than it was for small capitalists and humble toilers, and promises to be harder still. The explanation is in the growing diameter of individual and national life. We are of greater intellectual and moral stature than our fathers; and our children will be taller than ourselves. The augmented tastes, desires, and employments, which make us so different from our rude sires, entail an expense that has to be met by all but the lowest amongst us. Increase of income, mental or monetary, is followed by a superior style of living. The artisan promoted to a foremanship, leaves a poor dwelling for a better; the foreman risen to a successful employer, goes into a higher social region. So in like manner, a nation like our own, under the persistent leverage of thrift, ascends *en masse* in the scale of being. Gurtl the swincherd lived in a condition but little removed from that of the beasts he herded. Gurtl's present descendant is housed more comfortably than Cedric was, and is much more lord of his person and fortune than was the Saxon thane. The rising tide of British and other capital has elevated Gurtl junior to the position he enjoys. He finds, however, that his accessions of dignity, right, and freedom have to be paid for. Hence the increased cost of the workman's household. While wasteful ostentation is disappearing among patricians, and millionaires are rebuked for thrusting their metallic superiority under our noses, the toilers of the fields, the forge, and the factory are compelled to live in a style never known to the sons of labour before. Dignity needs substance for its manifestation; thus the workman demands wages adequate to his exalted sphere. House-rents increase, food is dearer, education is a growing tax, amusements and holidays dip deeper into our pockets. Limited income frequently means unlimited anxiety in making both ends meet. The pressure of obdurate circumstances compels further economy, or further efforts to increase income, and whichever mode of relief is sought, the result is to augment capital.

Such appears to be the outcome of the commercial period now spreading over the world. Willingly or unwillingly, we are obliged to contribute to the funded resources of mankind. In warlike ages, men were forced to fight or be enslaved. Now, the conflict is for economical freedom. We see this going on everywhere. In civilised countries, mechanical devices have superseded human muscles in all the great industries. Railways have supplanted beasts of burden; steamships are abolishing sailing-ships. Cabs drove out sedan-chairs, and now tram-cars are supplementing cabs. Bicycles and tricycles are arrayed against saddle-horses and even coaches. Electricity has entered into competition with

steam, and may beat its rival out of the world, as steam overthrew its adversaries.

In the competition between barbarians and Europeans, the cheap production of wealth underlies all other contentions. Economy really decides who shall be masters of America, Africa, Australia, and India. Had the Red man, the Negro, and the Hindu been more skilful in turning the elementary wealth of their respective fatherlands to good account than Europeans, permanent conquest of those countries would have been impossible. Invasive races hold colonies and settlements on the tenure of superior economy; for economical law is fundamental, and governs the universe. The stupendous enrichment of the human family now going on is inevitable. Instead of decrying the accumulation of wealth, as some do, it is better to ponder the changed circumstances of the human family, which make capital so abundant and so safe. By so doing, much of the bitterness obtaining among men would pass away, and further facilities arise for bettering the condition of those who complain of getting so little of the vast wealth of the epoch. Although a few persons possess enormous capital, while the multitude has individually very little, yet the tendency is ever towards a more equitable division. Let us remember, that if poor people do not directly own much of the world's gear, they participate in the benefits of those great achievements of civilisation in which the capital of nations is sunk. The parks and promenades, the libraries and museums, the telegraphs, the railways, and other swift modes of communication, are all at their disposal. Workmen's trains and tram-services add to the profits of labour. Carried to the neighbourhood of his employment, the workman arrives with mental and physical vigour intact. This makes him of increased value as an industrial unit, and accounts partly for the higher wages paid than formerly. The workman's capital lies in his muscles and skill, and all the great advances of monetary capital generally make the workman's more valuable.

But the most striking of all the participations in the world's accumulated funds which is possessed by the sons of toil, is in the enlarged leisure of our time. Though we are not prepared to admit that there is no harm in much leisure, it is a significant fact that the hours of labour have diminished by nearly twenty-five per cent. in the past fifty years. This is one of the outstanding facts revealed by the growth of capital, and is of marked significance. Next to making efficient provision for their children or others dependent upon them, the object of those who strive to gain a competency is to enjoy a life of leisure; that is, to do what is most agreeable. Workmen now have two or three hours' daily leisure that their fathers were denied by the small capital of their time. Without some leisure, the higher and broader education of to-day would be almost useless, as would the many aids to social and personal improvement. The English workman enjoys more leisure than any other workman in the world, except the Australian; and this is owing to the magnitude of English capital, to its security and productiveness.

Considered in its general effect—and it is only possible to come to right conclusions by so doing

—the growth of the world's wealth implies the rising prosperity of all. Whether we possess much or little funded property, we share in the higher social development of our time. Measured by a fixed income, we may seem poorer, as millionaires increase and dividends diminish. Still, millionaires benefit mankind more than themselves. In their search for new millions, they lead to universal enrichment; in themselves attaining leisure, they win it for others. They are ranged on the side of peace and good-will among men; and however greedy of wealth personally, are allied with the practical moralists of the age. The ministers and servants of economy, they throw down the ramparts erected by barbarism against the intellectual and ethical progress of our species, and proclaim the fraternity of mankind. They drag the savage from his cave and make him share in the gains of civilisation; they lift the felon from his lair and bid him toil at honest work; they bid labour economise its capital, and place it in the general reservoir of wealth, thereby to share yet more largely in the triumphs of trade. Thus war, pestilence, and famine disappear, and peace, health, and plenty prevail. By the resistless progress of economy and industry, much that is repellent in Man and in Nature is eliminated, and that which is beneficent is multiplied.

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

CHAPTER XXI.—‘MY DEAR, I HAVE HAD A TALK WITH YOUR FATHER.’

‘AND so,’ said Garling, as he and Hiram walked together, ‘you have the whip-hand of me?’

‘That,’ said Hiram with great gravity, ‘is so.’

‘I am not accustomed to harness,’ observed Garling with his own grim smile, ‘and you will make little progress by driving me too hard. Before we go farther, I have something to say. Shall we talk here? We can have quiet.’ He pointed to a court upon the left hand; and without waiting for an answer, led the way, passing through a low-browed door with a sunken step, along a saw-dusted passage, and into a room the atmosphere of which was dense with stale tobacco-smoke. Seating himself at a battered and discoloured little circular table, he motioned Hiram to follow his example. By this time, Garling was as cool and self-possessed as ever, and his manner was simply business-like. ‘And now, Mr Search—that is your name, I believe—before you drive me farther, I must have a little talk with you.’

‘Well,’ returned Hiram, ‘there’s biblical precedent. Daresay you remember Balaam. Go ahead, sir.’

‘You are in good spirits,’ said Garling quite agreeably. ‘That is natural. But the best players are those whose spirits neither mount with gains nor fall at losses. Forgive me if I seem to lecture you; but since we are to hold a relationship so close as that of father and son, I can scarcely fail to feel a little proprietary right in you.’ The smile with which Garling accompanied these

words was such a compound of craft and mirth and malice as Hiram had never seen before. The younger man nodded with an answering smile, and for half a minute the two sat thus looking at each other, the cashier smiling—as Hiram said long afterwards in telling the story—‘like an octopus,’ and the other beaming back at him. ‘This is quite an agreeable meeting,’ said Garling, darkening suddenly. He went on abruptly: ‘You have an object to achieve, and so have I. It is in your power to put me to much inconvenience—inconvenience to which I would not voluntarily submit—I am quite candid, you observe—for a thousand pounds. But on the other hand it is in my power to inflict upon you, by submitting to that inconvenience, a disappointment which would, I presume, be considerable. You admit that?’

‘Yes,’ returned Hiram; ‘I admit that.’ A waiter with weak eyes, disorganised hair, and a dissipated-looking suit of evening clothes, here entered. The waiter’s garb had the look—common to dress-clothes worn in the daytime—of having been up all night; but the waiter himself had a contradictory appearance of having only just got out of bed.

‘Did you ring, gentlemen?’ inquired the waiter forlornly.

‘We did not,’ said Garling, resuming his smile. ‘I suppose we ought to have done so.—May I offer you any little refreshment, son-in-law? A little brandy? A glass of wine?—No?—I will take a little brandy, waiter, pale and cold.’

‘Bring me a cigar,’ said Hiram; and the waiter made his exit, like a troubled ghost who found it a relief to be laid.—‘I admit that,’ said Hiram again, nodding across the table, as a hint to Garling to go on.

‘Now, I am naturally a stubborn man, Mr Search,’ said the cashier resuming, ‘and I have a great dislike to being driven. You observe that I am candid with you? If I should find myself being driven too hard, I should probably kick over the traces. Now, that would be quite a melancholy thing for both of us. You would fulfil your threat; I should put my power into action; we should each be injured irreparably, and at daggers-drawn for the rest of our lives.’

‘It is a theme,’ said Hiram, ‘for one of the gentlemen who paint your coats of arms. Balaam right, quadruped left, and each with a drawn dagger.’ He said this musingly, eyeing Garling meanwhile with pleased contentment.

‘You are pleased to be facetious,’ said the cashier, looking at him from under beetling brows, but smiling still. So, in prize-ring matters, the Putney Chicken and Hammersmith Pet were wont to smile on each other, each with wicked patience waiting for his chance to plant a blow. The waiter came in at this juncture, ghost-like, and being again laid by the magic of a half-crown, fluttered off again, and once more made an appearance, and having, like the ghosts in legendary story, surrendered treasure, vanished finally. ‘You see, Mr Search,’ said Garling, sipping at his brandy-and-water, ‘that it will be unwise to drive too hard.’

‘I am not particular about the pace,’ said Hiram, biting off the end of his cigar, and looking complacently at his companion; ‘but I am bent on going all the way.—But come now, mister.

We can get along without being so lovely figurative, I reckon. Move on, and say straight out what you want.'

'I will admit you,' said Garling, 'to visit my daughter at any reasonable hours at which she cares to see you. If her mind is set upon it, I shall throw no obstacle in the way of your union.'

'That's very good of you,' said Hiram drily.

'Not at all,' returned Garling with superior dryness. 'So far, I am driven. At present, Mr Search, my daughter informs me—for I need no longer disguise from you the fact that I have talked with her upon this topic—that your occupation is that of a bus conductor. Permit me to indicate that I shall take a good deal of driving before I consent to allow my only child to marry a man who occupies such a position. Understand, sir, I am to some extent in your power. To a certain extent—understand me clearly—you can force me. Beyond that line, I will not go. You shall have free access to my daughter's society at reasonable times and in my presence. I shall place no impediment in the way of your ultimate union. But before that can come about, your social position must be much improved. If you accede to my terms, I shall not be unwilling to assist you in the effort to improve it. I do not think you can care to demand more than this at present; and I warn you that I will not yield a point beyond.' There he paused, sipped his brandy-and-water with a keen and secret glance at Hiram's face, and throwing one leg across the other, awaited a reply.

Hiram for his part pulled placidly at his cigar, and turned things over in his mind a little before he answered. 'Good,' he said at length—'good, in all respects bar one. We air so amiable and loving-tempered both of us, that you don't mind my being candid. Two is company—three ain't.'

'When you have tried my plan,' said Garling, 'your power will be no less than it is now. Be content with what you have. Let me have the satisfaction of knowing that I retire gracefully.'

'Cupid,' said Hiram, looking at him musingly, 'is really not a part that you'd look pretty in. No, sir; it is not a character to suit your style.'

Garling accepted this uncomplimentary statement without any change of countenance or sign of displeasure. 'Let me have a day or two in which to think that matter over, Mr Search.' That was all he said. There was no denying that he took defeat pluckily, and Hiram began to admire his courage and endurance.

'Mister,' he returned, 'I have trapped a good many critters of different sorts in various regions; but I never trapped a man afore. Most of the critters raved a good deal, and took it wild; some of 'em took it sulky. Now, you take it like a man, and I esteem you for it—I do. And I shall meet you fair, in consequence. *Pro tempore*, as we say in the Classics, the arrangement you suggest will fit the present-speaking Christian, easy. I've got my turn to serve; but I don't care about doin' more than serve it, and so I'll close with this remark—I shan't ride rusty so long as you go easy. But try to slip, try one dodge, and I am down, sir, like a fifty-ton steam Nasmyth hammer on an unprotected bull-frog! Now, you know.'

'Having arrived at that pleasant mutual understanding,' said the cashier calmly, 'we may part for the present, I presume.'

'Not yet,' returned Hiram. 'We'll go a piece up Fleet Street, if you please.'

The cashier assenting with a shrug of the shoulders, arose and left the room, and Hiram followed. In this order they traversed Ludgate Hill and Fleet Street, the cashier going foremost with bent head and hands folded behind him, looking unconscious of the figure in his rear; and Hiram with his head in the air, sucking smilingly at his cigar, coming on at an easy saunter, as though he had never seen Garling in his life before. Drawing near his own residence, the leader produced his keys, and having unlocked the door, admitted his companion. 'I forgot to mention one thing, Mr Search,' he said, as they stood together at the foot of the stairs. 'My daughter must necessarily know the arrangement we have come to; but she must not know why we have arrived at it. Any hint on your part that you have any control over me, will dissolve our bargain, and I will take the consequences. You understand me?'

'Yes.'

'And you agree?'

'Certainly.'

'You will respect all my private affairs so far as she is concerned?'

'I will,' said Hiram simply.

The cashier moved on again, and selecting a new key, unlocked the door at the head of the stairs. As he did so, a smile, against which he had fought his hardest for the last five minutes, broke out in his eyes and wreathed his features—a smile so cunning, so triumphant, and diabolical, that if his companion had seen it, he would surely have found a warning in it. He did not see it; but as Garling feigned to fumble at the lock, in order to make time to smooth his face, Hiram laid a hand upon his shoulder. 'Here's another part of the bargain,' he said severely—'I won't have her kept a prisoner.'

'There is no longer any need,' answered Garling, throwing open the door. His face was calm again, but there was still a light of triumph in his eyes which made him fear to show them. As he lifted his face momentarily on entering the room, his daughter saw upon it that new look, and for a moment wondered. But she had little time or inclination to question it; for there—wonder of wonders—at this cruel father's heels came Hiram, her hero, her lover, her man of men! Was the cruel father a good father, after all? She took one hurried step towards her lover, and her pale cheek flushed and her bosom heaved. Then she stood still, with her hands a little stretched towards him; and Hiram, coming boldly in, took her in his arms and kissed her, and laid her poor pale little face against his waistcoat, whilst she cried for joy. Beholding this, Garling walked to the window, as if he would not willingly be too much in the way. O Hiram, travelled citizen, 'cutest of omnibus conductors, cool and cunning and brave, you will have need of cunning and of swiftness to overreach the owner of the crafty eyes that look out on Fleet Street whilst you pet your innocent treasure and make much of her!

Be wary, Hiram! And you too, Garling, swift of mental fence, triumphing—be you wary, lest, in an hour you know not, the solid way before you shake, and yawn and engulf you. Crime-built castles are unsteadfast, Garling. Beware your ears, should the flawless walls come down at a run, as walls so built are like to do. No; Garling has no fears.

Mary, withdrawing herself shyly from Hiram's arms, looked from one to another of this curiously assorted pair, her father and her sweetheart, in a palpitating, happy, yet half-fearful wonder. Garling still looking out of the window, hiding his smile, Hiram answered her glances, and said: 'My dear, I have had a talk with your father. He is willing to allow me to wait on you, and he promises not to throw anything between us.'

'It is out of the question,' broke in Garling smoothly, speaking with his face turned to the window, 'that Mr Search should dream of marriage whilst occupying his present position. I shall find something for him to do, however, I daresay, and in that I may perhaps have to rely upon your assistance, Mary.' The smile flashed out again exultant as he said this; but by a great effort, he suppressed it, and turned upon them both his ordinary face of down-looking secrecy. 'In the meantime, it is enough to say that I withdraw my opposition to Mr Search, and that I leave you and him to settle matters between you. With this understanding—That nothing shall be hidden, but all clear, honourable, and above-board.' He looked a singular advocate for openness of conduct, as he stood there with his furtive hands behind him, and his secret eyes in ambush beneath his beetling brows; but Mary had no suspicion of him; and Hiram, though he thought he knew his man pretty fairly, held him in his power, and could always shake his knowledge over him. In a little while Garling drew out his watch, and remarking that he had business to attend to, arose, with a meaning look towards Hiram, who, not being anxious to disturb the seeming concord or to assert his power too soon, rose also, and after a tender farewell, departed with his host.

'You will write to me?' Mary whispered, following to the door.

'Yes, my darling—yes,' said Hiram, and was gone. The girl stayed behind happy, and Hiram walked away happy, at the new condition of affairs.

Garling went his way, triumphant. 'Had this happened six months ago, it might have cost some trouble,' he thought as he went along with his head bent and his hands clasped behind him. 'Had it happened a month back, it might have inclined me to hurry. But happening now, when everything is ready, it comes as a little welcome excitement, and keeps one from thinking too much of other matters.—And you have the whip-hand over me, have you, Mr Search? It was not worth while to give the fellow into custody; the affair might have got into the papers a day too soon. As it is, I have had my sport and gained my point into the bargain. Did you never trap a man before this, my astute American friend? Look at your trap next week.—I played him well,' he thought smilingly. 'It was high-comedy. I take some credit for the gravity of my yielding,

the solemn bargaining of the capitulation.—I declare, Garling,' he told himself in secret exultation, 'you have a sense of humour even yet. And that ignoramus thought to harness me! Tcha!' he snarled aloud, in vast contempt, and walked on, respected—many a City clerk looking reverently at the great manager, many a City magnate owing to himself: 'A clever fellow that. Close, but a jewel!'

'Mr Lumby is waiting in his room, sir,' said a clerk as the cashier passed through the offices.

'No, sir,' said another; 'he left five minutes ago.'

'Ah!' said Garling, throwing the words across his shoulder as he walked, 'I shall be here if he returns!'

Mr Lumby did not return; and the cashier sat among his papers, and did his work deftly, with wonderful rapidity and accuracy in combination. Practice, says the adage, makes perfect. That is partly true even of dull men; but given a genius for the thing practised, and it comes true literally. Four or five different sorts of men have I seen at work, and wondered. The keen sub-editor skimming with eagle flight his daily papers: mark him—scissors in hand he sits, and his eye has gripped a page ere you have read the title-line on the first column. Nothing there, and over goes the leaf. Ah, here! In goes the point of the scissors, out comes the destined scrap, and the page is turned again. And, in brief, before you or I had fairly handled half a page with certainty, he has run through a dozen daily journals, missing nothing, but has skimmed the cream from each and all. This is the result of practice and a curious and rare talent. Ask any sub-editor how rare it is. Or see an able physician approaching a case over which commonplace men have been puzzled, and watch him as he lays his finger on the cause of ill. Or see a great barrister with a brief in hand, a brief of which he knows nothing, but from which he must construct a case in one hour's time to carry before judge and jury. You would say he absorbs and mentally assimilates the contents of a folio by touch, rather than that he reads it. Yet swiftly as he goes, he masters it; and in court, one brief hour hence, you might think him familiar with the complicated case from infancy. Or once again, see a young artist struggling to draw some impossible bit of fore-shortening, and then see finished genius take the brushes. All these things are here named to typify Garling at his business. Came a tangle—his hand unravelled it. Anything wrong—his eye detected it. 'Here is the flaw.' The great piles of correspondence and sheets of figures to be examined melted before him. The piles examined grew and grew. It was a terrible pity that he was a scoundrel. It is related that a Greek father took his son to a merchant and proudly introduced him as 'the greatest liar in the Levant.' And the chronicler adds that the merchant accepted of the youth's service with tears of joy. But in the West we have got into a habit of regarding probity as a business essential. In all but honesty, Garling was a very pearl among business men. But what a 'but!'

The night came. He could count the nights now for which it would be essential to remain for the completion of his plans. They were

growing few, and in spite of the man's colossal composure, were growing terrible to endure. For it was not yet too late to restore all, and be honest, and yet well-to-do, and Conscience whispered sometimes that life would be sweeter so. It was no vulgar crime that he had planned, as it was no vulgar criminal who planned it. Here, for now nine years, had he worked patiently and gently, unloosening every here and there with subtlest fingers a tie which held complete control from him, and gradually drawing every string of the vast concern into his own hands. Then feeding his own resources slowly from those of the firm, and if needful, feeding the firm again from the fund thus fraudulently acquired, swelling his wicked gains year by year, and always fending off the crash to make his gains the larger; he had played his game so long that at last everything was his, and the great House of Lumby and Lumby was a bubble which would burst so soon as he shook it from his finger. There was nothing more to be got; the egg was sucked dry, the nut scraped clean out of the shell; and he waited merely for the transfer of his own legally acquired belongings to Spain, the swindler's refuge.

Now, as the time drew near, he adopted any precaution, no matter how ridiculous it seemed, that occurred to him; and on this night he took a little packet of cigar-ash from his purse, and strewed a tiny pinch on the top of every one of those gigantic ledgers in which his secret slept. His fears had grown so morbid that he had to arm himself anew, as it were, at every crevice of the armour he had worn so long. Even as he did this, he sneered at himself, and mocked the fears which prompted him. 'And yet,' he muttered, 'why should I be so infatuated as to miss any precaution I can think of. The books are not likely to be moved; but if they should be, I shall know it now.'

THE KYRLE SOCIETY.

SOME one has rightly defined the present century as an Age of Societies. The world is full of them. Not only are there national Societies, political Societies, secret Societies; Societies religious, scientific, and archæological; in addition to these, the chronicles of the nineteenth century will reveal to the historian of the future a multitude of lesser Societies which honeycomb the entire fabric of domestic life in our times. It seems as though we were all taking to heart at last the old fable of the bundle of sticks; and so, whether people wish to be charitable or temperate, or learned or philanthropic, they make the effort gregariously, conscious of the value of 'a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together.'

Among the many Brobdingnagian associations of the world at large, and the countless Lilliputian ones set on foot in private circles, a Society of recent date is beginning to lift its modest head and claim our special attention. We refer to the Kyrle Society.

There was once a kindly philanthropist named John Kyrle, who some two centuries ago spent his slender estate in benefiting and beautifying his native town of Whitehouse, in Gloucestershire, and has thus earned for himself the title of 'the

Howard of his age.' Very little else is known of him, except that he died at a ripe old age at Ross, in Herefordshire, where his estate lay, and where he also busied himself in making his surroundings beautiful. The world is apt to forget its benefactors; and but that Pope has immortalised John Kyrle as the 'Man of Ross,' the very name of this insignificant philanthropist might have passed into oblivion. He certainly could never have foreseen that it would be revived after a lapse of nearly two hundred years, and chosen to designate a Society enrolling men of note among the members banded together to follow in his footsteps.

The aim of the Kyrle Society is ambitious, being, as we shall see, no less than 'bringing beauty home to the people;' but its simple motto promises only, 'To the utmost of our power.' The multitude may at the first glance pronounce its object Quixotic. Indeed, *Punch*, that good-natured censor of the age, has already talked about 'bringing beauty home to the pantry,' and caricatured for us a member of the Kyrle Society distributing peacocks' feathers, ox-eyed daisies, and tiger-lilies at a Domestic Economy Congress! But ridicule notwithstanding, no one familiarly acquainted with London and other great cities can doubt that the work of the Kyrle Society is needed. To think that human beings, fellow-countrymen fashioned in the same mould as ourselves, should be born and reared in the midst of ugliness and squalor, just supporting life indeed like the beasts that perish, but with never a sight nor a thought of those things which make life worth living!

There is a great talk in these days of beauty and high-art and all the rest of it, a great ministering to the fastidious tastes of the upper classes. Shall not those who daily revel in the enjoyment of sights and sounds of beauty, have some compassion for the eyes which never rest upon tree or flower nor any of the lovely things of this beautiful world, but only upon gray dinginess and squalid misery? Shall we not take some thought for the tired ears upon which no soothing melody of voice or instrument ever falls, only a discord of street cries and harsh quarrels? Shall we not feel some sympathy for the souls that are never stirred to nobler thoughts by contact with any loveliness of art or nature, with nothing around them in the hours of toil, or in the hours of leisure, to create an image of beauty even in their dreams?

'Beauty is God's handiwork,' once wrote Charles Kingsley. 'Welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank for it Him the fountain of all loveliness, and drink it in simply and earnestly with all your eyes—it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.' How, then, would Kingsley have welcomed the institution of this Kyrle Society, which takes for its avowed object the bringing beauty home to the people—the people living in the outer darkness of squalor and unloveliness, whom he yearned to refresh with the 'charmed draught' so sweet to himself!

There are four especial ways in which the Society tries to disperse more widely the refining influences of natural and artistic beauty. (1) It proposes to decorate workmen's clubs, hospital wards, workhouses, &c., with gifts of flowers, mural paintings, pictures, and other artistic

objects likely to please the eyes of their occupants. It carries out this programme without bigotry; for the decorations are made in public meeting-rooms used for either social or religious gatherings, without distinction of creed, in a wise spirit of tolerance worthy of the times. (2) It desires to encourage in poorer houses the window-gardening which in London at all events seems to be a luxury reserved for the rich, and to turn to account for cultivation as gardens all strips of waste ground, and even areas and backyards. (3) It undertakes also the difficult task of providing concerts of good and attractive music in the poorest parts of London by the help of voluntary choirs, using for the purpose any churches, halls, or schoolrooms that may be available. Musical treats of this kind have already been given in some of the metropolitan hospitals and workhouses. (4) Last, but not least, the grandest efforts of the Society are given to preserving open spaces both in town and country to be laid out as public gardens. It co-operates in this branch of its work with both the National Health and Commons Preservation Societies: for all alike feel the importance of securing breathing-space for the lungs choked by the smoke and dust of the working world of London and other great cities. It is hoped that in time some of the long-disused churchyards of the Metropolis may be devoted to the same purpose; for how could the abode of the dead—well-named God's-acre—be turned to better account than for the benefit of the living?

Already in the four or five short years of its existence, the Society has worked zealously in each of these departments, not in London alone, but in Nottingham, Liverpool, and Westbury also; while infant Societies of the same kind have been started at Birmingham, Birkenhead, and Leicester. A Society with similar aims, known as the Cockburn Society, has long existed in the Scottish capital.

The Kyrle Society was instrumental in saving for the public the green time-hallowed shades of Burnham Beeches; and it is continually taking energetic steps to abate the smoke arising from private and factory fires, which is such an active agent in defacing our public buildings. London streets will never be paved with gold, as our childish fancies led us to expect; but the successors of John Kyrle in the task of benefiting humanity may win back for it some of its ancient charms, when soot and smoke are abolished, and the atmosphere is partially purified.

Royalty countenances the efforts of these nineteenth-century philanthropists. The Duke of Albany—who, more than any other of the Queen's sons, seems to have inherited his father's tastes—is the President of the Kyrle Society; the Princess Louise is Vice-President; and many another noble name distinguished in the world of art or in the world of philanthropy swells the list of those who give it their support.

The Society is in need of funds; but it needs something else quite as much—the active help and sympathy which even the humblest can afford to give. The horizon of usefulness before it widens day by day; its aid flows out in ever-diverging channels. We should mention that any one sympathising with the objects of the

Society, and desirous to promote its work, may become enrolled upon the list of members upon applying to the Honorary Secretary, whose address is 14 Nottingham Place, London, N.W.

Poverty, as we must all own, need not of necessity be squalid. Cross the Channel, and take a look at the continental towns and cities. There the life of the lower classes has its picturesque side; the result, or possibly the cause of a natural taste for the beautiful being developed even in the poorest peasant. The fisher-girls upon the opposite coast deck their persons as well as their houses, and go about their daily tasks unconscious models for the artist. The blue-bloused peasant working in the fields must supply his bit of colour to complete the landscape; and the *bourgeois* condemned to town-life, would not suffer about him the sad-coloured houses and sober surroundings which we allow under our gray skies. What a host of stored-up pictures crowd into the mind, as memory fills in the pleasant background of a poor man's life abroad! Even the lazy *lazzaroni* who lounge through life under Italian skies, ask their alms upon palace-steps, amid the plash of fountains and the scent of orange-groves! But what a revolting contrast presents itself when we think of a poor man's life at home in Seven Dials or similar slums, the Augean stables of civilisation, whose cleansing and beautifying must needs prove a Herculean task!

And sight is not the only sense gratified upon the other side of the Channel. The ear is pleased as well as the eye. Open-air concerts are put within reach of the people at a mere nominal cost, or at no cost at all. The German imbibes with his beer a refreshing draught of music, which elevates him above the mere sensual enjoyment of the moment. The mountaineer *jodels* his way cheerily from Alp to Alp, and peasant-voices everywhere lend themselves almost unconsciously to a 'concord of sweet sounds,' which makes the wheel of life revolve smoothly and harmoniously.

Surely we islanders may in many respects take a hint from our neighbours on the continent, and remember that we are not doing our duty by our fellow-creatures if we only give them the opportunity of earning material sustenance by their toilsome labour.

'Tis not the whole of life to live!

Let us give them the wherewithal to build themselves 'nests of pleasant thoughts,' as Ruskin puts it. Let us, to the utmost of our power, foster the higher life of the spirit, and refresh the 'dulled ears and aching eyes of our working-classes for their never-ending struggles with the briers and thorns of 'this workaday world,' by a communion, whenever it is possible, with whatsoever things are pure and lovely and of good report.

OUR FRENCH PROFESSOR.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN I was a youngster, working my way up the academical ladder, I was engaged as mathematical master in the school—called Wimbourne Hall—of a certain Dr Walters. It was in a remote part of the country, and I should perhaps have found the place dull, but for the company of a niece of the Doctor's—the sweetest girl, I

fervently believed, within the British Islands. She acted as the mistress of the household; that is, she presided at the tea-table, received visitors, and did what she could to fill up an important hiatus in the establishment. Mrs Elphinstone, a matron of extensive charms, was the housekeeper, and looked after the nurture and housing of the boys.

Dr Walters was an old bachelor, one of those bookish men who never think of marrying. He was always making dictionaries, writing archaeological monographs, criticising German philology and theology for the quarterlies, and otherwise so absorbed in learned pursuits, that he was practically lost to us from five in the afternoon till eight next morning out of each twenty-four hours, except for prayers.

The school was limited to a dozen boys, and they were the sons of wealthy people; for the Doctor's terms were high. A young Oxford man shared with me the management and instruction of the pupils. He was the English master. Dr Walters taught the classics and modern languages. I, as before said, was mathematical master. The work was easy; the salary good. I had ample time for my own studies. Dr Walters was a kind, though pompous man, with an overweening belief in his own abilities, and an intense admiration for the aristocratic classes. Rank and titles had quite a fascination for him. He had been tutor in several noble families, and his pupils were all scions of county magnates. The tone of the establishment was very high, and would have been almost oppressive for me but for the gentle influence of Miss Emily White, the Doctor's niece.

She was about eighteen, full of young enthusiasms, and utterly ignorant of the world outside her uncle's house. Three years before, she had lost both parents, and thenceforward had been installed as girl-mistress of Wimbourne Hall. Dr Walters loved her as much as a parent could have done; but his absorbed mode of life made him quite unable to perceive that a girl wanted more effective guardianship than was afforded by an elegant and irreproachable home. He seemed to think that under his roof everything must go on with celestial propriety. That a disaster of the heart could befall Emily, from the society of young and susceptible under-masters, was as little present in the Doctor's consciousness, as the thought that he had a superior in the critic's art. It is astonishing how blind and incapable many learned men are in matters which the simplest peasant sees and understands in all their complexities.

I had fallen over head and ears, as the saying is, with Emily. Such was inevitable. In addition to seeing her at meal-times, I spent two hours with her every evening, save Sundays. School-work was over at seven o'clock; and from that till nine, I gave Emily lessons in music; perhaps it would be more exact to say that we practised together. I was devoted to my violin, and had made it a condition with Dr Walters that I should be allowed to keep up my practice. But my bedroom was near his study, and fiddling does not mix with sober criticism of abstruse German theology. I fear my wild improvisations gave an unusually acute point to the Doctor's incisive onslaughts, and that I am responsible

for much wrath in learned breasts. However, my worthy employer found it expedient to allot the drawing-room to me for practising, and soon after requested me to give Miss White the advantage of my superior knowledge.

Well, much time was spent in dueting. Emily played the piano with fair skill. Mr Loftus, the English master, did not care for stringed instruments; in fact, he rather disliked music of any kind. He was reading hard, as he intended to become a clergyman. The object of his life was to take a high place upon the Episcopal bench; so Loftus either hid himself in a corner of the drawing-room, to get as far as possible from the strains of Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven, or he took his heavy books upon church history into his own room. One or two of the elder pupils would occasionally come in to hear the music, but often we were left alone.

Since the time of Orpheus, to go no farther back, music has had much to answer for in entangling the destinies of men and women. There is something in wordless phrases and cadences that unlocks the depths of the heart; and fiddles are so full of passion, that if one has not an actual object to which their adoration may be directed, an imaginary Dulcinea must be conjured up to satisfy the fantasy. But I never gave any verbal utterance to the strange joy that Emily's presence inspired. My violin pleaded my cause with a vehemence that would have electrified my old master, Signor Golfi. All the whirlwind delirium of my soul escaped through bow and fingers, and I was often amazed at my own astounding powers.

Emily was sometimes disconcerted by the energy of my playing, and had much ado to keep up the accompaniment. She was as fond of Mozart as I, and took fire at the effulgence of his radiant music as readily as myself. Yet, though we both approached the brink of Love's abyss, we said nothing of our perilous position. Perhaps our eyes were moister than they need have been when, after successfully finishing an ecstatic *scherzo*, we looked at each other for a moment. We got into the habit of pressing hands rather fervidly after practising also—at least I did; and I fancied that Emily returned my warm grasp more firmly than was usual for a shy and timorous girl. Still, we were as uncommitted to a declaration as if we were respectively allotted to other partners for life.

Oh, charming time! when heaven and earth were commingled; when affection and despair were so strangely blended in mystic unity, that life was more romantic than poet's wildest frenzy could express.

And now menacing shadows began to gather over my paradise. A satyr stole into the garden; a sinister, alarming object for me. One morning at breakfast Dr Walters told us that he had engaged a new master, who was to teach French and German, and to assist him in a theological work of reference he was about to edit. I did not feel much interested in the matter, and it had passed from my mind. But at dinner it was made vivid enough; for I found a French gentleman sitting at table when I entered the room.

I was duly presented to M. De Montgris, who

was a man of thirty, medium in height, but squarely built. His hair was coal-black, and so was his beard, which rolled in ebon waves upon his cheeks, giving him an impressive appearance. But his rapid eyes, that were insolent and furtive, in the same glance, marred the first impression, and made one wonder what sort of character he had. His nose was aquiline; and his teeth gleamed in their faultless array like those of a savage. He spoke English exceedingly well, and with a polished accent. His manners were elegant; yet it seemed to me that a brusque vulgarity now and then displayed itself when he grew animated in conversation. I judged him to be a cynical man of the world, for his eyebrows seemed to me to twitch disdainfully at many things that were uttered at the table. He paid scrupulous attention to Miss White, and confused her with elaborate politeness. He scarcely noticed anybody but her and Dr Walters.

As for me, I disliked him from the first moment, and by the end of the meal I detested him. He appeared to share in the aversion, and looked at me when I spoke with the most cunningly veiled contempt. He had a way of smiling that made his shining teeth convey the most irritating insults. Naturally, French literature became a topic of conversation, and I ventured to give an opinion upon Massillon's style, saying that I preferred it to the more gorgeous periods of Bossuet.

'You know French, sir?' demanded M. De Montgris with an incredulous smile that cut me like a knife.

'I have read some of the best authors in the language,' I replied coldly.

'And you are quite sure that you understand them?' he returned with an air of mock solicitude that maddened me.

'Perhaps as well as you do, Monsieur,' I said with some warmth.

His eyes flashed upon me their full insolence, his teeth derided me, and the curve of his brow proclaimed me an ass.

'The young gentleman is no doubt very clever,' he continued with a pitying smile, directed to Miss White and the Doctor. 'Is he in the upper class?'

Emily looked at me pained and puzzled. The Doctor said mildly: 'You are under a mistake, Monsieur. Mr Bevan is not a pupil; he is our Mathematical Master, and a Bachelor of Arts. I thought I had introduced you.'

'Ah! pardon, pardon!' cried the Frenchman with unctuous penitence in his voice, while his eyes and teeth said still more incisively than before that I was a wretched nincompoop. 'The young gentleman,' he went on, 'has such an ingenuous, adolescent, undeveloped appearance, that I thought he was one of the elder pupils.—You will forgive me, Mr Bevan, I hope. I am sure we shall spend some delightful hours together after duty is over, and become real *bons camarades*.' I cannot describe the perfectly adjusted insolence of look and gesture that made this speech the antithesis of what it professed to be.

When De Montgris had finished, I looked at him to such purpose that his eyes sank furtively towards his plate. I felt that we understood each other from that moment.

The sting of his criticism upon my personal

appearance was the more acute because I knew that I had a juvenile exterior. Though I was twenty-three, scarcely the trace of a beard was upon my face, and my light complexion was as soft and delicate as a girl's. No detraction is so hard to bear as that which is partly based upon truth. We can pass with disdain the malevolence that is directed at our assured powers; but few can support with equanimity the sarcasms that wound a foible.

When dinner was over, De Montgris hastened to open the door for Emily, and bowed to her with a stately courtesy that only a chamberlain or a wonderfully receptive valet could imitate. She blushed scarlet, and hurried away. Then the Frenchman sauntered with the most elegant complacency to the Doctor's chair, and begged permission to be shown to his room, and to have the assistance of a servant to arrange his wardrobe. His nonchalant demeanour and almost condescending patronage of our grave and pompous principal, surprised the pupils. So far from resenting it, the Doctor treated his underling with a deference that filled me with amazement.

In a few weeks De Montgris had deposed all authorities, and ruled Wimbourne Hall as though he were its master. Not openly, however. He supplanted Dr Walters by a mixed behaviour of flattery, condescension, and insistency. He fascinated Emily as by some supernatural ascendancy. She seemed a mere passive instrument in his hands. Loftus was quite under his control, and did whatever he was bid. Mrs Elphinstone was never tired of rehearsing his praises, and declared him to be the most perfect gentleman she had ever known. But his greatest admirers were the boys. De Montgris was the most amusing companion in the world, master of a hundred clever tricks of skill and force. He was a conjurer, gymnast, and fencer. He told the drollest stories, and his foreign accent gave them a piquancy that provoked roars of laughter. Then he had travelled widely in Europe and Africa; had fought against the Arabs; had been a lion-hunter, and was the hero of such exploits as rouse the whole enthusiasm of a boy's nature.

But that which produced the greatest bias in his favour was a report of his high connections. The rumour ran that he was a Marquis, who had been compelled to leave France from family and political causes, and that his stay in England might be short. He was playing a romantic rôle rather than earning a livelihood as a Professor, and looked upon it as a joke; still he attended to his duties steadily enough, and worked hard at the Doctor's theological encyclopædia. Notwithstanding my dislike, I was compelled to admit that he was a good teacher, and friendly to every one but myself.

It is said that the English have a peculiar veneration for high rank, and our pupils being of the upper class, naturally were delighted with a Marquis of the old *noblesse*. They made him their model, and the struggle was to imitate as far as possible the brilliant exile. He could ride horses barebacked and even without a bridle. He vaulted and tossed a somersault like an acrobat. He was a dead-shot. He swam and dived like an aquatic creature. He was equal to a professional wizard at prestidigitation, and

could do what he pleased with cards. This cleverness was quite unknown to our principal, who detested cards with a singular aversion. In the house or out of it, De Montgris kept the boys lively to the top of their bent, and the life at Wimbourne Hall was marvellously gay for all but me.

STUDENT-LIFE AT GÖTTINGEN.

THE old and far-famed University town of Göttingen lies in the fertile valley of the Leine, about three hours' drive by train from Hanover. Its situation can hardly be called picturesque, as it stands in a comparatively level district, with no very important hills in the immediate neighbourhood. Yet, when seen from the terrace of the Rhons Hotel, which is built on an easy eminence to the east of the town, or still better, when viewed through the rose-coloured spectacles of after-recollections, Göttingen is by no means devoid of natural beauty.

Everybody, we suppose, is tolerably familiar with the general aspects of German student-life, which is to a large degree similar in every university of the Vaterland and Austria. The system is so far like the Scotch in that the students live in lodgings, not in colleges; but their lodgings are recommended by the University authorities, and a register is kept for the use of students. Besides the regular Professors, ordinary and extraordinary, there are teachers known as *Privatdozenten*, whose lectures qualify for the examinations, and who sometimes have larger classes than the regular Professor. This system is now partially introduced in the faculty of medicine in connection with some Scotch universities.

Göttingen students may be conveniently divided into Workers and Corps-students. The former are lean and serious-looking individuals, of meditative aspect, not easily accessible, and to be chiefly approached at meetings of the Philosophical or Natural Science Societies. The latter are stout and gorgeous exquisites, with caps of divers hues, to be found at all hours of the day (and night) promenading the Weender Strasse, and every Saturday morning driving out to the *Landwehr*, to what might well be called the 'happy hunting-ground' of the Göttingen student, and of which we shall have by-and-by to speak.

The student proper, however, claims our first attention, and we cannot do better than try to give some idea of an ordinary working student's day. The typical student is an early riser—a contrast here to his English brother—and six o'clock will generally find him at work, when his *Morgencaffee* is brought to him—plain bread and coffee. This he takes by the open window, as he looks over his Professor's yesterday's lecture; and seven o'clock will probably find him *en route* for the Auditorium, a fine building, that stands near the Botanical Garden, and is used by the Philosophical and Theological Faculties. The college bell rings at a quarter past seven; for the academic quarter is a recognised institution here, and punctual to a moment the Professor opens the door and walks rapidly up to his desk. One glance round, as he pulls from his pocket a bulky manuscript, and then he begins, resuming his

lecture at the point where it had been interrupted on the previous day. For three-quarters of an hour this goes on; not a sound in the room save the too often monotonous drone of the Professor's voice, and the scraping of a multitude of quills. But no sooner has the first stroke of the clock announced the close of the hour, than the Professor bundles up his lecture, and slips away almost before his hearers have written down his closing words. Indeed, we have sometimes seen a Professor deliver the last sentence in his progress between the chair and the door. The students themselves are more leisurely, and bundle up their papers in a leather case or *Heft*, and then pass out into the corridors, where they wait till the short interval between one lecture and another has expired.

If the student has no more lectures to attend just then, and if the dreaded Examination is looming ominously near, he will probably go home and spend the forenoon over his books. A light lunch or 'breakfast' about ten does not interfere with his excellent appetite for dinner, which is invariably taken between one and two. Students in lodgings always dine at some restaurant, with the proprietor of which they have a contract by the month. This is a very sensible method, and brings him into easy and pleasant social intercourse with his fellow-students. You enter the hostelry about one o'clock, and find the long tables surrounded by a merry crowd of students, who greet you as you take your seat with the more familiar than devout '*Mahlzeit!*' The waiter lays before you the bill of fare; and having ordered your dinner of three courses, which, with a tankard of beer, will not cost much above a shilling, you exchange pleasant greetings with your personal friends. Round the table, an animated conversation is going on about the events of the day, the thousand-and-one incidents of University life, the peculiarities of Herr Professor L—, or the latest prophecy of Dr K!— After dinner, the inevitable cigar is smoked; some play cards, some billiards; while over most there creeps for an hour or so a feeling of pleasant drowsiness till it is time to go to afternoon lecture. College-work is over by five; and after that is the time for a walk or other outdoor exercise. *Abendessen*, or supper, follows at seven, also in a restaurant; after which, as a rule, students go home to their books.

One or two nights a week are, however, set apart for the meetings of the various Societies or *Vereins*, and these are well patronised by all save the most desperate 'grinders.' Suppose we look in at the Natural Science Club, which meets every Tuesday evening at eight in a large room connected with a charming pleasure-garden. We are ushered in; and having been introduced to the President, bowed to the Society, and inscribed our names duly in the Society's visitors' Album, we take our seat at a table round which the members are gathered. A waiter noiselessly brings us a glass of beer from a cask that stands unblushingly in the corner, and which speaks volumes for the beer-consuming powers of the Natural Scientists. One of the members is giving a sketch of some recent scientific discovery, illustrating the principle as he goes along by diagrams on a blackboard, which elicit

from his brother-members a considerable amount of good-natured chaffing. When his paper is finished, the President calls for remarks; and a discussion takes place, serious and sensible, on the subject of the essay. The President closes the sederunt by summing up the results of the discussion.

Now, in England or Scotland, students would thereafter go quietly away to their own studies; but not so the German. In fact, to judge by the satisfied looks of the members, and the gusto with which they get their glasses replenished from the not yet nearly exhausted cask, one would feel justified in supposing that the best part of the evening was yet to come. When all are provided with beer, the President calls 'Silentium!' and announces a chorus from the *Commers Buch* or Collection of Student Songs, a copy of which each member has on the table before him. Then the whole Society bursts into song, the festive *Gaudeamus*, the epicurean *Freituch des Lebens*, or the exquisite *Lorelei*. This ended, every one jumps to his feet, and clinking beer-glasses together, the students drink their neighbour's health, and indeed the health of everybody within arm's-length. An interval for conversation is then made good use of, till the President's 'Silentium!' is again heard, and a recitation or story is announced. Shouts of applause follow; and Herr Langbein's health is cordially honoured by the Society standing. And so for an hour or two the Society proceeds, one by one of the members dropping out and away with clear heads to their solitary vigils. Each one as he goes pays for the beer he has consumed, at the by no means exorbitant figure of a penny a glass.

Very different from the life we have been describing is that of the Corps-students. It must be confessed that they are students in nothing but in name, whose main object in the University is to enjoy life, and to support on all occasions the honour and dignity of their Corps.

There are four or five different Corps in Göttingen, going by different names, and distinguished by caps of different colours. On state occasions, such as *Commers* nights, they appear in gorgeous dresses, with handsome swords by their sides, and suggesting to the mind pictures of mediæval knights.

There is much that is pleasant and attractive about a Corps student, and the fundamental idea of the Corps, which is Brotherhood, is certainly unimpeachable. Yet the actual state of matters is far from the ideal, and there is much that must appear absurd and incongruous to an outsider. For example, they are scrupulously polite and courteous among themselves, and indeed to outsiders, provided they are not members of another Corps. But inasmuch as the prosperity and prestige of a Corps depend entirely on the number of duels fought and won by its members, it is necessary to find some excuse for an encounter with some member of a hostile Corps. Hence many little insults pass between different Corps, and these are readily magnified into an occasion for a meeting at the *Landwehr* the following Saturday. It is not easy to see a duel, unless one be a member of a Corps, for 'Philistines' and ordinary students are strictly prohi-

bited. But foreigners are courteously welcomed; and so, one Saturday morning, we found ourselves, with another English friend, driving out to the *Landwehr* to witness a duel.

The *Landwehr* is a wayside inn about two miles from Göttingen, a peaceful-looking little place during the week, but on Saturday mornings the battlefield of the different Corps. In the garden of the inn there is a building set apart for the students, consisting of an open area, round which runs a low gallery. After some formalities, we were led to the hall, and took our seats in the gallery, where the students not actively engaged were busy consuming the potent Bavarian beer, or the choice red wine of mine host of the *Landwehr*.

Down below, a different sight met our eyes. When we entered, one duel was just over; and the combatants were lying on two sofas, surrounded by their seconds and comrades, and getting their heads swathed in linen, and bits of sticking-plaster dotted over their faces. The floor was besprinkled with blood; but a little sawdust soon restored it to its pristine purity, externally at least. The Corps doctor having examined the wounds, and pronounced them not deadly, was moving calmly up and down, eating a sandwich. In another corner of the room, two members were being got ready for the second duel; and we watched with considerable interest their movements. The laws of German duelling are very precise, and it must be admitted that every precaution is taken to prevent a fatal termination. For instance, a thick padded cravat is tied round the neck, to protect the jugular; the breast and right arm are still more carefully covered; the eyes are shielded by strong steel-wire goggles; so that the only parts exposed are the scalp, the nose, the cheeks, and the ears. Then the sword or *Schlüger* of the duellist is not a heavy weapon that would smash the unfortunate combatant's skull at one blow, but a thin light blade, without a point, and whose only dangerous quality is its razor-like sharpness. Still, the game is not mere play, as might be seen when the two duellists faced each other in the arena, with pale and firm-set lips. Not that there was any failure of courage either; for no sooner had the seconds given the signal, than the swords went slashing right and left, with such lightning rapidity that it was difficult for outsiders to follow them. Suddenly the seconds cry 'Halt!' and the swords are struck up. The reason may be a slight scratch that one of the fighters has got, which is forthwith recorded in a book kept for the purpose, and the duellists immediately resume. The fight is too sharp, however, to last very long; and the combatants, from the violence of the exercise alone, even though no wound should be given, are soon exhausted. Sometimes very ugly cuts are received; and cases are by no means rare of noses and ears being cut off in the fray. The duel over, the insult is supposed to be avenged; and the combatants retire for a time into private life, appearing soon in the Weender Strasse with elegantly plastered cheeks, and black patches scattered promiscuously over their heads.

Duelling and beer-drinking, the latter as amazingly developed as the former, are the two chief employments of the Göttingen Corps student. His

leisure hours are devoted to study; but so hard a life has few, very few leisure moments! Pleasant excursions are often made to some of the beautiful surroundings of Göttingen, for example, Plessy, Gleichen, Hardenberg, &c. At Nörten, a village about six miles off, the students frequently have what is known as a *Commerz*—that is, an evening devoted to beer-drinking and singing, which generally ends in a very different fashion from the social meetings of the *Verein* already described.

We know of no more delightful place to spend a summer season than Göttingen. There are many pleasant gardens in the town, where one can listen every evening to excellent music by a military band, and improve his German among the kindly citizens, who are always courteous and friendly to a foreigner, provided he is not *too* insular and unpleasantly British. He will not feel a stranger in a strange land; for if he likes, he may join the Lawn-tennis Club of his countrymen, or the Base-ball Association of the American colony. The place is haunted with the memories of great scholars; but probably a small house on the ramparts, now converted into a dye establishment, will attract the attention of the foreign student. Here it was that Prince Bismarck lived during his stormy student days, the most immoderate of beer-drinkers and duellists of his time. Heine too, the poet, whose lyrics are among the gems of German literature, was a student here; but after innumerable scrapes with his Professor, he had to take a hurried leave one morning of his Alma Mater, to escape imprisonment. His revenge was taken in after-years by the numerous sarcastic references to Göttingen and its Professors in his poems and prose writings.

THE ROYAL BRICKLAYER.

AN OLD LEGEND OF EASTWELL.

ROUND the picturesque precincts of Eastwell Park, now the summer seat of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, and situated in the centre of one of the loveliest landscapes in the fair county of Kent, there lingers a time-worn tradition of an obscure bricklayer in whose veins is said to have coursed the best blood of Britain. Living the life of a recluse, and supporting himself by the humble occupation just indicated, he yet—so runs the story—claimed sonship to the last of the line of Plantagenet monarchs, he whose fate was sealed at the battle of Bosworth Field. The legend has obtained extensive credence; and tradition has it that a raised tomb—with indents for monumental brasses, but bearing no trace of memorial inscription—standing half within the wall of Eastwell church, marks the spot where the Royal Bricklayer slumbers in the sleep which knows no earthly waking. About the beginning of the eighteenth century, there might, it is said, have been seen in the Park a relic of the single-roomed dwelling built and tenanted by this mysterious man, and also part of a ruined wall, both bearing his name. But the evidence which

gives the greatest colour of truth to the tradition is an entry in the parish register for 1550, which runs as under:

'RYCHARD PLANTAGENET was buryed the 22d. daye of December anno et supra.'

It is worthy of note that this entry has a peculiar mark prefixed to it, which mark is attached in the Eastwell registers to noble names only. This circumstance certainly points to the supposition that the person who registered the burial, more than three centuries ago, was persuaded of the dead man's aristocratic origin. Little of a conclusive character beyond the faded record in the old register of Eastwell can be adduced in support of the tradition; hence a haze of doubt hangs round the whole story. The tradition itself has, however, been preserved; and we give it here for what it is worth, with a few elucidatory remarks.

The narrative in which this tradition is embodied was obtained in the year 1720, by Dr Thomas Brett, from the lips of Lord Heneage, Earl of Winchelsea, then owner of Eastwell; and was communicated by the doctor in a letter to his friend William Warren, President of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. This letter was shortly afterwards published by Peck the antiquary in his *Desiderata Curiosa*, to which work we are indebted for an account of the tradition as recounted by the Earl of Winchelsea.

'When Sir Thomas Moyle (Chancellor of the Court of Augmentations in the latter end of the reign of King Henry VIII.) built that house (Eastwell Park), he observed his chief bricklayer, whenever he left off work, retired with a book. Sir Thomas had curiosity to know what book the man read, but was some time before he could discover it, he still putting it up if any one came toward him. However, at last Sir Thomas surprised him and snatched the book from him. Looking into it, he found it was printed in Latin. Hereupon, Lord Winchelsea examined the man; and finding he pretty well understood the language, inquired how he came by his learning; whereupon the bricklayer informed his employer that, as he had been a good master to him, he would venture to trust him with a secret he had never before revealed to any one. He then proceeded to state that he was boarded with a teacher of Latin, without knowing who his parents were, until he was fifteen or sixteen years of age. A gentleman—who occasionally would remark that he was no relative—came once a quarter and paid for his maintenance, and took care to see that he wanted nothing. One day this gentleman took him on a journey and conveyed him to a fine, great house, where he passed through several stately rooms, in one of which he left him, bidding him stay there. Then a gentleman grandly dressed, with a star and garter, came to him, asked him some questions, talked kindly to him, and gave him some money. Then the fore-mentioned gentle-

man returned, and conducted him back to his school.

'Some time after, the same gentleman came to him again with a horse and proper accoutrements, and told him he must take a journey with him into the country. They went into Leicestershire, and came to Bosworth Field; and he was carried to King Richard's tent. The monarch embraced him, and told him he was his son. "But, child," says he, "to-morrow I must fight for my crown. And assure yourself, if I lose that, I lose my life too; but I hope to preserve both. Do you stand in such a place"—directing him to a particular spot—"where, out of danger, you may see the battle. Then, shift as well as you can, and take care to let nobody know I am your father; for no mercy will be showed to any one so nearly related to me." Then the king gave him a purse of gold, and dismissed him.

'He followed the king's directions. And when he saw the battle was lost and the king killed, he hastened to London, sold his horse and fine clothes; and the better to conceal himself from all suspicion of being son to a king, and have means to live by his honest labour, he put himself apprentice to a bricklayer. But, having a competent skill in the Latin tongue, he was unwilling to lose it; and having an inclination also to reading, and no delight in the conversation of those he was obliged to work with, he generally spent all the time he had to spare in reading by himself.

'Sir Thomas said: "You are now old and almost past labour; I will give you the running of my kitchen as long as you may live." He answered: "Sir, you have a numerous family; I have been used to live retired. Give me leave to build a house of one room for myself in such a field; and there, with your good leave, I will live and die." Sir Thomas granted his request; he built his house, and there continued till his death.'

Dr Brett adds: 'I suppose—though my lord did not mention it—that he had his meals with the family, and then retired to his hut. My lord said there was no Park at the time; but when the Park was made, the house was taken into it, and continued standing until his—Lord Heneage's—father pulled it down. "But," said my lord, "I would as soon have pulled down this house"—meaning Eastwell Place.'

The good doctor, who, at the time he received this narrative from the Earl of Winchelsea, resided at Spring Grove, in the immediate vicinity of Eastwell, and had, therefore, every opportunity of acquainting himself with the current local traditions, as also of consulting the parish records and other relative documents, has left some notes anent this curious story. Dr Brett tells us: 'I have been computing the age of this Richard Plantagenet at the time of his decease, and find it to be about eighty-one. For Richard III. was killed August 23, 1485—which, subtracted from 1550, there remains sixty-five—to which add sixteen—for the age of young Richard at the time—and it makes eighty-one. But though he lived to that age, he could scarcely enjoy the retirement of his house above two or three years, or a little more; for I find that Sir Thomas Moyle did not purchase the estate

of Eastwell till about the year 1543 or 1544. We may therefore reasonably suppose that on his building a new house upon his purchase, he could not come to live in it until 1546; but that he continued to employ the workmen to build the walls about the gardens, and other conveniences away from the house. And until Sir Thomas took up his residence at Eastwell, he could not well have an opportunity of observing how Richard Plantagenet retired with his book. So that it was probably at the latter end of the year 1546 when Richard and his employer had the before-mentioned dialogue. Consequently, the artisan could not erect his house and have it dry enough to dwell in, till the year 1547. He must, therefore, have been seventy-seven or seventy-eight years of age before he had his writ of ease.'

When the letter embodying this tradition was printed by Peck, doubts as to its authenticity were somewhat freely expressed; but Dr Brett's account was verified, and his details defended, by the Rev. Samuel Pegge, and also by the Rector of Eastwell, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1767. Mr Pegge calls attention to the statement in Drake's *Eboracum* that Richard III. certainly had an illegitimate son, who was knighted at York when a youth, by his father. Other writers of equal eminence have credited this strange story. Mr Jesse, in his *Memoirs of King Richard III.*, expresses a general faith in it. Sir Bernard Burke glances at the tradition in one of his charming books about the Aristocracy, and has the following general reference to the scattered remnants of the regal Plantagenet line: 'What race in Europe surpassed in royal position, personal achievement, or romantic adventure our Plantagenets, equally wise and valiant, no less renowned in the cabinet than in the field? Yet, as late as 1837, the great-grandson of Margaret Plantagenet, and heir of George, Duke of Clarence, was following the cobbler craft at Newport in Shropshire. Among the lineal descendants of Edmund Woodstock, Earl of Kent, son of Edward I., entitled to quarter the royal arms, occur a butcher and a toll-gatherer—the first a Mr Joseph Smart, of Hales Owen, Salop; the latter, Mr G. Wymot, keeper of the Cooper's Bank turnpike gate, near Dudley. Among descendants of Thomas Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, son of Edward III., we discover Mr Penny, late sexton of St George's, Hanover Square—a strange descent from sword and sceptre to spade and pick.'

Some writers, assuming the general truth of the assertion that Richard III. left an illegitimate son, contend that he escaped to the continent, and there passed the remainder of his days, an unknown stranger. Others, among them Rymer of the *Fœdera*, assert that he fell into the clutches of King Henry, and was quietly put to death; while many, with Walpole, have doubted whether he ever had an existence. But even the legitimate son of the crook-backed king by Anne Neville was never heard of in the reign of Richmond, though in his first year he was created Earl of Salisbury by King Edward; six years after, Prince of Wales by his father.

An almost impenetrable mystery surrounds the whole story. Time has woven about it the soft threads of tradition so thickly and intricately, that the historic truth is irrecoverably hidden

from the keenest eye. But the legend lives amid the green groves of Eastwell; and the tale of the bricklayer Plantagenet Prince passes yet from lip to lip, bringing back the memory of remote days.

'BABY.'

THERE is nothing like experience for teaching sympathy. I never properly sympathised with the poet Cowper's taste in the selection of his pets, until last autumn, when I was spending a few weeks in a country-house in Scotland. As usual, the gentlemen of the party spent most of their time in shooting; and one afternoon, as we were sitting round the fire in the twilight, one of them came in and laid something down upon the rug. What was it? We could not make out at first; but on stooping to examine, we saw that it was a baby hare, apparently only a few days old. It had been taken out of the mouth of a young dog, who had not learned that he must not touch live things.

It seemed terribly frightened, and was too young to eat or to lap; and as it was more than probable that the dog had injured it, we did not expect it to live till the morning. However, the little creature did survive; and now we felt that some way of feeding him must be devised. Would he lick drops of milk off our fingers? No; he utterly refused to do anything of the sort. Could we put milk into his mouth with a feather? No; we could not, and our attempts to feed him only terrified him. At last one of our party bethought her of a drop-tube belonging to a box of dialysed iron. This answered beautifully. We filled it with milk; our baby sucked it out with zest, and soon became lively.

He was the prettiest little creature imaginable, with his long fluffy coat, his black-tipped ears, and his soft brown and blue eyes. We tried to think of a name for him; but somehow he was always called Baby, and this seemed to suit him better than any more formal name.

On the second morning after his arrival, we brought him into the room where we breakfasted; and presently he crept into a straw bottle cover, where he remained with his face inwards. So, as he had chosen a kennel for himself, we allowed him to keep it.

He was very tiny when first we had him; he could sit quite comfortably curled up in one's hand; but he made rapid progress. One day we brought him in a daisy, some buttercups, clover, sorrel, and grass. He examined them with great interest, and tasted each one in turn, but could not eat them. However, by the next day he devoured such things eagerly.

He soon knew his friends, but would start and wince at a strange voice or face. Generally, he was very quiet during the day, either sitting looking out of his straw kennel, or fluffing himself into a round ball in front of the fire, only rousing

himself to lick any hand that caressed him. But in the evening he became quite boisterous; and it was as much as his affectionate nurses could do to get him to take his bottle and go to bed. He frisked about the room, sprang into the fender, and dashed under the grate, utterly unconscious of the risk to himself and to the hands that followed to rescue him. In a very little while, however, he learned that this was considered naughty; and if, when he was on the point of springing into the fender, we sternly said 'No! no!' he would obey, and resist what was evidently a strong temptation. But before it occurred to us that he would obey our voices, we used to put down our hands to frighten him away from the danger. Vain thought! He would turn round and lick them; he would nestle against them, or climb into them; but as to running away, no such idea ever entered his head.

One singular notion possessed his baby mind—that he could jump over the wainscot; and round and round the room he went, leaping against the wall, certain that at some point the wainscoting could be scaled.

He was daintily particular about his toilet. Even on the first day, when he was almost too weak to stand, we saw him feebly trying to remove the traces of the milk which we had spilt upon him in our vain attempts to feed him. He would sit up and wash his face with his paws just as a cat does, only that the long ears seemed very much in the way, as the tiny paw was passed from the back of the head to the front.

He was very fond of being petted; and when his favourite nurse came into the room, he would spring out of his straw-nest to meet her; and if, overcome by his fascinations, she sat down beside him on the floor, he would climb into her lap and nestle there. But perhaps his most endearing accomplishment was kissing. If we put our face near him, he would stretch up his head and cover us with kisses, the little busy tongue working away vigorously over lips and cheeks.

We were at length obliged to shut him up in a basket lined with hay, when we went out, as he was far too active to be allowed to remain at large. One day, when we opened the basket, he did not appear; and on removing the hay, we were seriously alarmed to find him lying on his side at the bottom of the basket, struggling convulsively. We lifted him out; but he could not stand, and rolled over on his side, where he lay motionless, his eyes glazing. We were convinced that his end was come; but we could not bear to lose our little pet without making an effort to save him; so, as a desperate remedy, we administered a few drops of wine. He took them readily, and the effect was almost magical. He struggled to his feet, and in a couple of hours seemed to be his own wilful self again. However, that evening, the convulsions returned, accompanied this time with great difficulty in breathing; and again we despaired of his life. But again he rallied, though this time less

completely, as he seemed to have almost entirely lost the use of his hind-legs. Yet his affectionate disposition was not a whit impaired. Although hardly able to stand, he would come tottering out of his basket to creep into the lap of his favourite nurse, and would stretch up his little head that she might offer her face to receive his gentle kisses.

The cause of his illness we could only conjecture. He used to rebel vigorously against being shut up in his basket; and we supposed that he had been springing upwards with all his might, as he was in the habit of doing, and had struck his head against the top of the basket with so much force as to injure himself. An abrasion on the top of the head confirmed us in this opinion. For two nights and a day he was a complete invalid, lying quietly in his bed, and turning away his head, with all an invalid's caprice, when pressed to take food. We were very unhappy about him, for we could do nothing for him. However, on the second morning, he revived wonderfully, and though very weak, he insisted on leaving his bed, and tottered about the room, his energy being not in the least damped by frequent falls.

But if he thought lightly of his falls, *we* did not, and again and again we put him back into the bed, which he was really too weak to leave. All in vain, however; out he was again directly, making his way to his favourite nurse, climbing on her feet, feebly jumping against her dress, evidently begging to be taken up. This was irresistible. He was lifted into her lap, where he nestled down with evident content.

The remedy which we found most effectual for him was fresh air. We took him out into a field near the house, and let him run about; and there some power seemed to return to his limbs. There was no fear of his running away. He followed us like a dog, and seemed only afraid that *we* should leave *him*. Later in the day, we repeated the experiment, carrying him out again in his basket. He seemed to remember how much he had enjoyed his run in the morning, and in sudden excitement he sprang from the basket before we had set it upon the grass. It was no great height; but his legs were too weak to support him, and he fell heavily. At the time, he appeared to be uninjured; he nibbled the grass, and stoutly resisted when we restored him to his basket and carried him back to the house. But in another hour, when we went to look at him, he was lying motionless in an unnatural position, and seemed to be suffering from a kind of torpor. Again we had recourse to stimulants, but this time with no result. About two hours later he died, apparently without pain.

It has been impossible to give an adequate picture of his fascinations. A more endearing pet cannot be conceived. Perhaps his most unexpected characteristic was his absolute fearlessness. From the time that he knew and trusted us, it was simply impossible to frighten him. Except during his illness, no noise, however sudden, seemed to disturb him; and he had been very sensitive to sound when we first had him.

His loss left quite a gap in our circle; our only consolation being that we had done our best to rear him to freedom, if he had chosen eventually to accept of it.

LIVE IT DOWN.

'There is a future for all who have the virtue to repent and the energy to atone.'—BULWER-LYTTON.

Yes, your fault has blurred your name;
Such disgrace is hard to bear;
Yet for you there is an aim,
Which should be your constant care—
You must learn to live it down.

True, the cloud is like a pall;
Error ever weaves such things;
But the sky is over all;
Morn has light upon its wings,
If you only live it down.

Yes, I know men look askance,
Dreading any pitch to touch;
Women, with a wondering glance,
Fear to pity overmuch;
Still, I tell you—live it down.

Patient be; with spirit meek,
Bear rebuffs a little while,
Till true friends shall kindly speak,
Meeting you with sunny smile,
Seeing you can live it down.

Labour! Oh, the worth of work,
Chasing bitter thoughts away!
Never any duty shirk
Which arises day by day;
That is how to live it down.

Ask forgiveness—and forgive,
Yet indulge not memories dark;
For you still may nobly live,
Though for once you missed the mark—
If you strive to live it down.

'Tis not easy? That I own;
What is easy that has worth?
Life is struggle, hid or known,
Even from the hour of birth;
Yours the task to live it down.

I have cheered you? That is well:
You will ponder on my words—
So you say; and I can tell
They have touched some answering chords.
Yes, I know you'll live it down,

Till the wrong may be forgot,
Or remembered only be
Like a half erased blot,
Which men do not care to see—
When indeed you've lived it down!
CAMILLA CROSLAND.

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A VISIT TO BERMUDA.

A FEW years ago, an advertisement appeared in the Nova Scotian newspapers offering to take passengers to Bermuda in a first-class steamship for fifteen dollars each. It now being the fall of the year, and we wishing to escape for once from the rigours of a Canadian winter, my mother and I seized upon this, as we thought, happy opportunity of going comfortably and cheaply to our native though long unvisited land. Reaching Yarmouth (Nova Scotia), whence we were to sail, we found that our vessel was small and not quite finished. She had figured for four years as a coal-barge; fifteen feet had now been added to her height—giving her a delightful roll—and various embellishments and conveniences made to her accommodation, all of which did not disguise the fact, that she was utterly unsuited to her proposed voyage. In Yarmouth, she was generally known as 'the Coffin,' in cheerful reference to the anticipated fate of her passengers and crew. However, we were in for it now, and started on our journey not without sad forebodings.

I think I never felt so amiably disposed toward any stranger as toward the huge black man who, at the end of our dreary voyage, came aboard our vessel, to pilot us to our desired haven in Bermuda—the largest of the islands, and the one of the group which gives name to the whole. He had been on the look-out for us for days, and had almost given us up for lost. The Bermudian pilots form a class of special interest. They are generally negroes, keen-sighted, active, powerful men, intelligent, and thoroughly acquainted with the treacherous reefs and shallows of their native coast. The law regulates their wages at from three to nine pounds sterling for bringing a vessel in from sea; one-fourth less for taking one out; and ten shillings a day when otherwise engaged. As it is impossible for any vessel to make her way unassisted into or out of the Bermuda islands, these pilots find the fees which they collect from the vessels, numbering one hundred and

fifty or so, that annually visit Bermuda, a comfortable addition to their living as farmers or fishermen.

What is called the main land of Bermuda is twenty-seven miles long, and at the widest part a mile and a half broad. Of what value, it may be asked, is this little estate in the ocean to England? Its importance consists in being a convenient place where distressed ships, especially ships of war, can be refitted and supplied with various kinds of stores. The floating dock which was built on the Clyde for Bermuda, is celebrated. Ships are floated into it for repair. Bermuda is also the winter station of the North American and West Indian fleet.

The harbour entrances here have of late years been considerably widened and improved; yet the narrow and difficult passages by which we approached Hamilton, made it at once evident to us why Juan Bermudez, sighting the islands in 1503, declined to sail nearer than was necessary to enable him to describe his discovery and take his ship away with whole ribs. The islands, geologically speaking, are believed to be in a state of subsidence and not of elevation, and investigation confirms the belief. In dredging a basin at Ireland Island for the reception of the floating dock, at forty-two feet below low-water mark was found a bed of red clay similar to the present surface-soil, with remains of cedar-wood and land fossils imbedded. Similar discoveries have been made at a less depth in other localities; and at Shelly Bay an old road can still be seen deep under water.

The approach to the islands is exceedingly lovely. To those who know the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence, the Bermudas will seem quite familiar, so strong is the resemblance. The first beauty that attracts the eye is the wonderful colour and clearness of the sea, like beryl, emerald, and sapphire sparkling on a silvery bed. Next, you are struck by the peculiar and beautiful appearance given to the landscape by the snowy whiteness of the square-roofed buildings—forts, barracks, churches, and houses,

gleaming like snow among the dusky sage-green foliage of the cedar. About three hundred isles and islets lay before us, only one hundred and eighty of which are recognised by government survey, and but four of any importance whatever. Three of these, Ireland Island, The Main Land, and St George's, are connected by bridges, and a magnificent causeway about half a mile long, which cost thirty-two thousand pounds. These connected islands are in the form of a horseshoe—St George's being at one end, the dockyard at the other, and Hamilton not far from the middle of the circumference of the shoe. The town of St George's looks pretty from the sea; but ashore, it is found to be small and crowded, and the streets mere lanes.

We landed at last in Hamilton, the seat of government, and a military station besides. Seen from the harbour, Hamilton is charming, lying nestled in the lap of hills clothed in dusky cedar, and crowned with forts; its principal streets shaded with spreading Pride-of-India trees, and its pretty white houses embowered in a wealth of foliage impossible to describe; oleanders, bright with blossoms, growing everywhere; lime, lemon, and orange trees gleaming with golden fruit in the gardens; and here and there a palm-tree rising in stately magnificence above all competitors. Ashore, I was not particularly impressed by any novelty except the rush-hats trimmed with white puggarees, worn by the men and boys; and the gay bandana handkerchief turbans adorning the heads of the coloured women. There is no local style of costume—commercial proximity to New York forbids that—and no obtrusive national characteristic but the particularly unpleasant nasal drawing speech of the lower and middle classes.

There was a great bustle along the wharfs and in the large, open, iron-roofed sheds which line the water-street, and serve as storehouses for the perishable produce brought to town when a vessel is loading. The vessels arriving generally bring supplies, and, owing to the perishable nature of their return cargo, make all haste to discharge and load again in the shortest possible time. Then, and then only, are the Bermudians, their negroes and donkeys, excited and in a hurry; then they work night and day, shipping potatoes, tomatoes, beets, bananas, onions, arrow-root, and other produce. They have a steamer from New York once a fortnight all the year round, and during the crop season, from April to June once a week. The value of these exports ranges from thirty to seventy-five thousand pounds yearly.

The soil of Bermuda is shallow, and not naturally productive; but being well manured, it produces very good crops of onions, potatoes, tomatoes, and other early spring vegetables, which receive a ready welcome in New York at the time of year when vegetables are scarce. Five or six species of palm grow well, the mountain cabbage-palms waving their beautiful feathery tops at a height of sixty feet, and measuring eight feet in circumference. The Avocado pear is a magnificent tree; so is the almond, and the one mahogany tree in the island; but the rubber-tree excels them all, both for size and the brilliant glossy greenness of its foliage. The finest one is forty-five feet high, twelve feet in circumference, and

shades seventy feet of ground. Roses are continually in bloom; and in spring-time, lilies grow everywhere, wonderful for size, fragrance, beauty, and variety. Jessamine, yellow and white, and orange-blossoms, always perfume the air. Geraniums and cactuses grow almost unheeded, except the night-blooming cereus, which is properly prized. It opens its lovely flowers, as big as a saucer, thirty and forty at one time, at about four or five in the afternoon. The flaming beauty of the ponsettia or 'burning-bush,' with its intensely scarlet terminal leaves, cannot be described; nor the soft beauty of the purple convolvulus. Even tea, coffee, and tobacco grow here; but only a few specimen plants are cultivated as curiosities. Oleanders, with their pretty pink, and white, and rose-coloured blossoms, are considered by farmers a nuisance. A distinctive feature is given to the landscape by the bananas and plantains waving their dark green leaves. Then there are the glossy and brilliant green of the orange and lemon trees; the palmettos, looking like bunches of fans with fringed edges; and the sharp-pointed leaves of the Spanish bayonet. Picture a Bermuda sky, more charming than the skies of Italy; a Bermuda sea, lovelier than any on earth; and Bermuda birds, especially the cardinal or Virginian nightingale, and the brilliant blue-bird, flashing like living jewels among the varied foliage, and you have a scene that cannot be surpassed.

In Bermuda the commissariat department is very imperfect. Grapes, for instance, are rather sour and scarce, being sold at a shilling per pound weight, though better kinds are now being grown for the American market. Bermuda bananas are good; but few are grown, and sell there at a penny a piece—dearer than in New York. Oranges, limes, lemons, pomegranates, Surinam cherries, grape-fruit, and many others, grow almost for the planting. Bermuda was formerly celebrated for oranges; but these and other kinds of fruit-trees have now been replaced by the less picturesque but more profitable onion! Tamarinds ripen, but are not cultivated. Melons, cucumbers, squashes, and all manner of choice vegetables, will thrive anywhere, but are seldom in the market. With all dainties of the earth at command, the Bermudians live far more scantily than do less favoured northerners. They have a fixed idea concerning potatoes, onions, tomatoes, and arrow-root, and appear unable to conceive or entertain any other. In flesh-meat the Bermuda market offers imported beef at a shilling a pound; native pork and poultry at eightpence and a shilling per pound. The poultry are not very good, having a tendency to become tall and thin—to go altogether into legs. Although Bermuda is by nature one of the most favoured spots in the world, it is also one of the poorest places to live in, on account of its wretched market. Clothing is dear, if the inferiority of its quality is considered; and the trifles of existence sell at the most absurd prices imaginable. The business of whale-catching was once actively pursued, though it has now almost ceased. We have seen at the same time as many as four whales spouting off the coast.

Ignorance amongst the coloured population, and intemperance amongst the lower orders of the

white people, are the bane of this fair spot. The population is fourteen thousand; their revenue from all sources over thirty thousand pounds, and of this nearly thirteen thousand pounds is duty collected on wines, spirits, and malt liquors. Rather more than a third is collected on all necessaries of life. There are a sufficient number of churches, and church-going is the fashion; but the coloured population, with much religiosity, or religious sentiment, are deficient in practical religion. Education is in an unsatisfactory condition, though it is being improved. A practical difficulty is the dislike of the whites to have their children taught at the same schools as the coloured children.

The climate of Bermuda is trying, but upon the whole good. It is sufficiently bracing in winter to make warm clothing necessary, but seldom cold enough for a fire. Few of the houses have grates or stoves in the parlours, and on chilly days, if kept indoors, one misses the cheery glow of the fire. The winter season is more like the Indian summer of America than anything else. When the south wind blows, man and beast are depressed. Horses trip, and their riders scarcely care to keep them on their legs. You go to bed in good spirits, and awake feeling like a washed-out rag. What is the matter? During the night, the wind has gone from north to south. You care for nothing and nobody. If enough energy be left to complain, you say with the æsthètes: 'Hollow! hollow! hollow! I despair droopingly. I am limp.' The dampness is another disagreeable feature. Boots and shoes and kid gloves, and everything that will mould, are ruined if not constantly worn or watched. Mould and cockroaches are great enemies to books, destroying their bindings very quickly. Ants and other insects are also trying to Europeans at certain seasons.

People in this mild and equable climate live to a great age. I saw several old men between eighty and ninety years old daily parading the streets quite as a matter of course. I also knew of numbers of very old people who were unable to walk out, but were in good health, and in perfect possession of all their mental, and most of their physical faculties. The people in general are healthy. It is a great mistake to suppose that yellow-fever has a home in Bermuda. It has been there several times, but on each occasion it originated from infection from outside.

It is probable that the good health of the Bermudians is largely due to their use of rain-water for all purposes, no other being available. In all the islands, there is neither lake nor rivulet. The rain is collected in large cemented tanks, built under the houses. Every roof has to do duty in collecting water for man and beast; and on the hill-sides you will see large spaces laid with stone, cemented and edged, from which the rain-water runs into large tanks lying below. These are generally built for some special purpose, as for barrack supplies or washing establishments.

One is surprised to see so little land under cultivation, cedar clothing the hills, with an occasional fiddle-wood and calabash tree, and oleander, tamarisk, and mangrove skirting the marsh-lands everywhere. Of the twelve thousand acres of land in the largest islands, less

than a third are in tillage and grass, the rest remaining in wood, marsh, and natural pasture. The fact, however, that most of the land is rocky, or very thinly covered with earth, accounts to a large extent for this apparently neglected state of cultivation.

The comparative absence of the smaller forms of animal life in Bermuda renders solitary walking an insupportable loneliness. In the sombre cedar woods, no bright-eyed squirrel sits aloft, and relieves the dreariness by his chattering and scampering; no song-birds, such as there are in England, fill the air with melody. Innumerable ants noiselessly pursue their endless labours; and no sound breaks the silence but an occasional chirp from a cricket or grasshopper, the hum of the cicada, and the occasional whirring wings of some silent bird. But when tired of quiet woods and gardens, the visitor in Bermuda will find much that is interesting on the sea-shores. The beaches are lovely, white as snow, and abounding in shells, no less than two hundred and sixty-nine varieties being found in this little isle. The seaweeds are wonderfully delicate and beautiful, and fish in endless variety swarm in the waters.

The government of Bermuda consists of a Governor, Legislative Council, and House of Assembly. The questions in debate are seldom of great importance, and the law-making is singularly cautious and tentative. New laws are put on their trial for a certain time before being finally approved. It is quite a gay place in winter, chiefly from the presence of vessels of war. The flag-ship gives dances on board; and the military officers stationed on the island get up paper chases on horseback, and other amusements. Still, life at Bermuda is rather dull, and not unlike that which is spent on board ship. You meet the same people every day and almost every hour. News comes but once a fortnight. No wonder that much gossip is talked, and monstrous inventions—called 'shaves'—are retailed which could have no possible foundation. Bermuda, though having certain advantages, is, on the whole, too far removed from the world's business and bustle—from telephones and telegraphs.

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER XXII.—'I MUST GIVE MYSELF WHAT LAW I CAN.'

THERE was a triumph in Garling's heart, though it had to share its throne with fear. He had fought against the world single-handed, and he was winning. Most crimes spring from egotism; and Garling's egotism was too great to leave the rest of the world the barest elbow-room. In his self-centred lonely life, this many a year, he had schooled himself thoroughly in that creed of Number One, which never needed teaching, and yet is taught so widely. You and I, who go about diffusing our sympathies on other people, miss the selfish, lonely raptures which warm the heart of the true egotist. He is not merely Gulliver in a Lilliput, to his own feeling, but he is so without the shadow of a reason; for

egotism and vanity may be, and often are, as separate as the Poles; and he knows himself no taller, no wittier, no wiser, no handsomer, than the rest of mankind; but he is *I*, and that stupendous fact raises him until his forehead strikes the stars. He is the central fact of the universe. Round him, men and circumstances revolve, ministering to *his* comfort, or afflicting *his* bones. If Nature raises a tornado, it is on purpose to wreck *his* paper-boat in a gutter. Should a trampled people, after long centuries of groaning, rise, and tear the oppressor from his place of power, it is to depreciate the value of *his* shares in the market. If anything affect him not, it is nothing, though it wreck or build a world. And when a man thus armed as in triple brass against the woes of others and their joys, is cursed with the good gift of brains, he may scourge a continent like the great Bonaparte; or wreck a business firm or so, and break a trusting heart or two, like Garling.

Mary's life had been on the whole so dull, that a little sunshine went a long way with her. Her father's unexpected yielding had let in so broad and warm a gleam upon her darkened life, that in the few hours that passed between his going and his coming, the girl's heart had opened like a flower. When he returned that night, sunk deep in his own secrecy, and a world's width away from her in his desert egotism, she gave him a shy and tender welcome, and fluttered about him with shy and tender ways. His heart had no door for her, and her poor little attentions stung him. He bade her go to bed; and when she obeyed him, he kept his place with folded arms by the dull fire, and hugged himself, and worshipped his own triumph. Suddenly, as if a peal of thunder had broken in on music, one thought crashed through him, and brought him to his feet. What if his employer had heard the talk in his room that afternoon! Amazing, that he had never thought of that before. It was enough—had he heard it—to arouse suspicion—though Trust had drugged her dead! Then fear took hold of him, and terror encompassed him. But he was not a man to be cowed, and could face even the phantoms from his own abysses; and his stout courage had beaten down his fears long before his nerves had ceased to twitch and tremble at them. In these matters the soul is like the wind, and the body like the sea. A child, chidden for a fault, falls asleep crying, and his pure mind runs into pure dreams, and his little heart is glad; but however the wind has fallen, the sea still heaves. You may hear him sobbing, though he smiles in his dream. And this elderly scoundrel's nerves still twitched and trembled, though his heart had grown stout again.

'If I am caught at last,' he said, 'and lose the game I have played for, what do I lose? The game, and only the game. Credit and liberty are mine still, and I am as well-to-do as honesty could have made me. There lies a quarter of a million safely housed in the Bank at Madrid, and accessible to me only. I am caught? Well and good. "Let me go again, if you please, or, though you hang and quarter me, you touch none of your money." Like other men, I have dreamed my dream, and I waken. Dream? It is no dream! What time remains for detection? I

can be away at any hour. Why stay at all? Why stay?'

He took a Bradshaw from the table, and studied it. There was a night-train set down there, leaving Waterloo Station for Southampton at half-past nine o'clock. A steam-packet for Cadiz, calling at Corunna, was set down for the ninth and twenty-fourth of each month. This was the twenty-second. He decided in a flash. Whatever pretence of business was to be done to-morrow at the office, he would do, and be away by that night-train. So then, at last, the time was here; looked forward to for years, and terrible now it came. As he sat beside the fire, he could see the office going on for an hour or two, even a day or two without him—everybody going on in the old routine; and then, scared and astonished faces, whisperings, fears, amazement, the principals summoned; a meeting with the Bank manager, everybody present grave and pale—and then, the crash, and he on the seas far out of reach, or safely housed at Madrid.

'Let me see,' he mused again, 'I must give myself what law I can.' He sat at the table, and wrote on the firm's paper one letter, running thus:

MEMORANDUM.

To MESSRS HUTCHINSON & Co., Liverpool.

Kindly read inclosed, and if it suit your views, indorse, and forward to Parrivacini & Co., Buenos Ayres.

Then, on plain letter-paper, he wrote, dating from his own chambers:

SIR—Pray, excuse my absence for a day. I am called away by private business of an urgent and particular nature.—Yours respectfully,
E. GARLING.

This epistle was intended for Mr Lumby, at the offices of the firm. He inclosed it in an addressed envelope, which he stamped, and left open. Then putting both it and the memorandum in another envelope, he addressed it to Messrs Hutchinson & Co. of Liverpool, and posted it at once with his own hand.

'Lawson will open it,' said Garling with a chuckle, as he turned homewards again, 'and thinking he sees a blunder, will post the inclosure at once. It will reach London, bearing the Liverpool post-mark, on Wednesday morning. If by that time there should be any suspicion, the post-mark will send them to Liverpool, whilst I am at the other end of the country.' Lawson was the manager of the firm to which this ingenious blind was addressed; and so excited was Garling's imagination at this time, that to think of Lawson was to see him seated in his own room, smiling gravely at the supposed blunder by which the wrong letter had been inclosed to him. The inclosure was not in Garling's usual neat and trim caligraphy, but was written at headlong speed, to look hasty and flurried. 'If it gives me but the day's law, it will serve my turn,' said the cashier as he stood before his dying fire again. The night was late by this time, and the tide of life in the City's streets ran low. He sat for awhile listening to the fainter tones of traffic, and 'busy with the trifles of his scheme. The railway station with its hurrying crowds, its gleam of light and gloom

of shadow, the guard's lamp waving, the train moving. The packet with its deck aswarm with life, the signal given, the hand-shakings and embraces; the ship in motion on dark waters, the lights of the town twinkling lower and lower, the long rolling of the open sea. He saw these things as he sat there. It was vain to strive to sleep, so he heaped on more coals, and sat out the night, busy with trifles all the time. The night wore by, and the dawn looked in miserably, and after a time, Garling heard the step of the laundress on the stairs, and retreated to his bedroom, where he bathed and shaved and dressed, emerging a little paler than ordinary, but not much. At the usual time, he went to the offices and to his own room there. The common routine of business done, he inspected the enormous ledgers which lined the room, mechanically pursuing the precaution of the previous night, whilst in his heart he laughed at it. But it weakened his knees beneath him to see that from one of those volumes the dust so carefully strewn had vanished. It was but a child's precaution, and yet it had discovered something.

'No creature has the keys but him and me,' said the cashier in a hoarse inward murmur. 'Is the hunt afoot already? Was that fool overheard here, after all?' And for all his courage, a cold perspiration burst out upon his forehead. But no man guessed his troubles, and no man watched his movements as he went in and out. He walked to his bankers. 'Why should I finesse and wait?' he asked himself, and went calmly in and demanded to see the manager, by whom he was received with marked respect. 'Do you know,' asked Garling, closeted with the manager, 'what people are saying about your affairs here?' The stroke he was prepared for was insolent in its audacity.

'What are they saying?' asked the manager in surprise.

'You will learn soon enough,' answered Garling. 'I am getting nervous, perhaps; but I have the savings of my lifetime here, and I can't afford to risk them. I want to close my account.'

The manager looked thunderstruck, and assured him that if any damaging rumours were afloat, they were utterly unfounded.

'Perhaps I am nervous,' said Garling; 'but I will close my account, if you please.'

The official demurred. It was not courteous or business-like. Fears were preposterous.

'I will close my account, if you please,' reiterated Garling. 'Or,' he added, 'I too may have occasion to spread the rumours.'

'Then by all means withdraw your balance,' said the manager, half wrathful, half amazed; and Garling received his money—five or six thousand pounds—his own, honestly his own every penny of it—put it, mostly in Bank of England notes for one hundred pounds apiece, into a black leather satchel, and went his way. 'I have shut his mouth,' thought the cashier with his own smile.

He went home, and found his daughter there, sewing. 'Mary,' he said, with placid gravity, 'I have a piece of good news for you.'—She looked at him silently, with a half-smile. She was beginning to think he meant kindly by her.—'I have found a place for Mr Search. It is in

Southampton. Will you come there with me to-night? I want to take a house for him, and give him a surprise when he comes down to his new situation.'

And this was the man she had thought so cruel! She would have overwhelmed him by her thanks; but he stopped her. 'You will know better in a day or two for what you have to thank me,' he said, meaning it quite truly, though the words carried a different sense to the speaker and the hearer. Then, locking his precious bag in his own room, he told her to have all things packed and ready by nine o'clock; and she having promised, he went to the offices again and bided his time. Cold and hard, and grimly self-possessed as he looked, he suffered torments of suspense and dread. But he bided his time, and got through his routine, and finally went his way, leaving the mine to explode and the House which had nourished him to fall in ruins. And there was not a touch of ruth, or pity, or repentance in him. At nine o'clock, he had a four-wheeled cab at his door, and the start was made in ample time. Familiar Fleet Street rumbled past him. He would never tread its pavement any more, but there would be rare talk of him there in a day or two. Let them talk—whoever chose! He had a quarter of a million sterling out in Spain, and he could afford to be talked of. Waterloo Road. The bridge with the river flowing dark below it. The station with its hurrying crowds. He had seen them all last night, in fancy so vivid they had all seemed real. He saw them in reality now, and they all seemed like a dream. Mary was already seated in the railway carriage, and he was standing at the door with the black bag in his hand. Except for his daughter, the carriage was untenanted, and he laid the bag on the seat, and for one moment looked round, asking dimly if this were really a farewell to London. The guard's lamp waved, the whistle sounded, and Garling's foot was on the step of the carriage, when a hand with a grip of iron took him by the arm.

'One word with you before you go, Garling.'

The cashier's head turned more like that of an automaton than of a living creature.

'Are you going?' cried the guard.

'No!' shouted Lumby, with his grasp tightening on Garling's arm. The two men—defrauder and defrauded—looked each other in the eyes. One read guilt, and the other suspicion bursting into certainty. The train started.

CONCERNING BOOK TITLES.

To most people it would seem an easy task for an author, after completing his work, to add to it a title that should clearly indicate the contents of the book. But only publishers and those connected with literature have any idea of the amount of time and trouble that is expended in the search for good titles.

Many authors cannot write in comfort until their title has been decided upon. Charles Dickens, after some days' deliberation, selected *The Chimes* as the title of one of his Christmas books, and we find him writing to a friend at this time: 'It's a great thing to have my title, and see my way how to work the bells.' Again, in 1859, he writes: 'My

determination to settle the title arises out of my knowledge that I shall never be able to do anything for the work until it has a fixed name; also out of my observation that the same odd feeling affects everybody else.' All his titles were carefully thought out, lists of such as seemed suitable being submitted to his friend Forster for approval. Before the title of *The Tale of Two Cities* was finally determined, the following suggested themselves: Buried Alive, One of these Days, The Thread of Gold, The Doctor of Beauvais, Time, The Leaves of the Forest, Scattered Leaves, The Great Wheel, Round and Round, The Tale of Two Cities, Old Leaves, Long Ago, Far Apart, Fallen Leaves, Five and Twenty Years, Years and Years, Day After Day, Felled Trees, Memory Carton, Rolling Stones, and Two Generations—no less than twenty-one different forms. *Hard Times* was chosen from the following list of fourteen: According to Cocker, Prove It, Stubborn Things, Mr Gradgrind's Facts, The Grindstone, Hard Times, Two and Two are Four, Something Tangible, Our Hard-headed Friend, Rust and Dust, Simple Arithmetic, A Matter of Calculation, A Mere Question of Figures, The Gradgrind Philosophy.

Unfortunately, all writers are not so careful in their choice of names, and titles are occasionally adopted which, instead of explaining the nature of the book, serve only to mislead the buyer. Mr Ruskin, who is noted for such unintelligible titles as *Fors Clavigera* and *Sesame and Lilies*, issued a theological discourse under the name of *A Treatise on Sheepfolds*, thus leading astray many librarians and indexers, as well as unsuspecting farmers and shepherds. The *Diversions of Purley*, at the time of its publication, was ordered by a village book-club, under the impression that it was a book of amusing games. The *Essay on Irish Bulls* was another work which was thought by some folks to deal with livestock. *Moths*, a novel by Ouida, has been asked for under the impression that it was an entomological work, and Charles Kingsley's *Yeast* by those in search of information on the *Torula cerevisiæ* or yeast-plant. Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* was sold largely to seafaring men, who concluded from the name that it had some relation to nautical matters. Coleridge himself says: 'It is somewhat singular that the name of another and larger book of Mr Wordsworth's should also owe its circulation to a misconception of the title. It has been my fortune to have met with *The Excursion* at a great number of inns and boarding-houses in picturesque scenes—in places where parties go for excursions; and upon inquiry how it happened that so expensive a book was purchased, when an old Universal Magazine, an Athenian Oracle, or, at best, one of the Bridge-water Treatises, would do as well to send the guest to sleep, I was given to understand in those separate places that they were left by parties who had finished their material excursion, but, alas for their taste, had left their poetic *Excursion* untouched—uncut even, beyond the story of Margaret.'

The title of a book has often a curious history. First suggested by an author, it is very often altered by the publisher. There are many reasons for this. The publisher is thinking of a title that will sound well and take well with the book-

buyers; the author, of one that will be as appropriate to his subject as possible. There is another matter to be considered. Should a title be chosen which is already in use, the publisher may be called upon to alter it, even after his book is printed and bound. This is both troublesome and expensive. Yet, take what care he may, he may still fall into this error. Nor is this astonishing, when we consider the number of new books and new editions. In the year 1880 we had five thousand seven hundred and eight; in 1881 they numbered five thousand four hundred and six. There is no ultimate method of ascertaining with certainty that a title has not been already used; but the records of current literature may be consulted. We have the admirable *English Catalogue* of books, issued by Sampson Low since 1835; Whitaker's *Reference Catalogue of Current Literature*, with its index to thirty-five thousand works; the register of Stationers' Hall, and the British Museum Catalogues. Although not compulsory, yet, for the sake of evidence in confirming claims to the copyright of a book, it is necessary to have the titles of new works registered at Stationers' Hall, for which a fee of five shillings is charged.

Numerous instances could be cited of the author deferring to the wish of the publisher in the matter of a title. The gifted authoress of *Adam Bede* wrote the greater part of a long novel under the title of 'Sister Maggie;' but she readily changed this, at the wish of her publisher, to *The Mill on the Floss*. Archibald Constable suggested to Scott the title for his famous novel of *Rob Roy*. It is amusing to read Cadell's account of how the great publisher stalked up and down his room, muttering to himself, 'I am almost the author of the Waverley Novels,' when he had carried the day as to the title of a new novel, which was to be *Kenilworth* instead of 'Cumnor Hall.'

Again, many books are issued without an author's name, or under an assumed name. Whoever gives us a key to the many thousands of books which fall into this class, is worthy of our respect and gratitude. The late Samuel Halkett, of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, left a most important work in this department, which he had had in progress for about twenty years, in an unfinished state, entitled, *A Dictionary of the Anonymous and Pseudonymous Literature of Great Britain*. It was taken up, after Mr Halkett's death, by the Rev. John Laing; but he likewise did not survive to see its publication. The first volume was issued last year, and the remaining volumes are at present being rapidly pushed through the press under careful supervision. It will without doubt prove a standard work of reference, and the most important British work on the subject. An English gentleman calling himself Olphar Hamst (Ralph Thomas) has been engaged on a work of the same kind as that just mentioned, but more limited in scope, being a *Handbook of Fictitious Names of Authors of the Nineteenth Century*. In the course of his researches, he was puzzled to discover the real authorship of about one hundred and fifty books, each purporting to be written by 'A Lady.' All his efforts to pierce the veil of the anonymous being fruitless, he has ventilated his grievance by publishing a list of these books, under the title

of *Aggravating Ladies*. In this way he hopes to get further information on the subject.

The author of *Aggravating Ladies* has some sensible remarks about indexes. A good index is indispensable in every work of importance, and this matter is now so well understood, that it is usually very carefully attended to. In the printing account of the United States government for 1880, an item of seventeen hundred pounds was set down as paid for the compilation of an index for the Congress Reports. The British Parliament in 1778 paid twelve thousand nine hundred pounds for compiling indexes to the Journals of the House of Commons. A concordance to any great author is equally valuable as a work of reference. At one time, the Bible was the only book to which there was a concordance; Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, and Tennyson have now each been provided with one.

Olphar Hamst in his little book also throws out some useful hints as to the best methods of cataloguing books. The style and practice vary greatly in different libraries. It is well for rapid consultation that each work should be entered, not only under the author's name, but under the subject title, be it simple or compound.

It may be mentioned by the way that there are five libraries in the United Kingdom which are entitled, under the Copyright Act, to a copy of every new book as it appears. These are—the British Museum; the Bodleian Library, Oxford; the University Library, Cambridge; the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh; and Trinity College Library, Dublin. When it is remembered that, for each of the past two years, the number of new books published (exclusive of new editions) has amounted to some thousands, it is evident that the work of cataloguing must be continually carried on in those libraries that either purchase or receive new books. Certain American publishers have adopted an idea of some utility to librarians. Three or four copies of the title of a book are printed on the fly-leaf of the volume at the beginning, which copies can be readily clipped out and used as required. This saves transcription, as well as the danger of error in transcribing.

Amusing blunders occasionally happen in the citation of book titles. We have heard of a lady who wished to possess a copy of the late Dr John Brown's delightful *Hours Subsecivæ* ('Hours of Leisure'); but not having caught the title accurately, or failing to understand it, she ordered from her bookseller 'Dr John Brown's *Horrors of Society*.' Even booksellers have been known to get 'mixed' in the matter of titles and authors; as seems to have been the case with the one who advertised for sale, 'Mill on *Representative Government*;' ditto, on the *Floss*.' Titles are likewise not unfrequently treated in a very fragmentary and mutilated form. The late Rev. Dr Guthrie was not a little amused, when calling on his publisher, to hear a bookseller's boy shout out in his hearing for 'two dozen of Dr Guthrie's *Sins*.' The full title, of course, was *The City: Its Sins and Sorrows*. There is no harm in such abbreviations in ordinary conversation, or in buying and selling; but it is another matter when we come to record the title of a book in the catalogue of a public or private library. There, at least we expect fullness and completeness. Some accurate system

must also be adopted which will prevent the recurrence of such an odd entry as, 'Herself—The Memoirs of a Lady, by,' which Querard, the French bibliographer, found, much to his amusement, in the catalogue of a well-known French library. It is here the bibliographer can be of use, in order to reduce to system, and describe correctly, the various departments and subdivisions of literature. Research is thus rendered easier, and the student saved trouble and annoyance. French literature is peculiarly rich in works of this kind; and although England is still in the background in this respect, the reproach has been somewhat removed of late by the publication of such excellent bibliographies as Mr Shepherd has given us of Carlyle, Dickens, Thackeray, and Ruskin. This, unfortunately, is not a paying branch of literary work, and those who devote themselves to it require great enthusiasm and patience, wide and accurate scholarship, with the necessary leisure and opportunity for its execution.

The titles of magazines are a study in themselves; and while there is a dash of novelty about the names of some of the new-comers, many of the old and standard favourites still retain the name of the publishing house from which they first emanated. To change the title of a magazine means very often to kill it. The larger proportion of our popular literature and our best novels first find their way to the public through the pages of a magazine. The accumulated mass of material thus given to the public in a single year is very great, and any help in the unlocking of its treasures is of importance. Mr W. F. Poole, a well-known American librarian, made an attempt in this direction when he issued his *Index to Periodical Literature* in 1853, of which a new edition, very much enlarged, is now in progress, and in the preparation of which many British librarians have generously assisted, each taking in hand certain periodicals, and so dividing the labour.

The competition of modern times, arising from what we have above referred to, namely, the great number of books issued, necessitates the use of titles that shall be striking and attractive. As examples of these 'catchy' titles we may name Miss Braddon's *Dead Sea Fruit*, *Dead Men's Shoes*, *To the Bitter End*, *The Trail of the Serpent*; also Bulwer Lytton's *Strange Story*, *Night and Morning*, and *What Will He Do With It?* A glance at any railway book-stall will supply other examples by the score.

Brevity seems to be a necessary quality for a good title, and herein lies one striking difference between modern titles and those of a couple of hundred years ago. The same fondness for contrast and alliteration—often carried to an inordinate extent—may be observed in these old titles, but their length is generally much beyond our modern limits. Here are a few from the days of Cromwell: 'A Reaping Hook well tempered for the stubborn Ears of the coming Crop, or Biscuits baked in the Oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation;' 'A Pair of Bellows to blow off the Dust cast upon John Fry;' 'High-heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness;' 'Hooks and Eyes for Believers' Breeches;' 'The Shop of the

Spiritual Apothecary ;' and a fitting companion to it, 'Sixpennyworth of Divine Spirit.' In 1683 was published, 'Hæc et Hic, or the Feminine Gender more worthy than the Masculine, being a Vindication of that ingenious and innocent Sex from the biting Sarcasms wherewith they are daily aspersed by the Virulent Tongues and Pens of Malevolent Men ;' and in 1749, 'A History of Filchum Cantum, or a Merry Dialogue between Apollo, Foolish Harry, Silly Billy, a Griffin, a Printer, a Spider Killer, a Jack-ass, and the Sonorous Guns of Ludgate.'

Alliteration is still a favourite device for securing an attractive and harmonious title ; but our literary ancestors seem to have revelled in its delights, scattering their 'similar sounds' with a liberal hand. Take the following : 'Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin ; or the Seven Penitential Psalms of the Princely Prophet David, whereunto are also annexed William Humuis's Handfull of Honeysuckles, and divers Godly and pithy Ditties now newly augmented ;' 'A Plante of Pleasure and Grove of Graces ;' 'A Delicate Diet for Daintie Drunkards' (1576) ; 'Diet's Dry Dinner' (1599) ; and the famous little seventeenth-century bit of historical satire, 'The Staggering State of Scots Statesmen, by Sir John Scot of Scotstarvet.'

Although, to the uninitiated, it may seem that the title of a book is not of very great importance, and that a work of merit will meet with suitable recognition under whatever name it may be issued, it is a fact that the sale of many books depends to a great extent on the attractiveness of their titles. An example of this is seen in the case of *The Old English Baron*, a novel which ran through several editions, although, when previously published as *The Champion of Virtue*, it was found unsaleable.

OUR FRENCH PROFESSOR.

CHAPTER II.

As the Frenchman grew into favour and waxed brighter from day to day, I sank into dimness and obscurity. His great fervour, like that of the sun, put out weaker fires. A few days after his arrival, my violin became mute, and Emily and I only met at meal-times. Our duetting had been stopped by an insidious pleasantry. One evening almost all the household were gathered together in the drawing-room to hear me play some of my favourite solos. De Montgris had requested me to favour him with a proof of my powers. He sat at some distance from the piano, in the midst of a group of boys. Several pieces were played, and he complimented Emily and me in hyperbolical terms. I came to the last item of my programme, which was a variation upon *La ci darem*, a delicate embroidering of Mozart's lovely air. It was the composition of my old master Golfi, and he had taught me to play it well. Conscious of my ability, and wishing to show the Frenchman that he did not possess all the talent in the house, I threw my whole soul into the performance. Emily was rather nervous, and struck two or three false chords, which edged my teeth and infected me with some-

thing of her own trepidation. However, I went on pretty steadily until I came to a quaint minor episode. This never failed to excite in me the most delightful sensations. When half through, a suppressed burst of laughter came like a blow upon my ear. I almost stopped. My indignation was roused to the utmost ; for I saw at a glance that this merriment was due to some act or grimace of De Montgris. I stopped playing ; and could not help asking the French master if he were the cause of this rudeness on the part of the boys.

He made a queer grimace to the boys, which set them laughing again ; then, with the semblance of the frankest *bonhomie*, confessed that his conduct was unpardonable. He finished by saying : 'If Mr Bevan was not so peaceful as a Quaker'—which he pronounced Quak-ker—'I might expect him to demand satisfaction at the sword's point. He may be a *brave garçon*, as we say in France, but I doubt if he has much *courage*. He fights well, however, with a fiddle-stick ; and *chacun à son godd*.' The philanthropic shrug which terminated this impertinence was more than I could bear, and I rose and walked out of the room.

Thus ended our musical evenings.

The next morning, when De Montgris was taking his early walk—he rose always at five o'clock—I met him with a set determination. 'Monsieur,' I said, standing before him on the garden-path, 'you are an impudent scoundrel !'

He stepped back and glared at me. 'What do you mean, boy ?' he cried, waving his arms about menacingly.

'I mean to teach you good manners,' I continued, measuring every word.

'I will whip you like a poodle dog,' he roared, rushing up to me with uplifted arm.

In the twinkling of an eye, I had struck at him, and he was rolling on the grass-plot. He seemed to rebound rather than get up, and was upon me like a wolf, hitting, tearing, and pulling at me madly. He was very strong, and had he been cooler, might have done me a mischief.

I bent under him, and twisted my foot between his, and then made a sudden lurch forward, throwing him heavily upon the gravel-walk and falling upon him. The back of his head crashed as if it had been made of metal. I got up ; but he lay still. I stood over him till he opened his eyes, which he soon did. After half a minute, he looked at me with such unhidden hatred as ferocious animals display. 'I shall kill you for this !' he muttered.

'Pshaw !' I said scornfully ; 'bestow your Gascon threats upon those who fear you. I despise you, because I see through your artifices.'

'You will meet me this evening !' he cried limping towards me. 'Choose your weapon.'

'I fight only with one.'

'What is that ?' he demanded eagerly.

'This,' stretching out my fist.

'Brute, animal, *sauvage* ! Do you think I shall accept your mode of combat ?'

'Yes, Monsieur.'

'No ! I will pistol you, dog ! either face to face

or otherwise!' He was so agitated with pain, passion, and mortification, that he almost fainted while speaking. He reeled to a tree.

'I do not fear you, Monsieur, even if you are an assassin.'

My random words caused a marvellous change in his looks. The rage-fire went out of his eyes; he turned his head towards the house anxiously, then stared at me as if I had been a stranger.

'I am ill,' he whispered after a pause. 'We shall meet again.'

'When and where you please,' I said, turning away.

I heard him walk slowly in the direction of the house. I was too excited to go in; and as no one was about at that early hour, I began to move round the garden at a rapid pace. My trot became a run; and it was only when the perspiration streamed from every pore, that I began to grow calm. Never had I spent such a wretched night and stormy morning. Muscular fatigue alone could appease the nervous agony which beset me.

At length I went towards the side-door used by the servants; for De Montgris had for some reason shut the front-door. As I passed the spot where we had fought, I saw under a holly-bush a piece of paper like the fragment of a letter. I picked it up, and noticed it was in French. The first few words so aroused my curiosity, that—although contrary to all the codes of honour, written and unwritten—I read it to the end. Roughly translated, it ran thus: 'Barbier, thou hast been busy with many things in thy time; but Professor is a new trade. So the Demoiselle is charming. Has she a dower? Parbleu! thou art luckier than I, who regret the Mediterranean, with all its douleurs, in this cold, misty, selfish England. Send me fifty francs, or I must make a voyage to embrace thee *personnellement*. Address—JEAN BATAILLE, this time. I fear Pierre Robinet is already translated *Peau-rouge*. Despatch the'—

With this it ended. The fragment was obscure, and I could only guess that De Montgris might be an *alias*. But surely Dr Walters, the greatest stickler for propriety in the scholastic world, must have had the most perfect evidence of his French Professor's respectability. In my own case, he had required the most unexceptionable proofs of high conduct and attainments.

I was deeply prejudiced against De Montgris, and that doubtless made me wish that my evil opinion of him might be justified. I copied the missive in my room; and having made myself presentable to my class, I dropped it where I had found it, before entering the school-room.

My adversary was seated in his usual place when I went in, and appeared to be busily writing. He spoke shortly to the boys as they came in by twos and threes. They looked at each other, astonished at his taciturnity. They were more surprised some time afterwards when our youngest pupil, Charlie Simpson, came in saying: 'Monsieur De Montgris, is this piece of a letter yours?' The Frenchman looked up hastily; while Charlie continued: 'I found it in the garden just now. It is in French.'

'Have you read it, imbecile?' thundered De Montgris, snatching it brutally from the child.

'No, Monsieur,' answered he, half-frightened, half-indignant.

'So much the better—for you!'

Murmurs went round the room. What had happened to the gay Professor?

I watched him with lynx eyes. He was evidently alarmed lest any one had seen the letter. He became aware of my observation; threw a savage glance at me, then turned aside to his writing again.

For several days he was so quiet and reserved that everybody was bewildered; and it was generally agreed, either that he had received bad news from France, or that he was ill.

In the meantime I wrote to a friend, a young medical student at Paris, asking him to go to the Prefecture of Police there, and show them the copy I had taken of the letter. I also told him fully what had happened between De Montgris and myself. I may mention here that I had spent a year in Paris before joining Dr Walters; during which time my friend had shared apartments with me, and I had the most implicit confidence in his discretion. If De Montgris were an honest man, I would not have injured him by sinister inquiries for the world. I disliked him much, but in a straightforward fashion.

Weeks passed away; but, to my astonishment and no little annoyance, no reply came from my friend in Paris to my letter. My antagonist, in the meantime, had neither called me out, nor made any attempt to pistol me unawares. He began to assume his old ways with the boys, and soon became their delight again. He was respectful but sternly distant towards me. In compliance with the wish of Dr Walters, he gave Emily a lesson in French conversation every evening, Mrs Elphinstone being present. I could hear merry laughter proceeding from the drawing-room at such times, and it jarred upon me like a horrible discord. But my greatest pain was to see Emily walking round the garden with him in the summer eve. This was during the absence of Dr Walters in London, whither he had gone on literary business.

About this time, De Montgris came one day to my room, and begged a moment's conversation. I pointed silently to a chair; but he waved his hand, saying: 'I come to beg your forgiveness, Mr Bevan. I have treated you in a most unmannerly way. I made a most stupid mistake in supposing you a bumptious blockhead. I thought, too, you despised me for being a foreigner, and were trying to render me contemptible in the eyes of a lady. I find you to be a man of spirit and learning. I humbly crave your pardon. You will not refuse the *amende honorable*?'

I took his proffered hand, uttered a few commonplace phrases, and the interview terminated. The reconciliation was as hollow as the candour of diplomatists speaking 'peace' while their masters are adding to their forces by land and sea. There is no possible hypocrisy for the hate which is based upon the fundamental antagonisms of human nature. I could see that De Montgris was only stooping to conquer me by hidden craft instead of open violence. While speaking, his eye glittered snakishly, and his teeth gleamed with hoarded hatred.

The truce thus negotiated, I began once more to wake my violin to its wonted ecstasies, but

always in my own room. Emily rarely touched the piano, and I never saw her alone. Either she avoided me purposely, or her uncle had the wish to keep us separate. From an inexplicable change in his manner, I thought this must be the cause. The old gentleman was as kind to me as ever in school concerns; but he began to treat me distinctly as a subordinate. I was very unhappy at times, and thought that Emily, when our eyes met, also seemed unhappy. At table, she was always friendly and courteous, and I still sat in my usual place beside her. De Montgris, however, effectually prevented any conversation, by a continuous chatter, chiefly in French. Gradually, I found myself isolated and a stranger where I had been almost as in a loved home. The overmastering personality of the Frenchman detached all my friends, and left me only the gloomy companionship of my thoughts.

One morning, a few weeks before the summer holidays, Dr Walters sent for me to see him in his study. He shook me warmly by the hand, and began to compliment me upon the progress of the boys under my instruction. Then he stopped, and looked at me in a somewhat embarrassed manner. I looked at him, surprised at his unusual behaviour. At last he said: 'Mr Bevan, you are worthy of a superior position to that you occupy here; and it is my wish to promote your interests.'

I bowed.

'The fact is,' he continued, 'I have recommended you to my friend Sir Harry Wilford, as admirably qualified to superintend the education of his only son.'

'Then, I take it, you wish me to vacate my post here, Dr Walters?' I trembled with excitement.

'In your own interests, Mr Bevan,' answered the Doctor with something of his habitual pomposity.

'When do you wish me to retire, sir?'

'At midsummer, Mr Bevan.'

'Very good, Dr Walters.'

'I suppose you would like an introduction to Sir Harry Wilford without delay?'

'No, Doctor.'

'Why?'

'Because I cannot accept such an appointment. I have a stiff examination to prepare for, and I shall spend at least three months at my father's house in London after leaving you.'

The Doctor grew red, and something like a frown passed over his brow. Like all patronising men, he was irritated by an offer of service refused.

I cut the interview short, and returned to my duties.

ODD NOOKS OF LONDON.

How few of us, as we thread our way through the bustling throngs of London, know anything of the relics of old City life which lie so close to us! The builder and the improver are gradually sweeping them away, and before they quite disappear, let us explore them for an hour or two.

Not a hundred yards from the very centre of

our commercial whirl and hurry, still stands one of the old London coffee-houses. Cornhill rattles and groans within a few paces of its entrance, yet it is as quiet as a village inn at mid-day in summer-time. We enter through the pilastered, quaintly carved portico, and find ourselves in what might be mistaken for a good-sized meeting-house, were it not for the sanded floor and the unmistakable odour of beefsteaks grilling. There is not the smallest attempt at glitter or decoration about this little, out-of-the-way eating-den. High, stiff-backed divisions, with tables between them, occupy most of the space; a passage for the waiters, and a fireplace fitted with a gridiron capacious enough for any Saint Lawrence, fill up the remainder. Round the room runs a high wainscot, black with age, and polished with the contact of a century and a half of coats. Up in a corner is a parish boundary-stone, bearing the date 1730; and over the fireplace is a yellow, scarcely visible portrait of Addison. This is one of the last remaining old City coffee-houses, altered slightly to meet modern requirements, but retaining most of its original characteristics. One of the first proprietors made his fortune here during the South Sea Bubble agitation, and his descendants still carry on the business.

There are few capitals in the world where so many churches are crowded together as in London, and more especially in the City. We are told that eighty-nine were destroyed by the great fire of 1666; but as these were all rebuilt, their number added to the list of churches which were spared, would bring the total up to not far short of a hundred. Most of these are now sadly shorn of their ancient glory and importance. The London 'Cit' no longer lives over his counting-house or shop; he retires to his villa in the suburbs, and has gone so far afield, that the London suburbs may be said to extend ten miles in every direction. By eight o'clock at night the great City is a solitude, abandoned to policemen and housekeepers; but the City churches still remain, with their clergy and their officials and their fat revenues, just as in the days when the City was inhabited.

Let us suppose it to be Sunday morning, and visit one of these old City churches. The clang of bells from a hundred towers breaks the stillness of the air; but the streets are as free from traffic as those of Herculaneum; every window is shuttered and every door padlocked. The great door of our church is thrown wide open, as if to admit a large congregation. We let a file of neatly dressed charity-children clatter in, and then we enter. A magnificent beadle, gold-laced and silk-stockinged, ushers us into a pew—not one of your modern, third-class railway-carriage style of pews, but a good old-fashioned, high-walled, soft-cushioned box, with cosy red curtains round it, and a book-box in the corner as big as an overland trunk. It is a vast and beautiful church. In the gallery, upon which are emblazoned the Royal Arms, is a magnificent organ, profusely decorated in the Georgian style with huge masses of flowers and gilt cherubs;

the windows are filled with rare old stained-glass, through which the mellow sunlight falls on the sculptured forms of recumbent aldermen, clad in the doublet and hose of the sixteenth century.

Memorials of the old fellows deck the walls on all sides; and the thought which naturally presents itself to the mind, upon perusal of the numberless extravagant epitaphs and high-flown eulogies, is to the effect that those old days must have been really 'good.' Just over our heads is a tablet resplendent with armorial bearings, torches, and weeping children, 'Sacred' to the Memory of one THOMAS HOLLIBONE, 'long time Skinner and Alderman of this ward,' followed by a score of lines which place every conceivable virtue to the credit of the deceased Alderman's account. The fame of Thomas Hollibone has not come down to us; but reading the tablet by the light of the time, we can picture him as a sturdy-limbed, jovial-faced old fellow, free from anxiety and care beyond those inseparable from the skinner business, regular in his attendance at this church—perhaps in this pew—a profuse benefactor of the local charities, and the proud possessor of a buxom wife and half-a-dozen chubby children. John Gilpin we always accept as a typical London 'Cit,' and just such another as John Gilpin we can imagine Thomas Hollibone to have been.

But it is saddening to compare the London churches as they are with what they have been. In all these great buildings—St Michael's upon Cornhill and St Botolph's at Bishopsgate excepted—on a Sunday morning there are probably not a thousand people. Look around. In the gallery are twenty-five charity boys and girls with pink faces and pink bows. Here and there is an old man or an old woman, and no more. Yet, there are a clergyman, a curate, a large beadle, a clerk, and two pew-openers. Once a year the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs come here in state to listen to a sermon which was ordained to be preached here by the will of some old Elizabethan worthy. Upon this occasion there is a bit of a bustle; and perhaps a couple of hundred idlers come in to gaze at the gold lace and the white wigs and the great staves tipped with burnished brass; but on the remaining fifty-one Sundays, the congregation is made up as we see it now.

The service is a very short one—prayers, the Litany, a couple of hymns, and a ten minutes' discourse from the uppermost of the three 'decks,' as the clerk's box, reading-desk, and pulpit are irreverently termed. The reverend gentleman seems to preach at us—possibly from our evidently being strangers in the church; and this idea alone prevents us from yielding to a very strong inclination to sleep, an inclination fostered no doubt by the soft cushions, the subdued light, and the gentle drone of the preacher's voice. The large beadle is asleep in one cosy pew, the two pew-openers in another, and the charity children are fidgeting dreadfully with their thick boots overhead.

After the service, we 'assist' at the presentation to twenty-four old men and women—who have not been to church, but who have been waiting outside for the last ten minutes—of twenty-four loaves of bread and twenty-four shillings—a

loaf and a shilling to each—in accordance with the will of another old parochial benefactor long since deceased. We linger awhile amidst the interesting old tombs and effigies, until the beadle, who looks hungry, fidgets us out of the church into the clear sunny air outside.

There still exist here and there one or two of the genuine old City Inns. The *Old Bell* in Holborn is one of the best known specimens; the *Green Dragon* in Bishopsgate Street, still larger and still more perfect, was only pulled down a year or two back. But, to our mind, those which bear the most genuine stamp, the most unchanged, are in the Borough. This now unsavoury part of the capital has been from time immemorial famous for its inns. In the old days of coaching and posting, and in the still remoter period of pack-horses and foot-pilgrimages, every other house was a hostelry.

But three now remain; and two of these will ere long save the workman trouble, by tumbling down of their own accord, unless still further bolstered and patched up. It is historic ground here in the Borough, although the squalor, the filth, the smells, and the noise, are sufficient to repel any one but the most ardent searcher after Old London mosaics. As it has always stood on the great main road to the Kentish sea-coast, it is not surprising that memories of almost all our sovereigns, and of a very long roll of names eminent in history, are cherished by such of the inhabitants as in these degenerate days care to cherish memories of the days of old. In the bar of the old *Bricklayers' Arms* there hung a framed and glazed parchment, upon which were inscribed the names of all the great folk who had rested under the roof, from King Henry II. to the late Emperor Napoleon, including most of our great naval heroes, many of our greatest military commanders, and innumerable statesmen, ministers, judges, and authors. The old inn was demolished some time ago; and upon its site has arisen a gaudy gin-palace of the most approved modern type, somewhat similar to that which has supplanted the world-famed *Tabard*.

Hard by the modern *Tabard* is the *George Inn*. The casual passer-by might well fail to notice the old place; for the entry to it is down a dark cavernous passage, generally blocked up by a huge railway van. As we stand in the old courtyard, our fancy naturally takes us back to the past. From the *George* the Kent coaches started, and from the *George* to this day the Kent carriers run. With the burly farmers and hop-growers, the old inn was always a favourite; and the landlord says with pardonable pride, that during the season of the hop-sales, there are still customers who come simply because their fathers and forefathers had always patronised the inn. The sparrows hop about undisturbed in the great stables and coachhouses; the old galleries still run round three sides of the courtyard; but the rooms opening out upon them are silent and deserted. We can still, however, get a glass of excellent ale at the quaint, little, many-windowed, many-cornered bar, upon the shelves of which are bowls of fine old china and glass of quaint design; for which, the landlord says, he has been offered fabulous sums by virtuosi and dealers in bric-à-brac.

Scattered about the City of London, and,

strangely enough, in the most central parts of business bustle and hurry, are yet to be seen some of the residences of the old merchant-princes—converted into offices, it is true, but still retaining the melancholy air of departed grandeur. One in particular in St Mary Axe, hard by the celebrated church of St Andrew Undershaft, has always been a favourite of ours. It stands now alone amidst a mushroom colony of brand-new, stone-faced, marble-pillared edifices, and although externally there is little remarkable about it save its air of staid solidity, it is well worth a visit. Our ancestors liked a good entrance-hall to their houses, and in this old St Mary Axe mansion is a hall as big as many a modern drawing-room. The old leathern boxes in which slumbered the portly footmen, stood until quite recently, one upon each side of the fireplace; but a Hebrew dealer from Houndsditch bought them up, together with the old cupboard clock which used to stand at an angle of the stairs. A splendid staircase of real English oak, flanked by curiously twisted and carved banisters, leads from the hall to the first floor. It is none of your narrow, cramped, sharp-cornered, low-ceilinged staircases, but a good, broad, low-stepped, welcome-speaking flight—giving plenty of room for Mrs Alderman's furbelows, and ample space for two jovial fellows to reel up arm-in-arm after their third bottle in the dining-room.

They built with real ideas of space, air, and light, in those days, as we may see by the first-floor rooms, now cut up each one into two or three offices. There are deep seats in the windows; the mantel-pieces are carved into festoons of flowers and Cupids' heads; the paneling mounts half-way to the ceiling; the ceiling itself still retaining traces of mythological paintings. A back-door leads out into what once was doubtless a pleasant little garden, but which is now the playground for the housekeeper's children, the dust-bin of the establishment, and a favourite rendezvous for the cats of the neighbourhood. A plane-tree still flourishes amidst the grime and smoke; and we can picture the old proprietor sitting out here at evening, armed with his pipe of Virginia, and chattering to his spouse concerning the day's gains and plans for future enterprise. A firm of solicitors occupy Madam's bedchamber; and the housekeeper's family swarm about the innumerable garrets and closets up-stairs.

Close by the swarming, evil-odoured thoroughfare of Shoreditch, is an old City square. Once it was a favourite square, even an aristocratic square; now a deserted cluster of old houses, looking upon an expanse of grass-grown stones. The boys of the neighbourhood play cricket here on summer evenings, and Shoreditch sweethearts bill and coo here sometimes; but the sound of wheels rarely wakes its echoes; the policeman hardly condescends to include it in his beat; and the postman scarcely knows it by name. There is a tree at each corner—sad, funereal-looking objects, with black, drooping branches and withered trunks in winter-time; but in summer, casting quite a refreshing light over the square with their fresh green leaves. We wonder that so large a space has escaped the builder's maw; but are told that the whole square is in Chancery. And when we come to examine the sturdy old

houses with their carved portals, and their railings adorned with link-extinguishers and twisted ornament, we see Chancery very plainly written in the broken panes of glass, the dusky shutters, and the entire absence of life. We may pace the square for an hour and not see a solitary human being, nor hear a sound save the twittering of the sparrows and the seemingly distant hum of the streets. They tell of a murder committed in one of the corner-houses not many years since; and looking at it, we can quite believe that it would be long ere the shrieks of a victim could attract the attention of the outer world.

On exploring a fresh corner of the square, we come upon a brass plate with 'Wirgman, Beadle,' inscribed upon it. Wirgman, beadle, is smoking a clay-pipe, sadly we think, at the door. He quite starts as we address him. 'Yes,' he says in reply; 'it is a goodish time since any one worth mentionin' lived here. I live here, as the parochial beadle has always done since the nobles left the square; and I'm alone here, I am.—What about the murder?—Why, that was a matter of six year ago. Costermonger brings a young woman here—leastways over there at number twenty-sivin: nobody didn't interfere with them, 'cos it wasn't nobody's business. They gets a-fightin' over their drink, and Costermonger he ups with a knife he wos cuttin' cheese with, and stabs her. It wosn't found out for two days. He wos swung for it, he wos. Boys do say they sees the young woman's ghost a-walkin' about of a evenin'; but I ain't never seen it, and I don't believe it.—Yes, sir, a deal of fine folk used to live here, I've heerd—swells with long names, and carriages and footmen and sich-like. I've heerd old Parsons the sexton say as how he's seen twenty coaches at once in the square, and fine ladies in silks, no end. That wos fifty year ago.—Thank'ee, sir.'

Pugilism has received its deathblow, yet not far from the old square above described still exists one of the old 'fighting pubs.' It is a low-browed, shamefaced, little old place, in a narrow bystreet leading off the main thoroughfare of Shoreditch, only to be approached through scenes of such squalor, blackguardism, and misery, that we can hardly believe ourselves to be in the same parish as some of the granite palaces of our City princes. Yet in the days of Europe's First Gentleman, and far even into the reign of our present gracious Majesty, owners of some of the noblest names in the land, men with the bluest blood of England in their veins, nay, even bishops it is said, condescended to alight at the *Brown Jug and Glasses*, and pass an evening in the company of gentlemen whose talk was of hits from the shoulder, rats and gamecocks, and whose personal appearance certainly did not proclaim their connection with the Upper Ten. It is many years since a nobleman came here, and to the present generation of sporting-men the name of the inn is hardly known. The Rag-fair contingent are constant patrons of the Saturday night 'socials;' and the sacred memories of Aaron Jones and Abey Belasco are still silently drunk by gentlemen with prominent noses and much cheap jewellery.

Gradually the nooks of the old City are disappearing. Sometimes they die hard, more often they vanish wholesale. A new city is springing

up, more gorgeous, healthier, wider, and brighter ; but it never can possess points of interest so fascinating as those of the old City, with its quaint Coffee-houses, a further description of which we may give in a future paper.

SOME MORE QUEER DISHES.

REFERRING to former articles on this subject from the pen of Dr A. Stradling (*Chambers's Journal*, Nos. 933, 934), a contributor favours us with the following :

I have felt so much interested in reading Dr A. Stradling's papers, in which he gives us an account of various outlandish articles of food in use in different countries, that I feel tempted on my own account to mention some others which do not appear to have fallen within the range of his experience, but with which some twenty years of wandering in the antipodes has made me familiar.

What about worms, for instance? I do not mean the common earthworm, of whose agricultural efforts Mr Darwin descants in so learned and interesting a way. The earthworm, so far as I am aware, is not used as a staple article of food in any part of the world, but merely as a resource among certain tribes of Indians in time of famine; and is no more to be classed as an ordinary article of diet with them, than leather or canvas soaked in grease is with us; although both these, as well as other curious things, have often been had recourse to by cast-away sailors in the attempt to satisfy the cravings of hunger. The annelid I refer to is a marine species, and is looked upon as a great luxury by all the natives of the South Sea Islands. It lives in the coral reefs, and from the middle of October to the end of November, comes to the surface at sunrise in immense numbers; and great is the commotion and excitement among the people on the first appearance of the little stranger. Its arrival is always heralded by feasts; and during the Balolo or worm-month, all the natives wax fat and lusty on this their favourite article of food. The worm is curiously punctual in its appearance, almost to a day; and the months in which it appears are respectively called the little and big Balolo months. From early dawn on the expected day, scouts are placed on the hills and rocks commanding a view of the reefs; and no sooner does the long-expected shoal appear, than all the wooden drums in the neighbouring villages are sounded, and the entire population, big and little, young and old, sound and lame, rush to the beach; and while the able-bodied ones help to launch the canoes, the remainder set to work to dig and heat the ovens, or to discuss the chances of a good or bad worm season.

Fleets of canoes swarming with people, all armed with nets, at once put off, and scoop up the worms in huge quantities; they are then taken ashore and handed over to the cooks, who, after adding a certain quantity of cocoa-nut milk, specially prepared for the purpose, tie them up in young banana leaves, which have been previously passed over the fire to toughen them; and then bake them for some time in an oven, when they are ready for consumption, and are often sent round as presents to friends, just as game is among ourselves.

The annelid in question is of considerable length, greenish in colour, and has its long narrow body divided into numerous segments, reminding one somewhat of the tape-worm. When alive, it is of anything but a prepossessing appearance; but after being cooked, it more resembles spinach or fine seaweed in flavour than anything else. New-comers generally look upon the worm with horror. When I first went to the South Seas, I for a long while indulged in it under the impression that it was a vegetable of some kind; and when at last I heard of the worms, and made up my mind to taste them, I was much surprised, on being informed by an old 'beachcomber'—greatly to his amusement—that I had been eating them all through the season.

After worms, naturally come grubs, which are eaten in many parts of the world; and I remember once in New Zealand, when on a solitary expedition in the Bush, and finding myself short of food, making a very satisfactory meal out of some dozens of large white grubs that I found in an old kowai stump. I had often previously seen them eaten by the Maoris, and so knew their haunts, and by this means managed to satisfy my hunger to a wonderful extent. These grubs were a couple of inches or so in length, and when broiled on the ashes, were pleasant and well-tasted enough, more like marrow than anything else. But for all that, I was very glad on the second day to knock over an old weka—a kind of large rail—and so return to more orthodox fare.

Dr Stradling mentions white ants, but does not appear to have tasted them; allow me to tell him that they are 'dear little things' when properly fried in their own fat; plump, sweet, and satisfying; but curiously unlike ants in appearance. They are generally much esteemed as food by the natives of most of the countries in which they are found.

Porpoise and whale are also edible. I have tried both, and found porpoise liver excellent, and not to be distinguished from that of a pig. Of the flesh, however, I can hardly speak so highly, as it requires both good cooking and a long abstinence from fresh meat to make it at all palatable. Our ancestors, however, were of a different opinion, as in olden times it was highly esteemed, and we generally find the 'porpuss' figuring as a distinguished dish in most of the great banquets of the middle ages. But if the flesh of the porpoise is coarse and indifferent, that of his big cousin the whale is still more so; and the only time I tasted it, I found the meat exceedingly coarse and tough, as well as permeated with a nauseous taste and smell of train-oil. The tongue, however, is said to be much better; but it never came under my observation. Whale's milk is by no means to be despised.

Shark, the full-grown fish, is detestable—tough, and of a terribly rank smell. It is rarely eaten by white men except under pressure of extreme necessity; but the natives of the South Seas view it in a different light, and look upon the monster as a special luxury. Moreover, a New Zealand Maori knows no greater treat than a shark that has been kept until high enough to be unapproachable within twenty yards by any one but a native. But with a young shark of the brown variety the case is different, and I well remember, during a five months' residence at Opapa, having

many a good meal of fried cutlets cut from young sharks about four feet long; and at last we came to look upon it as the best fish there. In taste and appearance, it reminded one more of sturgeon than anything else. It likewise resembled the latter fish in having gristle instead of bones; and was much superior both in firmness and flavour to the British dog-fish, which I afterwards tried.

Locusts come in merely for a passing word from Dr Stradling, and he does not mention the right way to cook them. In the tropics there are several kinds of locusts; one in particular, a large green fellow that lives in trees. My native boy, I remember, put me up to the dodge of preparing them, which consists in first abstracting a certain black substance from the inside, said to be poison, removing the legs and wings, and then roasting the locust on the ashes, when they are not to be distinguished from prawns so treated; in fact he called them 'tree-prawns,' and assured me that in his country—the Solomon Islands—they were greatly sought after and much esteemed.

On many of the South Sea Islands there also exists a species of crab or lobster of most uncanny aspect, but delicious eating, and being both scarce and difficult to procure, is proportionably esteemed by the whites as well as by the natives. I refer to the *Burgus latro*, or robber-crab as he is called by the naturalists. He lives in a burrow of his own making, at the foot of a tree or among rocks, and daintily lines his dwelling with an immense quantity of fine cocoa-nut fibre, which he prepares himself from the husk. So well is this latter habit of his known, that any native in want of fibre for canoe calking, or what not, at once repairs to a crab burrow to procure it, and rarely fails in his object so long as he is able to get to the bottom of the burrow—which is not always the case, however, as the animal is generally astute enough to choose ground well intersected with large roots and rocks.

It is a very singular animal to look at, and more resembles the hermit crab out of his shell than any other of the species, having, like the hermit, an exceedingly tender and vulnerable abdomen, gathered up like a bag underneath him, and of which he is always uncommonly careful. He is armed with a formidable pair of pincers, of immense size and strength, by the aid of which he can carry off a cocoa-nut, husk it, and then break up the shell with the greatest ease. To any one who has noticed the great weight and size, and the extreme toughness and compactness of the cocoa-nut husk, it must be a matter of amazement that a creature so apparently insignificant as this crab should be thus able to tear open these husks with ease, and still more to crack the nut afterwards. He manages the latter operation by commencing at the soft hole—the one out of which the young tree finally issues, and out of which we are accustomed to drink the juice—into this he manages to insert the point of his pincers, and working on this, is enabled to break the nut to pieces.

In flavour they are, as would be expected from the nature of their food, very much richer and more delicate than our lobster, which has to content himself with more homely fare; and those I was able to procure were either split open

and fried in their own fat, or else baked in a native oven; which latter expedient generally answered best. I once heard of a native who, having found a very large burrow, incautiously put in his hand to pull out the occupant, when the wary crab caught him by the wrist in his terrible pincers, and in spite of his frantic efforts to get free, held him there for a whole day, until at last his friends, attracted by his cries, came to his rescue, and effected his liberation by digging down on to the crab, and attacking his abdomen with a pointed stick, when he at once let go his hold of his captive, who never afterwards fully recovered the use of the hand.

The *Holuthuria*, *Bêche de Mer*, or sea-slug, so much esteemed by the Chinese, is often met with in the South Pacific; and having always heard it very highly spoken of as a costly and delicious morsel, I had long looked forward with considerable curiosity to the chance of tasting it. In this, however, I was disappointed; for our cook, not being a Chinaman, did not understand how to manage it, nor did he at all fancy the look of the huge black slug I presented him with; and I only succeeded in inducing him to admit it within the sacred precincts of the ship's galley by lavish praises of its delicious qualities. The result of his operations on the creature was, however, a complete failure so far as soup was concerned, as after nearly twenty-four hours' boiling, the slug came out of the copper rather larger than when he went in, leaving behind him the most detestable compound in the way of soup I have ever tasted, being of an intensely bitter, disagreeable flavour, and not more to my liking than is the famous bird's-nest soup so much affected by the Chinese.

STUDIES IN ANIMAL LIFE.

FORETHOUGHT.

To make provision for the future is deemed one of the highest results of reasoning, and yet few human beings are so provident as are many members of the animal world. With domestic animals the power of taking thought for the morrow is frequently lost or deadened, from the fact that they have no need or liberty to forage for themselves; when, therefore, they do display any particular sense of forethought, it is considered the more noteworthy, and is the more likely to be recorded than if it were customary. By forethought is meant the results of self-reflection, as distinguished from that inherited impulse to provide for emergencies which is styled 'instinct.' Instinct teaches the bee to build its cell with geometrical exactitude, and probably impels the ant to bite off the germinating ends of the grains of corn it stores away for future use; but the anecdotes it is now proposed to cite appear to record actions of quite a different character—of a personal and specific, instead of an habitual and general nature.

Many of the lower animals, both individually and collectively, manifest remarkable forethought. Mr Jesse, to whom all lovers of natural history are deeply indebted, relates among other similar instances of reasoning amongst bees, the following: A large brown slug made its way into a glass hive, wherein the operations of the inhabitants could be seen. The bees killed the slug, but

being unable to get it out of the hive, covered it with a thick resinous substance called propolis, which they use for stopping holes and crevices in their hives, and so prevented it becoming a nuisance. On another occasion, this far-seeing settlement was invaded by a snail; but as this had a covering already, they satisfied their sanitary requirements by fixing a plastering of propolis round the edge of the shell. A regular fortification of this same useful substance, which these bees had built about the entrance of their hive the better to protect it from the attacks of wasps, was carefully preserved by Mr Jesse. By means of this defence a small number of bees could effectually guard the entrance. A still more remarkable instance of the reasoning power of the bee is recorded by Dr Brown in his book on that insect. Overburdened with honey, a centre comb in the hive had parted from its fastenings, and so pressed against another comb as to prevent the passage of the bees between them. This accident created great excitement for a time; but a remedy was soon devised for the public good. The ingenious little people constructed two horizontal beams between the two combs, and removed a sufficient quantity of the honey and wax above them to admit the passage of a bee, while the detached comb was secured by another beam, and fastened to the window by spare wax. When the comb was thus secured, they removed the horizontal beams first constructed, as being no longer necessary. Ten days were spent over this work, the conception and execution of which might have been worthy of any human engineer.

Another of Nature's little people noted for sagacity is the spider, and in the following story, related by the Rev. J. G. Wood, a truly marvellous proof of its talent is given. A friend of his, he informs us, was wont to shelter a number of spiders under a large veranda. One day the wind beat so furiously that, though protected by the veranda, the spiders suffered terribly, and in one case, some of the 'guy-ropes,' as sailors would call them, were broken, and the web flapped about like a loose sail in a storm. Instead of making new guy-ropes, the owner of the web lowered itself to the ground by a thread, and crawled about until it found some fragments of decayed wood. It then fastened its line to one of these fragments, reascended, and hauled the bit of wood after it to the height of nearly five feet, suspending it by a strong line to its web. 'The effect,' says our authority, 'was wonderful; for the weight of the wood was sufficient to keep the net tolerably tight, while it was light enough to yield to the wind, and so prevent further breakages. The wooden weight was just two inches and a half in length, and about the diameter of a goose-quill. On the following day, a careless servant touched it with her head and knocked it down; but in a few hours the spider had found and replaced it. After the stormy weather had ceased, the spider mended the web, cut the rope, and let the wooden weight fall to the ground.'

In his *Recollections*, the late Grantley Berkeley gives an interesting account of the sagacity of a beetle he observed near Bournemouth. This beetle was carrying home a dead spider to replenish its larder; though the curious adventures it underwent on its journey, even during the short

interval it was watched by the narrator, are too lengthy for reproduction here. Suffice it to say that carrying its burden some distance, it set it down on the path. 'On my hands and knees,' said Mr Berkeley, 'I followed him, and saw him quit the sandy path and climb up to the top of several sprigs of heather. From the last of them he quickly descended, and retraced his steps direct to where he had left the quarry, again possessed himself of it, and bore it to the foot of the sprig up which I had just observed him climb. He climbed to the top, and deposited the dead game in the fibres. This done, he again descended, and I saw him go off among the roots of the heather, as if in search of more game. By kneeling down and giving a very minute inspection to these several sprigs of heather, I discovered that the only one that could have held the spider had been selected. The beetle, in short, had hung up his dead game in the most artistic manner; and in order to test the soundness of his judgment, I waved the twig of heather to and fro as violently as any breeze of wind could have done, yet the spider remained unshaken.'

Few members of the animal world are so interesting as birds, and of few are such characteristic tales of prudential reasoning related. The general habits of many of our feathered friends are indeed suggestive of forethought; for instance, the rook, which, like some few other birds, retains a predilection for its old nest, revisits it at intervals during the autumn to repair it and strengthen it against the future season. Although each bird in building its nest follows the fashion which its parents pursued before it, and which its ancestors from time immemorial have adhered to, unexpected accidents frequently compel it to add to or alter some portion of the original design in a way that mere hereditary instinct could not have provided for. In her charming *Anecdotes of Birds*, Mrs Lee supplies a characteristic instance of the clever way in which a pair of goldfinches foresaw and provided against an emergency. The little couple had built their nest on the small branch of an olive tree, and after hatching their brood, found that their family dwelling was growing too heavy for the bough whereon it rested. They were watched, and seen to fasten the bending branch to a higher and stronger one with a piece of string they had somewhere obtained! By this contrivance their little home was completely secured.

Many instances of prudence exhibited by all kinds of birds are known, particularly during the process of incubation, when they appear to reason with more than ordinary intelligence. Mr Yarrell, who records the following typical tale, says the heroine was a swan of about nineteen years old, that had brought up many broods, and was therefore a bird of great experience. This interesting matron, at the period referred to, had four or five eggs in charge. She was observed to be very busy collecting weeds and grasses to raise her nest, and did not scruple to help herself from a quantity of haulm that was deposited near her abode. She laboured most industriously, and during the day contrived to raise her nest and the eggs in it two feet and a half! That very night there was a tremendous downpour of rain,

which flooded all the malt-shops and did great damage. The bird's prescience saved her eggs, which were just above the water; she made her preparations in time; but her human neighbours did not, and suffered accordingly.

Ravens are provident of themselves as well as of their young; and Mr W. Thompson, in his *Natural History of Ireland*, mentions some representative cases. In one instance, one of these crafty birds was wont to resort to the bird-traps the boys had set, and when he saw a little bird caught, tried to purloin it by turning up the trap. But the bird always escaped, the raven not being able to let the trap go in time to catch the prey. After several futile attempts, the raven, seeing a bird caught, hurried off to another raven and induced it to accompany him to the trap to turn it up; and as it lifted it, the other bore the poor captive off in triumph. Of another of these birds, Mr Thompson relates that when it had eaten its fill, it would hide the remainder of its food under loose stones close to a shed; and that he and other boys had repeatedly seen it, when hungry, go straight to the place where it had concealed its first morsel and eat it, and so on to the last stone in rotation.

Rats are very provident, both for their own benefit and the community's. Eggs, which they have been known to carry from the garret to the cellar, and other tempting foods, instead of being devoured instantly, are stored away for the hour of need. A writer in the *Quarterly Review* cites a noteworthy instance of the far-seeing sagacity of rats. A gentleman who fed his own pointers, noticed through a hole in the door that a number of rats ate from the trough with his dogs, which did not attempt to molest them. He resolved to shoot the intruders, so when next he served out the food, he kept the dogs away. Not a rat came to taste, although he could occasionally see them peering out of their holes, for 'they were too well versed in human nature to venture forth without the protection of their canine guard.' When the dogs were let in, the rats joined them, and fed with them as usual. The forethought of rats is indeed proverbial; and so far from being careless or selfish, these interesting little folks are proved to be dutiful children, careful parents, and friends in need.

Instances of canine economy are by no means rare; but the account of a dog-miser is, so far as our records extend, unique. Dandie, the animal referred to, was a Newfoundland dog, belonging to a gentleman in Edinburgh. It frequently had money given to it, because, besides other interesting signs of sagacity, it would go to the baker's and buy its own bread. But Dandie received more money than his needs called for, and so he took to hoarding it. This his master discovered in consequence of the dog appearing one day with a breakfast-roll when it was known that no one had given it any money. Suspicion aroused, search was made in the room where the dog slept. Dandie appeared quite unconcerned until his bed was approached, when he seized the servant by her gown and tried to drag her away, and became so violent that his master had to hold him. Sevenpence-halfpenny was found hidden in the bed. Dandie did not

forego his saving propensities even after this; but he exhibited a great dislike afterwards for the servant who had discovered his hoard, and in future was careful to select a different place of concealment.

Stories of dogs who carry money to shops in order to obtain food, are quite numerous; but the following incident, which was communicated to the *Bristol Mercury*, is, if authentic, probably unparalleled, even in canine records. A Bristol dog was allowed by a certain butcher to receive his meat on trust, the butcher scoring each pennyworth supplied on a board with a piece of chalk. One day our canine friend observing the man make two marks with the chalk instead of one, seized another piece of meat, and despite all the efforts of the butcher to detain him, ran off home with both pieces in his mouth.

But instances of forethought in dogs are so numerous, and everybody is so well aware of it, that there is no need to furnish further instances. Nor is it necessary to cite any of the many well-known anecdotes of the exhibition of this desirable quality in elephants and other of the higher animals; what has already been said being quite sufficient to prove our proposition, that forethought as the result of reason, and not merely as the result of hereditary instinct, is manifested by many members of the animal world.

A LULLABY.

SLEEP, my child! The shadows fall;
Silent darkness reigns o'er all;
Bird and bloom are lost to sight
In the folded arms of Night;
Stars will soon from cloud-towers peep,
While all Nature lies asleep.

Breathe thou softly! Rest is sweet
For tired hearts and aching feet;
No dull care nor toil is thine—
Nor sin, thou blessed child of mine;
Tranquil on thy soft couch rest,
With dreams of Heaven in thy breast.

Buds are sleeping; close thine eyes;
Waken with a soft surprise;
Greet the morning with thy smile,
And sweet prattle without guile.
Scents lie sleeping in the flowers;
Slumber till the daylight hours.

Sleep! Thy Father guards thy rest;
Lay thy head upon His breast;
Safer than these arms which hold thee,
His dear love will firm enfold thee;
Higher love than mine shall He
Give, beloved one, to thee!

Sleep! The waves have long been sleeping;
Angels o'er thee watch are keeping;
O'er us both the pale stars shine
With a radiance half divine.
Slumber, innocent and light,
Fall from Heaven on thee to-night.

J. H.

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OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL MITCHELL, COMMANDING ROYAL ENGINEERS, GUERNSEY.

'STEAM has bridged the Channel,' were the memorable words of Lord Palmerston, when he advocated the defence by fortification of the vital points of our empire—Dover, Portsmouth, Plymouth, Portland, Pembroke, Woolwich, Chatham, and Cork. Parliament voted about ten million pounds, afterwards reduced to eight millions; and under the able direction of the corps of Royal Engineers, the defence works, which were commenced about 1861, have been constructed.

Fortification is the art of so combining obstacles, natural or otherwise, that a small number of troops may successfully oppose the attack of a larger force, whether by land or sea. The object of fortification in England has been to secure the safety of our great dockyards, arsenal, certain harbours, and military positions; and to provide defensible barracks, bomb-proof hospitals, and suitable depôts for the security of warlike stores. The great advance made within the last twenty-five years in artillery, by which cannon can now throw shot and shell about five miles, rendered it necessary that this principle should be carried out in the defence of the places we have alluded to.

History, ancient and modern, gives many instances of the value of fortification. The massive works of Babylon and Nineveh have played their parts; Jerusalem with its watch-towers and ramparts kept at bay for many months the armies of Rome; Athens with its long walls baffled its enemies for years; and in more modern days, many an English castle held out bravely with a scanty garrison against a numerous enemy. The Duke of Wellington held his position in the Peninsular War for several months by means of the Lines of Torres Vedras; the fortification of Lucknow tended largely to check the progress of the Indian Mutiny; the earthworks

of Sebastopol enabled the Russians to keep the British army during one terrible winter in the trenches of the Crimea; and the Paris fortifications long arrested the advance of the victorious Prussians.

Many systems of fortification have been invented by different engineers. The principal ones are Vauban's first, second, and third system; the French modern system, Cormontaigne's, Carnot, Coehoorn, Montalembert's; and the German system. Theoretically, the works of defence are assumed to be built upon a level plain; but in practice it is the duty of the Royal Engineers to arrange their fortresses so as to adapt them to the defence of the position they are intended to protect.

Vauban uses bastions about four hundred yards apart, encircled by ditches and a path called a covered-way, where the sentries are posted, the whole being screened by a sloping bank of earth called a glacis. He invented ricochet fire, that is, the destructive art of firing shot or shell into forts so as to strike inside, and then bound along, destroying all in their path. The French modern system is merely an improvement on Vauban, effected by having large ravelins or projecting works pushing themselves forward upon the position it is intended to protect; and Cormontaigne made some modifications on both systems. The main principles of Carnot, a distinguished French engineer officer, were—to fire perpetually from mortars at his enemy, and encircle his town with thick masonry walls, pierced with loopholes, and protected, by being in the ditch, from distant fire. Coehoorn, a Dutch engineer, flourished in the seventeenth century, and invented a small mortar, long used in the British service for throwing small shot and shell; but the great credit attached to his name is due to his discovery that situations having aquatic sites must be defended on different principles from those on dry ones. He defends his town by placing a dry ditch within a wet one; and the fortresses of Breda, Namur, and Bergen-op-Zoom are good examples of his system. Montalembert advocated

a system of masonry for protecting his cannon; and he armed his fortresses with such a number of guns that their heavy concentrated fire would effectually keep a besieger at a distance. Some of his ideas have been utilised in the fortification of Coblenz.

The German system has been much used on the continent. Forts Alexander, Kaiser Franz near Coblenz, Rastadt, Antwerp, Wesel, and Erfurt, are fair examples; and its principles have been adopted in many of the new works in the United Kingdom. Its conspicuous features are the inclosing of a given space by the shortest possible line of works; the placing of isolated defensible works in prominent situations, defending the ditch by powerful detached towers called *caponnières*; placing casemated barracks, heavily armed, in the vital points of the position; and making free use of mining some portions of the ground round the fortress, so that if an enemy attempted to establish himself too near, he could readily be blown up. The system has the advantage that a small force can defend it, and the works being concentrated, are well under the supervision of the commander.

Since the fifteenth century, mining has played an important part in military operations. Such a system of attack is defended by counter-mines—that is, mines prepared beforehand; and in this country, but more especially in continental fortresses, counter-mines have been extensively adopted; the application of electricity to warlike purposes suggesting a ready means of exploding them at any given moment. The besieger is perhaps driving his mine towards the fortress; the besieged hears the sound of the underground working, and loads his counter-mine, already formed, with dynamite, gun-cotton, gun-powder, or whatever explosive he may have on hand, hurries away, and fires the counter-mine, which not only destroys whatever may be on the surface of the ground, but whatever underground mines lie within a given distance, called the radii of rupture. Both soldiers and sailors greatly dread mines, whether in fortifications on land, or torpedoes or fire-ships on the ocean.

One hundred pounds of gunpowder judiciously applied in blowing up houses or bridges, will usually stop the progress of a conflagration, or destroy any bridge so that the passage of troops or guns would be effectually prevented. The siege of Antwerp in 1584 is perhaps the most renowned instance of what a comparatively small quantity of gunpowder will effect. The Duke of Parma had thrown a bridge across the Scheldt, and the besieged were most anxious to destroy it. A hollow stone chamber was therefore built on a long vessel, and filled with gunpowder. The roof was loaded with huge slates and blocks of stone, the deck strewn with destructive missiles, the fuse lighted, and the vessel allowed to drift towards the bridge,

when an explosion took place with the most appalling results.

The *Times* 'Beemaster' has given amusing instances of the application of bees to defensive purposes. A small privateer manned by fifty men, but having on board some hives of bees, was pursued by a Turkish galley, manned by five hundred seamen and soldiers. When the latter came alongside, the crew of the privateer mounted the rigging with their hives, and threw them upon their foes, who, astonished at this novel mode of warfare, hastened to escape from the fury of the enraged bees. Another instance occurred, when a rabble at Hohnstein, in Thungaria, attempted to pillage the house of the parish minister; he caused some beehives to be thrown among the mob, who in consequence soon dispersed. Again, Vauban narrates how bees played an important part at the siege of Châté, in Lorraine. After a siege, the town was being stormed, and during the assault, the besieged threw a few hives of bees upon the heads of the storming-party. The little creatures stung the besiegers so dreadfully that they had to retire; and the historian tells that 'the bees were not the least cause of the siege being abandoned.'

The fortifications of the United Kingdom are armed with breech-loading rifle-cannon weighing from thirty-eight tons downwards; and with smooth-bore cannon from five tons downwards, and capable of projecting heavy shot and shell to distances up to five miles. The infantry who would man the ramparts in the event of war, are armed with the Henry-Martini breech-loading rifle, in which a sword or bayonet can be fitted. And at close range, case-shot—tin canisters full of bullets—can be fired from smooth-bore cannon with deadly effect against troops or boats.

Within the last few years, two inventions in the system of mounting guns have attracted much notice; we mean those of Captain Heathorn and Colonel Moncrieff. Captain Heathorn's gun is elevated or depressed on an imaginary pivot at its muzzle, so that it can fire from a casemate embrasure—a hole in the wall—or from a ship's port just large enough to allow the muzzle to enter. Colonel Moncrieff, by aid of a counterpoise, raises his gun high enough to fire, and then the shock of the recoil causes it to sink down like a 'Jack-in-the-box' into the original position under cover of the ramparts.

Dover being the nearest port to France, and connected by railway with the capital and principal towns, is an important military position. An enemy's force, if unopposed, could readily land there in a day, and march into London. Some of its fortifications date from the time of the Romans, and some were added during the Saxon and Norman epochs. The works were materially strengthened during the French revolutionary war, and were divided into two sets—the Western Heights Defences, which contain Archcliff Fort and the Drop Redoubt; and the

Castle Defences, including the new castle Hill Fort, the town lying in the valley between them. The proposed Channel Tunnel, which has recently attracted so much attention, starts from Dover. The Royal Engineers can no doubt erect such powerful fortifications as to effectually guard the entrance to the Tunnel, and a system of mines can be readily arranged to destroy it from the British shore.

Portsmouth, with its roadstead of Spithead, lockyard, and convict establishment, lies upon the route an enemy might select in marching upon London from the south, and has consequently been strongly fortified. Spit Fort, Horse Fort, and Nomans Land Fort, which occupy shoals in the sea near the entrance of the harbour, are partly plated with iron, and contain numerous thirty-eight and twelve-ton guns, which would speedily settle the fate of an enemy attempting to force the passage to the harbour, or burn the dockyard and town. Hurst Castle and other powerful works defend the passage to the Needles; and numerous forts and batteries cover the landing-places on the Isle of Wight; while a military road has been formed on its southern shore. The Gosport advanced lines, extending from Portsmouth harbour to Fort Gomer on the Solent, defend the position to the westward; while the chain of powerful forts running along the ridge of Portsdown Hills, about seven thousand five hundred yards from the dockyard, prevents the possibility of an enemy planting his guns on the summit. The rear of the Gosport position is defended by the Stokes Bay Lines; the Hilsea Lines defend the dockyard on the eastward; while the guns of Southsea Castle, Lumps Forts, Eastney Batteries, and Fort Cumberland, would give a good account of themselves in bearing upon the entrance to the harbour.

Plymouth, our western naval port and anchorage, with its magnificent harbour, has been rendered secure by defending the entrance to the Hamoaze, thus repelling attack by outsiders, and insuring the security of the Sound as an anchorage for our own ships, by means of a battery on the Mount Edgcumbe estate; another at Drake Island; a third on the Breakwater, and by redoubts at East and West King. To prevent a land attack between the east and west, the Staddon Heights have been occupied by suitable fortifications; and the Devonport lines, Plymouth Citadel, and certain smaller works in the direction of Mount Pleasant and Stone House Hill, protect the east of the Hamoaze. The north-eastern defences extend from Fort Effort on the right to Forts Agaton and Ernsettle on the left. Portland, with its artificial harbour and convict establishment, has been defended by turning Verne Hill into a second Gibraltar, and placing Jetty Fort close to the town of Weymouth, and another work at the end of the Breakwater.

Pembroke, on the west of our network of railways, contains a good dockyard, and lies upon the beautiful harbour of Milford. For the benefit of hostile ships forcing their way into the harbour, a powerful casemated bomb-proof fort, armed with heavy cannon, has been built upon Thorn Island, at the mouth of the harbour, where guns cross fire with those at West Block House and Dale Point at about one thousand yards. To prevent the dockyard being bombarded

from the sea, South Hook Point casemated barracks have been built, with batteries on its front, so that the artillery can sweep down the haven. The Stack Rock, lying in the haven, has been strongly fortified, a casemated battery of heavy guns placed at Popton Point, and another at Hubberstone. The dockyard is overlooked by two martello towers; and Fort Defensible stands on the ridge above the town.

Woolwich, the headquarters of our royal artillery, and our only arsenal, is, unfortunately, commanded by Shooter's Hill, at about two miles' distance; and the strong fort recommended by the Royal Commission in 1860 to be placed on its summit, has not yet been commenced. If a battle were lost to the southward of London, the fort at Shooter's Hill would cover the passage over the military bridge formed near. Without such means, our army might be shut up in the district to the south of London, and communications with the interior of England cut off.

Tilbury Fort, on the Essex shore, aided by the guns of New Tavern Fort Coal House Batteries, Shornmead, Cliffe, and Gravesend, and possibly by an iron-plated steamer anchored in the river, would effectually defend Woolwich in this direction, and also protect our national powder-magazine at Purfleet. Chatham, a valuable dockyard on the Medway, is protected by its old lines, encircling the gun-wharf, dockyard, and certain barracks, and commands the only bridges in the district over the Medway, and is connected by railway with London, Woolwich, and Dover; so that if an enemy landed within twenty-five miles to the east, or fifty miles to the west of Dover, he could be attacked by the garrisons of both places. Forts Hoo and Darnet would bring a heavy artillery-fire upon steamers attempting to pass to Chatham; and Upnor Castle, which repulsed the Dutch fleet in 1667, might still aid in carrying out the old inscription of the time of Queen Elizabeth:

Who gave me this sheen to none other end
But strongly to stand, her navio to defend.

Cork, our only Irish naval station, has its capacious harbour, where a fleet could remain to act on the defence of our coasts, protected by Forts Camden and Carlisle at the entrance, and by Fort Westmoreland on Spike Island. The Royal Commission that reported about 1860 on the defenceless condition of the kingdom, recommended an inland arsenal at Cannock Chase, Staffordshire, in the centre of the network of railways and canals, and well retired from the coast, so that if Woolwich were destroyed, the country might have another arsenal. The work has not yet been commenced.

Those who object to fortification, might do well to study the famous letter addressed by Lord Overstone to the Royal Commission in 1860, when asked to favour them with his views 'as to the immediate effect upon the commercial and monetary affairs of this country that would follow the landing of an invading army, without reference to its ultimate success.' His lordship replied: 'I cannot contemplate or trace to its consequences such a supposition as that London be occupied by an invading army. My only answer is: *It must never be.* Under the most favourable supposition, the general confusion and ruin

which the presence of a hostile army on British soil must produce, will be such that it would be absolute madness on the part of the government and people of this country were they to omit any possible measure of precaution, or to shrink from any present sacrifice, by which the occurrence of such a catastrophe may be rendered impossible. The limited extent of the country would seriously restrict our means of protracted defence. The immense amount of our accumulated capital would afford to the enemy the ready means of levying his heavy exactions. The complicated and very delicate network of credit which overlies all the multitudinous transactions of the country, would vibrate throughout upon the first touch of our soil by a foreign invader, and would, in all probability, be subject to a sudden and fearful collapse; while the confusion and distress produced among the labouring classes would be truly fearful. Millions of our labouring population depend for their daily maintenance upon trading and manufacturing enterprise, the vital principle of which is the undisturbed state of public order, confidence, and credit.'

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER XXIII.—RUNNING AWAY FROM DISHONOUR.

VAL STRANGE sat alone in a smoking-carriage in a train bound for Southampton, and whither he might go from that starting-point, he neither knew nor cared. One place was likely to be as blank and empty as another for many a year to come, he thought, and the world held nothing worth doing or seeing or thinking about. He was sore against himself, for it seemed only his own blunder which had driven him away. He was angry with Gilbert for having betrayed his confidence, and angry with himself for having put it in his power to do so. He confessed that if he had warned Gilbert, the secret would have been safe in his hands; and he was very angry about his own stupidity. Once or twice his heart told him, 'It is better as it is;' but on the whole it was not wonderful that this reflection had little power to soothe him. Reginald's declaration about their being 'both men of honour,' hit him hard. He had been honourable once, and he would have scorned in another the action which he himself had taken. He had planned to undermine his friend in the affections of his plighted wife. That was the plain English of the business, and black enough it looked when set forth simply so. But then came his excuses. Egotism, parent of dishonour and crime, put forth her plea. *He loved, he suffered, he would be miserable for life.* Not even yet had Egotism power to blind him altogether, and he saw that there were two sides to this, as to most other matters. Gerard loved, not so deeply as himself perhaps; for who could credit that?—but still he loved her, beyond doubt, because no man could help it. And Gerard, if robbed of her,

would suffer too, though he would learn to live it down. Wonderful how easy it seemed, how likely it seemed—this learning to live it down—in the other man's case; how bitterly hopeless and dreary a prospect it presented in his own. This faculty of seeing your own side big, and other people's little, it is which makes wars, breeds hatreds, fills jails, and feeds the scaffold. The immortal precept which bids man love his neighbour as himself, aims a blow at crime, which, if it took effect, were fatal; for it strikes egotism dead; and the thief would no longer steal, if he, ignorant, vicious, and ugly, could be brought to know that the philanthropist his victim, lovely in men's sight, learned and pious, has claims upon the world which are equal to his own. But he dreams not of it, and does not indeed properly realise any other human creature's existence. Other men are not alive to us, and therefore we injure or neglect them. They go about, assuredly, and conduct business, and marry wives, and rear children, and what not; but it is only *you* who are really alive in the middle of these *simulacra*, only *you* who love thus passionately, who suffer thus profoundly, who dream thus loftily. It was not only the half-cured blind man in Palestine who saw men but as trees walking.

Even in our bitterest hours we do things which are habitual to us. Val's cigar-case was his one source of comfort at all vacuous times, and he went to it now. Mechanically he drew it from its place, mechanically chose a cigar, mechanically felt in his pockets for a vesta. First here, and then there, his fingers strayed, until his mind woke up and took part in the task. The little silver box was lost, or left behind, and it became suddenly a matter of the gravest importance that poor Val should smoke. And here was a twenty miles' run before him without a pause, and no chance of a whiff for an eternity of at least five-and-twenty minutes. Cruel Fate! His anger at this circumstance became at length comic to himself, and he took to chaffing himself drearily about it; but he looked half-a-score times out of the window for the station within that score of miles, and consulted his watch again and again. Time had never seemed to hang more heavily. The train reached the station at last, and Val's carriage stopped opposite a refreshment-room. He leaped from his place to the platform. 'No time here, sir,' an official on the platform warned him. 'All right,' cried Val; and dashing into the refreshment-room, called for a box of vestas, and being most leisurely supplied by the superior person in charge of the place, rushed back again to find the train in motion. 'Here you are, sir!' cried the guard; and he made a dash for the carriage-door held open. The guard slammed it noisily behind him, and he had re-caught the train by a fraction of a second. But this was not his carriage, and indeed not a smoking-compartment at all; and to make matters worse, it was occupied by a lady in mourning, who sat veiled in one corner. Val within himself spoke evil of the guard, and greatly fumed and fretted. The night was cold, his rugs were in the other carriage, and their sudden loss rendered him doubly susceptible to the chilly air.

'Ugh!' said the ill-used creature, folding his overcoat about his legs and settling himself in his corner as comfortably as he could. Just then a sound struck his ear which made him worse content than ever. The lady in the corner was crying, sobbing outright as if her heart would break. 'More misery,' said Val to himself, as though it injured him that his fellow-passenger should be unhappy. But he was naturally soft-hearted, and could not bear the sight of any other creature's trouble, least of all a woman's; and seeing how the whole slight figure heaved and shook with grief, he felt a swift touch of pity, and half involuntarily moved towards her.

'I beg your pardon, madam,' said Val, baring his head, 'but you are in trouble. Can I do anything for you?'

The poor thing only wept the more; but by-and-by stealing a look at him from under her veil, saw a handsome face full of pity looking at her with tender and troubled interest. 'I have lost my father,' said a girlish voice, so broken with sobs that it took half a minute to say it.—Val looked at the deep mourning in which she was dressed, and nodded sympathetically.—'No,' she sobbed anew, reading his glance; 'that is for my mother. I have lost my father at the railway station.'

'Oh!' said he, 'your father was travelling with you?'

'Yes,' she said. 'The train started, and left him behind.'

'Oh,' said Val; 'he will come on by the next train. You mustn't be alarmed.' She was quite a child, if he could judge from her figure, her voice, and this abandonment of grief at so small a disaster. 'Allow me to take care of you. How far are you going?'

'To Sou-Sou-Southampton,' she said, and burst out crying anew, as though that made it worse than ever.

'Will anybody meet you there?' asked Val. 'Have you friends in Southampton?'

'No,' she answered.

'Never mind,' said Val soothingly. 'It will all come smooth by-and-by. Papa will come on by the next train; and you must stop at an hotel to-night, and meet the train in the morning.' This programme seemed perfectly satisfactory to him; and his voice and face did something to comfort the girl, though what he said did little. She put up her veil after a time; and he saw that she was somewhat older than he had fancied, and pretty in spite of her flushed cheeks and tearful eyes.

'But,' she said, looking piteously at Val, 'I ought to have a ticket?'

'O yes,' said Val, 'you ought to have a ticket.'—And she wept anew.—'Never mind,' he said again. 'Don't cry. You can pay at Southampton.'

'But,' she sobbed, in the simplicity of grief, 'I haven't got any money!'

'Oh,' said Val, 'you haven't any money? Never mind. Don't cry.—Hillo! Here's another station.—Excuse me for a moment.' Out he ran; and accosting his servant, who was seated in an adjoining carriage, ordered him to transfer his belongings. He handed one of his rugs to his companion, and bestowed the other on himself; and he comforted her with sherry and sandwiches

until she began to cry quite contentedly, and after a long time ceased to cry at all, only the waves could not settle at once, and a sob rose now and again. It was evident that she was not exactly a lady, and evident also that she was amazingly ignorant of the world. She was very frightened at the tunnels and bridges with their sudden deafening roar; and Val's kindly comments on this alarm of hers elicited the fact that she had never travelled by rail before. When, before entering the terminal station, they were called upon for their tickets, she permitted Val to pay for her journey with no more remonstrance than a wistful look conveyed. She stood on the Southampton platform a few minutes later, and gazed about her in pure bewilderment and terror, clinging to Val's arm. 'Here,' said Val, looking back into the carriage, 'you have forgotten your bag. Have you any luggage?'

'I have a box,' she answered, accepting the black bag from Val's hand; and away she went by his side to the luggage-van; and the box being extricated and recognised, her protector rather enjoying the situation, led her to an hotel, ordered a room for her, and had a cup of tea sent up to her. He promised to meet her at breakfast in the morning, and then sat down in a private room and smoked his fill, and was miserable. The fact of having done something for a fellow-creature in trouble was not without its comfort for him; but he came back to his own griefs. Going away, an exile, leaving love behind! That millions had suffered so before, was no salve to his sore heart. Running away from dishonour—that was something!—but his will was not in it. He would have stayed behind, had he taken his choice, and have drawn Love to his bosom though she brought dishonour with her. And that was a sad condition for a man to have come to. He had still enough honour left to see the disgrace to which he had been hurrying. 'Thy grace being gained'—he was sitting with the sealed envelope, which held Constance's portrait, in his hand, and so had the line before him—'cures all disgrace in me.' He knew that he would have to travel far before he could find a poorer sophistry than that. His conscience scorned it as a pun with no meaning; but Will hugged it, and tried hard to believe in it. It was significant of some power above himself, that he laid down the envelope without opening it, as he longed to do.

Meantime, Hiram's little sweetheart slept soundly, and dreamed of Hiram, and of this wonderful, kind, good, new creature who had come into her life, and had been so generous. I do not believe that she had ever conversed with a gentleman until that evening, and she had been somewhat in awe of his splendours—the magnificent diamond on his white finger, his eyeglass, his moustaches, his little pointed sixteenth-century beard, his fine clothes; for Val was always a dressy man, though he never overdid the thing. And then he had made absolutely nothing of money, of ever so much money, and he kept a manservant, who dressed as well as Hiram, and looked almost as grand. The hotel was such a building as she had never seen, except from the outside; and the furniture, and the waiters, and the chambermaid all rather overwhelmed her untravelled spirit. But she bestowed herself in the

big bed with a combined sense of adventure and luxury, and was fast asleep in a few minutes, and slept indeed until the chambermaid's knock aroused her. She looked neat and pretty in her plain black dress, and spotless cuffs and collars of white linen; but she shrank inwardly to think that only ladies had a right to be in so magnificent a place as this, and reflected with sadness that ladies always went habited in silken gorgiosities, with gold chains and real lace and other marvels about them. She ventured out into the vast hotel corridor, and its waste silence frightened her so much that she retreated, and felt so utterly lonely and deserted, that the tears of last night were almost on flow again, when with a little dictatorial knock the chambermaid entered and said that breakfast was ready. So Mary meekly followed the chambermaid, who led her once more into Val's presence. Let it be recorded to his credit that he had on this occasion surrendered one of his own specially-beloved habits. He disliked crowds and *tables-d'hôte*, and being rich enough to secure privacy wherever he went, had strengthened native tendency by habit, until a public eating-place was hateful to him. Breakfast, in especial, was a meal he liked to lounge over in privacy, in dressing-gown and slippers. But thinking wisely that the girl would rather be spared a *tête-à-tête*, and that her present position—alone, and with a male protector who was a stranger—demanded all possible delicacy of treatment, he ordered breakfast for two in the coffee-room; and thither she was shown. The breakfast service hit the untravelled maiden hard—the cut-glass and the bright electro-plate, and the dish-covers. There were well-dressed people of both sexes in the room, and the room itself was large, lofty, and richly papered and corniced. She sat down in a tremor at all this, and Val had some little trouble in putting her completely at ease. Not that there was any open sign of *gaucherie* or ill-breeding about her—she would have passed for a lady with wonderfully little practice. After breakfast, Val took her to meet the early train; but no Garling came by it, for the best of reasons—or the worst. She told him with childlike *naïveté* all her little story, if you except the fact of Hiram; and Val learned that she had lived all her life with the mother whom she had so lately lost, poor thing, and had worked this last three years as a milliner in the City. She was not at all clear about Garling, but supposed he had been away abroad—vaguely, and had only lately returned.

'And you don't know where he was coming to—in Southampton?' her companion asked.

'No,' she answered falteringly.

'And he doesn't know where to send to you?'

'No,' she said again. Val pondered as they went back from the station together. Was this mere child purposely thrown loose upon the world? Wickedder things than even that were done every day, and it was quite possible.

'Where does your father live?' he asked her. But as this question evidently embarrassed the girl, Val proceeded on another tack.

'Do you know anybody else in London who would take care of you?' he inquired.

'O yes,' she said, brightening a little to think of Hiram. If she could only reach Hiram, she was safe.

'Had you not better send a message and go back?'

'I can't send a message,' she faltered; 'I don't know the address.'

'Can you find the address?' he demanded.

'No,' she answered; 'but I can find *him*. He conducts an omnibus, and it goes up and down Cheapside.'

'Oh!' said Val, with a curious glance at her. 'He conducts an omnibus, does he? And it goes up and down Cheapside? Very well, then. And you are quite sure of being safe, if you find him?'

'O yes,' she cried, with so much certainty, that Val read the whole thing at once.

'Very well,' he responded. 'You had better go back to London. Do you know what to do with your luggage when you get to the station?'—She knew nothing.—'I never met such an unsophisticated little creature in my life before,' he said to himself. He explained to her how to leave her luggage at the cloak-room, and to take a ticket for it; and next he sought out the station-master, and told him where to send any inquirer who might come from London on the outlook for a daughter. To be brief, he saw her away by the next train, Garling still being absent from the scene; and having paid for her ticket, he bestowed her in a carriage, committed her to the care of the guard, and slipped a five-pound note into her hand as the train moved off. His manly kindness to this poor waif of fortune thawed his own numbed heart awhile, and then he went away and forgot her. She never forgot him—it was scarcely possible that she should forget so notable a figure in her small life-history. She was faithful to Hiram; but a wonderful sort of worshipping admiration surrounded the kindly and generous stranger in her thoughts. Faithful to Hiram? Val no more disturbed her faith than if he had been a creature from another sphere, a conventional angel, or some other such wonderful wild-fowl. But she remembered him, alike with gratitude and affection, and eagerly repaid him when the time came. And it was not her fault if the service she rendered him went towards his own undoing; but his, who chose the service for her.

The weather was growing mild, and in the country places, Spring was stealing up apace, working all her yearly miracles by the way. The air grew balmy, and the sky clear. 'What does it matter to me where I go?' said Val desperately. The open sea would somehow be in tune with his mood, he fancied; and so he shipped for the West Indies, after lounging for an uneasy day or two at Southampton; but speeding towards the Islands of Spice over a sea and under a heaven which grew daily more lovely, he found no peace of heart. He wrote before starting one brief letter to Reginald, in which every line breathed recklessness and despair. He had locked Constance's portrait in the largest of his trunks, and had it buried in the ship's hold, without much avail, since it haunted him through the long empty hours of a smooth and uneventful passage. Perhaps this voyage was as mistaken a remedy as he could anyhow have indulged in. He had nothing to do except to smoke and moon about the decks and

think of Constance and his own unhappiness. His fellow-passengers were few and disagreeable. They comprised a Jewish lady who had been handsome, and remembered what had been so clearly, that she had no perception for the present, but dressed and ogled eagerly for Val's delight: a beady-eyed boy of twelve, her son, who had been at school in England, and was, from a combination of causes, downright intolerable: a ponderous British person, who oiled his hair, wore crumpled linen, and much flash jewellery, and spread dirty hands on the dinner-table to have his rings admired: and a couple of British youths fresh from school, who were going out to a sugar estate in Jamaica. These young gentlemen being newly liberated from the restraints of civilisation, drank brandy-and-water all day long, and smoked, by way of announcing the complete attainment of the rights of man, the vilest Cavendish to be got for love or money. The condition of Val's mind was such that these people one and all became hateful to him. They were not nice people, and under any circumstances he would have chosen their room rather than their company; but now they seemed to inspire him with a disgust of all his species. For the first time in his life, he was morose for a week together; and being forced inward, he fed upon his own heart, and found it innutritive and spiritually unpalatable. He was so far gone, that he never once brought himself steadily to contemplate this as a final parting from Constance, and when that view of the journey insisted on being faced, he put it away from him savagely. He was going away—that was enough, surely. He was already absent and in pain; why torture himself needlessly? Slowly but surely, his mind began to slide back to the contemplation of an immediate return. It was clear enough that if he ventured upon such a course, it must be pursued secretly and without Reginald's knowledge; and thus he found himself pledged to crooked courses at every succeeding stage. This journey began to assume the aspect of a penance voluntarily undertaken, and turning out to be unavailing. Val found it anything but easy or pleasant to be a scoundrel; he was so unfortunately susceptible of popular opinion, so anxious to stand well with all men, and to have the good opinion even of strangers. This feeling operated now so decidedly, that even when he had determined to return, he would not go back by the ship in which he had made the outward voyage, lest the captain and the crew should think him an uncertain vacillating fellow who did not know his mind, and was moving vacuously for no purpose about the world. He even made a pretence of business to his servant, whilst awaiting the departure of the next homeward-bound vessel, to conciliate his good opinion. Excuses were not lacking for him, as he steamed homeward. He had gone away, and found it impossible to remain. Perhaps, after all, circumstances might hold him apart from Constance. Perhaps, even—so monstrous a shape could self-delusion take—he might see more of her, and become disillusionised. Val Strange was not a fool by nature, and yet he accepted even this preposterous pretence of an excuse, and persuaded himself that it was probable.

He reached England, and journeyed back to London. But town was growing full, and he was afraid of observation, and avoided his clubs and his old companions. He nevertheless contrived to learn that Constance had returned with her father and brother to the Grange, and moved by some desperate impulse, ran down to Ryde, where his yacht was lying, and sailed for Welbeck Head, in the mad hope that somehow he might get a glimpse of her. Before he sighted the Head, he had been absent from Constance six weeks, and in that time great events had taken place.

ROD AND LINE IN NORTH UIST.

THE picturesque and varied scenery of the steamer's route by Colonsay and Iona, through the intricacies of the Inner Hebrides, goes far to relieve the tedium of a trip to Lochmaddy by the *Dunara Castle*. It is a long journey, even if the shorter passage from Oban be selected; and yet, once landed at the principal port of North Uist, and domesticated in the homely but comfortable inn, built by the proprietor near the steamboat quay, the enthusiastic angler will soon forget the fatigues of his travel in anticipations of the sport which the island undoubtedly affords. The immediate surroundings, on his stepping on shore, may indeed be hardly up to his expectations; for Lochmaddy itself has suffered, in common with other celebrated localities, from having been depicted, in the past, in colours more glowing than truthful by some of its admirers who ought to have known better. If the visitor expects to find on arrival a small but flourishing township at the head of the spacious harbour, he will be disappointed. Although the seat of a sheriff-substitute, it is in nowise like Stornoway; it does not even rival in dimensions the neighbouring Tarbert in Harris; for in sober reality there is very little of Lochmaddy altogether; only about a score of houses, and even these not arranged in the form of a row or street, but each planted at a considerable distance from its neighbour, as if they feared to come into close contact. It is reported that a tourist once, after landing, ascended a neighbouring eminence, to ascertain if the veritable Lochmaddy were not hidden somewhere in the background; but he was disappointed. He had seen all that presently is to be seen; unless, indeed, he possessed the gift of second-sight, and obtained a glimpse of the Lochmaddy of the future, the successful rival of Stornoway and Portree.

Here, however, our angler, if intent on sport, must not make up his mind to linger; for the lochs in the immediate neighbourhood, though numerous enough, will not be found of the best description. It will be better for him at once to make the journey across the breadth of the island to the western shore, and to take up his quarters at or near the village of Tigharry, by road about seventeen miles, where, in default of better lodgings, he will find a very humble hostelry. On this coast, where the great majority of the population reside, and where the ground is more extensively cultivated, the fishing-waters will best repay a visit. It is only after leaving Lochmaddy behind, and striking across country by road, that any idea can be formed of the

enormous water-area of the island. The whole interior is then seen to be intersected in every direction with numberless lochs, and also with long salt-water creeks and inlets penetrating for miles. To a stranger, it appears as if the whole of the low-lying ground had been submerged with some mighty rainfall. The lochs are on every hand and of all sizes, from the merest pools to long silent stretches of water, dappled with fairy islets, and losing themselves in the windings of the hills. The diversified hill-scenery of the centre of North Uist alone preserves the landscape from a dreary monotony, as the whole country is absolutely treeless. How much the general effect is here relieved by the mountain ranges, may be seen by visiting the southern island of Benbecula, where the watery and swampy soil is crowned with the single hill from which the name of the locality is derived. In this latter district the land seems in the winter season to form only a series of bridges over the prevailing water, and much of the interior being considerably under the sea-level, is subject to frequent floods at high tides. Professor Blackie's unpublished lines on Benbecula seem truly appropriate to this melancholy region :

A thrice-forsaken, thrice-deserted land,
Where ducks contest with men the doubtful strand.

But let us return to North Uist, with its less sombre landscape. One disadvantage to the angling stranger of this bewildering extent of loch scenery is that, unless provided with an experienced guide to bring him to the most celebrated fishings, he might spend at anyrate the better part of a whole season in endeavouring to discover them for himself. He would also find from experience that certain chains of lochs are better for sport at one time than at another ; that whole districts, in fact, may be assigned to the early months of the year, and others to the later. The sea-trout streams and waters might also escape his notice altogether. Presuming, however, that he has obtained the indispensable permission to angle from the resident factor to Sir John Orde, he may gain from that gentleman sufficient directions for his start. For the rest, he must trust to his own judgment and skill. Perhaps in these notes he may find some finger-posts for his way.

A very exceptional and favourable characteristic of the lochs in North Uist is that a great number of them can be fished without much difficulty either from the shore, or at the cost of a little wading. Stone dikes, built as cattle-boundaries, have in many places anciently been erected on the banks, and their remains often stretch a considerable distance into the water, forming short and irregular piers, which serve admirably the angler's purpose, and give him command over considerable stretches of surface. This is a matter of no small importance in a place, where boats are not often to be met with on the fresh water. Another desideratum is found in the strikingly irregular nature of the loch-margins, and the numerous natural promontories which abut from the shores.

Perched on a rough seat of stones at the extremity of one of these rocky points, the Hebridean native may often be seen patiently fishing for trout with a rudely-constructed rod,

and a line tied to the point of it. He generally despises the artificial fly with its scientific accompaniments, preferring the indigenous worm, which he never places on the hook without a preliminary incantation of a salivary nature—a custom the origin of which is lost in antiquity. He expects only the smaller trout of these waters to come to the bait ; and generally he is not disappointed. His patience being inexhaustible, he will sit on his cairn from dawn to dusk for the expected basketful. Should he, however, be fishing in a sea-trout loch and at the proper season, his lure may perchance be visited in a most violent manner by some stray monster fresh from the sea, who, with one mad rush, makes short work of the homely tackle. This is no slight misfortune to the native angler, whose whole stock is generally in active service ; so he resignedly departs ; never disappointed at losing 'the big fish'—he never dreamed of securing it—but resolved to seek again another and a quieter scene for his labours. The occasional sea-trout to him is a calamity, unforeseen and unavoidable, which he is thankful to escape from on any terms, and even at considerable sacrifice !

The trout of the island are of three varieties : first, the common black trout of the burns and lochs, generally of average size, but in some waters attaining great weight. These are obtainable from March to October, but are best in the earlier months. Secondly, there are the yellow trout, in some instances forming the only denizens of a loch—notably Balleloch, in Tigharry district ; and in others to be found along with the black trout. They have been caught up to six pounds-weight. Lastly, there are the sea-trout, which ascend three or four short streams in the island, generally about the second week of September, and are sport for rod and line till the end of October. There are no true salmon in North Uist ; but sea-trout are found in the following streams : Loch-na-Ciste, near Lochmaddy ; Horasary and adjoining stream, south of Paible on the west ; Mullanageren, on the north-east, near Solas ; and a fourth, not officially recognised, Arivichrurie, to the north of the last-named. At least one of these is understood to be strictly reserved for the proprietor's personal sport. At any one of them, in a fair season, the finest sport may be obtained, the fish running up to eight and even ten pounds in weight. The streams are very short and narrow, and the best sport is generally obtained in the lochs above.

Taking the western shore of the island—the side from which the magnificent prospect is obtained of the South Uist hills, with Barra to the south, and St Kilda looming in the dimmest north-west distance, with the Heisker Islets in the centre—it will be found that the extent of the road circling the island, between the hamlet of Clachan on the south, and Tigharry, our imaginary headquarters, on the north, some nine miles altogether, lies alongside of the best fishing-lochs in North Uist. As a general rule, the various sheets of water on a level with and below this road on either side will be found the earliest and at the same time the most favourite haunts of the yellow trout. On the grounds rising to the central hill-range, the lochs are larger, but stocked

with smaller trout, and later in the season. In the Paible district, two miles south of Tigharry, the lochs are unexceptionable both on the landward and seaward side of the road. Horasary, the finest of the sea-trout waters, is south of Paible. Loch Mhiran—the names are all Gaelic—an insignificant sheet of water in this district, affords magnificent yellow trout of four to six pounds-weight, although the fish are shy on account of the great clearness of the water.

In Balleloch, near Tigharry, we have enjoyed many days fine sport through the courtesy of the parish minister, who rents the fishing in it and keeps a boat for angling. From these lower waters the angler can find his way by numerous peat-roads striking inland, to the hill-lochs proper, generally edged with peat-moss, and filled with inferior fish. The more remote lochs again, in the centre of the island, within the hill-ranges, are, generally speaking, worthy of only a stray visit. The difficulty of tracing their interminable windings, and the uncertainty of good sport in them, contribute to this. The very largest sheets of water it is not worth while to attempt, unless with a boat; they are as a rule teeming with fish, but of small size; while, on the other hand, and more especially is this true of the seaward lochs on the west side, the most uninviting and shallow pieces of water, if reed-fringed and weedy, often contain large and fine fish. Numbers of these lakelets can be waded from side to side waist-high. In a shallow, marshy loch close to Paible Free Church, the writer has frequently landed yellow trout of large size and surpassing quality.

As to the merits of particular lochs, which it is impossible here to enumerate even by name, a good deal of information can generally be obtained from the people of the district. Allowance must be made, however, for the hyperbolical Gaelic. In many instances also, an unfortunate desire 'to please the Sassenach' with a favourable report is mixed up with a regard to strict truthfulness; and in the case of the older inhabitants, information is often derived from hearsay or from experience considerably out of date. We remember trusting on one occasion to the testimony of an aged individual of unquestioned integrity, regarding the merits of a far inland loch, of which he spoke in the highest terms. It was, we were told, difficult of access—about thirteen miles stiff moor and hill travelling on foot; but the sport reported was so tempting, that we determined to essay the journey, with the help of a rough sketch of the intricate loch-windings, with which our adviser furnished us. Our start was a very early one, on a May morning; and he accompanied us a short distance on the way. We were cautioned that we would find only an insignificant loch in appearance, but the fish were said to be the largest in the island. The last time our guide had fished it, his basket was almost too weighty to carry. 'How long may it be,' we hesitatingly inquired, 'since you were last there?' 'Just the year,' he replied, 'before the Disruption! It was admirable then!' It was too late to retreat. In the evening twilight, three limping figures, with a thoroughly worn-out and dispirited dog, found their way home. We had discovered the loch indeed; and the result of a day's labours in its waters—untroubled, we suppose, since the

date of the great ecclesiastical controversy of 1843—was a solitary and sable trout of some six pounds with a gaunt and pike-like head. We vaguely associated him with 'The Ten Years' Conflict' and the 'survival of the fittest.'

The Gaelic proverb has it that the dryshod fisherman has but an empty basket, a sufficient warning to dilettanti anglers not to attempt Hebridean sport. It is a very different thing from fishing in a punt on the Thames at Richmond. Perhaps the most bracing and exciting variety of it may be found in September just before the sea-trout ascend to the fresh water. For days and even weeks beforehand they have been lying in large salt-water pools on the sea-shore, left by the tide at low water, waiting for a 'spate' of rain to enable them to ascend the streams with safety. Some of these pools inside of the outlying island of Kirkibost are of great extent and depth; but owing to the transparency of the water, they are only to be fished with profit when ruffled by a strong wind. Under these conditions, when loch-fishing is impracticable owing to stormy weather, the sea-pools may be attempted with good results. The fish are of course fresh from the sea, or rather not yet out of it, and are in first-class condition and very game. Anything more exhilarating than this fishing on the windy shore, in the purple depths of an unfathomed pool, can hardly be conceived.

A word as to the angler's outfit for these regions. It should include at least two rods, one of grilse size with more than the usual complement of top joints. The writer has invariably used the fine hemp lines. A pair of wading trousers, &c., is essential. The most useful flies will be found in the smaller loch varieties, with the *roughest* dressing obtainable, and preferably silver tinselled for the smaller trout; the larger sizes of drake, speckled teal, and dun wings, with scarlet, blue, and yellow bodies for the yellow trout, along with a selection of dragon-flies, grubs, and creepers. For the sea-trout sport in September, the most killing fly, without exception, will be found in the red-hackled spider dressed with scarlet and gold. Other flies may be used, including black palmer with silver, but the above is *the fly par excellence*. It has generally been found advisable on the sea-trout lochs of this island to fish with two or even three flies on the cast, instead of the customary single one. One thing regarding all flies used in this locality is noticeable, that the more bristling and hairy the dressing the more attractive the lure; and, as another generalisation, the hooks may be a shade smaller than those in common use elsewhere for the same size of fish.

OUR FRENCH PROFESSOR.

CHAPTER III.—CONCLUSION.

I LEFT Wimbourne Hall without bidding Emily farewell, as she was away on a visit. De Montgrais wished me *bon voyage* with apparent cordiality, and Dr Walters begged me to make use of any influence he had to further my career. So, the dream was over; and Emily White was to be only a bright agony haunting me for the rest of my life. I did not know that she cared for me more than for others equally far from her path

through the world. A look, a little sigh, a kind hand-grasp, may mean anything or nothing. One thing was now clear to me—that we should be henceforth strangers, our fates as uncommingled as though we had lived in long-divided epochs of time. Work must fill up my existence now; ambition, and not love, be my guiding-star.

On reaching home, I put away my violin out of sight, and I buried myself in the hardest problems of logic and mathematics. I would go in for the highest prizes of academic fame, and let Dr Walters hear of me by brilliant reports of success in the newspapers. For about a fortnight I acted up to my resolution with Spartan fortitude, and then there came a flood of events, which swept me into other and very different channels of activity.

First was a letter from my friend the medical student at Paris, explaining the cause of his long delay in replying to my communication, he having been on a cruise to Alexandria on board a French gunboat. Since his return to Paris, he had been to the Prefecture of Police; but had heard nothing, official reserve forbidding any information. He interpreted this to mean that De Montgris was unknown to the guardians of public safety. As I had terminated all connection with Wimbourne Hall and its inmates, I was rather glad that my inquiry had ended in nothing.

Three days after the arrival of my friend's letter, a gentleman called upon me, who was plainly a Frenchman, though he spoke English almost as well as myself. He put a number of oblique questions to me respecting Dr Walters, the school, and its inmates. I answered them; and then very bluntly began to ask what was the purpose of the interview. He looked at me keenly, as only a wary policeman can; then, with a half-smile, explained his errand. He had been sent from Paris to make inquiries respecting a certain M. De Montgris, and was acting under instructions from the Consul.

The upshot was that I had a long interview with certain French and English officials. The same evening I started for Wimbourne Hall with two companions. We spent the night at the village hotel; and after breakfast next morning, I went alone to the Hall to make inquiries. The family, I was told, had gone to a garden-party a few miles away, and were not expected home until late.

Mrs Elphinstone was fond of talking, and poured out a copious stream of domestic trifles in response to my interrogatories. Miss White was not so well; but naturally, a young lady in her position must feel a little anxious.

'What do you mean, Mrs Elphinstone?' I demanded with some alarm.

'Why, you know, it is a trying thing to go to live with strangers, however much you may like them afterwards. Not but she ought to be proud after all.'

'Do explain, Mrs Elphinstone,' I cried impatiently.

She rebuked me with a dignified wave of her

fat hand, for she liked to keep undermasters at their proper distance. Then, solemnly: 'Miss White is going to be married, and be made a Markis.'

'A what?'

'A Markis,' she said again, with marked emphasis.

'But who is he?' I asked.

'Why, Monsieur De Montgris, to be sure. He is a Markis too.'

Although I had a certain assurance that such would be Mrs Elphinstone's reply, it nevertheless staggered me.

The good housekeeper believing me reduced to a fitting state of respectful attention, went on: 'Ah! Miss Emily will be a grand lady soon, for Monsieur is going to get back all his estates. He told me so himself. What a real gentleman he is! so polite, and so clever. If I was Miss Emily I should dote on him; and he ought to be proud of her too. She is a good and kind young lady, and not without money of her own. If it had not been for her, Monsieur might have had to wait many a year for his property and rights.'

'What has she done?' I asked, struck by these latter remarks.

'A part of her fortune will help Monsieur to pay the lawyers that have been such rogues to the poor gentleman. At least, so I hear. Of course I don't know everything.'

'Where is Monsieur De Montgris now?'

'Why, at the garden-party with Miss Emily. Where else should he be?'

At this time a servant came in to say that a foreign man was at the door asking for M. De Montgris. I thought it was one of my companions, and followed the servant. But I was in error. I found a strange, shabby, disconcerted-looking man, who seemed to have gone through much recent hardship.

Mrs Elphinstone asked what he wanted; and in almost unintelligible English, he said he wanted M. De Montgris. Nothing else could be got out of him. At length I spoke to him in French, which startled him, and at first increased his reserve. Then he began to talk about the importance of his visit to De Montgris. In fact, he must see him, and at once.

There was something so singular in the man's looks and behaviour, that I did not hesitate to direct Mrs Elphinstone to show him into a room and offer him some refreshment, as a friend of De Montgris. He seemed ready to drop with exhaustion and anxiety.

But the housekeeper had a prejudice against all shabbily dressed people, and refused to offer any hospitality unless I would sit in the room with the man. He might be a dangerous impostor, and there were only a few women about the Hall.

So I went with him into the still-room, where he was soon supplied with some cold meat and bread. He fell on the food like a wolf, tearing the meat with his fingers. In five minutes he had cleared the table. One thing surprised me—he kept his hat on, a quite unusual thing for a Frenchman when invited indoors. It was a burning August morning, and the sun was pouring into the room. The meal had made him perspire; but he kept his battered old wide-awake tight over his brows.

'Will you not take off your hat?' I said, annoyed at his rudeness.

He cast a quick uneasy glance at me, hesitated a moment; then pulled his hair over his forehead, smoothing it with his hand, and finally placed his cap in his pocket.

I thought him an odd fellow; but as I wished to know something of the reason that had brought him to Wimbourne Hall, I put on the most indifferent look, and drew a travelling flask from my pocket, thinking a dose of brandy might lessen his reserve. It did. He was not long in emptying it. I gave him a cigar, which he smoked with extraordinary zest. Indeed, this evidently gave him more pleasure than anything he had before received. The hard, distressed haggardness began to pass from his face, as he inhaled the tobacco rather than smoked it. Soon we were chattering familiarly about the general superiority of France to England. All at once the man stopped the current of patriotic admiration, saying with bitterness: 'All Frenchmen are egoists—each for himself. There is no fidelity, no friendship amongst us.' He grew excited, and struck the table a savage blow, as though he were hitting an enemy. Then he turned hastily towards me, which made his cap fall out of his pocket. He picked it up. In stooping, the lank hair parted on his brow, and I saw that it was marked with a curious red patch, a sort of birth-stain.

'Is Monsieur De Montgris an egoist?' I said with a cynical smile.

The man jumped up as though I had insulted him. 'Egoist! Look you, that De Montgris, as he is called, is selfishness incarnate. He has driven me mad with anxiety and misery. But I will be quits with him just now. I will starve no more alone.' Then recollecting himself, he sat down as suddenly as he had risen, and fixed his eyes moodily upon the floor. He refused to talk further, saying that he was worn out with fatigue, and must sleep for a little while. The food and drink were beginning to have their usual effects upon an exhausted and hungered man. It was impossible to leave him in the house after my departure, and yet I wanted him to remain until I had communicated with those waiting for me at the village inn. I therefore took him to the stable, and bid him lie down in an empty stall, promising him that De Montgris should come to him as soon as he returned.

An hour afterwards, one of my companions was coolly surveying the sleeping vagrant, who lay as still as a man under the influence of a powerful opiate. His lank, grisly hair had fallen aside, and exposed his forehead to the light. I shall never forget the sight of that brow, grotesquely dabbled with purple stains.

'It is *Peau-rouge*,' said the French police agent, quietly locking the stable-door. 'We are more than fortunate.'

I never passed through such a feverish time as the hours which intervened between mid-day and dusk, when Dr Walters, Emily, and De Montgris returned.

The Doctor came to the library, where I awaited him with an official from the Home Office. He was surprised at the seriousness of my greeting.

'I am here on a painful and embarrassing errand, Doctor. It is about Monsieur De Montgris.'

'What do you mean, sir?' he said haughtily, 'Monsieur De Montgris is a gentleman of the highest respectability, and I refuse to hear anything said of him, unless he is present'—

'He will have the fullest opportunity to refute all that is alleged against him, Dr Walters,' interposed the official, stepping forward; 'but it is your duty to hear me first.'

'Who are you, sir?' demanded the Doctor with pompous anger.

'One of Her Majesty's servants. My business is to arrest the person called De Montgris, alias Barbier.'

'How dare you say such impertinence to me?' cried the Doctor with incredulous disdain. 'You are labouring under a most absurd mistake.—Mr Bevan,' turning to me, 'your conduct is infamous!'

I would have made a sharp rejoinder; but the official put me aside, saying: 'Dr Walters, I must ask you to limit this interview to its proper purport. Here is my warrant for the apprehension of this man.'

The Doctor read it, then flung it down with supreme contempt. 'I must have better evidence than this before I permit the hospitality of my house to be violated, even in the name of the Queen. I have the amplest proofs of Monsieur De Montgris' integrity and social position. He is a nobleman, and will soon come into possession of one of the finest properties in Normandy. You really are most absurdly deceived.'

'I repeat, Dr Walters, that this so-called De Montgris is named Barbier, an escaped convict from Toulon, one of the most daring and able of the desperadoes of France.'

The Doctor waved his hand impatiently, and smiled at the official with lofty scorn. 'I have what you cannot confute by all the accusations in the world,' he said. 'I have the title-deeds of Monsieur De Montgris' estates locked up in that safe;' pointing to a corner of the room.

'Will you allow me to see them?' asked the official.

The Doctor hastily opened the safe, and laid a bundle of parchments and papers upon the table, saying with sneering exultation: 'I hope this will end the farce.'

For several minutes the official looked over the documents, then folded them into a neat packet and placed them in his breast-pocket. 'This completes my case, Dr Walters. These papers were stolen by Barbier from the real Monsieur De Montgris.'

It was a heavy blow. The Doctor sank under it. 'Give me particulars of this terrible affair,' he said faintly.

'The man Barbier,' replied my companion, taking a seat near the Doctor, 'is the son of a respectable merchant at Rouen. He was educated in England and at Strassburg, being intended for commerce. That accounts for his knowledge of English and German. He was a wild youth, a reckless young man; and after plundering and disgracing his father, fell into the society of the cosmopolitan scoundrels that haunt the capitals of Europe. He has been a professional gambler in half-a-dozen cities; and is believed to have killed a man at Homburg, who beat him for cheating at cards. After this he wandered about as a circus rider and acrobat. He has been a

conjurer at fairs in Holland and Belgium. But his most daring exploits have been displayed in forgery. It was for defrauding the Bank of France that he was sent to Toulon. After two years, he escaped with a man called *Peau-rouge*. They reached Africa, and dwelt with the Arabs for some time. A year ago they came to England, and have given proof of undiminished rascality to many victims. Barbier met a certain Monsieur De Montgris in London, who was going to Beyrout. He passed himself off as an Arab merchant in search of a partner to open out a new path of trade in Syria and Africa. He won the entire confidence of De Montgris, sent him off on a fool's errand to Cairo, and then decamped with all he could lay his hands on. By a forged letter he got possession of these deeds from the notary employed by M. De Montgris, hoping to get a mortgage upon the property they represent. But suspicions were aroused, and he had to hide himself. He has done so in your house; and in his guise of Professor has, I have no doubt, deceived you as completely as he has deceived scores of others.'

The poor old Doctor listened to the end like a child to a tale of fascinating horror. When all was told, he leaned his head upon his hands. But he was soon roused by the noise of hurrying foot-steps and a convulsive scream. Miss White rushed into the room, looked wildly at me and my companion, then threw herself into her uncle's arms. She was followed by two village policemen, one holding Barbier with an iron grip, and the other the man whose sobriquet was *Peau-rouge*. The French policeman followed.

I need not go into the details of the *dénouement*—how Barbier and his companion were returned to the French authorities, after a series of examinations before the English magistrates. Fortunately, Miss White's small property was not injured by the crafty devices of Barbier. Dr Walters felt the shock so acutely, that for many months he was quite unable to attend to the duties of the school. At his earnest request, I resumed my old position; and during his illness and absence, I acted as Vice-principal of Wimbourne Hall.

Three years after the events recorded in this little story, I was inducted proprietor of the school, and made the lifelong guardian of Emily.

MISAPPLIED VIRTUES.

SHAKESPEARE tells us that 'virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied.' From this text we would draw attention to the often-forgotten fact, that the best and most beautiful points of character may develop into monstrosities, if cultivated without pruning, or in the absence of counterbalancing qualities. A man cannot be too virtuous; but there may be a want of proportion between the good qualities of his mind and heart. How few have well-balanced minds—how few have their feelings under proper control. What is a good temper but a mixture of qualities in due proportion? Where this due proportion is wanting, the temper and disposition become perverted and bad. Almost all vices are the exaggeration of virtues—'virtues misapplied.'

As an illustration of this principle, let us take

that faculty by which we conceive and long after perfection, and see how even such a beautiful quality as Ideality may, if too exclusively cultivated, drag down rather than elevate its possessor. This divine Ideality, more than anything else, distinguishes man's nature from that of the brute. From it springs the dissatisfaction with present attainments, possessions, and performances, which induces us to strain after higher ones. To make us dissatisfied with the actual, and to spur us on continually after something for ever desirable, yet for ever receding—this is the office of Ideality. But every faculty has its instinctive, wild growth, which, like the spontaneous produce of the earth, is crude and weedy. Revenge, says Bacon, is a sort of wild justice; obstinacy is untutored firmness, and so exactingness is untrained Ideality; and a very great amount of misery, social and domestic, comes not of the faculty, but of its untrained exercise. The faculty which is ever conceiving, and desiring something better and more perfect, must be modified in its action by good sense, patience, and conscience, otherwise it induces a morbid, discontented spirit, which courses through the veins of individual and family life like a subtle poison.

An exacting person is one who fusses, fumes, finds fault, and scolds, because everything is not perfect in an imperfect world. Much more happy and good is he whose conceptions and desire of excellence are equally strong, but in whom there is a greater amount of discriminating common-sense. A sensible man does not make himself unhappy because he is unable to fly like a bird or swim like a fish. Common-sense teaches him that these accomplishments are so utterly unattainable, that they should not be desired.

Most people can see what is faulty in themselves and their surroundings; but while the dreamer frets and wears himself out over the unattainable, the happy, practical man is satisfied with what *can* be attained. There was much wisdom in the answer given by the Principal of a large public institution, when complimented on his habitual cheerfulness amid a diversity of cares—'I've made up my mind,' he said, 'to be satisfied, when things are done *half* as well as I would have them.'

Ideality often becomes an insidious mental and moral disease, acting all the more subtly from its alliance with what is noblest in us. Shall we not aspire to be perfect? Shall we be content with low standards in anything? To these inquiries there seems to be but one answer; yet the individual driven forward in blind, unreasoning aspiration, becomes wearied, bewildered, discontented, restless, fretful, and miserable. And being miserable himself, he is almost certain to make others unhappy. This is the secret reason why many pure, good, conscientious persons are only a source of uneasiness to those with whom they come in contact. They are exacting, discontented, unhappy; and spread discontent and

unhappiness around them. These are people who make no allowances either for themselves or others, but are equally angry and resentful towards both, and for this reason, that the great virtue of being dissatisfied with imperfection has turned into a vice, being misapplied.

Blind persistence in trifles, which is a deformed shoot from a very good stock, will furnish one other illustration of the misapplication of virtue. Like many others, this fault is the overaction of a necessary and praiseworthy quality. Without firmness, all human plans would be unstable as water. A poor woman being asked how it was that her son, after going on steadily for a considerable time, became at last changed in character, replied: 'I suppose because he had not the gift of continuance.' This perseverance of will, or 'gift of continuance,' is found in greater or less degree in every well-constituted nature. It is seen in the lower animals. The force by which a bulldog holds on to an antagonist, the persistence with which a mule will set himself to resist blows and menaces, are pertinent examples of the animal phase of a property which exists in human beings, and forms the foundation for that perseverance which carries on all the great and noble enterprises of life.

But there is a wild, uncultured growth of this faculty, the instinctive action of firmness uncontrolled by reason or conscience, which does much mischief, and causes no inconsiderable amount of misery. Speaking of this fault, Mrs Beecher Stowe imagines the case of two young people in the midst of that happy bustle which attends the formation of a first home. Hero and Leander have written each other a letter every day for two years, beginning with 'My dearest,' and ending with 'Your own,' &c.; they have sent each other flowers and rings and locks of hair; they have worn each other's portraits; they are convinced that never was there such sympathy of souls, such coincidence of opinion, such a reasonable foundation for mutual esteem. They do sincerely respect and love each other; nevertheless, the first year of their married life will be a continued battle about trifles, if both of them are set on having their way at all times. For example, this morning, Hero and Leander are presiding at the arrangement of the furniture which has just been sent to their pretty cottage.

'Put the piano in the bow-window,' says the lady.

'No; not in the bow-window,' says the gentleman.

'Why, my dear, of course it must go in the bow-window. How awkward it would look anywhere else! I have always seen pianos in bow-windows.'

'My love, you would not think of spoiling that beautiful prospect from the bow-window, by blocking it up with a piano. The proper place is just here in the corner of the room.'

'My dear, it would look dreadful there; and spoil the appearance of the room.'

'Well, for my part, my love, I think the appearance of the room would be spoiled if you filled up the bow-window. Think what a lovely place that would be to sit in!'

'Just as if we couldn't sit there behind the piano, if we wanted to! I insist upon it, it ought to stand in the bow-window.'

'Well, I don't think you ought to insist on an arrangement that really is disagreeable to me.'

And now Hero's cheeks flush, and the spirit burns within. But we need not quote all her foolish sayings, or those of Leander, as round and round they go, stating and restating their arguments, both getting more and more nervous and combative, as the animal instinct of self-will grows stronger and stronger.

Alas! how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love,

when the noble quality of firmness is in this way misapplied.

We might mention innumerable instances of the misapplication of virtues. There cannot be a higher quality than Conscientiousness, yet even this may degenerate into censoriousness or hopeless self-condemnation. It was the constant prayer of the great and good Bishop Butler that he might be saved from what he called 'scrupulosity.' Veneration may become bigotry; and if a man be blindly reverential, he will probably sink to degrading superstition. Where there is a deficiency in Combativeness, there is little energy and force of character; but the excess of this quality makes a person fault-finding and contentious.

In two ways, good qualities become warped from their original purpose. Our faculties are 'like sweet bells jangled out of tune,' when any one faculty is allowed to make its voice heard above that of the rest; or when, not being too loud itself, a discord is created, because the opposite faculty, that should harmonise it, has been silenced. Every faculty may become diseased. Insanity is more or less partial. Firmness requires to be kept in check by Benevolence.

Self-esteem gives dignity and independence to the character, but it must be harmonised by Humility. Cautiousness and Prudence, if allowed to become morbid, may almost unfit a man for action.

If, then, we are endeavouring to cultivate ourselves and others, we must see that no one faculty, however good in itself, is developed unduly, or without equal care being bestowed on the growth of a counterbalancing faculty. That only is a true system of education which aims at the development, not of some, but of all the powers of man. In a well-balanced pair of scales, a feather on one side is found to turn the scale just as really as if a ton had been put into it. In the same way, if a man be deficient in one element, a fair development of the opposite quality will show an excess. Some men are exceedingly good; but being deficient in force and energy of character, they produce upon society very little influence. They are like lemonade with the lemon left out, altogether too sweet and insipid. Some, again, have a predominance of animal propensity, and their tendency of character is toward animal indulgences. Others have moral power, with too little intelligence to guide it. Others are warped and unbalanced by a predominance of social feeling. If they had enough of something else to balance their social sympathies, while people would admire them as the 'best fellows in the world,' they would not be obliged to regret in their behalf a course of dissipation and folly. Thus it is that even the

most admired virtues become vicious, unless they are directed in their exercise by that 'sweet reasonableness' which 'turns to scorn the falsehood of extremes.'

SUDDEN WHITE HAIR.

WITH so many professors of the art of rejuvenation proclaiming their readiness to turn old faces into new ones, smooth out wrinkles, obliterate crow's-feet, and restore the hair to its original abundance and colour, the putting of young heads upon old shoulders should be easy enough; but the proverbial impossibility of putting old heads upon young shoulders still seems to hold, although the feat has sometimes been accomplished by Nature herself. Sorrow, not Time, frosted the bright tresses of Mary Stuart and Marie-Antoinette; and theirs were not the only queenly heads that have been prematurely whitened by care and anxiety. While Hanover was waging an unequal contest with Prussia, a lady in attendance upon the consort of the brave blind king, wrote thus of her royal mistress: 'In the last two months, her hair has grown quite gray, I may say white. Four months since, one could scarcely discern a gray hair; now I can hardly see a dark one.'

A similar change has often taken place in the course of a single night. One of the witnesses in the Tichborne case deposed that the night after hearing of his father's death, he dreamed he saw him killed before his eyes, and found on awaking that his hair had turned quite white. An old man with snow-white hair said to Dr Moreau: 'My hair was as white as you see it now, long before I had grown old. Grief and despair at the loss of a tenderly-loved wife whitened my locks in a single night when I was not thirty years of age. Judge, then, of the force of my sufferings.' His white hairs brought no such recompense with them, as happened in the instance of the gay gallant who had the hardihood to hold a love-tryst in the palace grounds of the king of Spain. Betrayed by the barking of an unsympathetic hound, the telling of the old, old story was interrupted by the appearance of the king's guard. The scared damsel was allowed to depart unchallenged; but her lover was held captive, to answer his offence. Love-making under the shadow of the royal palace was a capital crime; and so overwhelmed with horror at the idea of losing his head for following the promptings of his heart was the rash wooer, that before the sun rose, his hair had turned quite gray. This being told King Ferdinand, he pardoned the offender, thinking he was sufficiently punished.

When the Emperor Leopold was about to make his grand entry into Vienna, the old sexton of St Joseph's Cathedral was much troubled in his mind. Upon such occasions it had been his custom to take his stand on the pinnacle of the tower and wave a flag as the imperial pageant passed by; but he felt that age had so weakened his nerve that he dared not again attempt the perilous performance. After thinking the matter over, he came to the conclusion that he must find a substitute; and knowing his pretty daughter had plenty of stalwart suitors, the old fellow publicly announced that the man who could take

his place successfully should be his son-in-law. To his intense disgust, the offer was at once accepted by Gabriel Petersheim, his special aversion, and the special favourite of the girl, who saw not with her father's eyes. On the appointed day, Vienna opened its gates to the new-made Emperor; but it was evening, or near upon evening, when the young flag-bearer welcomed the procession from St Joseph's Tower. His task performed, Gabriel would have descended from the airy height, but found his way barred. Two wretches had done the treacherous sexton's bidding, and closed the trap-door of the upper stairway, leaving the brave youth to choose between precipitating himself on the pavement below, or clinging the cold night through to the slender spire, with but ten inches of foothold. He chose possible life to certain death; but when rescue came with the morning, his eyes were sunken and dim, his cheeks yellow and wrinkled, his curly locks as white as snow. Gabriel Petersheim had won his bride at a fearful cost.

Believing a fortune might be easily won in the oil-country, a young Bostonian went there to enrich himself. One stormy night, a glare in the sky told him that an oil-tank was on fire a few miles off; and knowing that after a time, the oil would boil up and flow over the side of the tank, he made for a hill to witness the spectacle. 'She's coming!' a man shouted. There was a rumbling sound, and then the burning oil shot up from the tank, boiled over its sides, and floated down the creek, destroying everything in its way, and setting fire to a second tank. Curiosity getting the better of discretion, he ran to the ground in the rear of the tanks, to get a better view, and in trying to avoid a pool of burning oil, fell into a mudhole, and stuck fast therein. Struggling till he could struggle no longer, he lay back exhausted, watching the billows of smoke surging upwards and floating away into space. Suddenly his ears were startled by the sound of cannon-firing; a column of flame and smoke shot up from one of the tanks, and he was stricken almost senseless with the knowledge that the 'pipe-line men' were cannonading the first tank, to draw off the oil, and so prevent another overflow. He tried to shout, but the words would not come. A little stream of burning oil ran slowly but surely towards him. He watched it creeping on until it was almost upon him; then in a moment all was dark. When he came back to consciousness, he found himself in his own room, surrounded by 'the boys,' who had seen him just in time to save him. It was a weary while before he was himself again, and then he was inclined to doubt if he was himself, for his once dark hair was perfectly white.

Instances have not been wanting of the hair being deprived of its colour in a few minutes. The home-coming of the king of Naples after the Congress of Laybach was celebrated with much public rejoicing. To do the occasion honour, the manager of the San Carlo Theatre produced a grand mythological pageant, in which an afterwards well-known opera-singer made his debut in the character of Jupiter. The stage-thunder rolled, the stage-lightning flashed, as the Olympian monarch descended on his cloud-supported throne. Suddenly, screams of horror rang through

the house; the queen fainted, and all was uproar and consternation, until the voice of the king was heard above the din, crying: 'If any one shouts or screams again, I'll have that person shot!' Something had gone wrong with the machinery before the clouds had descended ten feet, and Jupiter had fallen through. Fortunately, a strong iron wire or rope caught him cloak, and uncoiling with his weight, let him down by degrees. But a workman falling with him was impaled upon a strong iron spike supporting the scenery. In ten minutes or so they reached the ground, the workman dead, the singer dazed, but able to thank heaven on his knees for his escape; and then the awe-stricken people saw that the black-haired deity had become transformed into a white-haired mortal, whose youthful features formed a strange contrast to their venerable-looking crown.

Staff-surgeon Parry, while serving in India during the Mutiny, saw a strange sight. Among the prisoners taken in a skirmish at Chamda was a sepoy of the Bengal army. He was brought before the authorities, and put to the question. Fully alive to his position, the Bengalee stood almost stupefied with fear, trembling greatly, with horror and despair plainly depicted on his countenance. While the examination was proceeding, the bystanders were startled by the sergeant in charge of the prisoner exclaiming: 'He is turning gray!' All eyes were turned on the unfortunate man, watching with wondering interest the change coming upon his splendid glossy jet-black locks. In half an hour they were of a uniform grayish hue.

Some years ago, a young lady who was anxiously awaiting the coming of her husband-elect, received a letter conveying the sad tidings of his shipwreck and death. She instantly fell to the ground insensible, and so remained for five hours. On the following morning, her sister saw that her hair, which had been previously of a rich brown colour, had become as white as a cambric handkerchief, her eyebrows and eyelashes retaining their natural colour. After a while the whitened hair fell off, and was succeeded by a new growth of gray. This case coming under the observation of Dr Erasmus Wilson, shattered his unbelief in the possibility of the sudden conversion of the hair from a dark colour to snow-white. No man knows more about the hair than Dr Wilson; but he is at a loss to explain the phenomenon quite to his own satisfaction. 'If,' says he, 'it be established that the hair is susceptible of permeation by fluids derived from the blood—a transmission of fluids from the blood-vessels of the skin into the substance of the hair really occurs, the quantity and nature being modified by the peculiarity of constitution or state of health of the individual—it follows that such fluids, being altered in their chemical qualities, may possess the power of impressing new conditions on the structure into which they enter. Thus, if they contain an excess of salts of lime, they may deposit salts of lime in the tissue of the hair, and so produce a change in its appearance from dark to gray.' Then he tells us: 'The phenomena may be the result of electrical action; it may be the consequence of a chemical alteration wrought in the very blood itself, or it may be a conversion for which the tissue of the hair is

chiefly responsible.' So many 'may-bes' from such an authority prove that the mystery of the sudden whitening of the hair is yet unsolved. It is likely to remain unsolved, since the Doctor—more modest than many of his brethren—owns that 'the mysteries of vital chemistry are unknown to man.'

The whitening of the hair wrought by mental disturbance is sometimes only of a partial nature. Vexation of spirit gave Henry of Navarre a party-coloured moustache. An old writer tells of an Irish captain going to deliver himself up to Lord Broghill, the commander of the English forces, who, being met on his way by a party of English soldiers, was made prisoner, and was so apprehensive of being put to death before Lord Broghill could interfere in his behalf, that the anxiety of his mind turned some of his locks quite white, while the others remained of their original reddish hue. Perhaps the curious change was less annoying to its victim than that which befell an American girl, whose first intimation of her lover's falsity was the reading an account of his marriage in a newspaper. After a night's brooding over the traitor's perfidy, her looking-glass showed her that one side of her head was still adorned with tresses of golden brown; but the other, alas! was decked with locks more befitting a grandam than a maiden still in her teens; though even this was not so bad as was the case of a French girl, who, frightened by the floor of her room giving way beneath her, shed her hair so quickly that in three days' time she was—to use the expressive comparison of a chronicler of the event—'as bald as a bell-handle.'

THE OLDEST INHABITANT.

A VILLAGE SKETCH.

'NEIGHBOUR FROST' was the oldest inhabitant of Wenlow. There was no doubt about it. The parish register attested the fact, and the whole village recognised its truth, and respected her accordingly. A woman who was capable of attaining the patriarchal age of ninety-eight, had displayed energy and powers of endurance worthy of the veneration of the neighbourhood. She was petted by the parson and his wife; triumphantly quoted by the doctor as an incontestable proof of the salubrity of the locality and the prevailing longevity of its inhabitants; proudly exhibited to admiring visitors as one of the curiosities of the place; and much cherished by her relatives, as a valuable help from a pecuniary point of view, besides conferring distinction upon the family. Many a shilling and half-crown were dropped into her withered palm, as a token of admiration of her brave defiance of 'the King of Terrors.' Although her brown face was puckered into as many wrinkles as a withered apple, her small, dark eyes had a shrewd twinkle; and her little, bent form had not utterly lost all trace of the sturdy vigour which had helped her through so many years of toil and privation. Her memory, too, still served to recall many quaint, old-world histories, and perhaps a few forgotten scandals concerning folks who had long since 'gone over to

the majority' in the quiet churchyard. Altogether, she was, as her fellow-villagers said, 'a wonder.' She led a life of luxurious ease, in a comfortably-padded easy-chair, in the warmest corner of the fireside of her eldest grandson; made much of by her numerous descendants, amongst whom she was familiarly known as 'the owd crittur,' to distinguish her from another grandmother who had only attained the trifling age of seventy-seven.

Although there was a fair sprinkling of old people in Wenlow and the adjacent villages, there were but two or three tottering on the verge of ninety, and none beyond that; therefore, to 'Neighbour Frost' belonged the proud privilege of having passed all in the race with Time, and nearly wrested a century from his niggardly grasp. It was a grand pre-eminence, and much gloried in by the ancient dame herself. It was her *specialité*, the crown which no one could take away from her. In respect of age she was unrivalled in the neighbourhood. Her name might be handed down to posterity, and obtain honourable mention with Methuselah and Old Parr, or with the evergreen Countess of Desmond.

Suddenly, however, this blissful dream was rudely and cruelly disturbed. A great-grandson rushed home from school one morning with the appalling news that a 'very owd woman, owder than Grannie, wor just come to Wenlow.—You can see her, Grannie, if you look out. She's Master Simpson's mother; and they're a-lifting of her out o' the cart agin his house. They say she's close on a hunderd.'

'What!' shrieked poor old Mrs Frost; 'John Simpson's mother come here! I thowt she'd been dead years agone. What did they bring the owd crone here for? I niver liked her.'

'Well,' observed the boy's mother, who had just come in from a gossip, 'she's been living with a daughter who's just dead; and as she was born here, Simpson's people thowt the owd gal might as well end her days here.'

'And a rare article she looks!' disdainfully snorted old Mrs Frost, who had been watching her rival's laborious descent from the cart to the ground.

Dame Simpson certainly was not in such good preservation as our venerable friend. She looked painfully old, 'with the fardel of her years overprest,' withered and fleshless—a mere little bundle of bones; with lack-lustre eyes, which seemed to look dimly at you through the haze of vanished years; and with a feeble, piping voice, that seemed to have been long ago left behind also. However, she was old, very old, and a genuine production of the parish.

On looking into its records, it was discovered that she was just a year older than 'Neighbour Frost.' Having left her native place early in life, her existence had been forgotten by all but her immediate relatives; but now every one seemed anxious to make amends for previous negligence; and many a mortification did the Frost family endure in seeing the fickle public lavishing its attention upon the new-comer as the greatest curiosity. The presents of tea, eggs, dainty little puddings, or 'a few broth,' which used to be old Mrs Frost's peculiar perquisites, and the visits from 'the gentry,' were now divided with the

interloper. 'Worst of all,' said Mrs Frost, 'Miss Alice, the parson's daughter, went and drew a pictur of the poor, toothless, owd crittur; and the parson, he went to talk to her; but she wor wholly *waffled*, and could only tell him she wor tired out, and longed to be laid to rest; and then Nurse Simpson says in her carnying, fawning way, "'Tis only the beautiful soup and wine and sich as you kindly send, sir, as keeps her from sinkin'; but I trust we shan't lose the pore old dear yet; she seems to bring a blessing on the house. She's a gracious soul!'"

'A pretty penny she and John are making just now, I warrant,' was the indignant comment of Mrs Frost's grand-daughter.

This sad state of heart-burning and rivalry did not last long, however; for, four months after her arrival, the poor, harmless cause of it retired from the contest, glad to leave this bustling world. From that time forth, 'Neighbour Frost's' face wore an expression of unruffled serenity. Her prestige was restored; and when, some two years later, she was lying at the point of death, and her irrepressible grandson burst into the room with the intelligence that 'people had made up their minds when Grannie died, to have a grand berryin', and put up a stone to her in the churchyard,' her cup of joy was full—'Tell 'em,' she feebly faltered, 'to put on the stone, I wor over a hunderd, and the owdest in the parish, living or dead. Sally Simpson wor only ninety-nine.' With this 'Nunc Dimittis' she quietly closed her eyes. Her warfare was accomplished, her life 'rounded and complete.'

Although the day be never so long,
At last it ringeth to evensong.

A THOUGHT IN SUMMER.

It was a day in June; my heart, perplexed
With doubt and question, sick with hope deferred,
Hardened by press of common cares, and vexed
In toil of living—felt its pulses stirred
By throbbings of another, purer life—
Forgot its doubting, turned away from care,
Left for a while its weariness and strife,
To drink the sweetness of the Summer air,
To wait, and look, and listen. South winds blew
With touches light as mother-kisses laid
On sleeping infant brows. Two swallows flew
Swiftly on quivering wings athwart the glade,
Like flakes of snow in sunlight. Through the blue,
A fleecy cloudlet wandered; in its shade
A tremulous skylark hung. On every side
Gleamed leafy hedgerows, starred with Summer flowers,
And snowy hawthorn. In the distance, died
The cuckoo's faltering note. From nearer bowers,
Floated the soft, incessant, pleading cry
Of shy wood-pigeons. For all living things
Thrilled with a glad awakening life—and I
Felt in my heart the earnest of all Springs
And Summers yet to come, which neither pain,
Age, nor decay can touch—the living germ
Of life immortal. So my heart again
Gathered new courage, and with purpose firm,
Turned to its present living, strong to wait,
Fearless of wintry days and changing clime,
Ready to pass from winter through the gate
Of Death into the endless Summer-time.

A. K.

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ON HAVING A HOBBY.

It is matter of common observation that hobbies and their authors obtain but scant justice from the world at large. There are few persons who have not heard the pet projects of others mercilessly reviewed, and summarily condemned. The hobby-maker and the hobby-minder have come to be regarded as illustrative of a type of mental weakness out of which no good thing can be expected to come. Social history, however, is full of examples proving that many of the inventions which have revolutionised the world must have had their beginnings in studies that agree in every respect with the prevailing idea of a hobby. The whole history of invention is, in its earlier epochs, a record of hobbies, often frustrated, generally condemned, but afterwards bearing fruit in the shape of benefits and inventions which have made the modern world the wondrous age that it is.

It may thus be admitted that the repression of hobbies is often fraught with discouragement to a possible inventor, and may cause irretrievably the loss of many a useful art or process. There are, it is true, many absolute dreamers whose hobbies appear from their very nature to have no chance of realisation in any shape. We now look with lawful suspicion upon any attempt to make a pet project of 'perpetual motion;' and we do not hesitate to say even a harsh thing regarding the man who contends that the earth is a flat plain, in face of the school-boy's demonstration that the masts of an approaching vessel appear above the horizon before the hull. Such ideas are good examples of the hobby pure and simple, from the prosecution of which no good can be expected, and the study of which can be of no practical benefit to mankind, whose judgments, based on ascertained facts of science, are entitled to respect and belief. But the mistake commonly made consists in judging the merits of all subjects of special study by the demerits of a few hobbies; and against this

fallacy it is important that we should be on our guard.

There exist, however, another class of self-imposed studies, often pursued with avidity and care, but which meet with scant sympathy from the great bulk of even thoughtful and educated persons. We refer to hobbies connected with the abstract sciences, and with branches of study undertaken voluntarily and for no purpose of gain, but from what appears to be an infinitely higher motive—that of the social improvement of mankind, or of personal culture and higher education. Let us illustrate this class of typical 'hobbies' by a few examples. The employment of women in trades and professions hitherto closed to the sex, was deemed the hobby of a few energetic persons not so very long ago, even by those who might be supposed to have sympathised with the extension of the sphere of labour open to women, and with the increase of opportunities whereby the great army of working-women might earn their bread. Apart altogether from the vexed question of what higher professions are fitted for women, there remained the plain fact that many avenues existed wherein women might find profitable employment for their time, talents, and education. Yet, for long, the 'employment-of-women' question remained in the light of a veritable hobby. As such it was regarded by the outside public, and as such it met at first with but little sympathy from those who were best able to forward its interests. Now, however, opinion on this subject has completely changed. The hobby of a few earnest men and women has become part and parcel of our social order. Women now find employment in the most varied ways and fashions, and are enabled to earn a livelihood in positions of trust from which but a few years ago they were mercilessly debarred. The electric telegraph and postal services absorb a vast amount of female labour; the printing trade similarly employs females to a large extent; and these excellent examples but serve to indicate other results which the pursuit of a hobby—in

this case, a convertible term for a great philanthropic movement—has achieved.

Men and women with hobbies will thus, as a rule, be found to represent the vanguard of social movements of a highly important kind. The hobby of the temperance reformer seems to be more than justified by the amount of misery and crime proved to spring from intemperate habits; and notwithstanding the occasional absurdities of speech and argument into which a man's earnestness may carry him in this and in other social movements, no one will refuse to credit these reformers with a genuine love for their fellows, and with a strong desire to raise and elevate the social fabric of which they themselves form a part. How many delightful leisure hours are secured when music becomes the hobby of high and low alike; and how many sources of temptation would be avoided, especially by the working-classes, were such hobbies as gardening, flower-culture, music, and allied tastes more frequently cultivated. True, many of the movements of our day are of a very ephemeral kind. Some perish by reason of their extreme wildness; others, from the thinly disguised selfishness which appears to animate their whole procedure. But the lessons of the past teach us plainly that to be charitable in the matter of judging the pet schemes of others is a bounden duty; whilst the history of hobbies may also show us that mankind has often unconsciously endeavoured to repress the honest determination of thinking minds to benefit their race.

Of all hobbies which even in the present day meet with little sympathy from society at large, perhaps the 'hobby scientific' is the most notable. And yet on grounds not far to seek or difficult to find, such hobbies may be justified in a fashion and by arguments of a very convincing kind. A person from sheer love of nature, and impelled by tastes, of the origin of which he himself may perchance be unable to give any clear account, begins to cultivate some branch of science. At the root of his studies there is no desire to make gain by his pursuits. He employs his leisure time in the study, it may be, of chemistry, or in that of plants or animals; or hammer in hand, and bag on back, he explores the quarries, and returns laden with the records of the life of past worlds, which in the shape of 'fossils' he has gathered from the rocks. The mechanic, vasculum on back, starts on a Saturday afternoon on a botanical excursion, and spends his time in collecting and naming plants; in this way forming a catalogue of the flora of his district, and aiding in a most important fashion the endeavours of the man of science to obtain a complete record of the plant-life of the country. Another spends his leisure by the seaside, and works out the marine botany or zoology of his district. And a third, it may be, is an enthusiastic entomo-

logist, who, despite the sarcasm of his fellows respecting the ignoble pursuit of 'bugs' and 'beetles,' contrives to construct a catalogue of the insect-life of his shire, and to gain meanwhile no small insight into the works and ways of animated Nature. Of the beginnings of such studies the hobby-rider may, as we have remarked, be wholly ignorant. A science lesson at school may have struck the keynote of a longing desire to penetrate Nature's secrets, and to learn the story which, to the earnest mind, Nature is ever prepared to tell. Or a chance attendance at a lecture may have given an impetus to feelings already kindled in favour of a science-study as a profitable way of spending an idle hour. Thus day by day and year by year, the patient observer of Nature finds ever-increasing delight in his study of the world around him. To him Nature is like an illustrated book, the pictures and language of which he has, in part at least, learned to understand, and which affords him new delights at each fresh perusal.

Common experience shows that it is for studies and hobbies of such a nature that the stupid world has least sympathy. There are few persons who at some period or other have not heard comments unfavourable and sarcastic passed upon the student of Nature, who, finding delight and joy in the observation of the world of life around him, plods patiently onwards—his toil apparently meaningless, and his labours a mystery to his fellows. It is the reflection of such popular criticism upon the science-studies of the few, that is inimitably rendered in the *Ingoldsby Legends*, where the student of Nature is described as

Still poking his nose into this thing or that,
At a gnat, or a bat, or a cat, or a rat,
Or great ugly things, all legs and wings,
With nasty long tails armed with nasty long stings.

Whilst a still more succinct description, from the popular side, of the untoward tastes of scientific persons, is contained in the lines:

He would pore by the hour o'er a weed or a flower,
Or the slugs that come crawling out after a shower;
Black beetles, and bumble-bees—blue-bottle flies,
And moths were of no small account in his eyes;
An 'industrious flea' he'd by no means despise;
While an 'old daddy-long-legs,' whose long legs and
thighs
Passed the common in shape, or in colour, or size,
He was wont to consider an absolute prize.

Such a description of the habits of the student of Nature in one aspect, may be taken as a typical imitation of the verdict too frequently passed upon science-studies. There is no use, motive, or pleasure discernible to the popular eye in the 'weeds' of the botanist, or the slimy treasures which the zoologist gathers on the sea-beach. These things constitute hobbies with which nobody should have any sympathy, and for which it is surprising, according to the popular fiat, that anybody should have a taste. But unfortunately for the value of such arguments, the popular mind is hardly in the position to judge of the worth and pleasure of such studies. At

the best, such opinions are those of a special bias which, entirely unacquainted with the pleasures and mental profit such studies afford, is incompetent to pronounce a just verdict upon the matter in question. A wise writer, speaking of the scant sympathy which the mental hobbies of men and women meet with from the outer world, says: 'Whatever you study, some one will consider that particular study a foolish waste of time.' And again he asks: 'What, when it is not your trade, can be the good of dissecting animals or plants? To all questionings of this kind, there is but one reply. We work for culture. We work to enlarge the intelligence, and to make it a better and more effective instrument. This is our main purpose; but,' concludes this author, 'it may be added that even for our special labours, it is always difficult to say beforehand exactly what will turn out in the end to be most useful.'

In the foregoing words is contained the full answer to the popular quibbles respecting the hobbies of science-study in which we may indulge. We seek a culture which some favourite study alone can give. We wish to find an intellectual prop on which we may lean when our days of weariness come, and when the idle time with its *ennui* and air of do-nothing-ness approaches. But the utility of such studies is not unrepresented in the argument. Such hobbies increase our powers of observation, and train our perceptions to note, to weigh and balance probabilities; in a word, they serve as a direct means of mind-training in right methods of thought. The botanist's observation of a flower, for instance, in its exactness and precision, instils habits of a like kind which cannot fail to exert some influence on the business habits of everyday life. And thus the pursuit of a hobby may mean an absolute gain to the common business of existence. To cite but two well-known names from the workers in science who pursue their hobbies with benefit to themselves and to the world at large—Mr De la Rue is none the worse a business man because of his discoveries in astronomy, and Sir John Lubbock is at once a naturalist, a banker, and a member of parliament. Besides, it should be noted that in such hobbies the beginnings of great discoveries often lie hidden; and there are none amongst us who may value lightly the addition of knowledge to man's estate.

Not the least important uses of such hobbies that remain to be noted, are their effect of teaching us to enjoy life more fully, and the aid they give us in reaching those higher ideals which every consideration of life's value prompts us to attain. How much of the beauty and fairness of the world must we lose if outward Nature is simply a blank, and if we know nothing of the constitution of the universe around us. The feeling of delight in what is fair and bright is intensified a thousand-fold, when we begin to understand the *rationale* of Nature, and when every flower and insect speaks to us in a language of which we know something. To high and low alike, the pursuit of such hobbies must serve as a powerful means for encouraging aspirations after nobler desires and higher and purer pleasures. Every effort to understand the why and wherefore of Nature is in reality but an expres-

sion of the desire to seek and find a higher ideal. Hobbies form in reality the beginning to many of a new intellectual life; and the cultivation of such tastes is not a matter which should escape the notice of the educationist, who, in his contact with the young, and by encouraging a taste to observe, may lay the foundations of future studies which will assuredly tend to ennoble and to perfect life.

Speaking of the training of the young in what many persons would be apt to consider hobbies and nothing more, a writer in *Nature* (1870) aptly says: 'Few have yet realised the enormous gain that will accrue to society from the scientific education of our women. If, as we are constantly being told, the "sphere of woman" is at home, what duty can be more clearly incumbent upon us than that of giving her the opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of the laws which ought to guide her in the rule of her house? Every woman on whom the management of a household devolves may profit by such knowledge. If the laws of health were better known, how much illness and sorrow might be averted! What insight would a knowledge of chemistry afford into the wholesomeness or unwholesomeness of different articles of food! What zest would be given to a country walk with the children, or a month by the seaside, if the mother were able to teach the little ones intelligently to observe and revere the laws of Nature! Above all, what untold sufferings, what wasted lives, are the penalty we have paid for the prudish ignorance of the physiology of their bodily frame in which we have kept our daughters. These considerations have had far too little place with us at present. We trust that a new era is dawning upon us.'

Thus the despised pet schemes and studies of the few may be justified in their beneficial effects upon the many; and thus also may we learn to recognise that there may exist true wisdom in the much-abused practice of 'having a hobby.'

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER XXIV.—'OF HOW MUCH HAVE YOU ROBBED US?'

HAD Garling's nerves been of steel instead of the ordinary human fibre, a shade tougher than common, he must needs have shaken a little when that grip fell upon his arm and the voice of his employer sounded in his ear. His head turned slowly, and he looked across his shoulder, meeting Lumby eye to eye. There was a wicked light in the eyes of both men. The merchant looked like a duellist ready to give account of a hated foe; the cashier's glance was like a snake's. Away rumbled the train; and for a half-minute after it had gone, the two stood on the deserted platform, looking at each other in the light of a lamp which stood close by, casting its rays between them. In the tension of his nerves, Lumby gripped harder and harder. In the tension of his nerves, Garling was unconscious of the grasp, after the first shock it gave him. Cool and ready as he was by nature, and swiftly as his mind

recovered itself, that wicked frozen glance lasted long enough to betray him a hundred times over.

'May I ask,' he said in a voice that grated curiously, and had to be strangely forced to make it audible, 'the meaning of this rather remarkable greeting?'

The merchant kept his eyes upon him, and for sole answer gripped by the other arm and shook him, very slightly, but strongly. This position made it somewhat difficult for Garling to look round; for his employer having in the first instance approached him from the rear, had laid his right hand on Garling's right arm, and now having grasped the other with his left, he stood almost behind his captive. The latter made no attempt to move, but kept that wicked backward-glancing eye upon the other's face. 'Pray, explain this curious action!' he said in the same grating tones.

'You villain!' cried the other, shaking him anew—'you scoundrel!' His voice also had undergone a change, and sounded harsh and low.

'You will regret this violence,' said Garling.

Lumby, without replying, thrust an arm through his, and led him from the platform. It would have been useless for Garling to resist, and he knowing that, was too wise to try. Lumby held to him so tightly, that when they came to enter the hansom, they bundled in together awkwardly, and the cashier found divers corners of himself confused. The cabman having received his instructions, drove in the direction of the offices, and the merchant gripped his captive all the way. In Garling's mind there was such blank despair and rage as only a foiled scoundrel is permitted to experience. To have come so near, after waiting so long, and at last on the very verge of victory, to be thus ignominiously taken, was maddening. Frenzies of rage and disappointment shook his heart, and if he had had a weapon in his hand, there were moments in that brief ride in which he would have willingly struck his captor dead. But he had still a stake to play for, though all his base gains of the past nine years were lost; and that stake was dear to him, for it was nothing less than liberty. There was such a strain of caution in the man, that he had counted on this failure all along, and had planned as carefully to meet it as if it had been certain. Not that it was any the less exasperating, now it came, for this prevision. His murderous glance, as he cast it now and again sideways on the fixed and silent face beside him, was warrant enough for that.

The offices being reached, Mr Lumby made the cabman dismount and ring the bell; and it was not until the night-watchman had opened the door that he permitted Garling to alight. 'Something' real serious on foot,' thought the night-watchman, noting even on Garling's impassive face a shade he had never seen there until now, in all his knowledge of him. The cabman dismissed, the merchant marshalled Garling to his own room. As he went, the cashier saw that the gas jets were lighted all along that way, and nowhere else, as though warning had been given of their coming. He was in a mood to notice everything more closely than usual, and the great doors closing outside sounded to him like the closing of the

doors of a jail with him an inmate. At any other time, he thought, the sound would have fallen on his ears unheeded. He was cool enough to smile at that, and to murmur to himself 'Nerves!' by way of explanation.

The merchant locked the door, and always holding a wary eye upon the other, turned up the gas. Garling laid his hat upon the table, and stood observant. There was so little change in him, so little sign of fluster or fear, that his employer was almost staggered, looking at him. Could he look so cool, and yet be guilty? They faced each other.

'I have had reason given me lately,' said Lumby slowly, panting a little as he spoke, 'to suspect your probity. I have been making an investigation of those books, and have found that you began a fraud upon the firm nine years ago. I presume, since I found you in the act of escape to-night, that you have completed your fraud. Or had you learned that I was tracing you?'

Garling looked at him with glittering eyes, his head bent somewhat downward, his lips drawn tighter than was common with him, and a little paler. His skin had fallen from its ordinary sallow hue to a sort of stony gray.

'When did he begin to suspect?' he asked himself. 'How much does he know? Is there anything I can save from this ruin of my plans?' But he answered never a word.

'Speak!' said the merchant, panting at him, in an agitation terrible to look at. 'Of how much have you robbed the firm?' His face was alternately gray and purple. His features jerked and quivered, his hands shook, and a visible tremor possessed his whole body.—Garling read his own advantage in all these signs, and still said not a word.—'Speak! you—you scoundrel!' cried Lumby falling anew upon him, and seizing him by the waistcoat and the bosom of his shirt. 'Of how much have you robbed us?'

'Of not one halfpenny!' said Garling stonily. The words and manner so amazed the merchant that he dropped his hands. The cashier moved quietly, so as to place the table between them, keeping his eyes on Lumby as he stepped, and, laying one hand on the table, leaned slightly forward, whilst with the other he arranged his disordered dress. In this attitude he spoke again: 'Of not one halfpenny, or of everything—according as you use me.'

If any third person could have looked upon the scene at this minute, he might well have been excused had he mistaken the several parts they played. The just employer sank into a seat with his hands drooping by his sides and a face of extreme pallor. The fraudulent cashier, pale enough in all conscience, but self-possessed and firm, looked down upon him across the table, still fumbling with his hand at his bosom. Coupled with the calm in which he stood and the cruel look upon his face, the action, simple as it was, seemed deadly. It was as if he searched slowly and calmly for a weapon, and had the will to use it. Lumby made a great effort, and resumed something like composure.

'I might have guessed beforehand,' he said slowly, in a voice unlike his own, 'that if you chose a criminal course, you would go boldly and warily. I know now that you have chosen

such a course, and I tell you that the safest plan for you is to make a clean breast of it and confess everything. Of how much have you robbed us?'

'Either of nothing, or of everything,' responded Garling. 'It is in your power to bring down utter ruin, or to recover all. Your treatment of me will determine that.'

'You mean that the firm is in your power?'

'Precisely,' said Garling.

'I do not know how that can be,' said Lumby; 'but it is a question easily tested.' He struck his hand heavily upon the bell which lay upon the table.

'I recommend you to pause,' said the cashier coldly. 'If you fulfil your present purpose, you are ruined.'

'I will see,' returned the merchant.

'You will see,' said Garling calmly. 'You propose to arrest me? Good. You may save yourself the trouble of opening your doors to-morrow. If I am arrested, the firm is bankrupt—hopelessly insolvent.'

'We shall see,' said Lumby. The cashier's voice and face, however, made such impression on him, that when the heavy footsteps of the night-watchman sounded in the corridor, he arose and waited at the closed door for his knock. The knock came, and Lumby opening the door, said only: 'Wait at the end of the corridor. I may want you in a moment.' He kept his eyes on Garling; and if in that stony and impassive countenance of his he had read a touch of fear or of boasting, either would have decided him. But he saw neither one nor the other. Garling had this advantage: he was enacting in earnest a scene which he had countless times rehearsed in fancy—and to play it well or ill was almost life or death to him. The door was closed and locked again, and the heavy footsteps retreated to the end of the corridor. Lumby, though liable to sudden gusts of passionate anger, and less under control than the other, was growing strung to something like the enemy's pitch. The intensity of mood had been beyond words already; but the intensity of manner was now increased tenfold by the near neighbourhood of the man, which reduced speech almost to a whisper. The merchant felt he had nothing to lose by a pause—he could afford to wait long enough to get light to go by.

'Are you prepared,' he asked, 'to make a full confession and restitution? Is that your meaning?'

'I may be induced to mean something like that,' the cashier answered.

'You may be induced?'

'I may be induced.' The villain's composure was a study.

'To mean something like that?'—with bitter irony.

'Something nearly approaching to it; yes'—with perfect business-like precision and quiet.

'Will you be so good as to tell me how we are in your power?'

'I will explain,' said Garling, clearing his throat slightly.

'Thank you,' returned Lumby—'if you will be so good.' Their eyes met again, and Garling's fell. His face became a little paler in its gray; but he cleared his throat again and went on.

His hand was still fumbling at his breast automatically, though he had forgotten the purpose which first sent it there.

'I proceeded in this matter,' he said harshly and drily, 'with much caution and foresight. I have never been a spendthrift, and in fact I have always lived well within my income. As a result of that, I have been enabled to employ such sums as I have transferred to my own service to considerable advantage, and ultimately to pass them, through varying channels, to swell the store I had begun to accumulate abroad.'—The merchant listened with a face as gray as Garling's own.—'The accumulations becoming in course of years, say three or four years, considerable, I was enabled to keep up a constant circulation of capital with such irregular additions and diminutions in the flow as would occur naturally in the course of an extensive business. At the end of perhaps five years, the impossibility of further operations of that simple order clearly declared itself. But by throwing up my plans at that time, I should have killed the goose which laid the eggs without having filled my basket. You will understand that at this time—now four years ago—everything that could be drawn from the firm in its then condition had been drawn, and that the firm lived by the continued circulation of that foreign hoard. I had laboured, as you know, to increase the scope of the House's operations, and in that direction I still laboured with some not inconsiderable measure of success.' Half-a-dozen times in the course of this statement the cashier raised his eyes, and meeting his employer's glance, looked down again. 'It would have been possible, since the original capital of the House was not only intact but multiplied, to have proceeded upon this plan indefinitely. But I found myself already past middle age, and—delays are dangerous. The channels in which the funds flowed—if I make myself clear—were circular. It was competent for me to arrest them at any point of the circle. That was a work of much delicacy, and demanded care and time. You will excuse me for offering you at this point only a general statement, and for avoiding detail which might obscure a broad view of the position. In brief, the various channels have all been directed into one reservoir, and have there discharged themselves. There is a drop or two in the London pipes, but nothing elsewhere. And the disadvantage of the House, and my advantage is, that the reservoir is available to me only.'

Mr Lumby sat still and looked at Garling. He had read of frauds, heard of them in plenty, had even assisted at the investigation of one or two; but he had never met with anything like the massive insolence, the colossal audacity of this defrauder.

'You had completed your work,' he said at length, 'and you were going to-night'—Garling slightly inclined his head, and moistened his dry lips a little with the tip of his tongue—'leaving the firm insolvent?'

'Leaving the firm insolvent!' Garling answered like a husky echo.

'And being caught,' said Lumby with a transient flush of triumph, 'you are ready to disgorge?'

'Partly,' answered Garling, 'and upon conditions.'

'I will accept no partial restoration,' said the merchant, by this time restored to full possession of himself, 'and I will make no conditions with you.'

'That is for you to decide,' responded Garling, 'not for me. But except upon my own conditions, my lips are sealed. You have no clue—forgive me if I lay the matter before you plainly—you have no clue at present to the whereabouts of the money, and if you should discover it, you cannot handle it.'

'I can send you to penal servitude, probably for life,' returned the merchant; 'and having done that, I can accept my fate equably.'

'You are willing to buy revenge at too dear a rate,' said Garling; 'and so far you have nothing to punish but the intention of a wrong. I heard it whispered this afternoon that you had intended to introduce Mr Gerard into the firm. If his wishes were consulted, now?'

'Garling,' said the head of the firm with measured sarcasm, 'it is to be regretted that you have made so poor a use of your talents. I had always a high opinion of your powers, and until now I never saw the flaw in them, or you. In me, you are utterly mistaken. You measure me by yourself, and in doing that you really offer me too much injustice. I will have no traffic with you until I have a full and complete surrender. I will make no promise, or hint at any promise, until you throw yourself entirely on my mercy; for I vow,' he cried with a sudden passion of righteous anger, 'that I would rather see my son break stones by the wayside, than make him a Cæsar by stooping to barter with your villainy! Decide then, and decide quickly. You may beggar me and mine; but, please God, you shall not smear our honest hands by passing any gift to them through yours.' Before this burst of wrath, Garling bowed his head gravely and quietly, and spread both hands abroad a little, as if deprecating an exaggerated view of things. Seeing this, the merchant again brought his hand down heavily upon the bell; and the watchman—who had heard his master's voice raised high in anger—came with alacrity to answer it. 'Decide!' said Lumby again, in a high voice, which rang like a knell in Garling's ears. But the cashier had played his game too long to be willing to relinquish all; and what daring could do he would do. With him the position was like that of a player in the American game of 'Brag,' and he had a shrewd suspicion that Lumby was in something of the same mood with himself. So, when the merchant cried 'Decide!' he waved his hands again with a repetition of the deprecatory gesture, and with a little downward motion of the head, he answered: 'I have decided.' The passionless gray of his face fell a tone lower, and Lumby saw it. Everything depended—for Garling's surmise respecting him was true—or seemed to depend, on his own promptitude and fearlessness of action. He called 'Come in!' in answer to the watchman's knock, and threw the door wide open.

'You abide by your decision?' he asked briefly and sternly.

'I abide by it,' was Garling's answer. 'Yes.' His cue was to conceal emotion, and he followed

it well; but he could not hide the moisture on his forehead, nor the twitching of his ashen lips, nor the tremor of his hand.

'I have your last word?' said Lumby. 'Remember! The next step is beyond recall.'

'So be it,' returned Garling. Since the opening of the door, their colloquy had been carried on in a low murmur, apart from the watchman, who, having advanced no farther than the mat in the doorway, stood there respectfully, twirling his cap in both hands. Lumby with one look, which fell full in Garling's eyes, turned to the man. He had but addressed him by name, when the cashier's voice, chill and measured, rose behind him, saying: 'Horton! You may go outside for a moment, and close the door.'—The man, with a look at his employer, obeyed.—'I throw up my hand,' said Garling. It was well for him that he read faces quickly and truly, and that he could estimate aright the resolution expressed in the gesture with which the merchant had turned away from him. 'I ask only one pledge.'

'I will give you no pledge at all,' returned the merchant.

'Permit me,' said Garling drily, pushing a letter-clip along the table with one hand and trifling with the spring. 'In this matter, I would venture to urge that you have scarcely any option. It is of more importance to recover your money than to have me transported. Until I receive your pledge that I go free, I will not speak a word.' His employer looked at him with a doubtful mastery of aspect. 'Observe. To imprison me is to call down certain ruin. Give me the pledge I ask for, and you have power enough to shake your last halfpenny from me.—You have brains enough to see that!' he added coarsely.

Lumby regarded him steadfastly. 'You are a cunning villain, Garling, and you have laid your plans well. I suppose I must wrong society by turning you loose upon the world. Have you—forgive my curiosity—any remorse for having rewarded an old friend's kindness in this way? Why, you cur, have you no memory of the favours heaped upon you? Haven't you a blush? The blood is ashamed of that fox face of yours, and runs away from it. You scoundrel!' This speech was dictated by many impulses. There was satire in it, and sorrow in it. There were contempt and anger. The final expletive was one of almost unmingled wonder. As for Garling, there was no denying that he bore the situation well. He had failed. The long-drawn and elaborate plot on which his splendid financial genius had for nine years centered itself, had crumbled to dust in an hour, every strand and thread of it dissolved, as though it had been woven of sand. He made no pretence of not caring, and gave no sign of being overwhelmed. He did not rage, and he did not fall into flippancy. He had missed the issue of his life, and this failure told him so. He had been phenomenal among swindlers, and had failed as vulgarly, and been caught as ignominiously as any city 'prentice who steals from the shop-till and is taken by the ear in the act. Where under these circumstances was the good of having been phenomenal! And here was old age coming—he felt old now—he had been young twelve hours ago, comparatively—

and he was dishonoured and thrown loose upon the world. Well, he would not grumble. He had weighed the stakes before he played for them, and he had staked and—lost. All that was left now was to come out of the ruin with as little damage as possible—or at least with as little sign of damage. So he bore his employer's reproaches with a contempt which under the circumstances was hardly curious.

'Let us be business-like,' he urged.—The Leviathan impudence of this reproach struck Lumby dumb, and even when he had recovered, it had the effect of restraining any further expression of his wrath. Speech was plainly of no effect in this case.—'If,' pursued Garling, 'you will draw up a statement of your own intention with regard to me, I will put into your hands my private ledgers, which will show you everything at a glance.'

'Are you so ignorant of the criminal code of England,' asked Lumby, 'as to suppose that any assurance of mine given now can hinder me from prosecuting you?'

'I am not so ignorant of *you*,' returned Garling, 'as not to know that you will not expose yourself as having gone back from your written word.'

'You have my word,' said the merchant.

'I can't show your word in court, if you deceive me,' said Garling.

'I suppose,' asked Lumby, 'that you have no belief in any man's honour?'

'I never had,' responded the defrauder grimly. And there, probably enough, was the key to his ruin. Lumby yielded, and wrote out the pledge he asked for, setting forth that it was given only on condition of complete restitution. Garling thereafter sat down at the table and prepared an abstract report of his villainy. It took an hour or two's hard writing; and Lumby read it sheet by sheet as the late cashier laid it methodically by. It was luminous, and the very soul of brevity, considering its mass of unavoidable detail. Garling's financial genius permitted him to append to this report a sort of swindler's balance-sheet, in which the precise position of affairs was shown, and wherein, by a marvellous effort of memory, dates and figures were set down, as it afterwards turned out, with scrupulous exactness.

'My private ledgers,' said Garling, 'will afford more extended information. The final appeal must be made here.' He pointed to the vast volumes ranged along one side of the room. 'But that,' he added, 'will be a work of time.'

The balance-sheet at the end of Garling's abstract had rather an air of hocus-pocus to the merchant. It seemed scarcely credible, for one thing, that memory should be so minutely retentive; and he insisted, without loss of time, on comparing it with the defrauder's private entries. To this end, between two and three o'clock in the morning, he escorted the cashier home. Before he started, however, he locked the confession in his own drawer.

'It might seem worth while to murder me for that, if you had a chance to do it in your own place, quietly—eh, Garling?'

'No,' responded Garling, with a voice of tranquillity. They walked to what had been Garling's home together, and they worked till daylight. The merchant made him sit down at the table,

whilst he stood behind him, or occasionally, for a change of posture, knelt upon a chair.

'It is now eight o'clock,' said Lumby, when the balance-sheet was verified. 'You will report yourself at the office to me at ten. If you are five minutes late, I shall give information to the police.'

(To be continued.)

SOME CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

ADVERTISING has in these days become quite an art in itself, so much so, that it is seldom now that one meets with the curiously worded and exceedingly misspelled advertisements that at one time used to amuse the readers of the daily and weekly press. An advertisement to the effect that the genuine Old Moore's Almanac for the year 1882 is only to be had of a certain publisher, recalls to mind another which appeared in the prints of 1712 at the instance of 'Old Moore' himself. It runs as follows: 'At the Old Lily, near the Barge House, in Christchurch Parish, Southwark, at London, liveth Francis Moore, licensed physician and student in astrology, who, by the blessing of God, cures all sorts of agues with one dose, in young and old, when left off by others. He hath an excellent medicine for Fits in young people and children; he has an excellent Worm-powder, and a Family Tincture that gives present ease in Colic, and carries off all pains in an instant. He gives Judgment in the Astrological way. He desires all that send to him out of the country to pay the postage of their letters, or expect no answer.'

In *Parker's London News* of January 28, 1722, there is the following announcement: 'Whereas gentlemen and gentlewomen in walking the streets in dirty slabby weather very frequently incommode their stockings and petticoats by the filth thereof. There is a person who gives daily attendance from nine to three in the afternoon at the *Hercules* in Nags-head Court, in Bartholomew Lane, behind the Royal Exchange, to instruct how all persons may walk the streets without dirting themselves in the worst or dirtiest weather.'

The following is the advertisement of one who might be termed a 'handy man': 'James Williams, parish clerk, saxtone, town-crier and bellman, makes and sells all sorts of haberdasheries, groceries, &c., likewise hair and wigs drest and cut on the shortest notice. N.B.—I keeps an evening school, where I teach at reasonable rates reading, riting, and 'rithmitic and singing. N.B.—I play the hooboy occasionally if wanted. N.B.—My shop is next door, where I bleed, draw teeth, and shoo horses with the greatest scil. N.B.—Children taut to dance if agreeable at sixpence per week, by me, J. Williams, who buy and sell old irin and coats—boots and shoes cleaned and mended. N.B.—A hat and pr of stockens to be cudjelled for, the best in 5 on Shrof Tushday. For particulars enquire within, or at the horse shoo and bell, near the church, on t'other side the way. N.B.—Look over the door for sign of 3 pidgeons. N.B.—I sells good ayle, and sometimes cyder. Lodgings for single men. N.B.—I teach jografy, algebray, and them outlandish kind of things. A ball on wensdays and fridays.'

A specimen of an indignant advertisement

appeared in the *Times* in 1874: 'Should this meet the eye of the lady who got into the 12.30 train at New Cross Station on Friday, May 15, with two boys, one of whom was evidently recovering from an illness, she *may be pleased* to learn that three of the four young ladies who were in the carriage are very ill with the measles, and the health of the fourth is far from what her relations could desire.'

The following, from an indignant husband, is culled from one of the Irish papers: 'Run away from Patrick M'Dallogh. Whereas my wife, Mrs Bridget M'Dallogh, is again walked away with herself, and left me with her four small children, and her poor old blind mother, and nobody else to look after house and home, and, I hear, has taken up with Tom Gingan, the lame fiddler—the same was put in the stocks last Easter for stealing Barday Doody's game cock: This is to give notice, that I will not pay for bite or sup on her or his account to man or mortal, and that she had better never show the mark of her ten toes near my home again.—PATRICK M'DALLOGH. N.B.—Tom had better keep out of my sight.'

Considerably more than a century ago, a breeches-maker thus advertised his new method of manufacture: 'Breeches-making improved by Geometry. Thomas Nunn, Breeches Maker, of 29 Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square, has invented a system on a mathematical principle by which difficulties are solved and errors corrected. Its usefulness for ease and neatness in fitting is incomparable, and the only perfect Rule for that work ever discovered. Several hundreds—noblemen, gentlemen, and others—who have had proof of its utility, allow it to excel all they ever made trial of. N.B.—An improved method is adopted for keeping them clean without discommoding by dust.'

At Margate, in the beginning of the present century, a well-known character named Bennett, who let out donkeys on hire, issued the following poetical advertisement, containing a very delicate compliment to his fair customers:

Cows' milk and asses' too, I sell,
And keep a stud for hire,
Of donkeys famed for going well,
And mules that never tire.
An angel honoured Balaam's ass
To meet her in the way,
But Bennett's troop through Thanet pass
With angels every day.

At a time when our papers are literally beset by money-lenders with their announcements, the subjoined advertisement, which appeared in *Lloyd's Evening Post* of 1776, may not be without interest: 'Money wanted—when it can be procured—one hundred pounds. No security can be given for the *Principal*, and possibly the interest may not be punctually paid. Under the above circumstances, should any one be willing to lend the desired sum, he will much *surprise* and particularly *oblige* the author of this advertisement.—A.B.C., George's Coffee House, Haymarket.'

Freemasons in the year 1770 must have been rather surprised and amused to read the following announcement in the new *Newcastle Courant* of January 4th of that year: 'This is to acquaint the public—That on Monday the first instant,

being the Lodge (or monthly meeting) Night of the Free and Accepted Masons of the 22d Regiment, held at the *Crown*, near Newgate (Newcastle), Mrs Bell, the landlady of the house, broke open a door (with a poker) that had not been opened for some time past; by which means she got into an adjacent room, made two holes through the wall, and, by that stratagem, discovered the secrets of freemasonry; and she, knowing herself to be the first woman in the world that ever found out the secret, is willing to make it known to all her sex. So any lady who is desirous of learning the secrets of freemasonry, by applying to that well learned woman (Mrs Bell that lived fifteen years in and about Newgate), may be instructed in the secrets of masonry.' It would be interesting to know how many pupils she obtained, and why she appealed to her own sex in particular, seeing that there are almost as many men as women who would be curious enough at any time to learn the secrets of masonry without being properly initiated into the Order.

We always thought that prize-fighting and boxing were the especial privilege of the stronger half of human nature; but from the following challenge and answer, which appeared in 1722, it would appear that women also took some delight in the pugilistic art: 'I, Elizabeth Wilkinson, of Clerkenwell, having had some high words with Hannah Hyfield, and requiring satisfaction, do invite her to meet me upon the stage and box me for three guineas, each woman holding half-a-crown in each hand, and the first woman that drops the money to lose the battle.'

'I, Hannah Hyfield of Newgate Market, hearing of the resoluteness of Elizabeth Wilkinson, will not fail, God willing, to give her more blows than words, desiring home blows and from her no favour; she may expect a good thumping!'

History does not record the result of this famous set-to, nor yet of the following one, which is quite as characteristic in the wording of the challenge and answer. The advertisements appeared in the *Daily Post* of July 17, 1728, and the match was announced to take place at Mr Stokes' Amphitheatre in the Islington Road, London:

'Whereas I, Ann Field of Stoke-Newington, ass-driver, well known for my abilities in boxing in my own defence wherever it happened in my way, having been affronted by Mrs Stokes, styled the European Championess, do fairly invite her to a trial of the best skill in boxing, for ten pounds, fair rise and fall; and question not but to give her such proofs of my judgment that shall oblige her to acknowledge me Championess of the Stage, to the entire satisfaction of all my friends.'

'I, Elizabeth Stokes, of the city of London, have not fought in this way since I fought the famous boxing-woman of Billingsgate twenty-nine minutes, and gained a complete victory (which is six years ago); but as the famous Stoke-Newington ass-woman dares me to fight her for the ten pounds, I do assure her I will not fail meeting her for the said sum, and doubt not that the blows which I shall present her with, will be more difficult for her to digest than she ever gave her asses!'

Perhaps the most curious advertisement for a wife that ever appeared in any paper was that published in *Bell's Weekly Messenger* of May 28, 1797. It ran as follows: 'Matthew Dawson, in Bothwell, Cumberland, intends to be married at Holm Church, on the Thursday before Whitsuntide next, whenever that may happen, and to return to Bothwell to dine. Mr Reid gives a turkey to be roasted; Ed. Clemenson gives a fat lamb to be roasted; William Elliott gives a hen to be roasted; Joseph Gibson gives a fat calf to be roasted. And in order that all this roast meat may be well basted do you see, Mary Pearson, Betty Hodgson, Mary Bushley, Molly Fisher, Sarah Briscoe, and Betty Porthouse, give each of them a pound of butter. The advertiser will provide everything else for so festive an occasion. And he hereby gives notice to all young women desirous of changing their condition, that he is at present disengaged; and advises them to consider that although there be luck in leisure, yet in this case delays are dangerous; for, with him, he is determined it shall be first come first served.

So come along lasses who wish to be married;
Matt. Dawson is vexed that so long he has tarried.'

The great fondness which ladies sometimes show for domestic animals, especially lapdogs, is well known; but out of the numerous advertisements which have appeared for these little creatures from time to time, none has been more curious than the following, in the *Daily Advertiser* of November 1774: 'An exceeding small Lap-Spaniel.—Any one that has such a one, of any colour or colours, that is very, very small, and with a very short round snub nose, and good ears; if they will bring it to Mrs Smith, at a coachmaker's over against the *Golden Head*, in Great Queen Street, near Lincoln's Inn Fields, they may (if approved of) have a very good purchaser. And to prevent further trouble, if it is not exceeding small, and has anything of a long peaked nose, it will not at all do. And nevertheless, after this advertisement is published no more, if any person should have a little creature that answers the character of the advertisement, if they will please to remember the direction, and bring it to Mrs Smith, the person is not so provided but that such a one will still at any time be hereafter purchased.'

In the year 1783, a Scotch newspaper published the following advertisement: 'To be Let, a Beggar's Stand in a good charitable neighbourhood, bringing in about thirty shillings a week. Some good-will is required. N.B.—A dog for a blind man to be disposed of.'

We will conclude our paper with an advertisement which was published in the *Daily Advertiser* of 1798 by a gentleman whose house in Stanhope Street had been burglariously entered and robbed of valuable things: 'Mr R. of Stanhope Street presents his most respectful compliments to the gentlemen who did him the honour of eating a couple of roasted chickens, drinking sundry tankards of ale, and three bottles of old Madeira, at his house on Monday night. In their haste, they took away the tankard, to which they are heartily welcome; to the table-spoons and the light guineas which were in the old morocco pocket-book, they are also heartily welcome; but

in the said pocket-book there were several loose papers which consisted of private memorandums, receipts, &c., can be of no use to his kind and friendly visitors, but are important to him; he therefore hopes and trusts they will be so polite as to take some opportunity of returning them. For an old family watch which was in the same drawer, he cannot ask on the same terms; but if a way could be pointed out by which he could replace it with twice as many heavy guineas as they can get for it, he would gladly be the purchaser.'

A few nights after this advertisement appeared, a packet was placed in the area of the house, containing the following amusing communication from the burglars: 'SIR—You're quite a gentleman. Not being used to your Madeira, it got into our upper works, or we should never have cribbed your papers. They all be marched back again with the real book. Your ale was mortal good; the tankard and spoons was made into white soup in Dukes Place two hours after daylight. The old family watch-cases were at the same time made into brown gravy, and the internals, new christened, are on their voyage to Holland. If they had not been transported, you should have them again, for you are quite the gentleman; but you know as they have been christened and got a new name, they would no longer be of your old family. And soe, sir, we have nothing more to say, but that we're much obligated to you, and shall be glad to serve and visit you by nite or by day, and are your humble servants to command.'

ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT.

It is frequently observed that names utterly unknown before, rise suddenly into notice, and become for a time household words, solely through their owners having been able at some critical time to act on the spur of the moment. To such occurrences our army and navy records can testify; battles have been won, ships saved, lives rescued, and heroic deeds performed, solely by some one being able to act on the impulse of the moment.

Occasionally, however, very awkward consequences have been known to follow from acting on the spur of the moment. It is related of Lord Ellenborough that, when on one occasion he was about to set out on circuit, his wife expressed a wish to accompany him, a proposition to which his lordship assented, provided there were no bandboxes tucked under the seat of his carriage, as he had too often found there had been when honoured with her Ladyship's company before. Accordingly, they both set out together, but had not proceeded very far before the judge, stretching out his legs under the seat in front of him, kicked against one of the flimsy receptacles which he had specially prohibited. Down went the window with a bang and out went the bandbox into the ditch. The startled coachman immediately commenced to pull up, but was ordered to drive on and let the thing lie where it was. They reached the assize town in due course, and his lordship proceeded to robe for the court. 'And now, where's my wig?—where's my wig?' he demanded, when everything else had been donned.—'Your wig, my lord,' replied the servant

tremulously, 'was in that bandbox your lordship threw out of the window as we came along.'

Second thoughts are generally said to be best; and an old adage bids us 'think twice before we speak once.' In these go-ahead times, however, scarcely any one but a very slow person indeed would consider it sound policy to follow to the letter these really kind and inestimable precepts, laid down for our guidance by our great-great-grandparents. Yet, remarks made on the spur of the moment have not unfrequently a meaning which was not quite what the speaker wished to convey. For instance, two ladies having missed 'the meet,' drew up their pony-trap, and one of them accosted the old gamekeeper who was passing: 'Do you know where the hounds are, Robins?' 'Y'are just too late, ma'am,' was the answer; 'the gentlemen be all gone.'—On another occasion, a matter-of-fact corporal was compelled to bring a refractory soldier before his superiors, and his account of the delinquent ended in this way: 'Why, you see, Major, he thinks he can go out whenever he likes, and come in when he likes, swagger about, tell lies, get tipsy—and in fact, sir, behave just as if he was an officer.'—Again, two gentlemen met in the City, and at parting, one said: 'Well, you'll look us up at Primrose Hill—near the "Zoo," you know?'—'With pleasure, my dear fellow,' was the response; 'my children have been anxious for some considerable time to see the monkeys.' These and other similar expressions are doubtlessly spoken innocently, and without due consideration as to their consequences.

During a wild and raging storm at sea, the chaplain nervously asked one of the crew if he thought there was any serious danger to be apprehended. 'There is, and no mistake,' replied the sailor. 'If it keeps on blowing as hard as it does now, I reckon we shall all be in Paradise before twelve o'clock to-night.'—The chaplain, terrified at the answer, cried out: 'Shall we? Heaven forbid.' Circumstances alter cases; and words hastily uttered and passed unnoticed at one time, would not be perhaps seriously countenanced at another. We must therefore make many allowances for what is spoken on the spur of the moment.

Once, when Bishop Burnet was preaching before Charles II., the preacher became much warmed with his subject, and having given utterance to a certain doctrine in a very earnest manner, he with great vehemence struck his clenched hand upon the desk and cried out in a loud voice: 'Who dare deny this?'—'Faith,' observed the king, in a key very little lower than that of the preacher, 'nobody that is within reach of that great fist of yours.' This took place about a couple of centuries ago, when the habits and customs of the people were rather different from those of the present day. Were an interruption of a similar kind to occur now, it would probably be the cause of no slight confusion. Freedom of thought is, however, very natural, as the following instance will show. The butler of a certain Scottish laird, who had been in the family a number of years, at last resigned his situation because his lordship's wife was always scolding him. 'Oh!' exclaimed his master, 'if that be all, ye've very little to complain of.'—'Perhaps so,' replied the butler; 'but I have

decided in my own mind to put up with it no longer.'—'Go, then,' said his lordship; 'and be thankful for the rest of your life that ye're not married to her.' In this case, the grievance of the faithful domestic, and the humorous admission of his master, point at once to that disagreeable tenant known as the skeleton which is said to inhabit every man's household.

Another example may be taken as a 'diversity of opinion,' and thoroughly applicable to our subject, but by no means flattering to the principal speaker. Some years ago, a clergyman in Perthshire, who was considered more skilful as an angler than popular as a preacher, was once giving advice to a parishioner on the benefits of early rising, and mentioned as an instance, that a few mornings ago he had before breakfast composed a sermon and killed a salmon. 'In fact,' added the parson, 'it is an achievement on which I plume myself greatly.' 'Aweel, sir,' replied the man, 'I would much rather hae yer salmon than yer sermon.'

It is without doubt entirely to speaking on the spur of the moment that we are indebted for these humorous outbursts. In the 'good old times,' a carpenter, who could not get his money for two gibbets that had been bespoke, refused to make a third, and an execution was in consequence delayed. The jailer being called to account, blamed the carpenter, who was at once summoned before the judge—a gentleman, by the way, somewhat remarkable for his severity. The judge demanded of the carpenter the reason why the work had not been done. 'I refused,' said the man, 'to make a third gallows because the jailer had not paid me for the two first.'—'But you must understand,' said the judge, rather angrily, 'that I myself ordered this one.'—'Oh, in that case,' said the carpenter, 'I will make it at once. It should have been ready long before this, if I had only known the gallows had been for your lordship.'

We may remark, too, how vastly interesting it is to contemplate the activity and perseverance which almost every individual exhibits in his own individual interest. Cooke the tragedian was in the habit of giving passes to a widow lady, who upon one occasion occupied a prominent seat in the pit with her little girl, when their friend the performer was about to meet an untimely end by a stage-rival. As the villainous-looking assassin, armed with a deadly weapon, stealthily drew near to accomplish his wicked purpose, the maiden, roused by the supposed imminence of his danger, started up, anxiously exclaiming: 'Oh, pray, don't kill him! don't kill him! For if you do, he won't give us any more orders for the pit.'

We can readily conjecture how the gravity of the situation was upset by this sudden outburst of feeling—undeniably spoken on the spur of the moment. Simplicity, however, according to Longfellow, is, 'in character, in manners, in style, and in all things, the supreme excellence.' 'Patrick,' said an Irish gentleman to his servant one morning, 'I heard last night, from undoubted authority, that you have had the audacity to go and tell some people that I was a shabby old rascal, a mean fellow, and anything but a gentleman. I am told that those were your exact words.'

—'Bedad, sor,' replied Pat, 'and it's there ye're quite wrong. I can assure you, sor, that I don't tell me private thoughts to every wan.'

Steele laid down the maxim that it was decidedly wrong to allow any one to be so familiar with you as to praise you to your face. We are told that the wives of men of sentiment invariably adopt this rule, and are not always the most appreciative of women. It is related of Siebenkees, an eminent German scholar, that having finished reading one of his beautiful imaginings to his wife, who appeared to be listening with bated breath and eyelids cast down, he closed the book with inward satisfaction at the completion of his labours, only to hear the sharer of his joys exclaim: 'My dear, pray don't put on your left stocking to-morrow—I see there is a hole in it.' There was evidently neither praise nor encouragement in this remark, but the reader will perceive it was made on the spur of the moment.

Sometimes the greatest compliments, by being awkwardly expressed, may tend to give offence. A clergyman in the country had a stranger to officiate for him one day, and meeting his beadle afterwards, he said to him: 'Well, Dougall, how did you like last Sunday's preaching?'—'It was a great deal owre plain and simple for me,' replied the beadle. 'I like sermons that jumble the judgment and confound the sense. Od, sir, I never saw a ne that could come up to yourself at that!'

It was Pope who remarked, that a person who is too nice an observer of the business of the crowd, like one who is too curious in observing the labour of the bees, will often be stung for his curiosity. Bishop Horne had his dignity considerably taken down when he arrived to take possession of the episcopal palace at Norwich in 1791. Being amazed at the number of spectators on the occasion, he turned round upon the steps and exclaimed: 'Bless us, bless us! what a concourse of people.'—'Oh, my lord,' said a bystander, 'this is a mere nothing to the crowd last Friday to see a man hanged.'—Another whimsical anecdote is related of the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., who, riding in the Park on the road between Teddington and Hampton-wick, was overtaken by a butcher's boy on horseback, with a tray of meat under his arm. 'Nice pony that of yours, old gentleman,' said he. 'I'll trot you a couple of miles for a pot of beer.' The Duke respectfully declined the match; and the lad, as he struck the heels of his boots in his horse's side, exclaimed, with a look of contempt: 'I thought you was only a muff.'

In fact, from a king to the peasant, or a bishop to an errand-boy, all would appear to be occasionally 'tarred,' as it were, with the same brush. It is so pleasant, on the whole, to be able to speak one's own mind; and the absurdity often, if not always, lies in the sudden utterance of our thoughts. Two sons of an English aristocrat were remarkable for hastiness of temper, which on certain occasions broke out into very indiscreet expressions. During a quarrel, and in the height of passion, one said to the other: 'You are the greatest ass in the world.'—'Come, come, my lads,' said their highly incensed father; 'you forget that I am present.'

Ap[ro]pos to our subject, abundant materials

might possibly be found in other countries besides our own, and such as would amply furnish us with food for reflection as well as laughter. One instance may suffice. On one occasion, a coloured preacher in New York, who was very popular, and who had overflowing audiences, was suddenly called upon to arrange his congregation a little more to the satisfaction of those in the rear. He did so at once by saying: 'My dear bretheren, for mutual convenience, de fore-part ob de church will please accommodate themselves and others by sitting down; so de hind-part ob de church can see de fore-part; for de hind-part can't see de fore-part ef de fore-part persist in stanin' before de hind-part, to de utter exclusion ob de hind-part by de fore-part.' Nothing could be more lucid.

One more example, and we conclude these brief sketches. In a dancing-saloon one night, a sailor was asked by a messmate to explain to him in a few words and as quick as possible, the third figure of the quadrille. His description was as follows: 'You first of all heave ahead,' said he, 'and pass your adversary's yard-arms; then in a jiffy regain your berth on the other tack in the same kind of order; slip along sharp and take your station with your partner in line; back and fill, and then fall on your heel, and bring up with your craft. She then manœuvres ahead off alongside of you; then make sail in company with her until nearly astern of the other line; make a stern board; cast her off to shift for herself; regain your place out of the mêlée in the best manner you can, and let go your anchor.'

I think we may take it for granted that not a word of this nautical programme was lost upon Jack's intimate friend. On the other hand, it is equally as certain that if a landsman had received these instructions, he would have been as wise as ever. Due justice, however, must be given to Jack, who spoke evidently to the best of his ability, and on the spur of the moment.

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

IF any proof were needed of the enterprise exhibited by newspaper proprietors in their thirst for new and trustworthy intelligence, it would be sufficient to point to expeditions such as Stanley's search for Livingstone, and the recent unfortunate expedition to the 'Frozen Deep,' both of which enterprises must be placed to the credit of the *New York Herald*. And here at home, editors are by no means backward in their endeavours to get the most reliable news. Special correspondents penetrate far into any country to which the eyes of the world may for the time be directed, bearing with them that keen faculty of observation which gives value to their work. To the names of note in this department must now be added that of Mr O'Donovan, the Merv special correspondent of the *Daily News*. Hitherto, we have looked upon Merv as an important city, upon which Russia has long cast a covetous eye, because its possession

would render easy an advance upon Herat, otherwise known as 'the gate of India.' Mr O'Donovan told the Royal Geographical Society the other night that 'there was no such city as Merv at present; Merv was merely a geographical expression.' There were 'some wretched hovels, sheep-skin-clothed people, and half-starved cattle feeding in a bog.' This description is certainly very different from our usual ideas of an Eastern city, with its gilded domes and fairy-like minarets sparkling in the haze of a golden sunset. Mr O'Donovan had a great deal to say about Merv and its surroundings; and we shall look forward with interest to the publication of his promised book, giving details of his strange experiences in the land of the Turcomans.

Another intrepid traveller to whom the Royal Geographical Society has lately given audience is M. Gorloff, a young Frenchman, hardly known to Englishmen except by report. Accompanied by only two companions—Arabs—he has had the hardihood to undertake a six months' journey into Africa. He says that he did not penetrate far into the Sahara, but claims to be the first traveller who has ventured there with such a limited escort. It seems strange to hear that frost was experienced every night, and that the traveller and his two guides lost their way in a snow-storm, and were in some danger of being frozen to death. Many people in France, says M. Gorloff, believe the Sahara to be a rich country where fortunes can be easily made; but let them travel in it, and they will speedily change their opinions.

A very curious and useful work, which has met with high commendation from the French Academy, has just been completed by M. Civiale. It consists of a photographic map of the Alps, constructed in the following manner. By preliminary observation, M. Civiale saw the possibility of fixing upon forty-one central stations from which all-round views could be obtained of the mass of the Alps and its diverging chains. Taking his photographic apparatus with him to these various stations, lying at a height of eight thousand feet, and in some cases ten thousand feet, he was able to secure photographs from every point, to be afterwards joined so as to make a complete panorama. In addition to these, he busied himself with the details of the landscape. Snow-limits, natural geological sections, glaciers with their crevasses and moraines, all came in as subjects for his camera. These photographic records of the country cannot fail to be interesting from a technical as well as a popular point of view. We trust that they will be secured by some permanent process, so that in after-years they will not present that yellow, sickly appearance, with which we are only, alas, too familiar.

The familiar heading 'Colliery Explosion' continually calls to mind the risks attending the modern system of coal-mining. The poor miner

himself is perhaps too often credited with the authorship of the calamity by opening his safety-lamp, and so setting fire to the surrounding gas. But there are means by which the initial flame can be given without any culpable negligence of the worker. The system of blasting with gunpowder is open to this fatal objection—the flash of the powder is a flame which will quickly communicate itself to the surrounding atmosphere, and cause general havoc and death. To obviate this danger, a new form of cartridge has been designed, the explosion of which is accompanied by no flame, and which needs neither spark nor fire to set it in action.

This new method of coal-blasting has been in use for some time at the Shipley Collieries, Derbyshire, and has been patented by Messrs Smith and Moore. Instead of gunpowder or dynamite, the cartridge is charged with lime. This lime is in a highly caustic state, and is compressed by hydraulic power—forty tons to the square inch—into cartridges of two-and-a-half inches diameter. Attached to the cartridge is a flexible tube, the other end of which is connected with a force-pump; and by this means the charge is fired, or rather we should say watered. We all know that the action of water upon lime is to give rise to much heat, and to expand and to crack the lime in every direction. It is these properties which are taken advantage of in this clever invention. The pressure exerted by the confined steam from the lime forces out the coal in which it is imbedded; while the after-expansion of the material completes the work, giving all the advantages of ordinary blasting without its terrible risks. The explosion—if explosion it can be called—is accompanied by no concussion, and neither liberates huge volumes of gas nor raises clouds of fine dust—in themselves sources of danger; and no sound-wave, to carry a disturbing element through the workings, is produced. At the late meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute, where a paper on this subject formed perhaps the most interesting feature of the proceedings, two iron pipes were exhibited, to give an idea of the power exerted by this new form of cartridge. These pipes were shattered, although one of them had previously been tested to a pressure of nine hundred and fifty-three pounds on the square inch. We sincerely trust that this new means of blasting will be found as efficient as it promises to be, not only on account of the miners, but also to do away with that familiarity with dynamite which breeds a contempt for its awful power.

It will perhaps be remembered that shortly after the Tay Bridge calamity, an attempt at sub-aqueous photography was made, in order to get, if possible, a view of the wreck of bridge and train as they lay thirty feet below the surface of the water. Mr W. D. Valentine, to whose hands these experiments were intrusted, has recently sent an interesting account of them

to the *Photographic News*. A very bright day was chosen for the trial; and a diver, after being properly instructed as to what to do, was sent down with the camera. This camera was of no ordinary kind; for it had to be lowered with a powerful crane, and with the addition of ten hundredweight to induce it to sink. With the quickest lens, by the most rapid method of photography, and with an exposure of twenty minutes, Mr Valentine failed to get even the ghost of an image on his plate. This showed that the actinic rays of light failed to penetrate through the thirty feet of water which separated the camera from its accustomed element. Apparently, there was no want of light, for the diver stated that he could easily see for thirty feet in front of him; but it is evident that the light did not comprise those rays upon which the efficiency of a photographic surface depends.

Some curious experiments as to the action of the brain during sleep have lately been made upon himself by M. Delauney. Working on the known fact that the action of the brain causes a rise of temperature in the cranium, the experimenter found that the converse of this was true, and that he was able, by covering his forehead with wadding, to stimulate the action of the brain. Dreams which are naturally illogical and absurd, became under this treatment quite rational and intelligent. He also found that their character was much modified by the position assumed during sleep, whereby the blood might be made to flow towards particular parts of the body, and thus increase their nutrition and functional activity. These experiments have but slight value. Those whose lives are spent in hard work, either physical or mental, will prefer their dreams to be as illogical and vague as possible, so that the poor brain may not go on working while the body is at rest.

The *Phylloxera vastatrix*—the dread destroyer of the grape-vine—has, like any other deep-dyed criminals, had its portrait taken for circulation over the civilised globe. Messrs Hatchette & Co. have issued two plates which cannot fail to be of great use in the future in showing those happy possessors of vineyards who do not already know the personal appearance of the enemy, what they are to look for. The first plate represents the insect in its various stages from the egg to its winged and adult form. The second plate deals with its destructive work upon the vine. The root and branches of a healthy vine are here shown side by side with the root and branches of one upon which the *Phylloxera* has operated; and thus the whole progress of the pest from its birth to its destructive mission, is admirably depicted.

We are glad to notice that at the late meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society, honourable mention was made of the name of Miss Ormerod, whose labours with regard to insect pests and the best way of dealing with them have been already adverted to in these pages.

The question of obtaining pure and wholesome food is of such great importance, that all right-minded people naturally feel glad when adulteration is detected, and its authors punished. But in common fairness to the trader, the methods of analysis should be beyond suspicion; and when a public officer states that a particular sample

of food contains so much per cent. of foreign material, we should be quite sure that he has the means for ascertaining that fact. We are led to these remarks from some unfortunate discrepancies which have been made public in certain recent analyses of coffee. A sample of coffee was purposely adulterated with ten per cent. of chicory, and distributed in seven portions to as many different analysts, the Somerset House authorities being among the number. The results were as follow: Analyst A certified the mixture to contain only seven per cent. of chicory; B made a similar report; C said two-and-a-half per cent.; D certified to from five to ten per cent.; E found ten per cent. upwards; F discovered sixteen per cent.; while G determined that the sample consisted of genuine coffee. These figures are, to say the least, unsatisfactory. In the first place, they arouse the unpleasant suspicion that many innocent people may have been punished for adulterations which never existed; and in the second, that adulterations may frequently, for want of proper methods of analysis, be allowed to remain undetected, and thus guilty persons escape.

The newspapers are nowadays somewhat too full of electricity. We do not allude to their notice of new inventions, or new applications of old discoveries, which in these times of rapid progress in electrical science cannot fail to be of interest. We allude rather to the notices of public Companies, which, like so many moths, have suddenly appeared hovering round the brilliant light. We fear that, also like moths, many of them are destined to singe their wings, if not to come to still more serious grief. People who venture their money in electric-lighting shares should be in a position to afford to lose it. We do not mean to say that they must necessarily lose, but we wish to point out that the investment is a purely speculative one. The electric light has only been tried experimentally, and cannot, therefore, be looked upon as a sound investment, from which, as a matter of course, an income will be forthcoming. Putting aside the doubtful value of many of the patents—doubtful, we mean, from their close family resemblance—we may assume that there may be something better to come which may cast existing contrivances into the shade. We believe that electricity will give us the light of the future. But before it becomes general enough to represent a basis of sound investment, existing patents must pass through a long period of natural selection, during which many must disappear.

A novel application of the electric current is detailed in *La Nature*. At some large linen-bleaching works at Le Breuil-en-Ange, the linen spread out in the meadows is collected by means of a dynamo-machine. The desirability of having some kind of railway truck-system for the collection of the linen was long ago admitted; but the smoke and dirt of a steam-engine precluded its employment. The dynamo-machine actuated by the electric current has no such disadvantages, and for the past three months it has been employed with the most satisfactory results. A small railway crosses the ends of the lines of cloth, and the dynamo-machine is so arranged that it can operate upon the wheels of the vehicle on which it is mounted, or can be employed for reeling up the cloth into an attached truck. In

this way one man can gather up a quantity of the material in half an hour, which, under ordinary circumstances would occupy an entire day. The machine is worked by Faure accumulators.

It is said that ivory is becoming so scarce that it will soon be regarded as a luxury to be afforded only by the few. As a matter of fact, about half the quantity has reached the English market, compared with the amount received up to the same time last year; so that if we wish to see our pianoforte keys and our knife-handles maintain their wonted appearance, we shall have to fall back upon some ivory-like composition, instead of employing the real article. A few years back, such a compound was introduced under the name of Celluloid, and a very good imitation of ivory it presented. It was manufactured by treating paper with nitric and sulphuric acids, so as to convert it into nitro-cellulose. This compound was afterwards pulped, and passed through a rolling-press with a certain quantity of camphor. The chief objection to the substance was its great inflammability; but we learn that a means of obviating this has lately been devised. Celluloid has an advantage over ivory in that it can be moulded so as to take the most delicate impression.

The question of the possibility of obtaining heat from solar radiation sufficient to boil water, and so actuate a steam-engine, is one which has of late years engaged the attention of scientific men and Societies. A French government Commission has lately been carrying out some experiments with apparatus, consisting of a large concave mirror with a blackened boiler in its focus. The steam was condensed as it was given off from the boiler; and the weight of distilled water thus obtained indicated the amount of heat utilised. From these experiments, as we have before hinted in these pages, it would seem that the sun is far too fickle a source from which to obtain heat, except in some few countries where the steam-engine is as yet unknown, and not wanted.

At the Royal United Service Institution, an interesting paper was lately read by Colonel Fosbery, V.C., on the subject of Magazine guns, by which is meant those small-arms which, like the Winchester repeating-rifle, can be fired over and over again by means of a collection of cartridges in the stock, or in some other receptacle. Colonel Fosbery held that in modern warfare the soldier required, for special occasions and for brief intervals, to be endowed with a higher power of defence and attack than any system of single-loader would afford. He brought forward a 'magazine' of his own invention, which can readily be attached as a cartridge-feeder to the ordinary Henry-Martini rifle.

Submarine torpedo-boats of novel but simple construction have lately been built for the Russian government. They are about twenty feet long, so that a man-of-war could carry several of them without inconvenience. The shape of a cigar, the boat has a glass dome projecting from it, by means of which the officer in charge can direct its course. The screw-propeller is worked by the feet of four men, and the boat is lowered or raised by shifting

weights on a sliding bar from stem to stern. Each boat is to carry torpedoes, which can be attached to a ship's bottom by a pneumatic contrivance. After such attachment it will be the duty of the submarine boat to retire to a safe distance before making the electrical contact which will cause the explosion. The submarine vessel will carry a supply of compressed air or oxygen; and the carbonic acid from the men's lungs will be absorbed by caustic soda, as in the diving apparatus of Mr Fleuss.

Riveting by hydraulic machinery is now being largely introduced into the ship-building yards on the Clyde. The verdict of a special Committee of surveyors on the subject, after due inspection, was, that these machines 'thoroughly fill the holes and counter-sinks, and produce a smoother and better clench than can usually be obtained by hand-labour.' The saving of time and outlay, also, over hand-labour is very great.

The subject of the salmon-disease forms the most interesting portion of the recently published annual Report of the Inspectors of Salmon Fisheries for England and Wales. Unfortunately, much that is indefinite still surrounds the subject. The experience of practical fishermen and the researches of accomplished scientists have equally failed either to detect a cause or to suggest a remedy for the epidemic. The Inspectors express themselves as confident that the disease, which first attracted attention in 1877, had existed, at least in a sporadic form, for many years. The great difficulty is to determine what are the influences, climatic or otherwise, which cause the disease to assume the form of a widespread epidemic affecting thousands of fish, and attacking both kelts and clean fish. Professor Huxley has expressed the opinion that, whilst the primary cause of the disease is the fungus *Saprolegnia ferax*, there must be other and secondary causes acting in combination, and that information is still required as to these. As an instance of the destructive nature of this disease, it may be mentioned that from the Tweed alone, between November of last year and May of this year, no fewer than ten thousand six hundred diseased salmon, grilse, and sea-trout were taken out of the river and buried.

BOOK GOSSIP.

THE extension of science-knowledge in popular forms, with the consequent greater demand for scientific appliances, has led to marked improvements in the production of the necessary apparatus, accompanied by a reduction in price so great as to place such instruments within the reach of many who would otherwise be unable to procure them. The most popular and most generally useful of all these instruments is the microscope, without which the student of biology, and of animal and vegetable morphology, would be unable to carry on his researches beyond the merest preliminary stages. But along with the possession of the instrument itself, there is required some knowledge and skill in the use of the instrument; and many works have been published with the object of conveying to students

the necessary instructions. To this list is now added a work, entitled, *Practical Microscopy*, by Mr George E. Davis, F.R.M.S. (London: David Bogue). It is illustrated with over two hundred and fifty woodcuts; and the directions in regard to the microscope and its work are so full and ample, that the book can scarcely fail to be of value both to those who already possess microscopes, and to those who may require guidance as to the purchase of one. One advantage which this book has over some of its predecessors in the same department, is, that it is comparatively inexpensive, and is thus more easily acquired.

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At this season of the year, when prospective tourists are eager to hear or to tell of something new, an appropriate addition is made to our guide-book literature by the publication of *The Handbook to the Rivers and Broads of Norfolk and Suffolk*, by Mr G. Christopher Davies (London: Jarrold and Sons). These rivers and 'broads' form the distinguishing and characteristic feature of the modern scenery of East Anglia; its marshes and fens, linked to each other by gleaming brook and river, alone breaking the monotony of its flat and otherwise unattractive landscape. 'In a journey through it by rail,' says Mr Davies, 'you see nothing but its flatness; walk along its roads, you see the dulllest side of it; but take to its water-highways, and the glamour of it steals over you, if there is aught of the love of nature, the angler, or the artist in you. Houses are few and far between; oftentimes within the circle of your sight there is neither house nor man visible. A gray church-tower, a windmill, or the dark-brown sail of a wherry in the distance, breaks the sense of utter loneliness; but the scene is wild enough to enchain the imagination of many. Long miles of sinuous gleaming river; marshes gay with innumerable flowering-plants; wide sheets of water bordered with swaying reeds; yachts or wherries, boats, fish, fowl, rare birds and plants, and exquisite little bits to paint and sketch: these are the elements out of which a pleasant holiday may be made.' The book is accompanied with a good map of the district.

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We are introduced to a very different type of scenery by a little official guide-book, entitled, *Summer Tours in Scotland: Glasgow to the Highlands*, issued in connection with Mr David MacBrayne's royal mail-steamers (119 Hope Street, Glasgow). These beautiful vessels, the *Columba*, *Iona*, &c., were formerly better known in connection with the name of Mr MacBrayne's partner, the late Mr Hutcheson; and have long been famous for their comfort, their speed, and all the other qualities that render travel by water pleasant and agreeable. This little book will be of considerable use to tourists, as they have here set down a series of routes, all more or less different, which can be accomplished within one week—such as, on the first day, from Glasgow to Oban; second day, from Oban to Staffa and Iona, and back; third day, from Oban to Ballachulish (including Glencoe), and proceed to Banavie; fourth day, Banavie to Inverness, *via* Caledonian Canal;

fifth day, Inverness to Oban, by Canal; sixth day, from Oban to Glasgow. This is but one specimen of the many circular routes here arranged, other trips of the same number of days including visits to Portree in Skye, to Boisdale in South Uist, to Lochmaddy in North Uist, and to Tarbert and Stornoway in the far-distant Lewis. In this way the tourist may have a view of some of the finest water and mountain scenery with the least possible expenditure of time; visiting places of historical renown, such as Iona; of romantic danger, such as Corrieveckan; of natural beauty, such as the columned cave of Staffa; or of wild and weird interest, such as the dark mountains and sequestered lochs of the storm-vexed Hebrides. It is the magnificent scenery which Scott has painted for us in his *Lord of the Isles*, and which has since been made familiar to modern readers by pages of graphic and beautiful description in the novels of William Black. No better preparation for the journey can be made than the perusal of Mr MacBrayne's handbook, which, in addition to the official information to which we have referred, contains about a hundred pages of condensed and well-written notes on the historical and other associations of interest belonging to the places seen or visited in the course of the different routes, together with a map of the routes.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

SOME EFFECTS OF THE VIBRATION OF TELEGRAPH-WIRES.

The humming sound which is produced by the vibration of telegraph-wires is said to have somewhat peculiar effects upon certain creatures. The woodpecker, for instance, feeds on larvæ and insects which it finds under the bark and in the core of decayed trees, and to get at which it perforates the bark or covering with its powerful bill. It has been suggested that it detects the presence of insects in decayed trees by the delicacy of its hearing, which directs it to where the insects or worms are at work within the tree. In certain cases, however, the little bird has been deceived by the humming sound of the telegraph-wires; and at the recent Crystal Palace Electric Exhibition, as many of our readers doubtless remember, there was shown a piece of wood, cut from a perfectly sound post, perforated with a hole three-and-a-half inches in diameter, and which hole had been drilled out by the woodpecker under the impression that there must, from the sounds which it heard, be insects somewhere in the interior of the post. Similar borings are said to be frequently found in the pine-woods of Norway where this bird is found; the holes being as a rule made near the top of the post.

Bears are said to be frequently cheated in a similar manner. These animals are, as is well known, extremely fond of honey; and their vicinity to a store of it is usually discovered by the humming sounds which the honey-makers emit. The sound of the telegraphic wires is not unlike the sound of a swarm of bees; and when the sound reaches his ears, the bear at once begins to look about for business. Following the delusive sound, he finds that at the foot of the telegraph-post it becomes louder than ever; and as he does

not find the expected beehive, he very naturally thinks it must be under the heap of stones which are sometimes used to support the post. These stones he at once begins to scatter about in all directions; but though the humming is as distinct as ever, there is no trace of the honey-store to be found, and the hungry bear has only his labour for his pains. At first, this scattering of the stones was a puzzle to the officials, until the finding of the marks of bears' claws in the posts led to the discovery of the real cause.

It is alleged that in certain districts formerly infested by wolves, the introduction of the telegraph-wire has had the effect of frightening these terrible pests away. But the evidence for this is not well substantiated, other causes being in operation in those districts which might be conceived to have a similar restraining effect upon the wolves.

THE VINE DISEASE—SUGGESTED REMEDY.

The damage which the vineyards of France have sustained from the ravages of the *Phylloxera*, has led to many experiments being made for the purpose of getting rid of this most troublesome and destructive insect. A suggestion on the subject comes to us from China, which has the appearance of being feasible. It is made by Dr Macgowan of Shanghai, and is derived from the practice of the Chinese, who, in the matter of orange-culture, employ a certain species of ants as insecticides. In many parts of the province of Canton, the land is devoted to the cultivation of orange-trees, which being subject to devastation from insects, require to be protected in a peculiar manner, namely, by importing ants from the neighbouring hills for the destruction of the dreaded parasites. The orangeries themselves supply ants which prey upon the enemy of the orange, but not in sufficient numbers; and resort is had to hill-people, who throughout the summer and winter find the ant-nests suspended from various kinds of trees. There are two varieties of these ants, red and yellow; and their nests resemble cotton bags. The 'orange ant-breeders,' as these hill-people are termed, are provided with pig or goat bladders which are baited inside with lard; and the orifices of these being applied to the entrance of the nests, the ants are induced to enter the bags. They thus become a marketable commodity at the orangeries. The orange-trees are thereafter colonised by depositing the ants on their upper branches; and to enable them to pass from tree to tree, all the trees of an orchard are connected by bamboo rods.

Dr Macgowan asks if the orange is the only plant thus susceptible to protection from parasitic pests; and adds his opinion that the particular species of ants above referred to are not the only species capable of being utilised as insect-killers. He also suggests that entomologists and agriculturists would do well to institute experiments with a view to further discovery in this line of research. It might even be possible for the Société d'Acclimatation of France to import a number of the ants used in Chinese orange-culture, and by practical tests in the vine-fields to ascertain whether or not they would be serviceable in checking the destructive work of the *Phylloxera*, by reducing the numbers of the latter.

A SUMMER'S DAY.

It was a lovely day, a summer's day—
A day when Nature seemed to sleep in peace,
And all around was peace. The feathered songsters
Warbled their hymns of praise and sweet content
To their Creator; while the gentle breeze
Dreamingly stirring in the tall tree-tops,
Sighing a sigh of peace in the long grass,
Bending with stately grace the golden corn,
Murmuring sweet nothings to the dainty rye,
Joined in the chorus ever and anon,
Then trembled into silence.

Suddenly,
The spell is rudely snapt; for, rushing on
With sharp, shrill scream, and loudly clanging bell,
We see the fiery monster with its freight,
Immense, of living souls. On, on it speeds
Until the last pale cloud of steam departs,
And once again the silence reigns supreme.
The sun, the glorious sun, is shining bright,
High in the heavens, and tinting all around
With his own golden glory; and afar,
Glinting like diamonds, radiant in the light,
Lies the clear sea, so calm, in such repose
That not a ripple stirs it. All is peace.

On rustic seat beneath yon spreading tree,
Two lovers sit in their unconscious bliss.
Surely the peace has entered their young hearts
On this glad summer day. The man is one—
True, tender, loyal—such as women love;
And she, a fair young girl, in silent joy
And rosy happiness, doth list to hear
That which perchance her heart had known before.
Breathing in earnest words his tale of love,
He bends his head to hear her answering voice,
Then looks up satisfied. Her heart is won.

'Tis sad to know such peace may change to storms,
To know the sun must sometimes be obscured,
To know the tuneful birds will cease to sing,
To know that blessed love may change to hate.
Yet while the summer sun, and love, and peace,
Are each and all our own, we will be glad,
Lifting a thankful heart to God who gives.
And when the storm shall come—as come it may—
May He to whom we turn in time of grief
Say to our sorrowing spirits, 'Peace! be still!'

N. J. H.

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DISEASE GERMS.

THE composition of the atmosphere has been regarded for years as a subject which chemists have long since decided with an exactness which can scarcely be improved upon. Text-books inform us that the air we breathe is in the main a mixture of the well-known gases oxygen and nitrogen, together with a small but uniform proportion of carbonic acid gas.

Such is, indeed, the composition of pure air; but life is so widely diffused over the globe that except in high Alpine regions, the atmosphere everywhere contains impurities of a more or less detrimental character. Our fires and lights pour into the air innumerable particles of solid carbon, and vapours of petroleum, creosote, and sulphurous acid. Our bakers send into it annually some millions of gallons of alcohol from the fermenting process connected with bread-making; dead and decaying animals and vegetables supply their quota of gaseous materials; while the industries which bring us much of our wealth, diffuse throughout the air numerous small particles of starch, wool, cotton, brickdust, arsenic, and other substances. But these impurities, considerable though they may appear, are really of minor importance. The winds and rains, which we vaguely speak of as 'clearing the air,' carry off most of the suspended particles and wash the soluble gases into the soil. There is another class of atmospheric impurities, however, so universal in their diffusion, and of such vast importance in their effects, that a thorough acquaintance with them will be fraught with incalculable benefit to mankind. These we are familiar with as the motes which dance in the sunbeams, the floating matters in the air, now known to consist, in part at least, of Disease Germs.

Nowadays, people are inclined to scoff at the aims of the old philosophers; but we ought to remember how much modern science owes to these early investigators. The astrologers may be held as mistaken in supposing any connection

to exist between the motions of a star and the life of a human being; yet we are indebted to them for a great deal of our earlier astronomical knowledge. The alchemists who spent their lives in the search for the philosopher's stone, and the mechanicians who devoted years to their quest of perpetual motion, did not spend their lives altogether in vain; for in many departments of chemistry and mechanics, we are now reaping the fruits of their labours. Hence, also, in more recent times the search after the beginnings of life—the dream of spontaneous generation—while fruitless in its direct endeavour, has already conferred upon us blessings great and manifold.

In 1837, Schwann, a Berlin scientist, made the important announcement, that when a decoction of meat is effectually screened from the atmosphere, putrefaction never sets in. Practically, the same principle is the secret of success in the modern trade of preserving meat in tin cans by exclusion of the air. Twenty-two years after Schwann's announcement, a book appeared from the pen of an eminent Frenchman, F. A. Pouchet, giving the results of numerous experiments altogether opposed to Schwann's conclusions. Deeply interested in the discussion, Pasteur, a young French chemist, determined to take the matter in hand, and commenced a series of experiments which have yielded the most interesting and valuable results. Starting with the air, he found that many of the floating particles are not mere specks of inanimate dust, but organised bodies containing the germs of life. Some of these he introduced into animal and vegetable infusions, which he had previously boiled, to destroy any living organisms which might be present in the liquid, the result being that he soon obtained an abundance of microscopic life, and in a short time the infusions invariably became putrid. On the other hand, when similar infusions were thoroughly protected from the entrance of these atmospheric particles, not the slightest indication of life appeared in the liquid, even after months and years; but when the smallest drop of any decomposing liquid was

added, or ordinary air obtained access to the clear infusions, life began to manifest itself, and soon the water teemed with myriads of microscopic organisms.

In this way Pasteur established the fact, that just as oaks grow from acorns, or thistles from thistle-seed, so these minute living organisms are produced according to the common law of generation, springing from previously existing germs or seeds, but never growing spontaneously, or giving the slightest indication that life ever proceeds from anything which has not itself owed its existence to some previous life. Since then, innumerable experiments conducted by our illustrious countryman Professor Tyndall, have fully corroborated Pasteur's researches.

Now, let us glance at several widely separated departments of every-day life, and investigate a few facts which have apparently but little connection with each other.

When milk is long exposed to the air, it becomes sour or putrid; and if we place a drop of sour milk under the microscope, we shall find a number of small organisms linked together like beads upon a string. These are the cause of the sourness; for they have decomposed the sugar of the milk into lactic acid, the substance which imparts the sour taste. The organism which produces this change is similar in nature and appearance to the well-known yeast-plant, which changes sugar into alcohol. Taking, now, a drop of putrid milk, we find it exhibits a different appearance from that which is simply sour; for it swarms with rapidly moving specks, which receive the common name of bacteria. These organisms are very minute, much smaller than those producing sourness, and they are in every case the active agents in producing putrefaction. Expose milk, or meat, or vegetables to the air, and in a short time they will swarm with bacteria. Keep the air from them, and not one of these organisms will be found.

Let us now turn our thoughts for a moment to France. About twenty years ago, a disastrous silkworm disease reduced the produce of cocoons from fifty-two million pounds in 1853 to eight million pounds in 1865, involving a loss of some hundred million francs. Examined under the microscope, the blood of the diseased silkworm was found to contain innumerable animated vibratory corpuscles; the silk-bag was filled with these, instead of with the clear material from which the silk is spun; and these organisms were present in still larger size in the mature moths. Starting with these facts, M. Pasteur attacked the problem, and by securing healthy eggs produced by healthy moths, and by carefully guarding against contagion, restored to France her valuable silk husbandry. But while the practical results he accomplished attest the accuracy of his views and predictions, the observations which led to these results are more immediately interesting. From moths untainted by disease he obtained healthy worms, and on these he conducted his experiments. Taking a diseased worm, and rubbing it up in water, he mixed a little with the food of healthy silkworms; the result being that all the latter became infected, and finally died. A single meal was sufficient to poison them, and the progress of the disease was always attended by

a gradual increase in the number of the above animalcular corpuscles found in their blood. During these investigations, M. Pasteur proved that the disease was spread by the worms scratching each other with their claws, and thus introducing the disease germs into the wound. He found too, that the refuse of diseased worms contained infectious organisms, and this adhering to the mulberry leaves, spread infection among other worms feeding on these leaves.

The same distinguished chemist had his attention drawn to the losses frequently sustained by the wine-growers and vinegar-makers of France. The wines would often become unaccountably acid or bitter, and millions of money were in this way lost to his countrymen. Setting to work in his usual thorough and scientific fashion, he soon discovered that the wine disease was due to the presence of numerous microscopic organisms on the skin of the grape, which, finding their way into the wine, set up putrefactive changes which entirely altered the character of the liquor. Having ascertained the cause, his next task was to find a remedy; and before long he made the discovery, that by simply heating the juice of the grape to a certain temperature, these putrefactive germs were all destroyed, without in any way damaging the quality of the wine. All three diseases, the wine, the vinegar, and the silk, he traced to their living causes; and eventually discovered remedies for each by determining the conditions which prove fatal to these organisms, or which prevent their development.

Passing now into the surgical ward of an English hospital, let us examine an amputated limb which is not healing well. It has begun to putrefy. Taking a little of the matter, we examine it under the microscope, and find it swarming with minute organisms similar to those which we observed in putrid milk. This wound has been exposed to the air. In the next room is a somewhat similar amputation, except that the wound was dressed in such a way as to prevent any of the so-called dust of the air from coming in contact with it. A spray of dilute carbolic acid was kept playing over it all the time it was being operated upon, and now it is healing beautifully, for no living germs have obtained access to it.

A word or two about an animal disease known as splenic fever will bring us to the well-known zymotic diseases which carry off so many human beings. As early as 1850 it was observed that the blood of animals which had died from splenic fever teemed with microscopic organisms resembling minute transparent rods; and it has been placed beyond all doubt that this fever is due to the growth and development of these minute organisms. Placed under favourable conditions, the rods grow till they often become a hundred times their original length. After a time, little dots appear in them, which finally grow to minute egg-shaped bodies, presenting an appearance somewhat like a long row of seeds in a pod. By-and-by the pod—as we may call it—goes to pieces, and the seeds or spores are let loose. Many experiments have been made with both rods and spores. Guinea-pigs, rabbits, and mice were inoculated with the blood of diseased animals containing the rods,

the result being that within twenty or thirty hours they invariably died of splenic fever. By drying the blood which contained only the rods, it was found that it did not retain its infectious properties longer than about a month; but blood containing the developed spores, dried and reduced to dust, even after being kept four years, proved as deadly as at first.

In 1868, M. Chauveau made some interesting discoveries concerning the infectious matter in cow-pox, sheep-pox, small-pox, hydrophobia, glanders, and syphilis. Taking some of the matter, he found that it consisted of a fluid in which were numerous minute granular particles, some of them so minute as to pass through the finest filters. When diluted with water, the larger particles subsided, the finer granules, however, remaining suspended in the water, and the liquid still retaining its infectious properties; but by diffusion in distilled water, these minute particles were completely separated, and the liquid then proved harmless. It was thus shown that the infection was communicated by these minute organised particles, and that even a single one of these possesses such inconceivable fecundity that it will produce quite as powerful effects as if a large quantity of concentrated matter had been introduced into the system. Sufficient evidence has thus been obtained to prove that many diseases are propagated by minute organisms; and it is now a well-ascertained fact that scarlatina, diphtheria, measles, typhus and typhoid fevers are spread in the same fashion.

Let us then briefly sum up what is at present known about the Germ Theory of disease. Experiments having shown that no life is known to spring from inanimate matter, we may reasonably conclude that just as wheat does not grow except from seed, so no disease occurs without some disease germ to produce it. Then, again, we may take it for certain that each disease is due to the development of a particular kind of germ. If we plant small-pox germs, we do not reap a crop of scarlatina or measles; but just as wheat springs from wheat, each disease has its own distinctive germs. Each comes from a parent stock, and has existed somewhere previously. It is true that complications occur, several diseases running their course at one time, or one after the other; but however uncommon, none of them are new. After a forest is cut down, a new variety of trees may spring up; but nobody supposes them to have grown spontaneously; the seeds existed there before, and their growth was due to the occurrence of conditions favourable to their development. So the disease germs which are always floating about may frequently be introduced into our bodies; but it is only when they meet with suitable conditions that they take root and produce disease. Under ordinary circumstances, these germs, though nearly always present, are comparatively few in number, and in an extremely dry and indurated state. Thus, they may frequently enter our bodies without meeting with the conditions essential to their growth; for experiments have shown that it is very difficult to moisten them, and till they are moistened they do not begin to develop. In a healthy system they remain inactive. But anything

tending to weaken or impair the bodily organs furnishes favourable conditions, and thus epidemics almost always originate and are most fatal in those quarters of our great cities where dirt, squalor, and foul air render sound health almost an impossibility. Thus, too, armies suddenly transferred from the regularity and comparative comfort of barrack-life to the dangers, toil, and exposure of the battlefield and the trenches, are often attacked by epidemics. Having once got a beginning, epidemics rapidly spread. The germs are then sent into the air in great numbers and in a moist state; and the probabilities of their entering, and of their establishing themselves even in healthy bodies, are vastly increased. For the same reasons, one disease not unfrequently follows another. The latter is commonly said to have 'changed' into the former; but probably the two are entirely distinct, the second being simply due to the weakening of the system.

Another widespread belief is that foul smells give rise to disease. It is not, strictly speaking, the foul gases, but the germs present in them, that produce the diseases. The effluvia, however, are themselves injurious to health, while they are indications of a state of matters much more dangerous; and it is never sufficient to destroy evil odours without searching out and removing the causes that produce them.

Climate and the weather have also much influence on the vitality of these germs. Cold is a preventive against some diseases, heat against others. But we have still much to learn regarding their behaviour under varying conditions. Tyndall found that sunlight greatly retarded and sometimes entirely prevented putrefaction; while dirt is always favourable to the growth and development of the germs. Sunshine and cleanliness are undoubtedly the best and cheapest preventives against disease.

The method in which these diseases are spread demonstrates the necessity and value of thorough disinfection. A person suffering from one of these zymotic diseases is affected, say, in the throat; well, every time he spits or coughs, or perhaps with every breath, he discharges from his throat a great number of the organisms whose development has produced the disease. These may pass directly into the body of some one near, and thus set up disease in a second person, and so on; or falling on the ground, or settling upon clothes or carpets, they may dry up like particles of dust, and be shaken off the clothes, perhaps many months after, or be carried by the wind to places at a considerable distance. In either case, still retaining all their virulence, they will give rise to a fresh outbreak of disease whenever they meet with favourable conditions. Thorough fumigation or other method of destroying their vitality, largely or entirely prevents this.

In the case of diseases such as typhoid, which attack the stomach, disease germs are removed along with the excreta; and if, as is often the case, the drainage of the town flows into a river, and that river is used in some after-portion of its course as the water-supply of any town near its banks, there is great danger of disease being communicated by the water which we drink; for however well it may be purified and filtered, we have no

guarantee that it will contain none of these germs, which we have seen are so small that they pass through the finest filters. It is in this way that almost all the great cholera and typhoid epidemics have spread in London and other towns. That such a disgusting system should be permitted to exist, is a disgrace to a wealthy and enlightened nation.

How these organisms may be destroyed in cases of disease without injury to the person or animal affected, is the great problem which awaits solution. Wine-making, brewing, silkworm rearing, and surgery, have already shown the immense importance and practical value of a knowledge of this subject. Nowadays, in surgical operations every part of the flesh laid bare is washed with a dilute solution of carbolic acid, which effectually prevents the growth of these germs, and the consequent mortification which used to render amputation so frequently fatal. It is also known that consumption, which is probably a disease set up by some of these organisms, has in a measure been retarded, if not cured by inhalation of carbolic acid. Oxygen, we know, when in excess, proves a deadly poison to these organisms, and its entire absence is equally fatal; but the difficulty in adopting this remedy is that it might prove equally fatal to the person suffering from the disease. We know enough, however, about Disease Germs to show us in what direction future research may be most profitably engaged; and it is to be hoped that before long we shall obtain either a safe and unfailing remedy, or an efficient preventive against those diseases which, set up perhaps by a microscopic particle, eventually decimate continents, and thus afford us convincing evidence of the vast importance of so-called 'little things.'

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

CHAPTER XXV.—'HE'S AN AWFULLY ODD FISH IS STRANGE.'

HAD Gerard known that Constance was going to London, he might perhaps have been more ready to accompany his father thither. But, as a matter of fact, the visit was unpremeditated. The maiden aunt in Chesterfield Street, Mayfair, had money, and was known to be kindly disposed to Constance. When, therefore, the old lady, learning from her brother that he was about to visit London, expressed a strong hope that he would bring Constance with him, Mr Jolly accepted the desire as a command. He was not unaware of the importance of money; and though Constance seemed already fairly provided for, it would still be unwise not to conciliate the maiden aunt, who was naturally anxious to learn at first-hand the details of her niece's engagement. And if Lucretia—that was the name of the maiden aunt—should express any intentions with respect to her testamentary dispositions, Mr Jolly was quite persuaded that at such a juncture nothing could be more natural. It was not diffi-

cult to persuade Constance; for, to tell the truth, she was beginning to find the social atmosphere of the Grange a little stifling. Her father's dull pospositives and shallow aphorisms were insufferably tedious. There are a good many dull and pompous fathers in the world, whose daughters, aided by Love, revere and admire them. Constance was unhappily without Love's aid, and her father wearied her exactly as any other prosy person would have done. In his inmost soul, Mr Jolly had an idea that his style was Disraelian. He was Conservative in politics, and modelled himself naturally on the lines of his party chief. But it is not everybody who can fight in Saul's armour, and the Disraelian style, handled by Mr Jolly, was a cruel thing to suffer under. Reginald found it endurable, because it awakened his own sense of humour. He saw the fun of it; but Constance, who, like many charming women, had but a limited perception of fun, saw and felt only its dreariness. The house itself was somewhat dull after that fever of festivity into which Mr Jolly had for a time plunged it, and she was willing to welcome any reasonable pretence which called her away from it. These two were the reasons which she admitted to herself; but there was another which had more weight than both of them, although she was reluctant to own it—she was weary of Gerard.

Admiration is a pleasant thing to endure, but the signs of it may be so presented as to grow tedious. Gerard had no small-talk, and his icy divinity froze him. He was not happy in her presence; but his dreams of her presence made him happy. There was not the faintest doubt in his mind that when once they were married they would live a life of pattern felicity. The old truth which it was Pope's good fortune to crystallise for English-speaking people, operated here as elsewhere:

Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is, but always to be blest.

The future was roseate; the present, misty. Always that wonderful glamour, which perhaps alone makes life worth living, lay about to-morrow, but never about to-day.

Whether it were an old device or a new one, I cannot say, but I remember that in the year 1865 I witnessed an acted morality or mystery, the memory of which has remained with me. The scene was the cavalry barracks at Cahir, in County Tipperary—the occasion, the annual regimental sports of the Fourth Royal Irish Dragoon Guards. When the sword-exercise and foil-play and boxing, the running, walking, leaping, and vaulting matches were over—when the men had raced behind wheelbarrows and jumped in sacks, and the tug-of-war was lost and won, there came, to crown the festival, a donkey-race. Private Paddy Byrne, a regimental unit attached to the F Troop—this is not fiction, but history, and when, O when, did it cross Paddy's mind that an old comrade would put *him* in a novel?—with a wonderful laughable Irish grin on the Hibernian face of him, perched himself an inch or two forward of his donkey's tail, and laid between the mule's ears a switch,

on the end whereof swung two inviting carrots and a clean white turnip. Away went the donkey in pursuit of these tit-bits, never more than a stride's length from his watering teeth, yet never attainable. Every stride deceived him; but Hope sprang eternal in the asinine bosom, and he still pursued. I was young and thoughtless in those days, and at this acted mystery I laughed unthinkingly. But in the years which have gone since then, I know now that not a day has passed in which I have not with equal wisdom raced after something no more worth having and no more attainable, and Paddy Byrne's donkey has with me risen to the dignity of a moral *mythus*, preaching eternal truths. And he typifies, indeed, not me alone, but a whole hungry foolish world, tearing headlong in pursuit of that sweet and dear to-morrow which it never reaches. With the rest of the world, let him typify this poor hungry-hearted Gerard. 'If I laugh,' wrote the saddest satirist that ever put pen to paper, 'tis that I may not weep.' One may as well put things cheerfully as sorrowfully. You may suck marrow of mirth, and grow as wise as by sipping the salt of tears—if you are a born angel, and if saint by nature.

Mr Jolly apprised Constance, in the afternoon, of her aunt's desire; and it was decided that they should all three go to town together on the following day. Gerard came in the evening as usual; but she allowed him to ride away without telling him of the arrangement made. An hour before starting, she sent him a brief note, saying that her aunt desired to see her, and that she was going to London, but of design aforethought, forgot to give her lover her town address. She remedied this omission a day or two later, when she had secured a little quiet, and had discovered that it is better to be bored by admiration than not to be admired at all. To her amazement, Gerard did not fly to her when she lifted her finger. A day or two passed, and she did not hear from him. Matters grew a little wonderful, and even a little alarming. We have seen already that Val Strange made a call upon her. Familiar as Val contrived to seem in Reginald's eyes, this was his first visit; but he and Miss Lucretia were known to each other beforehand, and Val was a reminder to the old lady of her one romance. These renewals of youth are singular. Val's father was the only one among many admirers for whom Miss Lucretia in her youth had cared; but with that perversity which is a part of love, they had quarrelled over some trifle or other no bigger than a mote in a sunbeam, and had so parted—the man to forget as men forget, the woman to remember as women remember. Of this the young fellow knew nothing. Had he known, he might have sought the sympathy and intervention of the old lady, and have besought her to implore Constance to break off a loveless engagement. It is hard to say whether such a course could or could not have been justified, though there is little doubt that Val would have been able to justify it to himself. But he was ignorant of the tie between himself and the old maid, and knew nothing of the affection with which she regarded him. Had he known, the course of this story might have been altered; but then, there is nothing so slight in life that it might not alter the course of any human tragedy or comedy. And now Val was gone from Con-

stance's little circle, and still no Gerard came. The absence of one, and the silence of the other, became remarkable, before Reginald came to explain one of the phenomena, and a shock which was in its way a sort of social earthquake, came to explain the second. Reginald lounged in a day or two after Val's departure, and found his sister alone. Some conversational preliminaries being gone through which had but little interest for either of them, Reginald said casually: 'I say, Con., did Strange tell you he was going to the West Indies?'

'No,' said Constance, bending closer over her embroidery. 'When is he going?' She tried to make the question sound commonplace and disinterested, but read failure in her own tones.

'Oh,' said Reginald, ensconcing himself for more safety behind his eyeglass, and watching her keenly, 'he's gone. Started yesterday.'

Constance, with a great effort, retained composure. 'Why did he go?' she asked. 'Had he business there—property there?'

'Oh,' said the wary youth, 'you never know where to have Strange. You'd think he was dead-set on something or other, and meant to spend his life at it, and in half an hour he's dead-set on something else. As I told him the other day, he's like Dryden's Duke of Buckingham, "Everything by turns, and nothing long." You never know what he'll do next.'

Women are much better actresses than men are actors, and when Constance spoke, her nonchalance might have puzzled a less careful observer. She held her embroidery a little from her in both hands, turned her beautiful head this way and that, regarding it; and then, slowly raising her violet eyes, she dropped one negligent word: 'Indeed?' But she had not calculated that Reginald suspected, and was watching, and so she overdid it by a trifle, and seemed to his keen vision supernaturally indifferent.

'Yes,' murmured the watcher, fixing his eyeglass with a facial contortion which laid the ghost of expression still lingering, 'he's an awfully odd fish is Strange. You really never know where to have him.' He was modest enough to distrust his own powers, and he stopped short there, having done enough, as he conceived, for one day. His finesse was well meant, and for the moment it was satisfactory.

'So,' said Constance to herself, 'he has run away to avoid me.' Her heart sank at this desertion. She had forbidden Strange ever to speak again on the topic he had once broached to her; but she had not forbidden him her presence, and indeed had not the strength of heart so to deny him or herself. She pitied him—it was sweet to pity him. Before she had heard his confession, she had gone the usual maiden path to love, and had not known to what goal it led her. She found his society pleasant, more pleasant than that of any man she had ever encountered—so much, she was aware of. She knew that her society was pleasing to him; but for so beautiful a woman, she was amazingly devoid of vanity, and no thought of his being in love with her crossed her mind. For that matter, her engagement to Gerard seemed to hem her about with a sort of Society sacredness—men did not fall in love with young ladies who were engaged to be married. And when at last Strange's wild

declaration was made, her own heart answered it with a voice which there was no chance of mistaking. Here at last was the man who held the key to her heart, out of all the scores who had come a-wooing, and he came too late. It might have seemed easy enough to do the only thing which under the circumstances was wise and honourable—namely, to send Gerard his dismissal and to tell him that a union between them could lead only to unhappiness. But the wise and right thing to do is not always that which presents itself most attractively, and she had no one to advise and help her. That Gerard would have freed her, had she appealed to him, though he broke his heart in doing it, went of course without saying. But then, there was the natural disinclination to so pronounced an action, the natural fear of his silent reproach, the natural dread of the county talk. It would be bitter to be called a jilt; and there was no reason or shadow of a reason, except the true one, which she could assign against her engagement to Gerard. So, like wiser people, she decided to let things take their course for a time, with a vague hope that something might come to pass which would unravel the tangled skein and lay it out straight and smooth once more. And her reluctance to pain Gerard had more ground than a natural tenderness of disposition which is happily common to most women. She respected him, and in her secret heart was sensitively afraid of his ill opinion. Notwithstanding the general chilliness of their courtship, they might have made a very happy married pair, but for the advent of Val Strange. It is only in novels that husband and wife are kept apart by those thread-like filaments of feeling of which a certain school of feminine romancists are so prodigal. The plain English of that matter is, that unless a man is absolutely distasteful, or the woman's mind is preoccupied, marriage is the shortest way to love, and the surest.

SNAKE-ANECDOTES.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

To the generality of people the very word snake conveys a shuddering impression. The animals themselves are regarded with wholesale aversion. Nor is this altogether to be wondered at when we consider the terrible effects produced by the bite of many species—the mortal effects produced by a certain section of the tribe. There are, however, some folks who, so far from entertaining any aversion to those creatures, are anxiously engaged in studying their ways, their mode of life, and happily the dreaded powers with which the poisonous species—one-fifth only of the entire race—are endowed. In Great Britain, one species only, the adder, is poisonous, though not to the extent of being deadly poisonous; but the case is different in countries such as India and South America, where there are snakes from whose bite there is no hope of recovery. Happily, these death-dealing creatures are few compared to their more innocent brethren, though in India the fatalities which are yearly reported are still as appalling as ever. With a view to providing a remedy for the bite of what are termed deadly

snakes, many experiments have been, and still continue to be made; but as yet we have heard of no certain cure. One of our greatest authorities, Dr Fayrer, is obliged to admit that there is no hope for the person who has been bitten by a cobra whose poison is fully secreted and delivered.

Our contributor Dr Arthur Stradling, late of the Royal Mail (Marine) Service, who favours us with the following interesting anecdotes, has made a lifelong study of the habits of snakes, both poisonous and non-poisonous. He has, we believe, made many experiments with the hope of mitigating the dire results accruing from snake-bites, and has even gone the length of voluntarily permitting various poisonous species to exercise their fangs upon his own person! Taking certain precautions beforehand—the nature of which Dr Stradling has not yet made public—he has risked his life in the endeavour to counteract the baleful effects of snake-poison. If in the end he may be enabled to prescribe an antidote that shall prove effectual in staying the effects of the dreaded virus, mankind will owe him a debt of gratitude akin to that which it has paid to the discoverer of vaccination.

With this prelude, we offer to our readers a few of the Doctor's snake-stories. He writes as follows:

For the truth of the following anecdotes, in which serpents play a part more or less prominent, I can vouch; the incidents—except the first—having all occurred within my own personal experience. The exception, however, is matter of history at the Zoological Gardens; and not only were the eye-witnesses of the occurrence—among whom were Mr Bartlett and the late Mr Frank Buckland—well known to me—my informants, indeed—but the snake itself afterwards became a great friend of mine.

A few years ago, an immense anaconda or water-boia was received at the Gardens in Regent's Park, brought in a barrel on board a steamer from Central America to Liverpool, and forwarded thence by rail. This reptile, as perhaps my readers are aware, is the largest of the serpent tribe, inhabiting the swamps of Tropical America, and sometimes attaining a length of thirty or forty feet, it may be much more. It is one of the Constrictors—that is to say, it is non-venomous, and kills its prey, like the boa and python, by crushing it within the convolutions of its powerful body. In the British Museum there is a fine stuffed specimen, about thirty feet long, represented in the act of seizing, though not constricting, a peccary. The subject of my tale measured twenty-three feet in length, and in girth was equal to the circumference of a man's thigh—a formidable customer, capable of swallowing a sheep. Prepared for his reception, with the floor duly gravelled, and a tank with water, Den No. 3, on the left-hand side of the reptile-house, counting from the entrance-door, was allotted to him; and within the cage is a stunted tree, up which these large serpents are wont to climb. The top of the cask unscrewed, the creature was allowed to find his way into the cage through the small aperture behind.

Roaming about in the full enjoyment of his new-found liberty, he presently turned round between the tree and the front of the cage

—a space of several feet—in such a way that the bight of his body—to use a seafaring expression—lay within this space. Here, feeling the contact of the glass on one side and the wood on the other, he suddenly expanded his coil, probably in the sheer luxury of being able to stretch himself, and pushed the front of the cage out! Not simply the glass itself, which was not broken, but the heavy framework in which it is fixed, was forced away from its connection with the surrounding beams. Hereupon, several of the spectators had the presence of mind to rush forward and catch the sash before it could fall to the floor. In this way they supported it as well as they could with hands and knees until fresh assistance arrived, for the weight was too great for them to lift it back into position again; while the reptile inside, excited by the shouting and commotion, was dashing about furiously in all directions. This scattered the gravel about; and it was then found impossible to return the frame into its proper place, as the groove was choked with the small stones. Mr Frank Buckland, aided now by a number of men from all parts of the Gardens, still kept the glass from descending, while the keeper and carpenter, who got into the cage from behind, having thrown some blankets over the snake and pushed him into a corner, proceeded to scrape away the gravel. But the anaconda, now thoroughly enraged, contrived to extricate his head from the covering, and before the men could escape, flew at the carpenter and seized him by the shoulder. The keeper courageously turned, gripped the serpent by the throat, and forced him to let go, but not until the unfortunate man's arm was terribly lacerated by the powerful lancet-like teeth.

Luckily, the door of the reptile-house had been locked when the first *contretemps* took place, so that no casual visitors were witnesses of the scene; otherwise, fainting women and horror-stricken men would doubtless have added to its confusion. By this time the groove was clear, and the frame temporarily secured, so that the carpenter made good his exit, while the keeper, watching his opportunity, flung the creature from him and jumped out.

But it afterwards became very tame and tractable, and I established very friendly relations with it. Many a time have I stood at the door with Holland the keeper, and allowed it to rear its great black-spotted head out of the tank till it flickered its tongue against my face, while I patted its shining scales with my hand. Towards Holland it was most affectionate, and would always come up to the grated ventilator to see him when he was sweeping out the passage behind, though it took no notice of the people in front. Snakes take strong likings and dislikes to people, often unaccountably. Holland was one of the kindest and most intelligent keepers that ever handled a reptile, and could generally win any thing's confidence; yet there was—and probably is still—a West African python, some sixteen feet long, in the house, that positively conceived a murderous hatred of him. Why this should be so, neither he nor any one else could ever understand; but it is a fact that this python at feeding-times would sit up close to the door and wait, not for the ducks and rabbits, but for him!

The anaconda to which we have just referred was eventually killed by a guinea-pig! The little animal had been put into the den for a smaller snake's delectation, as our friend was torpid just then, owing to the approaching casting of the skin, in which state they do not feed. The guinea-pig was running carelessly over him, and the irritation of its feet probably caused the anaconda to move slightly, for its leg became entangled between two folds of the serpent's body—not constricted or nipped in anger, in which case it would have been all up with guinea-pig in a very short time—and it could not get free. It must probably have struggled some time, and then bitten its unconscious captor till it got away, for a great hole was found in the snake's side, and it lost much blood. This caused such profuse suppuration and ulceration of the whole body, that the poor brute had to be destroyed.

I have succeeded in bringing alive to this country two specimens of that deadliest of serpents, the Brazilian gurusucu, or bush-master as it is called in Guiana; and in connection with the first of these I had a disagreeable little adventure. It was sent to me in Rio de Janeiro in an open bowl-shaped basket, having been caught with a lasso, which, drawn tight behind its large triangular head, and passed through the wickerwork, secured it to the bottom of the basket. Evidently, it could not go home like this. I had no snake-tongs, and was not at that time quite so confident about manipulating poisonous serpents as closer familiarity with them has since made me; besides, a cabin on board ship contains so many nooks and crannies wherein a snake, once escaped from control, would be wholly irrecoverable. Therefore, I covered the mouth of the basket with canvas in such a way as to convert it into a sort of kettledrum; and cut a square hole in this, which corresponded exactly, when the drum was turned upside down, to an aperture in a snake-box, made by removing the perforated zinc. Then, applying the two accurately together, I cut the noose from the outside, in the hope that the reptile would drop through into the box. This, however, he refused to do, but darted round and round inside the basket, striking passionately; and as the wicker was neither very thick nor close in texture, it may be imagined that the situation was rather a sensational one. I had commenced operations just as we were steaming out of the Bay of Rio; and while affairs stood in the position I have indicated, we crossed the bar. The heavy swell from the outside caught the ship right abeam, and caused her to give two or three of the most tremendous lurches I ever experienced. I thought for the moment that she was going over. Everything in my cabin went adrift; books, boxes, cages, chairs, and about a dozen other snakes, came tumbling about me with a deafening din of smashing glass and woodwork. I lost my footing, and was thrown down; and as the ship rolled back to the weather-side, a huge wave thundered in at the open port and flooded the cabin; but I clung to my basket and box all the time, holding them together literally for dear life; for I knew I might as well be drowned or get my brains knocked out, as let my prisoner escape. He was safely housed at last; but a filament of the grass

lasso remained around his neck, spite of all my attempts to disengage it; this interfered with his respiration, and he died shortly after his arrival at the Zoo.

Having brought home many scores, perhaps hundreds, of live snakes in the course of my voyages, I have at different times published the results of my experience in that line, in the hope of inducing others to do the same. In the study of ophiology, living specimens are a great desideratum, since, after death and in spirits, snakes alter so much as to be scarcely recognisable, especially when injured, as they usually are. Nothing is more easily or safely kept during a voyage than a snake, if attention be paid to one or two small details. It is more easily kept than a bird, as it requires neither food, water, light, nor abundant ventilation; and beyond warmth, needs scarcely more care than a dead one in a bottle; but I suppose it is because these small details are so little known that we get so few rare snakes at the Zoo. In my papers, I have endeavoured to point out not only all that is necessary for their well-being in transmission, but also the dangers connected with them to be avoided on board ship. Nevertheless, an incident happened to one of mine some time ago, the possibility of which had never entered my head. I say to 'one of mine;' but in reality the reptile, a fine full-grown rattlesnake, did not belong to me, but to a brother-officer, who had bought it for presentation to the Zoological Garden at Hamburg, on the strength of my promise to look after it for him. It was brought on board in a small square box—a Schiedam-case, in fact—neatly tied up in brown paper, at my suggestion, and labelled 'Feather Flowers,' for the benefit of inquisitive passengers. This box was fronted with galvanised wire-netting of small mesh, which must have been nailed on after the snake had been put in, as there was no door. All was perfectly secure; so, as I had a numerous serpent tenantry at the time in my own specially constructed cases, I decided to let my lodger remain where it was, more especially as I judged, from its plump appearance, that it had lately fed, and would require no more nourishment till it got home. (It is worthy of remark that, as a rule, snakes feed, or require to be fed, only at long intervals; a rattlesnake has been known to live a year and eleven months without food.)

Imagine my surprise when, on going to my cabin about a week later, I met a little rattlesnake, six or seven inches long, climbing over the combing of the doorway! There was no doubt about it; *Crotalus horridus** was written in every scale of his wicked little head and diamond-patterned back, and signed by the horn at the end of his tail, which went quivering upwards as soon as he saw me. It was not a time to stand on ceremony, so I stood on *him* instead. Inside the cabin was another, wriggling along the floor, on whom also I executed a *pas seul* without further inquiry; and on turning round, sure enough there was a third on the washing-stand, sticking up his head and tail with the most menacing intentions. There was no longer any doubt that an interesting event had happened, a fact which was evidenced by the spectacle of

the box swarming with writhing little corkscrews, one of which was in the very act of escaping through the wire. I snatched up a towel and pressed it over the case; and while my boy nailed it on, and thus blinded the front, I despatched the two strays.

Now came the question, What was to be done? The inmates were safe enough for the time; but it obviously would not do to trust to a thin towel as the only dividing medium between them and the ship at large, for the rest of the voyage. I had to be cautious then, not being in possession of the means which place me now to a great extent beyond the pale of danger, and allow me to handle these things with comparative impunity; but I was none the less anxious to save the brood. A woman happily extricated me from my dilemma—the old stewardess, who was quite in my confidence, since she 'didn't mind them things,' and who used to allay any anxiety on the subject among lady-passengers with, I fear, a greater regard for me than for the truth. She gave me an old stocking; and this is what we did with it. First, we removed all the nails from one corner at the back of the box for about two inches along the two sides of the angle, and fixed a screw instead at the extreme angle itself. Then, with an excision saw—out of my case of surgical instruments—we cut through the wood for two inches each way, so as to complete the square, then nailed the mouth of the stocking over it, and finally removed the screw with a small screw-driver through a tiny slit in the stocking itself. The piece of wood, two inches square, thus severed all connection, and the screw dropped down into the foot; and by dint of shaking and knocking, the little reptiles were induced to follow. When a good many were in, the stocking was tied with cord tightly near the heel, and again about an inch higher, and the lower part was cut off between the two ligatures. This was emptied of its contents into a glass box which stood ready for their reception, while the rest of the babies were shaken down into the leg of the stocking, which still remained a *cul de sac*. The only hitch in the proceedings was a momentary though rather serious one, caused by mamma protruding her head and evincing a disposition to follow her offspring. When all the little ones—there were thirteen of them, exclusive of those I had killed—were out of the box, the bag was again tied twice, and divided; and they were restored to the society of their brothers and sisters.

But stop a bit! The resources of our very subtle contrivance were not yet exhausted. About a foot-length of that most useful stocking was still left, and this was tied once more, but this time close up to the box; then the lower end was untied, two rats introduced and fastened up again; then, the upper ligature being removed, the rats were shaken into the cage, and the maternal rattlesnake was compensated for the loss of her promising family by a good dinner. Finally, the stocking—or what was left of it—was pushed into the box, and the square piece of wood was nailed securely on again over it. But there was a pleasing uncertainty for the remainder of the voyage as to how many had got adrift before I discovered them, and where they had

* The Latin name for the rattlesnake.

stowed themselves, which rendered going to bed, putting on one's boots and the like, full of interest. When the importation of rattlesnakes becomes a recognised branch of industry, I shall take out a patent for that stocking dodge.

THE FISHERWOMAN OF HONFLEUR.

A TALE OF THE FRENCH COMMUNE.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

THERE was an unusual stir and bustle in the old-fashioned and generally dull town of Honfleur, opposite the port of Havre, in France. The old weather-worn, worm-eaten, wooden wharfs and jetties were thronged with fisherwomen and girls, all clad in their gala attire, whose number increased as they were joined by fresh arrivals from the neighbouring sea-coast, many having come from distant villages and hamlets. There was such eager, lively, and continuous chattering, that a stranger might have imagined there had occurred a second confusion of tongues—confined on this occasion to the gentler sex. The eyes of all present were directed seawards, and from time to time, some one would mount one of the wooden piles to which small vessels that frequented the harbour were moored, and, pointing to a speck on the water, visible in the far distance, would cry: 'Ils viennent! Ils viennent! Je les vois!' (They come! They come! I see them!) And for a few moments the clamour of voices would be hushed, only to break forth again with expressions of disappointment; for these fisherwomen and girls had assembled to greet the return of husbands, brothers, sons, and lovers who had been long absent, engaged in the cod-fishery in the stormy North Sea.

For many weeks past, the weather had been tempestuous; and those who had friends and relations at sea—and these comprised almost every inhabitant of the town and the neighbouring sea-coast—had passed many a sleepless night, listening to the fierce gusts of wind that swept around their humble and often exposed dwellings; or had started out of a troubled slumber to breathe a short but earnest prayer for the safety of the absent ones; for there had come from time to time sad stories of fishing-vessels that had foundered at sea with all hands; and all who heard these dismal stories dreaded lest the lost vessels might be those which had sailed a few months before with their dearest relations and friends on board.

On the previous night, however, a steam-packet had arrived at Honfleur; and her captain had reported the glad tidings that he had that day passed the homeward-bound Honfleur fishing-fleet off Dieppe, all safe, and that, as the wind was favourable, the vessels might be expected to arrive in port the next morning. Hence the vast and eager concourse of fisherwomen from the town and the adjacent coast.

At length there was a general hush. A speck that to a landsman would have appeared like a bird hovering over the water, was discerned in the far distance; then another, and yet another became visible. There was no longer any doubt that the fleet was approaching. Nearer and nearer the vessels drew; the cut of their sails

could be discerned; then their low black hulls appeared, and the experienced eyes of the fisherwomen recognised the vessels in which their husbands, lovers, and sons had sailed. The women counted the approaching luggers. Not one vessel of the little fleet was missing. But it yet remained to be seen whether all the crews had returned safe and well; and the hearts of the anxious watchers beat quickly, with hopes, doubts, and fears commingled.

Another weary hour passed away, and the vessels were off the port. Then arose from them a cheer which brought relief to the anxious women. Well they knew its meaning. It announced, that all who had sailed with the fleet had returned safe and well. The cheer was answered with a general shrill cry of joy. The vessels entered the harbour and ranged up alongside the wharf; and amidst cries of welcome, bursts of hysteric laughter, and tears of joy and gladness, the hardy, weather-beaten fishermen leaped on shore to greet their impatient loved ones. It was a strange yet pleasing sight to see these stalwart, weather-browned, whiskered and bearded seamen, clad in their coarse pilot jackets, tarry petticoat-trousers, heavy sea-boots, and oilskin sou'-wester caps—their garments still damp, and glistening with the spray which had fallen in showers over the vessels' decks, even to the moment when they entered the sheltered harbour—clasped in the loving embraces of the women and girls the instant their feet touched the wharf. The elder women, though brown and wrinkled, were yet robust and healthy; the young women and girls fresh and comely, with pleasant pretty faces, fair complexions, blue eyes, and glossy brown hair. All alike, old and young, were neatly and smartly attired in their picturesque fisherwomen's costume, with high, wide-frilled caps, white as snow, short, full petticoats, creaseless blue or gray stockings, and neat buckled shoes, which set off their well-formed lower limbs to great advantage; while many of them wore large earrings of real gold, handed down as heirlooms from grandmothers and great-grandmothers.

Amongst the first to leave their craft was a tall, handsome, young man, with laughing blue eyes, and curly, dark-brown hair, who leaped to the wharf into the extended arms of a pretty girl, apparently not more than eighteen years of age, who, as she embraced her lover, seemed perfectly regardless of the surrounding crowd.

'Welcome—welcome home, my Antoine!' cried the girl as she kissed her lover's whiskered cheek. 'Ah, how I have prayed and sighed for thy return! The storms have been so severe; and we heard such bad news that my heart was troubled. But the blessed Madonna hearkened to my prayers, and again I behold thee safe and well. The sight repays me for all my sufferings.'

The youthful pair released each other, and forcing a passage through the thick of the crowd, strolled away side by side in the direction of their native village, each with an arm twined round the other's waist. There was silence for a few minutes. Both were happy with their own thoughts.

Madeleine at length broke the silence. 'Thou hast not told me about thy voyage, Antoine. Has it been successful?'

'Successful as I could desire, my Madeleine,' replied the young man. 'If the gales have sometimes blown fiercely, it is what we fishermen must look for; and we care little for the weather if other things favour us. The good St Antoine [St Anthony is regarded by the French fishermen as their patron saint] has watched over us, and guided our vessels safe home.—And now, hearken, Madeleine! Tell me, dearest, is it not time that we possessed a lugger of our own?' glancing over his shoulder towards the vessel he had just quitted, whose masts could be seen amidst those of the other craft in the port. 'Will not the gains of this voyage make up the necessary amount, Madeleine?'

It is customary among the fishermen of the northern and western coasts of France, on their betrothal—which usually takes place at an early age—to some young maiden of their class, to place their wages at the end of each voyage in the hands of their *fiancées*, for safe keeping, reserving only what is sufficient for their necessary expenditure, and for the renewal of their outfits before they sail again, with perhaps a trifle beyond this amount, to pay for their small indulgences and harmless recreations. The young women having attended school when children, are generally possessed of some little education; while the boys go to sea with their relatives or friends as soon as they are of the slightest service on ship-board. Thus, few among the latter know how to read or write. It is customary also with the young women, after betrothal, to stipulate with their lover, that, previous to their marriage, some object for their mutual benefit shall be attained, such as the purchase of a fishing-lugger, or a share in such a vessel, or at least the means of purchasing the needful furniture, &c., for a humble household—according to their position.

Antoine and Madeleine belonged to what may be termed the superior class of fisher-folk. Both had been left orphans at an early age, and each had inherited a few thousand francs on the death of their parents. This money had been carefully set aside—but not in a bank. The French fisher-folk, in the days of which we write, had no faith in banks, and preferred to keep their savings where they might be secure, and ready to hand when required. To these joint bequests, Antoine's wages, and Madeleine's earnings from knitting and fancy-netting in her leisure hours, had been added from time to time, until, when Antoine sailed on his last voyage, but a small addition to the savings already accumulated was needed for the accomplishment of the desired object.

Madeleine—although she had been firm in her resolve not to wed her lover until the object of their mutual ambition was secured—was no coquette. 'It is now three years ago, my Antoine,' she replied to her lover's question, 'since we betrothed ourselves to each other in the chapel of Our Lady of Lorette. I was then but sixteen, you were nineteen years of age. I shall be twenty years old on my next birthday, three weeks hence. We have more than sufficient, Antoine, for the purchase of a lugger with everything on board complete, without counting thy profits on this last voyage. My poor old uncle, Pierre le Blanc, died soon after you sailed the last

time, and he left me a handsome legacy. The profits of your last voyage will be so much extra, which we can lay by, or expend on furniture and such other things as may be necessary. Perhaps, Antoine, if thou wilt, my approaching birthday may be our wedding-day?'

It is needless to state that the young fisherman was more than willing that the wedding should take place at the time mentioned by his *fiancée*. In due course the banns were published in the little village church, and on the anniversary of her birthday, Madeleine Letour and Antoine Duroc were united.

A new fishing-lugger, with masts and spars and sails and rigging all complete, was purchased; and Antoine remained at home for some months after his marriage, leisurely preparing his vessel for sea, but chiefly passing his time with his young wife. Occasionally, with the object of testing the qualities of the new vessel, which was called *The Madeleine*, the young fellow sailed for a day's fishing along the coast; but, for the first time since he was old enough to go to sea, the Honfleur fleet of luggers sailed for the far distant cod-fishery without him.

It has been hinted that when the meeting took place between the returned fishermen and their wives, sisters, and sweethearts, all present on the occasion were too full of joy to care to conceal their happiness. There was, nevertheless, one individual present who had no share in the general feeling of gladness, whose heart was, on the contrary, full of suppressed passion, hatred, and jealousy. This individual, however, was not a member of the fisher community. He was one Lucien Pierrot, the son of a rich *bourgeois* of Paris, who owned considerable property in Honfleur and its vicinity. Lucien was accustomed frequently to visit the town to receive the rents from his father's tenants, and on other matters of business; for though he was a gambler and spendthrift, and addicted to many other vices, he was an only son, and his father, though often deceived, continued to place confidence in him. During one of these visits, at the date of the annual Honfleur fair, Lucien met with Madeleine—who was visiting the fair with a party of female friends—and was struck with the grace and beauty of the young fisher-girl. He sought to introduce himself to her by offering her trifling presents as 'fairings;' but the fisher-folk are an exclusive class, who hold themselves aloof from strangers. Madeleine declined, bashfully, yet decidedly, to accept the proffered gifts, and strove to avoid the young man's attentions. In nowise disconcerted, however, Lucien, taking advantage of the license allowed at fair-time, attached himself to the party, in the hope of inducing Madeleine to look more favourably upon him, by ingratiating himself with her companions. All his gallantry was, however, thrown away. The young women took no heed of him; and separated for their respective abodes without bestowing one parting word or glance upon him.

Unaccustomed to be thus cavalierly treated by young women whom he honoured with his attentions, Lucien had been in the habit of using every effort to win Madeleine's affections. He dared not visit her at her home in the village, for he

was well aware of the pride and independence of the fisher-folk, who would stand on little ceremony with him if it became known to them that he was intruding his attentions upon one of their young people. But he contrived to meet her whenever she strolled beyond the village; and when, twice a week, she attended the market at Honfleur, he was always present, and was a frequent and liberal purchaser of the fancy wares she offered for sale. Always civil, and even polite in his manner towards her, he gave her no opportunity to complain of his conduct to her friends; yet, though she strove in every way to make it apparent to him that his presence was disagreeable to her, she was unable to shake him off. At length he grew more bold, and ventured to speak of his affection for her, and entreated her to accompany him to Paris, promising to make her his wife immediately on their arrival in that city. But he met with such a withering repulse, that he instantly regretted his temerity. The look of anger and scorn in the eyes of the young girl and the tone of her voice, told plainly that she was in earnest; and from that time, he had ceased his open persecutions. But he nevertheless resolved to gain his end by some other means. He had discovered that Madeleine was betrothed to a young fisherman; and though Antoine was personally unknown to him, Lucien conceived a mortal hatred for him, and vowed that if he failed in his object, he would find some way of revenging himself both on the young girl and her lover.

On the day when the fleet arrived in port, and the fisherwomen and girls were assembled on the wharfs, as already described, to greet their long absent husbands and lovers, Lucien also might have been seen skulking in the background, wrapped in a cloak, drawn up so as to conceal his features, eagerly watching the fishermen as they leaped on shore. He saw Madeleine on the wharf; and then he saw a handsome young fisherman, who, the moment he landed, was clasped in the young girl's embrace. He ground his teeth with impotent rage, and in his eagerness to get a good view of Antoine, stepped a few paces forward, and allowed the cape of his cloak to fall back.

As Antoine and Madeleine were forcing a passage through the crowd, Madeleine caught a momentary glimpse of her detested persecutor. The young girl shuddered involuntarily; and Antoine tenderly inquired whether she felt cold. Madeleine was almost inclined to acquaint her lover with the cause of her alarm; but she dreaded the immediate consequences of such a disclosure, and feeling secure in her lover's protection, she deemed it advisable to keep her secret. 'Now that Antoine has returned, and our marriage will so soon take place,' she thought, 'that bad man will see that it will be useless to trouble me any longer, and will no doubt return to Paris.'

Lucien continued to follow the young couple at a distance, midway to the village. Had he dared, he would have interposed himself between the lovers; but Lucien was naturally a coward; he knew that the stalwart young fisherman would have crushed him as easily as he could have flung a child from him, and he was forced to content himself with brooding over

plans of vengeance. He could do nothing just now; but he thought it probable that after her lover had again gone to sea, Madeleine would be more amenable to his advances and persuasions. And if such were not the case, he believed in his power to find some means of wreaking his vengeance upon both. So he turned aside from following them further that day, and left the happy and youthful couple to the enjoyment of each other's society.

HUMOURS OF IRISH DISTRICT VISITING.

'Miss MARTHA, it's Anty Dillon's Molly that's here. Her mother is tearin' mad wid the toothache, an' would ye be afther givin' her the laste taste in life of jam, she says, if you plaze, to take the stang out of her mouth, an' help her swalley the bit o' bread? She hasn't slep' or et for two days.'

'Miss Ellen has gone out with the keys, and won't be back till after the Bible class.'

'Shure, I tould her that, Miss, an' she says she'll come agin bime-by.'

'Jam for toothache!' I exclaimed.

'Yes; it is a grand specific,' said Martha drily, 'especially in families where there are children. There is an epidemic of toothache this spring. Last year it was influenza, till I began to give black currant vinegar instead of jam. But vinegar won't do for the teeth, you know.—And now I am sorry I must leave you for an hour; one of my old women is dying, and another has sent to say she is "downhearted," and wants to see me particularly.'

'May I go with you? I would like it, if they don't mind.'

'Oh, they will be delighted to see a strange lady. But I am afraid you will find it lugubrious. Their talk will be all about death and the grave, this time. However, it will be characteristic, and possibly amusing; so, come along.'

'You see,' said my friend as we set out, 'the Roman Catholics are as twelve to one in the town, but there are a good many Protestants for all that—poor ones, and the Archdeacon is very careful of them. He knows them all personally, and their circumstances, and goes to see them himself when necessary. The parish is divided into districts, with a lady-visitor for each. We go our rounds once a week regularly, and report to the Archdeacon anything that requires his attention. And if our people fall into necessity or tribulation, want advice or help, they send for us, or come to us, at any time. "I niver felt the loss o' me father an' mother till Miss Mary got married an' wint away," said an old woman to me once, speaking of one of us who had left the town. They often tell me I am like a mother to them.—Here we are at Mrs Nolan's. Yes; she's still alive, I see.'

It was the usual mud cabin, the open door admitting to the one room which served as kitchen, sitting-room, and chamber of death. A kettle was boiling on the hearth, and a teapot stood by. Two or three women sat round the fire, waiting for the final scene. The place was swept, and the furniture set in order; and by the bed, where an old woman lay slumbering fitfully, a chair was placed for visitors.

'Shure, you're just in time, Miss Martha—she's goin' fast,' said one of the women as she came forward and welcomed us.—'Yis, Miss, she's sensible.—Ye know Miss Martha, Biddy, don't ye?'

A smile came over the wrinkled features, and the heavy lids unclosed.

'Now, won't she make a purty corpse if she only looks like that at the last!' said the woman admiringly.

'I am glad to see her so calm and peaceful,' whispered Martha.

'Isn't it a comfort, Miss?' cried the woman out loud. 'An' it's the work o' the world we had wid her till yisterday only, whin His Riverince himself cum down an' reasoned her into common-sense, an' she guv her consent to go to the new cimethry, quiet an' asy.'

'To go to the new cemetery?'

'Yis, Miss. Shure, she held out agin it to the last; said it was a horrid, cowl'd, lonesome place, an' she'd niver lie comfortable there, wid niver a bone or a pinch o' dust of one belongin' to her within a mile. Cart-horses, she said, shouldn't drag her there, or to any place except a good churchyard full o' dacent Christian neighbours. But the Archdeacon argu'd the matther well. "Biddy," sis he, "be rasonable now. Where in all the country-side would you find a wholesomer place to be laid in," sis he, "than the new cimethry?—a fine, open, airy place, high an' dhry. An' as for lonesomeness," sis he, "shure, it's fillin' ivery day—it is. Ye'll have the neighbours gatherin' all round you in no time. An' I'll tell you what I'll do for you," he sis; "if you'll consent to go there quietly, I'll put you nixt Mrs Donovan—shure, ye know her—an' thin ye won't feel lonely or out o' the way wid her within call." So thin she guv in.'

'Yis, I guv in,' said the dying woman feebly. 'I cudn't howld out agin' His Riverince. There's no denyin' that Mary Donovan 'ud be a good neighbour, quiet an' asy, an' niver an ill word out o' her head; but I'd rather be laid alongside o' Nolan. A good husband he was to me, an' niver as much as riz his hand to me all the days we wor togither—barrin' he was in dhrink an' unconscious-like.'

'Alongside o' Nolan! Just listen to her now! And Oonagh churchyard twenty mile o' rough road away. Shure, it's battered to bits you'd be afore you got there, Biddy alanna. Yer ould bones 'ud niver stan' the jowltin'. An' prehaps it's come to bits the coffin would, they make 'em so thin nowadays.'

'Ay, ay; I know how thim funerals go gallopin' whin they git out o' the town; I'd be shook all to pieces, I'm feared, an' so I guv my consent to go to the cimethry. It's an asy road enough; an' what does it matther, ather all, whin the good God is in one place as much as another!'

Martha stooped down and whispered a few words. 'Yis, Miss Martha, I know; I'm none feared o' that. But I'm too far gone to spake much, honey.' Then the heavy lids dropped again over the glassy eyes, and I thought I saw an added shade on the gray face.

'I think she's goin' now, glory be to God! I know that look.'

'Miss Martha, could you be ather singin' a bit of a hymn? That would bring her to, if

anythin' mortal could; she was always fond o' the singin',' said the woman.

Martha hesitated, looked at the still face, and then at me—'Rock of Ages,' I whispered—and she began the dear old hymn at 'While I draw this fleeting breath.'

I saw the pale lips move, and stooped down.

'Nolan's voice!' Shure, I'd know it a mile off.—Ye're late, man; hurry on. It's tired o' waitin' I am.—Och, but ye're the pick of the world for the singin'!—It's gettin' cowl'd, alanna, an' the night's fallin', Nolan, an' I'm wairied out.—Here you are at long-last. Glory be to God!—Nolan!'

'Glory be to God!' echoed one of the women, 'she's gone.'

It was even so. Had Nolan really come up the 'dark valley' to meet her, I wondered, as Martha stopped, and the women broke into ready Irish tears and ejaculations, in the midst of which we moved away.

The person who had acted as mistress of the ceremonies followed us to the door. 'Wasn't it well she didn't go back o' her word about the new cimethry? An' won't she make a lovely corpse, Miss Martha, wid that pleasant look on her face? We'll sind to the house for the things, Miss?'

'Yes; Jane will give them.'

'Sheets and things,' explained Martha to me, as we walked away, 'for the wake, you know. They festoon them round the bed, and cover over the tables with white. We always keep some to lend for the purpose.—But here is my "down-hearted" old woman looking out for me. I wonder what she wants cheering up for this time.'

'Come in, come in, Miss Martha.—An' you, Miss.—Shure, it's most wore out I am, lookin' for you.'

The poor old soul evidently felt aggrieved. A sickly-looking creature, with bright eyes, and a crooked back, which showed plainly, as she presently began to rock backwards and forwards on her stool. The one room was bare of comfort. As stranger visitor, I was installed on the only unbroken chair, while Martha balanced herself on a three-legged elderly one.

'I came as soon as I could,' said Martha. 'I was delayed at Mrs Nolan's. She is dead.'

'Och, wirra, wirra! Is she gone, thin? That's what I sint for you for, Miss Martha. Shure, His Riverince, he sis, I'll be the next. He had the heart to say that to me, a poor crooked old body.'

'He couldn't say that, Mrs Morris; you must have misunderstood him.'

'Deed, an' he did, thin—thim very words—standin' there foreninst me on the flure. "Mrs Morris," sis he, "Mrs Nolan is goin' fast; she'll be in glory before another sun sets over her head." "God forbid, sir!" sis I.—"She will," sis he. "An' the question is," he sis, "which of us will be the next to be called away? It behoves us to be prepared," sis he.'

'That was not saying you would be the next.'

'Ah, but it was, Miss Martha, just all as one o' sayin' it. A hearty, able, active man like him, what thought would he have o' dyin'? An' sorra preparation he wants! He might jist walk into heaven any day, wid a flower in his button-hole,

an' "God save all here!" on his lips.—No, no, Miss; it was niver himself he meant at all, at all, but me. "Mary Morris, you're goin' to die, an' you're not ready"—that's the manin' of his spache.'

'And are you ready, Mrs Morris, if you should be called next?'

'I'm not, Miss Martha, an' I don't want to be called yet a bit; I want to live my life out. That's why I sint for you. I want you to pray the good God this night to let me live out me full life.'

'Why, you are an old woman, and a great sufferer, and I should think you would be thankful to be released.'

'Well, I wouldn't, thin. You see, Miss Martha, it's not as if I was a strong, able-bodied woman. Thin, I couldn't complain whin me time was out. I've always been ailin' an' wake, an' niver got more nor half the good out o' life that others got; an' I think it 'ud be only fair o' the good God to let me live twice as long, to make it even an' just.—You'll ask Him, Miss Martha, honey?'

'I'll pray for you, certainly, Mrs Morris, that you may not be taken away before you are ready and willing.'

'Some payple are quare, an' say it's a wary world, an' they'd like to be gone from it; but I'm not that kind. The worst day I iver had, Miss Martha, I niver wished I was dead. You've tuk a load off me mind, alanna, for I'm sure the Lord 'll hear you. He's very good to thin that put Him in mind of their wants.'

'Very, very good and pitiful. You remember what David says?—'

'Shure, I wasn't thinkin' o' David,' interrupted the old creature ruthlessly. 'I was goin' to tell you about me own mother's first-cousin, ould Molly Malone. She was an ould, ould woman, an' not a bit like me, for she raly wanted to die. But she lived, an' lived, till she could bear it no longer, an' she bedridden for five year an' more. So sis she to her son Tim one day—he was her youngest son, an' gettin' to be an ould boy too, waitin' for the mother's death to bring home a wife—"Tim," sis she, "I'm thinkin' the Lord has forgotten me."—"Faith, an' I'm o' that same opinion meself, mother," he sis.—"I don't like to be overlooked," sis she. "Yoke the dunkey, 'Tim," she sis, "an' wrap me in me cloak, an' carry me up to the top o' the road, till I put Him in reminbrance," sis she.—An' he did. He put an ould bed in the cart, an' her atop of it, an' jowlted her up to the top o' the hill an' down agin widout a word. An' signs on it! Miss Martha, whin he stopped at his own dure, she was a dead woman.—"Troth, an' she was in the right of it," sis Tim. "As soon as iver He seen her, He kindly give her the call."'

'I think the jolting had something to do with it,' said Martha, rising.—'Mrs Morris, I can't stay longer now. I will come and read to you another day. Good-bye.'

'Good-bye; an' thank ye kindly, Miss. I feel quite cheered up now, honey.'

'Isn't it extraordinary,' said I to Martha, when we were out of the house, 'the clinging to life some people show? The poorer and more miserable they are, the less desire they evince to give it up.'

'Except they think they are being overlooked,' said Martha, 'like old Molly Malone. I've heard that story so often, I can't laugh at it. She only told it to put me off reading the psalm for her.—See! there are the almshouses,' continued Martha, pointing to a row of neat little houses, with pretty porches and gardens in front. 'We won't go in. It's not my day. They are not very pleasant to talk to, poor things, just now. You see their endowment is in land, and for the last two years, owing to "Land League" and other troubles, there has been no rent paid. But for the Archdeacon, they would actually starve. He pays their weekly money out of his own pocket. It is just the same with the Orphan Fund, and Aged and Infirm Protestant Relief Fund. I don't know what we shall come to in the end; the Archdeacon can't go on supporting all the poor of the parish in this way.'

'Why doesn't he get help from the people around?'

'He can't. They have not any money. The gentry are most of them living on borrowed money, waiting for better times; and the shopkeepers say business is bad. Lawyers are the only people who are making anything.—Oh! just wait a minute! This is Anty Dillon's.'

A soft-looking woman, with bare, red arms flecked with soap-suds, came to the open door at the sound of our voices. 'Good-evenin', Miss Martha!—Won't you come in, Miss?'

'Not to-day, Anty, thank you.—When did you hear from your daughter Rosanna? I hope she gets on well in her situation?'

'Deed, thin, Miss Martha, not to be afther tellin' you a lie, she don't like it at all, at all. She's for comin' home agin.'

'Why? I heard it was a very good, easy place.'

'She's not faultin' the sickuation, Miss; but, shure, no servant stays in it, specially housemaids, an' so she give notice to lave this quarter.'

'For what reason?'

'The misthress. Nobody can put up wid her. She doesn't kill thin with work, but she waries thin out with nonsical talk about their sowls, Miss, as if they were on the point o' death. But shure, she's not a Protestant at all, Miss Martha; she is one o' thim Methodees.'

Martha turned away in vexation. 'I had the greatest work to get her that place, and now she is leaving it for nothing. They are miserably poor; and she will come home, and live with them till her money is all gone and her clothes in pawn, and then she will expect me to find her another place.'

'Her mother oughtn't to encourage her as she does.'

Here Martha began to laugh. 'Her mother! Didn't you recognise her? That was Anty Dillon, who was reported as "tearin' mad with the toothache," an hour ago.'

'And wanting a bit of jam to help her to eat and sleep! She doesn't look much pulled down by her sufferings.'

'Wait till I catch Molly, I'll jam her!' said Martha, in a tone of good-natured vexation.

Presently we came to a neat, whitewashed, tidy-looking, two-roomed cabin.

'This is one of our Orphan Homes,' explained

Martha. 'Our way is to put the children by families, under the care of respectable elderly people, who bring them up as if they were their own. It answers very well. Brothers and sisters are not separated. They have all the advantages of home-life; and the tie between them and their foster-parents strengthens with time into real filial affection in many cases.—Our orphans generally turn out well,' continued Martha with excusable pride. 'We look after them, educate them to some extent, bind them to trades, or find situations for them as servants. But I think a great deal of their future success depends on the foster-mother. This woman has brought up two families most creditably, who are all doing for themselves in the world now.—Good-evening, Mrs Moore! How are the children?'

A bustling little woman, in an old-fashioned cap and a big apron, turned round from scrubbing a deal table with freestone. 'Good-evenin' kindly to you, ladies! Wait till I take off my *praskreen*;' denuding herself rapidly as she spoke of the apron, and dusting two white chairs with it. 'Won't ye sit down, Miss, afther yer long walk?—Shure the childhre is well an' hearty, thank God! They are away at the school now.'

'No, thank you; we won't sit down now. You're busy. I only came in with these little things for Betty. I think they will fit her.'

'Och! they'll be made to fit, Miss. She was just wantin' thim; an' wasn't it the good Lord put it into yer mind to bring thim this day, before the rain comes.'

'Mrs Moore,' said Martha hesitatingly, 'did you hear there would not be so much money as usual this month?'

'I did, Miss. The Archdacon come himself to insinse me into the rason of it. He was rale downcast. I tould him niver to throuble about it; shure, we'll git along somehow.'

'How will you manage this month on so little?'

'Well, Miss, you see, Moore has got a stroke o' work. That will be a help. An' I had a letther from Amerkay, from Judy—you remember little Judy Grace, Miss Martha?—an' she sint me a little matther o' money, an' that'll tide us over a month or more. An' indade, the other childhre will niver let me want the bit o' bread while they have it. They're rale good in sindin' me things.'

'But they send the money for your own use.'

'For me an' Moore. Yes, Miss. Shure, they look on us as their father an' mother. They can't remember no others, the cratures.'

'Will they like your spending it on these children, who are nothing to you or them?'

'Miss Martha, do you take me for a brute baste, to have the bit an' sup meself an' see the fatherless go hungry?'

There was real surprise and indignation in the good woman's manner. Martha felt called on to apologise for her implied suspicion of ungencosity; and we then turned our steps homeward.

'Another trait of the Irish peasantry,' I remarked; but my companion was absent-minded, and made no response. 'We must pass Tom Daly's,' she said after some meditation. 'I ought

to speak to him, I suppose; but I don't know what to say. He is a Protestant; but I heard he went to the Roman Catholic chapel on Wednesday night, and walked in the procession of penitents. He was tipsy, of course; but, that makes it all the worse.'

The said Tom held down his head, and busied himself with an old shoe he was patching, as Martha entered his little cobbler's shop. I stood modestly in the door, and listened.

'Tom, what is this I hear about your doings on Wednesday night?'

'Musha! I donno, Miss Martha. People sis more nor their prayers.'

'Didn't you go to mass and walk in the procession before all the chapel full of people?'

'Shure, I wasn't in me sinses, Miss; I was unconscious. The boys made me just half-dead; an', faix, I donno what I did or didn't do, thin.'

'Tom, if you would only take the pledge, it might be the saving of you.'

'Shure, I'm willin' enough to take it, Miss Martha, if that will do you; but the keepin' it is another matther. I've taken it often an' often; but sorra bit o' good that did me. It was worse nor ever I was, as soon as I broke it.'

'Tom, I wouldn't mind so much your going to mass, if you were in sober earnest. I would rather have you a good Catholic than a drunken Protestant.'

'Oh, Miss Martha, is it you to think so little o' me as that? An' does His Riverince seriously believe I'd do such a mane thing as turn? Drunk or sober, I'll niver belie me church an' clargy. Miss Martha, I'll tell you what I'll do. I want to mass, there's no denyin', on Wednesday night; but I was tipsy—bad seran to thim that tuk me!—but I'll go to church this blessid night sober, and with me eyes open. There's for you! That'll convince His Riverince. Shure, I niver was in church on a week-day afore, barrin' the day I was marrid; but I'd do more nor that to show the Archdacon I was no turncoat.'

Tom did go to church that Friday night, and edified the congregation by his serious demeanour.

Coming out of the shop, Martha encountered a lively group of girls and boys, when she, to my surprise, seized the biggest girl by the shoulder and gave her a good shake. 'I have just seen your mother, Molly Dillon. What did you mean, you naughty girl, by telling such a story? Don't you know that?' &c.

I need not give the sermon which followed. Molly looked frightened, and the other children interested.

Suddenly a little boy, with the bluest eyes and reddest hair I had ever seen, pushed forward.

'An' did Molly tell ye a lie, Miss Martha?'

'She did, Jack.'

'An' it's an awful wicked thing to tell a lie, Miss?'

'It is, Jack, awfully wicked.'

'An'—an' it's worse to tell two nor one, Miss?' cried Jack, stammering in his eagerness.—Martha assented.—'Miss Martha, you tould us on Sunday last that the man that made another do a wrong thing was the wickedest o' the two. It was all as one as if he did it himself, only maner.—Miss Martha, if you don't give Molly the jam, you'll

be afther makin' her tell *two* lies. She promised us a rale trate this evenin'—"Miss Martha is goin' to give me a cup o' jam," she sis, "an' I'll give yez every one a taste."—She promised, Miss; an' she can't kape her word if you make her break it.

Martha stood nonplussed.

I stepped forward to the rescue. 'She promised you a treat. Now, would sugar-stick do as well as jam?'

'Faix, an' it would, Miss, an' betther.'—A general chorus.

'And you would hold that Molly had honourably kept her word, if she gave you a stick each?'—Approving grins, nods, and asseverations.—'Well, let me see. How many of you are there? Five?—Will that do?'

General delight, and a rush towards the confectioner's.

'If you had that young imp in your class Sunday after Sunday,' said Martha ungratefully, as we reached her own door, 'you would not be so ready to encourage his impudence with sixpences. But I'm glad the day's work is over.'

CINDERELLA DOWN-STAIRS.

AFTER telling us about an animal in its wild or natural state, Natural History sometimes adds the characteristics of its domestic condition. In like manner, we have all heard of Cinderella in her natural state, surrounded by the infinite possibilities of a fairy tale; and also of Cinderella in her domestic state, in which her habits and aspects are somewhat different, and rather more interesting, than those of her former state, because they have the advantage of being real. Cinderella down-stairs has not a bountiful god-mother; often 'the Parish' has been her step-mother, and she is an 'orfling,' like the hand-maiden of the distressed Micawbers. She never gets a glass slipper, yet her shoes are transparent enough; and how the other Cinderella ever danced in glass slippers, is a marvel to us, when this poor Cinderella is always breaking glass that nobody touched, by means of an invisible cat that haunts the shelves, as other cats haunt the garden walls. But the domestic Cinderella is, at least in her occupations, like her prototype of the story. She does hard service, and is despised, and sits among the cinders. No god-mother, no dressing for a ball, no mouse-horses and walnut-shell carriage, are before her, leading through a bright vista to her destiny and to a Prince with a shining shoe in his hand. This Cinderella has not even heard of fairy transformations; she was never in Fairyland; she was never a child as other children are. Hers is the most unromantic life in the world; she lives down-stairs in unromantic regions of scrubbing and rubbing, and soap and cinders.

The best description of the common domestic Cinderella is of course from the pen that described 'the Marchioness,' and from the hand that was always finding diamonds where we blind folks only see vulgar dust. There is many a Mar-

chioness in every street of the shabby-genteel districts of all great towns. Tradesmen's wives and lodging-house keepers oppress and are oppressed by a long succession of them; and in the picture of the 'slavey' of the Dragon of Bevis Marks, lies only the strong-featured portrait of ten thousand elsewhere without the title and the cribbage. 'The Marchioness' as deftly drawn by Dickens, is an old-fashioned child who must have been at work from her cradle, afraid of a stranger, but cunning and clever—'a small slipshod girl in a dirty coarse apron and bib, which left nothing of her visible but her face and feet: she might as well have been dressed in a violin-case.' She does all the work of the house, is miserably lodged, scantily fed, and treated like a grown-up drudge; as the natural result of which hard treatment she acquires a habit of 'cooling her eye' at keyholes and generally developing her cunning. But deep down in her heart is a germ of love and self-forgetfulness and homely faithfulness, that the first touch of sympathy rouses into life once and for ever. There is something exquisitely touching in the half-sad, half-comic way in which this slipshod 'slavey,' aproned in her canvas violin-case, becomes an angel unawares. But under many a canvas bib there is a heart that is never found; poor Cinderella remains a cheap automaton; and whether she is a child, or a woman, or a witch, or a mechanical contrivance, there is no time to think, or nobody to care.

'The Marchioness' did not know how old she was; but she was in every way, except growth, an extremely-developed specimen of Cinderella. The age of these wonderful human creatures ranges from eleven to fifteen or sixteen. Most of them have had no household training, and come in the dullness of ignorance and in utter poverty out of the cheerless 'Union,' or out of miserable homes with the saddest surroundings. But the great marvel is—and it is one of the startling marvels that show on the ugly side of human nature—that these old children or diminutive women, whichever you like to call them, are expected to be perfection; and are turned adrift, as if they had come on false pretences, when their deficiencies appear—are sent elsewhere for the joltings and hard rubs of life to knock into shape their character and acquirements. They are to teach and train themselves, if they are not, as every proper-minded Cinderella should be, ready-made perfection; and if the jolts and hard rubs knock them to pieces, instead of knocking them into shape—again, nobody knows, and nobody cares.

Poor little Cinderella! only hired, and nobody's child. There is no one to believe she is a child at all; no one to care for herself and her future for her own sake; no one to teach her with kindness and with patience; no one to remember that when the cat and the mice cause mysterious disappearances, the fault, and not its doer, ought to be made to disappear; and that even when the china is broken, the ways of the 'breaker' may be mended. Cinderella is at the most tractable age: she is the very same age as the boys and girls at school, or perhaps younger; nor can she be made a woman yet, by any amount of poverty, hurry, and drudgery all the week through. But it would be a mistake to say she is a child, for

all that. Alas! the poor have but short childhood, or none; and Cinderella down-stairs is one of the old children. Pity her, then, the more; and remember, in her provoking failings, that but for her many lifelong miseries, she would be a child; that she sometimes needs rest, enjoyment, sympathy; and that when any of us come across her, our kind word will not be thrown away upon the poor little ill-starred girl.

We have more sympathy with Cinderella of the kitchen, notwithstanding her tatters and untaught ways, than with her cousins who get a better start in life, as neat little maids in a nursery, or as the last and least in the divided work of a great house, where little country girls, rosy and fresh, fare plentifully in the servants' hall. Cinderella is much poorer, and often much younger; her life is far more laborious, and has less change or considerate treatment; and she is much more humble and grateful, which, after all, makes the strongest claim on our good-will. For Cinderella, though she grows up to be a Susan-Jane, seldom has a chance of becoming one of those upper servants who, in common with the gout and the powder-tax, are among the necessary evils of riches. She will never outrage Society by hinting a taste for blue china, or requesting leave of absence to attend a Language-of-Flowers Bee. She will never irritate us with the boast of the lady's-maid, who capped her list of qualifications by remarking that she had always married-off her young ladies satisfactory. She will never, in dearth of note-paper, offer her mistress 'a few sheets of mine, mum, if you won't mind using my monnygram.' Nor will she imitate that housemaid, with whose description and parting remark Mr Punch frightened the advertising public: the young person applying for a housemaid's situation where a footman was kept, who objected to children, was engaged to and visited by a most 'spectable young man in The 'Orse Artillery, and had a fortnight's character from her last place—but who, not exactly suiting the advertiser, retired observing: 'I really ham sorry, mum, for I rather like your appearance, mum!'

No; Cinderella down-stairs is not of the species from which these awful beings are selected; she is far more harmless and helpless. She is an overworked, unguarded, unloved specimen of those most pitiable of mortals, the Old Children; and, as such, if we think rightly, most pitiable, and sadly interesting. For every variety of the Old Child is interesting, as every one is pitiable. Of course, it is well for Cinderella down-stairs that she has her woman's work to do and her loveless hire to get; her poverty makes both a boon. But it is ill for her—and the knowledge of it marks a blot in our estimate of human nature—that once she gets into her fiddle-case of a canvas apron and bib, no one believes any more how young she is; and she might as well, for all practical purposes, be like Dick Swiveller's Marchioness, a little patriarch in pattens with no idea of her own age.

Farewell, Cinderella! You are one of the necessities of our crowded cities; and after glancing at your unchildlike lot and your unloving treatment, we must leave you where we found you, yourself not, knowing that you have yet the childlike right of your young years to be

considerately taught, forgiven, cared for. Sit down among the cinders. Your sisters are in bright homes, or pleasant school-rooms, or play-rooms noisy with laughter. Or some of them, a little older, are thinking of 'coming out,' dressing guily, driving to the balls and parties to which no fairy godmother will take you, and at which, indeed, if you were present, poor Cinderella, you would be but a sorry figure! This is every-day life, you see, you wizen-faced child of work; there will be no Prince, and no glass slipper; and if you envy your little sisters their kisses, no one is going to be kind to you; and if you have ever heard of the balls to which your big sisters are going, it is presumption in you to need pleasure of some sort too. You are one of the unchildish children growing into womanhood; and the world assumes, by some odd freak of reasoning, that all unchildish children born to work are able to take care of themselves with impish precocity, the moment they have got out of the cradle and laid hold of the broomstick!

NIGHT.

The earth is veiled in twilight gray,
Day wings her flight;
The worshipped sun is borne away
On blushing waves of amber light;
Come then, thou Maid, and be our Queen;
Nought shall disturb thy reign serene,
O dark-eyed Night!

The weary earth mourns not the death
Of busy day;
The sighing wind now holds her breath,
To list to Philomela's lay;
And Night-wood buds, asleep since morn,
Awake, and hasten to adorn
Thy regal way.

'Mid dusky spheres is raised for thee
A throne on high;
The budding stars await to see,
The crescent moon come gliding by.
Then they'll entwine thy raven hair;
And Cynthia on thy bosom fair
Will gently lie.

Love lights his lamp, then steals away
To Psyche's bower;
And Hope, who twines her wreath by day,
Now hides in heart of drowsy flower.
Come, wave thy strange enchanted wand,
In magic circles o'er the land,
From thy dark tower.

I hear the tread of silver feet,
O coming Night!
Thou turnest, like a vision sweet,
The misty darkness into light.
I see thee now, and at thy side
Is gliding sleep—the dreamy-eyed—
Thrice welcome Night!

E. M. B.

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A SAFE INVESTMENT.

DURING the last two or three years, the attention of our readers has from time to time been called to the question of Thrift, its encouragements and discouragements. With regard to the subject of hospital relief, we have pointed out the weakness of that easy-going charity which gives indiscriminately, and does not pause to consider that to 'help the poor to help themselves,' and to teach them the lesson of making provision for a rainy day, is a far higher boon than any amount of mere alms-giving. The Provident Dispensary, which, it is earnestly to be hoped, will in a great measure supersede our present system of free relief, has the unspeakable advantage of inculcating habits of forethought and of preparation for the future. It is the object of the present paper to deal with a kindred question, which should commend itself to the careful consideration of every thoughtful man.

The subject of Life Assurance is one which has for over a hundred and fifty years been slowly but surely working its way and gaining ground in our midst. Beginning from the smallest seeds in the seventeenth century, it is now a mighty tree, bearing rich and ripe fruits of comfort and help to thousands. It is pleasing to find that in spite of much apparent extravagance and recklessness in our present mode of living, this important subject is attracting more and more popular notice and favour. Yet, widespread as is the interest in this important subject, it is by no means as universal as it should be, for there are indeed few heads of families who can afford to be indifferent to the possibility of making adequate and immediate provision for those dependent upon them, in case of their sudden removal. With the recent memory of such a catastrophe as that at Vienna, it behoves every man seriously to consider the fact as indisputable, that in the midst of life we are in death, and so to consider it that not a day shall be lost in securing wife and children against the bitter sufferings of grinding poverty. Let any father of a family take up

a daily paper and run his eye down the columns of 'Situations Wanted,' and he will find constantly repeated, 'Gentlewoman by birth,' or 'Widow of a professional man,' seeking for means of earning their daily bread as governesses or companions, and often for less wages than they in their prosperous days would have given to their cook; then let him reflect on the fact that in the vast majority of cases this is the sad result of the neglect of the head of a family to make provision for the future, and surely he will see to it that such a cruel fate shall not befall his own dependents.

Still, there are few men worthy of the name who do not mean to make provision for their children at some future time, and who would not indignantly repudiate the charge of deliberately intending to leave them dependent upon charity. Yet to most men, in the poorer and middle classes at anyrate, it is almost an impossibility to make an adequate provision for anything like a large family by means of simply putting aside a portion of their income, and this even where life is spared to its utmost limit. What we hold is, that no man has a right to be in such a position that were he to be suddenly removed, those remaining would be left destitute. Now, every holder of a life-policy for a reasonable sum, has the comfort of reflecting that whatever happen to him, even should he be cut off suddenly and without warning, there need be no crushing poverty and bitter struggle to be added to the inevitable sorrow of bereavement.

The nature and principles of Assurance may be briefly summed up in the old proverb, 'Union is strength;' and put into familiar language, may be termed an association of persons agreeing to do in company, what, to the individual alone, would be an impossibility. In every variety of insurance this is accomplished by each member paying a certain sum annually into a general fund, in which capital becomes gradually productive. This is done on the understanding that at some fixed time each will receive his individual share with whatever of

interest and profit may have accumulated. In the case of Life Assurance, this fixed time is the time of death, and the sum insured becomes in the majority of cases a last legacy of love, to cheer the hearts of sorrowing survivors. Nor is there in this, as might seem at first sight, anything of the nature of a lottery; for although as regards the individual, nothing can be more uncertain than the time of his death, as regards any large number of persons nothing can be surer than the average duration of their lives.

This principle of average is by no means confined to the subject of Assurance; for it may safely be taken for granted that whatever event has happened once, will happen again, and in reference to large numbers, will happen a certain number of times in a given period. To take an instance from every-day life. In the Postmaster's annual Report there is always mention made of a certain number of letters posted without being fastened or addressed, and it has been ascertained, in reference to the total number of letters posted in a twelvemonth, that the average of careless senders is similar year by year. In the same way, it has been ascertained by careful collection of statistics, that in a population of a given number, there will be a certain percentage of fires, of railway accidents, and of deaths from stated causes—in short, a certain fixed recurrence of all the ills and changes that flesh is heir to. From this it may be seen that in dealing with large numbers, it needs no magician's spell to read the future with something like certainty; and it is this approximation to certainty which eliminates almost all question of risk or chance in reference to our subject, and makes it safe to reckon upon coming events. Surely he is the wise man who so reckons on the future as to provide for the one event which *must*—not simply may—happen to us all.

Nor is it possible to exaggerate the difference it will make to a man himself and to those near and dear to him, whether he has been content to take as his motto, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die;' or whether, looking bravely into the future, he has made such provision as to enable those depending upon him to be at least beyond the reach of want, or better still, to continue their ordinary way of life, should they be left at any time to their own resources.

But, apart from the primary object of making a provision for the future, there are other considerations in reference to this matter of Life Assurance which deserve to be brought forward. It will hardly be denied that of all things which tend to make a man happy and useful, nothing exceeds the formation of good habits—habits that will enable him to possess that greatest of blessings, a healthy mind in a healthy body; and towards this desirable end

Life Assurance gives a decided impetus and help.

In the first place, this act of providing for the future of others is in direct opposition to that natural selfishness which lies at the root of so much of the misery of life. The really selfish man who can see things only through his own spectacles, and who in all he says and does has only the gratification of self in view, is he not also one of the most miserable of men? For of all hard and exacting masters, Self is the most tyrannical, and the least easily pleased. Now, when a man comes out of himself sufficiently to look forward into the future for the sake of others, he is surely taking a step in the right direction towards unselfishness and happiness; for it is a distinct law of our nature that these two things shall go together; and if you want to find a truly happy man, look for one who forgets himself in thinking of others. This habit of unselfishness is, to say the least, likely to be encouraged by the keeping up of a life-policy; for it is not a single action performed on the spur of the moment and done with, but a thing to be remembered and provided for; and as each annual payment becomes due, the man is reminded afresh of the fact that he does not live for himself alone, and that he has certain duties in relation to others which he, and he alone, can fulfil.

Another point in connection with this yearly payment is the strong impulse it gives to the cultivation of habits of forethought, economy, and sobriety. In most cases, where the life is assured in a fair proportion to the income, there will need to be some careful looking forward and arranging of ways and means, in order to be able to lay aside the needful sum. And to this end there must be an exercise of that wise economy which is a blessing alike to rich and poor. Unhappily, this virtue is far too rare amongst us as a nation. It is perhaps most palpable in the case of the working-man who eats and drinks away his money whilst he has work, and then starves in the time of enforced idleness. But though most palpable here, it is no worse than the case happening constantly in the class above the labouring, where the object in life is to pass for being richer than is the fact, and where the earnings of the husband are spent in efforts to outshine the neighbours. The same folly may be seen on every hand, and anything that has a tendency to check this spirit, and to make income and expenditure accord, should have a hearty welcome.

Again, amongst the lower classes especially, the cause of half the misery to be met with is in that terrible want of sobriety which spreads ruin and desolation wherever it is found, and in the train of which follows the gloomy list of dishonesty, cruelty, and crime of every kind. Of those who fall under this sad temptation, a very large percentage are led astray through simple carelessness and want of thought. A young man earning good wages sees no reason why he should not do as he likes with his own, and forgets the fact that 'habit becomes second nature,' and cannot be laid aside at will and without a struggle. Now, it is an obvious fact that anything which tends towards making a man

steady and thoughtful, will have a most salutary effect in checking the formation of habits which, merely idle and careless at starting, have in them the germs of every sort of sin and crime. Surely, to face the future in such a manner as to induce him to provide for it on behalf of those who shall be dependent upon him, will help a man to study economy and thrift, and to shun a course which, at the very least, will drain him of his hardly-earned money, and will give him no chance of preparing for a rainy-day.

Another of the incidental benefits of Life Assurance, and one to be by no means passed over lightly, is its tendency towards the strengthening of those family ties which so greatly sweeten life, and make so sacred the associations and endearments of home.

It is a natural and right instinct which makes us desire the respect and love of those about us, and the man must have sunk low indeed who would deliberately act in such a manner as to lower himself in the eyes of those who ought to look up to him with reverent affection. Yet what shall be said of those who are satisfied to live only for the present, and who are too thoughtlessly selfish to consider the possibilities of the future for those whom they profess to love and cherish? There are men, by the thousand, who seem to forget the fact that wife and children can think and feel for themselves, and that sons and daughters as they grow into men and women, will see through, and value at their true worth vague promises for the future which lead to no definite efforts in the present. On the other hand, it is scarcely possible to act rightly in this matter without much of benefit in the present, as well as of blessing in the future. They will be strange children indeed whose hearts do not warm towards the parent whose love shows itself in deeds as well as in words; and there are few wives who will not cling with a closer affection to the husband who shows himself anxious that she and her children shall never be left destitute, or exposed to the tender mercies of a world so often cold and cruel.

One other personal consideration well deserves mention, and this is the freedom from anxiety which security as to the future brings. There is no more prolific source of premature old age and death than the habit of worry, which in this competitive age is rather the rule than the exception. When to the inevitable anxieties of business is added the ghost of a future unprovided for, it is little wonder that body and mind sink under the strain, and that scarcely a day passes without its addition to the records of insanity and suicide. In how many cases might the reason and health be preserved, were it only the present difficulties that had to be met, and were there no need to live up to such high pressure, in the hope of being able to provide for the future! Of course, the mere fact of being insured will not save a man from the inevitable cares and anxieties of life; but what we maintain is, that it will save him from a burden which is otherwise almost too heavy to be borne.

In a further paper, we may speak of insurance under another aspect, in reference to the community at large, and show its decided influence in stimulating the productive industry of a country, in reducing the poor-rates, and in lessening the

cost of prevention of crime. Meanwhile, we trust that enough has been said to commend the subject to the serious consideration of the thoughtful and unprejudiced reader.

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER XXVI.—‘MY DEAR,’ SAID THE OLD LADY, ‘YOU ARE FRETTING ABOUT SOMETHING.’

To Constance's mind, Val's precipitate flight spoke only of a longing and a despair which had grown unendurable. She saw him fighting for honour's sake, flying all he held dear, and going away into a void world which had no chance of solace for him. The true and honest ring of the old cavalier's verse was in her mind, with a meaning in it which was new to her, because she felt it echoing in fancy from her despairing lover's soul:

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

He had fled for honour's sake; and for that, though it wounded her sorely, she half deified him. Once before—as she knew—he had struggled to escape her charm, and had failed. She had trembled to think of that; yet where on earth is the woman who would not have been pleased by so magnificent a compliment? When she could escape from Reginald's presence, she fled to her own room, and cried to think of Val and his love and courage and forlornness. He proved his love by running away from her, and with a rare magnanimity, trusted to her to understand and forgive; nay, perhaps with a magnanimity rarer still, trusted to offend her by the *brusquerie* of his departure, and so turn her heart towards Gerard once again. We who are behind the scenes, and know the course of circumstances which dictated Val's flight, can scarcely share her exalted notions of his delicacy, his honour, and his courage. But howsoever mistaken she might be, her thoughts of him were valuable to herself. ‘He helps me back to the path of honour,’ she said, even while she wept his departure. ‘I am pledged to Gerard, and I must be true to my word. I must try to love Gerard; that is my only real safeguard.’ Poor girl! When did ever love go forth in answer to commandment? Yet there was this help—that Val had put a distance of real reverence between them, and obviously meant to return no more until he could return in safety. She was proud, and she was pure-minded, and purely bred, and habits of thought and feeling are strong things even when assailed by the Passions. She would not scorn herself so far as to fancy that if once she were safely married to Gerard, any man could move her to one unfaithful or regretful thought. And now she began to long for that union to which she had looked forward hitherto either with coldness or with shrinking.

No word from Gerard. She besieged herself with questions as to the meaning of his silence, and could find no answer. Her lovely cheek paled with the inward conflict; and Miss Lucretia, who knew of nothing but happiness in her fortunate niece's lot, must needs send for a doctor, who prescribed a tonic. Constance

submitted, but left his medicine untasted; and Miss Lucretia remonstrated, and had terrible visions of a premature grave for her beautiful niece.

'My dear Constance,' the old lady said at length, being fairly frightened by the girl's languor and want of appetite, and the pallor which had taken the place of her late lovely bloom, 'I must insist—I really must insist upon your taking the mixture.' She poured out a dose, and advanced with it, bearing the wine-glass in one hand, and in the other, daintily held between finger and thumb, a lump of sugar. Constance, too languid to resist, accepted the medicine, but refused the sugar. She had almost lost all sense of taste in her two or three days of illness, and the nauseous bitter scarcely existed for her. Then, being in a mood so tender and sore that all the fibres of heart and mind seemed raw, she began to cry a little at her aunt's caresses. 'My dear,' said the old lady with sudden decision, 'there is something on your mind. You are fretting about something.' Constance peevishly repudiated this idea. Her temper, naturally even and coldly sweet, had within the last day or two grown sickly and uncertain. 'My dear,' repeated the old lady, with gentle but firm insistence, 'there is something on your mind. Did you expect—*him* to follow you to town?'

'I don't know,' said Constance. 'I am not fretting. I am not quite well. That is all.'

'No, my dear,' said Miss Lucretia, with chirpy firmness; 'that is not all.' Miss Lucretia was one of those dear old ladies who are slow to receive ideas, but who having by any process absorbed them, hold on to them with marvellous firmness. 'You are fretting.'

'You are very unkind,' retorted Constance, who was made more miserable by the fact that she could not honourably confide in anybody, and so allowed her misery to recoil in anger. But she was so palpably unhappy, that Miss Lucretia would not be angry in turn. She only put her withered arms about the beautiful neck, and in spite of a feeble resistance, drew her niece's head to her old bosom and swayed her to and fro a little. 'I am ungrateful and wicked, dear aunt,' sobbed the girl, easily melted by this voiceless caressing patience. 'You are not unkind, are you, dear?' And she looked up with violet eyes full of penitence.

'Why should I be unkind to anybody who is in trouble?' asked Miss Lucretia, still clinging to her point, and seizing the chance of putting it forward again. 'I have suffered, and I can sympathise with suffering. Tell me what is the matter.' Miss Lucretia was very sentimental, as tender-hearted old maiden ladies mostly are, and she had a wonderful scent for a love-trouble. Now, 'Ask me no questions and I tell no lies,' is not a proverb of the lofty sort, but it yet holds a word of warning for those who care for wisdom. If you will insist on having the confidence of one who is unwilling to impart it, you ought not in charity to be too amazed if a half-confidence is imposed upon you, or even if you are set upon a wrong scent altogether.

'He might have written,' murmured Beauty in distress, suddenly grown double-faced. Miss Lucretia applied this stricture to the conduct

of Gerard solely, though, as a matter of fact, in Constance's mind it slid between him and Strange, and was aimed at once at both, and neither.

'Is that all?' said Aunt Lucretia. 'You little goose!' She kissed her fair burden patron-like, almost protectingly. The epithet 'little,' addressed by Miss Lucretia to Constance was droll. Constance, even whilst labouring under a sense of her own duplicity, smiled furtively. 'My dear,' said the old lady, 'young gentlemen have so many things to think of. And did you not tell me that his father had announced his desire to make arrangements for your future? I have been making inquiries, my dear, and Mr Chichester, who knows a great many City people, assures me that the affairs of Lumby and Lumby are colossal. That was his word, my dear, not mine. Colossal. Now, if the affairs of a House are justly to be described as colossal—and I can repose the most implicit confidence in Mr Chichester, who would not exaggerate for the world—it will necessarily be a matter of time to make the arrangement which Mr Lumby suggests; and Gerard is probably quite absorbed in business, and is waiting until he can lay everything before you.'

This explanation was so satisfactory to Miss Lucretia, that she dwelt upon it at considerable length, the fact that Lumby and Lumby's affairs were colossal appearing to afford her the warmest gratification. Constance was too glad to be left alone to interrupt her, and she followed the tangled threads of her own thought whilst the old lady expounded the advantages of being attached to an establishment which was colossal, or, as she added savingly, 'had been so described by one accustomed to the contemplation of large affairs, and not prone to use the language of exaggeration.' So attractive did this theme prove, that Constance escaped all further questioning that night, and made such strenuous efforts to be cheerful, that they resulted in a real headache, which kept her in bed until evening next day, and brought the doctor again. Reginald, calling, encountered the doctor, and asked him what was the matter. The doctor responded in a round-about way, as doctors sometimes will; but he said enough to make it clear that the case was one for which some suppressed excitement was most probably answerable.

'You had best come no more to Jotunheim, Mr Strange!' said young Jolly to himself as he walked away sorrowfully. 'You have done mischief enough already, Val—mischief enough already. Girls are a sad trouble! I shall be glad to see her safely married to Lumby.' Reginald felt a considerable sense of responsibility in this matter, comfortably mingled with a feeling of diplomatic triumph. He it was who had discovered the hitch in affairs and had banished Strange. He felt proud of his own discernment and of the spirit and judgment he had displayed. 'Constance will be getting married in a couple of months or so,' he told himself, 'and Strange will have the good sense to stay away for at least that time. And then Val's such a butterfly fellow! He feels all this very keenly, no doubt; but he'll forget all about it, and as likely as not bring back a gold-coloured bride from the West Indies.' Comforted by these reflections, he walked on

briskly. The shops were lighted up, and the evening sky was clear. The air even in London had a prophetic sense of spring in it. Where do they come from, those wandering faint perfumed winds which sometimes, for a second merely, greet the sense of the wayfarer in London streets, and how do they keep their perfume in their journey through the city's unnamed odours? Reginald was a lover of the town rather than the country, yet the countrified scent greeting his nostrils as it passed, sent him on his way well pleased. Suddenly, in the Regent Street crowd one face flashed out on his, and was gone again. He turned and pursued it, but failed to overtake it. 'Surely that was Gerard!' he said to himself as he passed and cast an uncertain glance before and behind him. 'But what a face the fellow wore! He looked downright ghastly. I hope there's nothing the matter. All his people were well enough. The pace he was going too! Staring straight before him, and plunging on like a madman.' A minute later he smiled, and shook his head with a knowing air. 'Love's a curious fever. He was going up to Chesterfield Street, and had heard that Constance was unwell. I'm getting quite knowing about the tender passion. Wonder when my turn's coming.—No; nothing in your line to-day, Cupid. Call again.' Beguiling time with many naïve reflections, he walked on, and near the top of the Haymarket found himself entangled with a small boy who made proffer of an evening paper.

'O'ny a 'a'p'ny,' said the small boy appealingly, shivering before him as he walked on. 'Terrible disaster at sea, sir. Orful failure in the City. O'ny a 'a'p'ny!' The words 'failure in the City' struck curiously upon his ear, and Gerard's face, seen ten minutes before in Regent Street, came back to him in ridiculous association. He bought a paper chiefly to dispel that absurd fancy, and unfolded it near a tobacconist's window. There he read in large letters, 'Great City Failure.' The words 'Lumby and Lumby' followed in some connection, but everything had suddenly grown misty, and he could not see. He stood with a chill sickness creeping over him until his sight cleared again, and then read on. 'This afternoon, Messrs Lumby and Lumby, the well-known merchants of Gresham Street, suspended payment. The liabilities of the firm are estimated at half a million.' The street seemed to whirl, and he could not think. He held the rod of the tobacconist's shop-blind for a minute, and then, with uncertain step, went on again. Nothing was clear to him, within or without. The lights in the shops were hazy, like his thoughts; but out of the fog which seemed to have fallen on the streets came the face of his friend as he had seen it but a while ago, white and haggard and desperate. He could read its meaning now.

SADDELL AND ITS LEGENDS.

BY CUTHBERT BEDE.

THERE are still some parts of our country that are beyond the reach of railroads, and are out of the beaten track, and which, therefore, are not much visited, except by those who go thither chiefly for the purposes of sport. One such tract of country comprises the whole of the south-western Highlands of Scotland, south of

Oban, the 'Charing-Cross of the Highlands.' Throughout Argyllshire there is no railroad. MacCallum More's territory and the Land of Lorn are not invaded by parliamentary and excursion trains. The country of Ossian and of the children of the mist knows not the roaring and panting of the iron-horse as he drags his carriages past mountain and loch. It is true that hundreds of tourists annually cross the northern neck of Argyllshire by the Crinan Canal; but that is a voyage by water, and they only get a glimpse of a small portion of the wild scenery of this most picturesque county. To get a sight of its southern portion—especially of the long peninsula of 'wild Cantire,' as Sir Walter Scott calls it—the traveller must take the long steamboat voyage from Greenock down the Clyde, round by Arran, and through Kilbrannan Sound, to Campbelton; whence he must get to his destination, or shooting-quarters, as best he may.

Sailing down Kilbrannan Sound, with the rugged peaks of Arran on our left, and on our right the bold range of Beinn-an-tuir—'the Wild-boar's Mountain,' and the scene of the death of Diarmid, the Fingalian Achilles—we come within eight miles of Davar Island and the entrance to Campbelton harbour. Here, on the Cantire shore, and close to the water, we see a massive quadrangular castle, backed up by woods and hills, and in excellent preservation. This is Saddell Castle. It stands near a river which flows through Glen Saddell; and in the hollow of the Glen, close by the river, and surrounded with trees, is the once-famous Monastery of Saddell, now a mere ruin.

Legends gather around Saddell, like the moss and lichens on the remaining stones of its Monastery; and these traditionary tales, or *Sgeulachdan*, are told in the native Gaelic, on many a winter's night, around the peat-fire in the black-roofed heather-thatched hut, while the men and women knit and listen to the stories with an absorbing interest and rapt attention that could scarcely be realised by the average Englishman who reads his *Times* and subscribes to Mudie's. It is with these legends that I would chiefly deal.

The very name of Saddell may be said to come down to us clothed with legendary lore. There is a tradition concerning the building of the Monastery. A certain person having murdered his step-father, was constantly haunted by the ghost of the murdered man, and could gain no rest or peace of mind. He therefore travelled to Rome, in order to confess his sin to the Pope, who ordered him to return to Cantire, and there build a church between two hills and two waters; after which his troubled mind would be relieved. He made choice of Saddell, which fulfilled the conditions imposed upon him for the site; and there he built the famous Monastery. This tradition may perhaps have arisen from what is told of Donald, grandson of Somerled; how he went to Rome to obtain absolution for his sins, and on his return gave rich gifts to Saddell Monastery. Another tradition says that the founder sent to Rome for some consecrated dust, and made the building commensurate with the extent to which the dust could be spread.

This founder was 'the mighty Somerled'—who is mentioned in Scott's *Lord of the Isles*—Thane of Argyll, and Lord of Cantire and the Isles. He was slain in fight in the year 1163, and was buried in the unfinished Monastery, which was completed by his son Reginald, who, in addition to his other titles, assumed that of King. The Monastery was designed for the Cistercian or Grayfriar order of monks. In the Norwegian expedition, in 1260, against Alexander III., when Haco was at Gudey ('God's-isle'), now called Gigha, in the Atlantic, off the western shore of Cantire, it is told that an abbot of a monastery of Grayfriars waited upon him, and begged protection for their dwelling and church; which the king granted to him in writing; and not only so, but, when one of his own monks, Friar Simon, died in Gudey, they carried his body across the water to the peninsula of Cantire, and crossing its mountain-range, bore the corpse to the eastern shore, where the Grayfriars buried it in their church at Saddell, and spreading a fringed pall over his grave, dubbed him a saint.

The plan of Saddell Monastery took the form of a cross, lying in an exact position towards the four cardinal points. Its length from east to west was one hundred and thirty-six by twenty-four feet; and of the transepts, from north to south, seventy-eight by twenty-four feet. Part of the gable of the transept, and the aperture for a window in that wall, remain; but the dressed stonework of the windows has all been taken away, with the exception of a single stone near the spring of the arch, which has a moulding of fourteenth-century work. The monumental memorials are numerous and interesting; for distinguished persons from all parts of the country had their sepulchres here, including some of the collateral branches of the Macdonald clan. The tomb that is pointed out as that of the mighty Somerled, is in the choir, and appears to have been originally placed within the arched recess, or founder's tomb, in the south wall of the choir, near to which it now lies; and this supposition is probably correct. If so, the sculptured effigy of this redoubtable Lord of Argyll and the Isles represents him as wearing a high-pointed, conical bascinet, from which the camail, or tippet of mail, is dependent over the neck and shoulders. The body is clad, down to the knees, with the shirt or jupon, which is scored down with straight lines to represent the folds. The right hand is raised up to the shoulder; the left clasps the long two-handed sword. In the corner of the slab, above the right hand, was an inscription, now defaced and illegible.

Another tombstone, bearing the figure of a warrior, is said to be that of Mackay, to whom Robert Bruce assigned the lands of Ugadale and Arniele, in Cantire, for giving him shelter when he was a fugitive. Bruce had wandered to Mackay's farmhouse, where he was entertaining some friends, and at first declined the hospitality; but Mackay compelled him to accept it, saying: 'I am king in my own house.' The next morning, after breakfast, Mackay took Bruce to the top of the mountain of Beinn-an-tuirc, to show him the western coast, whither Bruce wished to go. Bruce then disclosed himself, and said he would give Mackay what he wished, when he had

regained his throne. Mackay asked for the two farms of Ugadale and Arniele; and they separated at the spot now marked by a stone called *Crois Mhic Cairdh*, or the Cross of Mackay. After the battle of Bannockburn, Mackay went to Edinburgh, where the king gave him the title-deeds of the two farms; and when Mackay declined the goblet of wine that he offered him, Bruce in his turn said: 'You must drink it; for I am now king in my own house.'

There is also the grave of Archibald Campbell of Carradale, who was killed at the battle of Inverlochy, while engaged with the forces of Montrose. Here, too, lie Macdonalds and other distinguished men, whose graves cannot now be discerned from those humble mounds beneath which 'the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.'

The West Highland funerals were attended by a great concourse of people, and unseemly scenes not unfrequently occurred on these occasions, arising out of the jealousies and hot blood of hostile clans. I was told that early in the last century, when a funeral was being held in this graveyard, one of the proprietors of Cantire, pointing to the grave of the great Macdonald, exclaimed: 'There lies the bloody dog!' Upon this, the Macdonalds who were present drew their weapons, and would have slain the gentleman, had not his servant protected him and got him on his horse, when he galloped away for his life.

On a bank on the other side of the river is the Holy Well, almost concealed by long grass and coronals of fern. The water flows into a small stone basin, on the front of which remains a sculptured cross, the only one belonging to the conventual buildings that has escaped destruction. It is placed in a scene of singular beauty, and possesses the customary Holy Well legend—that those who drink of its waters should wish a wish, and will be married to their hearts' desire before another twelvemonth has passed over their heads. But two peasant maidens whom we saw there, were too young for any such flights of fancy, and had merely come to the Holy Well for the prosaic duty—made poetical by place or circumstances—of filling their pitchers with the clear spring water. As yet, they walked in maiden meditation, fancy free of any bridal of Saddell that might hereafter be their lot.

It is said of Reginald, who completed the building of Saddell Monastery, that, in conformity with a practice among the Scandinavian sea-kings, he did not enter under the roof of any house wherein a fire was kindled, for the space of three years; and he thus accustomed himself to hardships and privation. The rents of the Macdonalds of Saddell, as was then the universal custom in Scotland, were chiefly paid in kind—meat, meal, malt, cheese, poultry, &c.; so that, in the year 1542, the monetary rent-roll of Macdonald of Saddell, Lord of Cantire, and also Lord of Islay and Rheinds, barely amounted to one hundred and forty pounds sterling. But the Macdonalds were very generous, and would occasionally reward one who gave them a night's lodging with the grant of a farm; indeed, that of Coul, in Islay, was granted to a man who had given a flounder to a Macdonald who was much exhausted. These grants were models of brevity, as may be seen from two specimens: 'I, Donald, chief of the Macdonalds, give here in my castle to Mackay,

a right to Kilmahumay, from this day till to-morrow, and so on for ever.'—'I, Donald, sitting upon Dundonald, give you a right to your farm, from this day till to-morrow, and every day thereafter, so long as you have food for the great Macdonald of the Isles.' Dundonald was the castle near to Campbelton, on the western coast, where Macdonald went to receive his rents; and the cliff close to it is called 'The Hangman's Rock,' where, perhaps, short treatment was made of those who were behind-hand in their payments; for some of the Macdonalds of Saddell were very rough and ready in their ways—that one, for example, who used to watch from his battlements, and take 'pot-shots' at any passer-by, using a gun that he called 'the Cuckoo.' This chieftain, who was known as Rìgh Fìongal, went to Ireland, and, by force, brought back the wife of another man, who followed him; but who was imprisoned by Macdonald in Saddell, with the intent of starving him. First, he was shut up in a barn; but he sustained life by eating some grain. Then he was moved to another out-building, where a generous hen laid an egg for him daily. Then he was put in the dungeon of the castle, and died, after gnawing his arm and hand. Macdonald gave him a funeral, and told the widow what had happened; but she leaped from the battlements, and was buried with her husband. Then three Irish friends came over, and were hospitably received by him; but when he found them asleep in his barn side by side, with their necks convenient for his long sword, he cut off their three heads with one swishing blow. He then invited M'Lean and the chiefs of his clan to enjoy his hospitality at Saddell, and cement the peace that had just been made between the two clans. But he thrust them all into dungeons, and each morning, after breakfast, cut off the head of one of them. The king of Scotland heard of this, and interfered in time to save the necks of a few of the Macleans, by ordering Macdonald to come before him at Ceann Loch—as Campbelton was then called. He obeyed the order, and swore allegiance to the king; but before his monarch had sailed out of sight of land, Macdonald hoisted a flag of defiance.

One story is told in connection with Saddell Monastery, of the love and heroism of a young girl who was servant to a farmer in Barr Glen, which is on the other side of the mountain of Beinn-an-tuirc, and about seven miles from Saddell. This girl was loved by the farmer's son; but his father disapproved of their courtship; and with a base scheme to get rid of her, told her that he would give his consent to the wedding, if she, on that dark, tempestuous, snowy winter's night, would walk across the hills to Saddell and bring from the old monastery a skull that lay on the founder's tomb. She consented, and went out alone on her perilous journey; and in the morning, returned half dead with fatigue and excitement, but with the skull in her hands. The old farmer would not believe the tale that she told concerning the skull, or that she had brought it from the Monastery. She said that when she had at last got to the old church, she found its door open; that she groped her way in—well knowing the spot and the position of the tomb—and that

she heard mysterious moans, and the movement of many light feet and forms all around her. Terrified, but not disheartened, she made her way in the darkness to the old tomb, felt for the skull, seized it, and carried it away, pursued by the invisible forms to the church door, which she passed through and closed behind her, hearing, as she did so, a rush made against it. How she got back through the snow to Glen Barr, she scarcely knew; but she accomplished the task; and there she was with the skull in her hand, to claim her reward. Still, the old farmer would not believe her; and set out to Saddell with some of his men, expecting to find the skull in its usual place. But when they got to the old church and opened the door, there, within the building, were a number of deer, who had probably sought shelter from the violence of the winter-storm, and whose startled movements were what the brave girl had heard. And as there was no skull on the tomb, the old farmer was compelled to return home and give his consent to the girl's marriage to his son. They took back the skull to its former resting-place, and were married; and some of the deer were killed and cooked, and they had venison for the wedding-feast.

Macdonald of Saddell was crowned King of the Isles in the chapel of St Columba, on a small island in Loch Finlagan, Islay, where also was a castle, and a harbour with piers and gates to secure the shipping. He stood to be crowned on a large stone seven feet square, and received the sword and white wand of power. Five hundred chosen men formed his body-guard, and out of these there were sixteen picked men to attend him. It is said that a man of great strength, named Macphail, was splitting an oak-tree, when Macdonald approached with his sixteen attendants. Macphail appealed to them to lend him a helping hand; whereupon eight of them took hold of the split on the one side, and eight on the other. Then Macphail suddenly took out the wedges, and the two sides of the oak sprung together and imprisoned the thirty-two hands. Macphail, according to the legend, permitted Macdonald to go away; but he cut off the heads of the sixteen attendants with his axe.

The chief portion of the old castle of Saddell is a square-built tower, measuring in width about seventeen yards by ten, with a height of about fifty feet. The walls are of great thickness, and are without buttresses; but the summit is embattled and machicolated, with projecting turrets—also machicolated—at the four corners, and a fifth nearly over the chief entrance on the western side. The lower part of the castle has two barrel-vaulted rooms pierced exteriorly with narrow arrow-slits; and above these is the principal apartment, having at its north end an arched fireplace ten feet in width. Higher still, are two other floors of rooms, reached by a winding staircase, which is continued to the embattled parapet. The castle was inhabited by the Campbells until the latter part of the last century, when the House was built on the other side of the river, on a somewhat bleak spot, but commanding fine views of the shores of Cantire and Arran, and of the distant ocean.

On the small island of Freughilein, in the

Sound of Islay, was another castle, that of Claig, where the Macdonalds kept their prisoners; and another small island was called the Island of Council, where the thirteen judges sat and decided the frequent disputes among Macdonald's subjects.

An angry threat used in Cantire was, 'Dog on you!' or 'Dog and cat on you!' and it is said to have had its rise in the days when the Macdonalds used bloodhounds to hunt escaped prisoners. Wild-cats, according to the Rev. John Macfarlane of Saddell, might be met in the wooded glens at Saddell as late as the year 1843. I was told a story by an aged native of Cantire that bears upon this. 'In the year 1689,' he said, 'my great-grandfather, MacNiven, joined the Scottish Regiment at the age of eighteen, and was sent to Londonderry, which city was then lying under siege by King James II. The sufferings of the people inside the walls were terrible, and many of them perished from hunger. But although the old man my ancestor was upwards of eighty years old when he died, and had many tales to tell of that dreadful siege, and of his many adventures and fightings, yet he always said that he had never felt half so much terror in the thickest of the fiercest battle, as he had felt in combating with a wild-cat. It was on his return to Cantire from the wars, after King James had been defeated by the Prince of Orange at the Battle of the Boyne, and he had got as far on his way home as Alt-na-beiste—"the Glen of the Wild Beast"—at Saddell, and had reached the stream, which in those days was not bridged over; but there were large stepping-stones placed in the river for the use of the people in crossing. Well, he had stepped upon the first stone, when a very large wild-cat leaped out of a thicket on the opposite bank, and stood upon a stone on the other side of the stream, fully prepared to dispute the passage. The soldier also prepared himself for the combat by rolling his plaid around his neck and taking his dagger in his hand. The cat watched his movements with glaring eyes; and as MacNiven could not safely retreat, he resolved to advance. This he did, cautiously stepping from one stone to another, in order to secure a firm foothold, if the cat should spring upon him; and he kept his dagger ready to strike. He had hoped to thrust the creature through at the first blow; but quick as he was, the cat was quicker, and sprang upon him so suddenly and with such force, that he lost his balance and fell into the stream, with the wild-cat fastened on his neck. It was well for MacNiven that he had taken the precaution to wrap his plaid there, or the creature's bite might have been fatal. It never loosened its hold as they toppled over into the stream; and as they rose to the surface, it made a dash with its sharp claws at the soldier's eyes. MacNiven received it upon his left arm, and immediately thrust his dagger into the wild-cat's body. The stream was rapid, and reached to his chest, and it was with much difficulty that he could stand firmly on the rocky channel. He tried to hold the cat under the water, but could not succeed; and although he wounded it more than once, yet it contrived to keep its hold about his neck and shoulders, fighting fiercely at him with its sharp teeth and talons, and uttering the most terrific cries. The fight was as fierce as it was prolonged; but at

last it was over, and ended in favour of the soldier. He brought its body home, and had its skin preserved. It was as large as a biggish dog; and I have often seen it, and heard my father tell the tale that has been handed down in our family, how MacNiven's direst enemy in battle had been a wild-cat.'

THE FISHERWOMAN OF HONFLEUR.

A TALE OF THE FRENCH COMMUNE.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

ANTOINE, having, as already mentioned, remained at home for some months after his marriage, at length sailed once more on the long fishing-cruise to the North Sea, which usually occupied a period of six months.

At this period the terrible war between France and Prussia was raging furiously. Paris was already threatened with siege, and the Germans were everywhere victorious. But of all the communities in France, the fisher-folk least troubled themselves with political affairs. Not that they were unpatriotic, for they heartily wished success to the cause and arms of France; but the French fishermen enjoy immunity from the military conscription—to which all other classes of the people, save the clergy, are more or less subject—on consideration of their being bound to enroll themselves in the national navy whenever their services are required.

So long as Antoine remained at home, Lucien had held himself aloof from Madeleine, who believed that, now she was married, he would cease to annoy her. She did not, therefore, think it worth while to cause uneasiness to her husband by acquainting him with the young man's previous ill conduct towards her. But no sooner had Antoine gone to sea, than Lucien recommenced his insulting importunities. He endeavoured to gain her favour by means of costly presents; but his presents were scornfully rejected, and he was plainly assured that if he did not forthwith cease his annoyances, she would take such measures to put an end to them as would give him cause for regret for the remainder of his life.

Thus compelled to desist from his persecutions and to relinquish his base designs, Lucien became more determined than ever upon revenge; and though he could conceive of no scheme at present by means of which he could carry his craving for vengeance into effect, he resolved to wait and watch his opportunity. 'Everything comes to him who has the patience to wait,' he muttered to himself as he returned, raging with disappointment, to Paris.

But then came the siege, and for months he was imprisoned within the ramparts of the city, and Madeleine hoped and believed that she had rid herself of him for ever. At length the siege was raised. The Prussians marched in triumph into Paris, and the war came to an end. The Imperial power was overthrown; a Republic was proclaimed; and the vile mob and *canaille* of Paris sought to establish the power of the Commune, and succeeded for a while in maintaining a second Reign of Terror, during which pillage and murder were rife, and destruction was wrought upon many of the public buildings that

the Prussian guns had spared. But though the headquarters of the Commune were in Paris, it had its supporters in other places, and especially in the towns situated on the banks of the Seine, between Paris and Havre de Grâce. In all these places its emissaries were active in seeking to persuade the poor, debased, and ignorant among the population to join its ranks.

And now Lucien Pierrot was again seen in Honfleur. He had at length worn out the patience of his father, whose eyes had become opened to his son's delinquencies, and, for the time being, the young man was paternally discarded. It was said that, out of spite, to annoy his father and gratify his own evil propensities, Lucien had leagued himself with the Commune, and had become one of the most active among its minor leaders. At all events, he was constantly to be found busily disseminating its atrocious doctrines; but persons who professed to be better informed in the matter than others, declared that Lucien Pierrot was in reality a paid government spy.

It was at this period that Antoine again came home from sea. He had been absent longer than usual, but had made a profitable voyage to various ports in his own lugger. Moreover, shortly before her husband's return, Madeleine had given birth to a son, which delighted the heart of the worthy young sailor. Little did he or the people of his native village trouble themselves about the Commune; probably few among them knew the meaning of the word; and so long as they were healthy and prosperous, it concerned them little whether France was an Empire or a Republic.

On the first day of his return, Antoine was seated, in the evening, opposite his happy young wife—now so proud of her maternity—in their snug little cottage, with the infant sleeping quietly in his cradle between them. Antoine had related the events of his voyage, and Madeleine was acquainting her husband with all that had occurred in the village during his absence, when suddenly rising from her chair, she approached a *buffet*, and took from a drawer a letter bearing the Paris postmark, which she presented to her husband. 'In my joy at seeing thee again at home, my Antoine,' she said, smiling, 'I had well nigh forgotten this letter, which I received a fortnight ago.'

Antoine took the letter from his wife's hand. It was rather a strange and suspicious-looking document—so at least thought the young fisherman. It was weighty, and bore a huge red seal, which was unbroken.

'Thou hast not opened it, my Madeleine,' said Antoine, who had rarely before in the course of his life had a letter addressed to him, and who looked upon it with something like alarm in the expression of his countenance.

'Nay, my husband. It is directed to thee,' said Madeleine. 'I had no right to open it without thy permission.'

'But thou knowest I cannot read,' said Antoine. This was true; the young fisher-lads had to work from so early an age that few of them could read or write. The girls were, as before remarked, better educated.

'If thou wilt, I will read it for thee,' Madeleine replied.

The portentous seal was broken, and when the

letter was unfolded, a piece of folded parchment fell from it on to the table.

Madeleine proceeded to read the letter aloud. It was nothing very alarming after all. It was written by an *avocat* in Paris, who informed Antoine, that through the decease of one Marie Lupin, at the advanced age of eighty-nine, he had inherited the sum of fifteen thousand francs, bequeathed by will to her grand-nephew Antoine Duroc, by the aforesaid Marie Lupin; and that it was desirable that he, Antoine Duroc, should come to Paris at an early day to receive the money, which was in the hands of the *avocat*.

'Fifteen thousand francs! It is quite a fortune, my husband,' cried Madeleine, laying the letter aside, and opening and reading the inclosure, which was merely a copy of the will. 'Our little Antoine will some day be a rich man,' she added, glancing lovingly at the sleeping infant.

'Marie Lupin!' exclaimed Antoine. 'It must be my old aunt Marie, whom I have never seen in my life! It is strange that she should leave me anything. Only think, my Madeleine, fifteen thousand francs!'

'But must thou go to Paris, Antoine, and thou but just returned to me?'

'I'll occupy but a few days, ma petite,' replied Antoine, who had never visited Paris, and though loath to leave his young wife even for a day, was pleased with the idea of seeing the great city.

'But just now, Antoine, when 'tis said there is such dreadful trouble in Paris?'

'It will not concern me, Madeleine. I shall return to thee as soon as I have received the legacy.'

Madeleine was much troubled; but it appeared necessary that her husband should do as the *avocat* requested, and she thought it would be wrong on her part to object to Antoine's undertaking the journey.

Two or three days afterwards, the cargo having been discharged from the lugger, and sold by auction in the fish-market, and the vessel having been left in charge of the mate, Antoine set forth for Paris by railroad, his wife, up to the moment of his departure, entreating him to take great care of himself, and to hasten back to her as soon as possible.

By this time the Commune had nearly run its destructive course. The newly established Republican government, with M. Thiers at its head, had been terribly frightened at the excesses of the Communists, and had resorted to dreadfully severe measures for their suppression. To be suspected was to be denounced and condemned; the government spies were active, and it was said that many innocent persons were punished along with the guilty. Lucien Pierrot, who had been on a visit to Honfleur, chanced to return to Paris on the same day on which Antoine took his seat in a railway carriage for the first time in his life—Lucien travelling by the same train. Unobserved by either, he had witnessed the parting between Madeleine and her husband, and wondered greatly what was the object of the young fisherman's visit to the capital.

To Antoine, Lucien was a perfect stranger; but Lucien would have recognised the features of the young fisherman even if he had not

witnessed the parting scene between the husband and wife. Burning with a desire for revenge, he resolved to keep watch over the young man on his arrival in Paris, and if any opportunity for wreaking vengeance upon him should present itself, to take advantage thereof.

The train duly arrived at Paris; and the two young men passed out of the *depôt*, Lucien following close behind Antoine. He observed the young fisherman apparently asking directions, as a stranger, from several persons whom he met; and saw him, after he had wandered about for some time, looking around him with the wondering air of a provincial who has visited a great capital for the first time. Finally he tracked him to the *bureau* of an *avocat* in the Rue du Faubourg St-Antoine. Wondering more than ever what could have brought the young fisherman thither, Lucien remained on the watch till Antoine, in the course of half an hour, reappeared, accompanied by a clerk, who conducted him to a small hotel near by, to which he had been recommended by the *avocat*.

It was already late in the day; and believing that the object of his animosity was safely housed for the night, Lucien left the spot and went about his own affairs; but at an early hour next morning he stood opposite the hotel, and waited for the unsuspecting Antoine. Nor had he long to wait, for presently the young fisherman sallied forth, and proceeded direct to the *bureau*, which he shortly afterwards left, apparently well satisfied with the result of his second interview with the lawyer.

Anxious as was Antoine to return home to his wife and child, he would have been something more than mortal if he could have resisted the temptation to look around him in the great capital which he had now visited for the first time. He decided to spend the day in roaming about the city and looking at the grand shops, which displayed treasures such as he had never imagined to exist in the world, and in purchasing some trifling presents for Madeleine and his little Antoine, ere setting forth on his return to Honfleur early the next morning.

ECONOMICAL DECORATION.

BY THE 'MOTHER OF A FAMILY.'

IN my former paper on the subject of household decoration which appeared in this *Journal* (No. 904), I endeavoured to give a few practical hints as to the rejuvenating of old and shabby furniture, and the manufacturing out of trifling materials some of those minor articles of ornament which are certainly not indispensable to the comfort of a room, while they add considerably to its appearance and artistic effect. Since writing that paper, I have been fortunate in one or two further efforts in the ornamental decoration of my drawing-room; and as all has been done in the leisure-time of a 'mother' who has three active little boys to make, mend, and knit for, I trust that many of the young people who sigh enviously for pretty things, and bemoan their hard lot in not having money enough to purchase them, may be induced to try and make for themselves, at very little cost or trouble, many of the dainty trifles which they covet.

Nearly every household in this æsthetic age possesses at least one member who can paint a little in oil-colours. One day the idea occurred to me that, instead of the difficult, troublesome, and expensive process of china or enamel painting, it might be fairly successful if oils were tried for the same purpose. I at once experimented on a pair of ordinary white-ware dinner-plates. On one I painted a large blue iris, on the other a branch of vivid scarlet hollyhocks. They were a great success; so I painted several others in the same way, choosing large bold flowers for my subjects. I also painted a pair of oblong breakfast dishes, with rocks, dashing spray, and a boat or two in the distance. The margin of those dishes I carefully painted over with gold ink, giving them three coats; and now those common-ware dishes form prominent ornaments on the top shelf of the over-mantel, which is described afterwards. On the rims of the plates I glued dark ruby velvet, which was cut to fit them accurately, and after being wired, they now hang on the walls; and no one suspects their lowly origin.

After so triumphant a sequel to my trials, I naturally became more ambitious, and bought several proper *plaques*, on which I painted either a pretty landscape without much detail, or a bit of sea scenery. I have been lucky enough to meet with a joiner who enters into my decorative ideas with great shrewdness; and he, for a very small sum, made circular wooden frames, which I covered with velvet; then fastened the *plaques* securely into their new receptacle by means of pieces of wood glued on, or small nails hammered into the wood so as to retain the plate in its proper position; while a circular piece of brown paper glued over the back forms a discreet cover to the workmanship. An ordinary picture-ring screwed into the frame suffices to hang it up; and thus is formed a handsome ornament, and tangible proof that money is not always requisite to produce what is gratifying to our love of the beautiful. I may say that I use ordinary boiled linseed oil—two-pennyworth from any chemist's will last for months—or copal varnish—one shilling per bottle at any oil-colour shop—as medium for *plaque*-painting; and when once dry, thoroughly dry, they may be washed with perfect safety with warm water and a sponge. Vandyke brown is a slow drier; but a little sugar-of-lead, a very few drops added to the medium, will be found to dry much more quickly.

As few people have either time, means, or patience to expend on enamel-colouring, to them I commend oil-painting on china. Each frame requires half a yard of velvet or velveteen; the wood must be laid on the velvet, which is cut three or four inches larger, in order to allow for covering the sides and on to the back; a circular piece is then cut out rather smaller than the frame, to enable the 'rabbit,' or interior edge of the frame, to be deftly concealed. I cannot here enter into any further minute details as to the home manufacture of *plaques* and their frames; suffice it to say that ordinary glue, not too thick, must be applied to a thoroughly warmed wood; then a free use of a pair of sharp scissors here and there at the sides and back, prevents any unseemly crinkling. The front is necessarily perfectly smooth, and easily laid on.

Any coloured velvet may be chosen ; but ruby or dark claret forms the most effective background, provided it be in harmony with other colours in the room. The velveteen left from frames makes capital pincushions, trimmed with lace, fringe, or gimp, as fancy dictates ; and my clever coadjutor the joiner made me half-a-dozen small wooden brackets, with a shield above the tiny shelf. These I covered entirely with pieces of left-off velveteen, screwed a picture-ring into the top, hung them on nails, and placed a rare old china cup and saucer on each shelf ; and very well they look. The wooden brackets cost but a few pence each, for surely every housekeeper has an old box to spare. The tasteful appearance of the walls well repays any outlay of time or patience to produce those simple designs. Individual taste will readily suggest a large variety of patterns for such brackets ; but they must each have a shield or top as high *above* the shelf as the bracket goes *below* it, or the china loses all its effect.

At each side of the fireplace in the room where all those decorative fancies are displayed, are two ugly recesses. I resolved to improve upon them. I found a long piece of wood, which was sawn in two, for shelves ; a ledge of black and gold picture-frame beading was fastened on the outer edge of each narrow shelf ; the shelves were securely fastened one into each corner by means of a small wooden bracket, which I painted over with ivory black. Thus two neat useful shelves were contrived at very small cost. I soon painted a row of plates for each shelf ; and as the wall-paper did not form an harmonious background, a strip of never-failing velveteen, rounded at the top, to form a graceful background to each plate, and to prevent an ugly straight line, was hammered on with ornamental brass-headed tacks, which may be had at any ironmonger's shop for threepence per dozen ; and now my ugly recesses look quite beautified. A little table in each recess looks inviting, with a small bunch of flowers or an album placed thereon.

For some considerable time I was an ardent admirer of the 'over-mantels' or 'mantel cupboards' which are so much in vogue nowadays, in place of the old-fashioned mirrors, which in former days occupied the post of honour over the chimney-piece. For long I was content to admire ; then the idea crept into my head that surely the manufacture of such an article could not be attended with insurmountable difficulties. The thought of purchasing such a thing did flash across my mind ; but the large prices asked for them quite deterred me from putting that project into execution ; so I must either continue to admire at a distance, or try to make a 'mantel cupboard' for myself. And this I resolved to do.

A large packing-case was called into requisition to provide the necessary material. It would be out of place were I to enter into details of the manufacture of the much-coveted piece of furniture ; suffice it to say that with the aid of a friend who is clever at cabinet and joinery work, a most desirable result was obtained ; and I am now the happy possessor of an elegant, artistic, black-and-gold cupboard, which occupies the entire length of the drawing-room chimney-piece, is four feet nine inches high at the centre, has two small

cupboards filled with old china at each side, each cupboard ornamented with two beautifully turned pillars. About eight inches from the top of the centre-piece, a narrow black-and-gold beading—bought at a picture-framer's shop—is carried along ; and five or six inches underneath the beading is placed a shelf, in order to relieve the monotony of the large black board which economy compelled me to substitute for the mirror which generally forms the centre of the cupboard. 'Black Japan' once more came to the front, and two coats of that served to cover the wood with a brilliant black surface, which formed a capital foundation for gold-ink designs. The cupboards are open, so there was plenty of scope for artistic proclivities. Ferns, leaves, and conventional figures were the subjects chosen ; and when I look at the cupboard, and consider how very small was the outlay of time and money expended on it, I can hardly believe my own eyes. The most expensive item, comparatively, was the turning of the pillars ; the turner charged three and sixpence for doing the eight, but they form prominent ornaments to the cupboard.

I had some finely worked strips of silk canvas. Originally they were a pair of 'braces,' but the kid ends wore out, and what to do with the work, which was perfectly clean and fresh, was the next question. With the help of three broad bands of sage-green velvet, cord and tassels to match, a handsome cushion was speedily contrived ; but the two short pieces left off were a source of annoyance for a long time, till one day the thought of transforming them into 'bannerets' occurred to me. The price asked by Berlin-wool shopkeepers for banneret-stands far exceeded my limited purse. Suddenly I thought that a rustic stand formed of twigs would be unique, artistic, and, best of all, cost nothing ; so I took my boys for a country walk, and we soon had twigs enough and to spare. Two substantial pieces of branch the size required were bound firmly into the shape of a cross ; and on the top of the cross I fastened several small pieces of twig, to look as careless as possible. Apple-tree twigs are far the most suitable for such a purpose ; they are so like 'antlers,' which is the best effect to produce. I glued the crosses each into a round foot which came off an old ottoman, and then painted stands and twigs with the inevitable 'Black Japan.' The strips of embroidery were too narrow, so I crocheted several rows of sage-green silk on each side of the work, painted some stiff cardboard green, tacked the work firmly on to that for a foundation, and then sewed it on to the stand. My bannerets have been so much admired, that several have done me the honour of copying the idea, which is a sure proof that it is a success. Any scraps of work or old lace may be utilised in this way, and our homes brightened and beautified by exercising a little of the skill and ingenuity which every woman possesses.

I had a large supply of twigs left from my design, so I made a firescreen somewhat resembling the shields and Japanese umbrellas so much used last summer. In the first place, I borrowed my eldest son's 'hoop,' a good-sized iron one. Economically the idea was good ; but that talkative young gentleman has made me blush rosy

red on several occasions by informing my visitors that 'Mother made my hoop into that bird's nest.' I covered the hoop with a coarse brown wrapper, bought at a draper's shop for a few pence, then scattered the twigs all over. I tacked them on with twine, to keep them in their places, and made an imitation nest of cotton-wool and feathers, which I carefully glued on in the centre of the screen. Our hens at this juncture kindly laid two or three very tiny eggs, which were brought to me in triumph by busy little fingers, and completed our screen by becoming the inmates of the nest. It is a most useful ornament; for as we always have a 'cold' fire laid, the screen can be removed in a moment; when by the application of a match, a cheerful fire speedily diffuses a warmth and ruddy glow, very acceptable in this fickle climate of ours.

For some time I have had a vague idea floating in my head as to door-panels; but my space for the nonce is quite exhausted, and all further talks about economical decoration must be deferred. My end will have been amply achieved if I have induced any one to try for herself how very readily the simplest materials may be utilised to form articles tasteful and pleasing for one's home and family. Truly, there are trials and sorrows enough in the world, and if we can add to its pleasures and gratifications, is it not worth one's while to try?

A PILGRIMAGE TO CHEOPS' TOMB.

THE re-awakening of a general interest in Egypt, occasioned by M. Maspero's great discovery at Thebes, in conjunction with the recent unfortunate disturbances that have taken place, may serve as apology for adding anything, however small, to the already voluminous literature on the country of the Nile. We shall endeavour to give an account of a day's drive, under the glorious blue of an Egyptian winter sky, to the monuments that stand on the limestone platform of Gizeh.

We have had our first peep at the Pyramids from the walls of the Citadel of Cairo; and have had the same sensations that every traveller experiences when he looks for the first time across the dirty and odorous city to the narrow strip of green, bright with early-springing corn, which constitutes arable Egypt; and beyond this to the dreary sand-waste, where the eye rests upon the pyramids that loom out of the far haze of the Libyan Desert. In order to have a nearer view of these monumental antiquities, we left Cairo in the early morning of a brilliant day, sweeping out in carriage and pair, with *sais* or runner in cleanest of linen garments and richest of embroidered vests, to warn the unwary foot-passenger out of the path of our august progress; over the iron bridge, and along the road which was constructed for the convenience of our Prince and Princess of Wales when they paid their visit to the Pyramids. It is a shady road, with trees well and regularly planted, shutting out a portion of the hot sunshine. It is at times hard work for our poor horses; but the Egyptian driver does not spare the whip; and the wheels

drag heavily through the deep sand, which in places has drifted up over the road from the surrounding desert.

We have been pursued for over a mile by two lithe Arabs, who were picketed at an outpost, to obtain the earliest possible intelligence of the arrival of the legitimate prey of the desert—the Englishman. They are clean enough, these two men, their white linen tunics and trousers almost spotless; how they keep them so, does not appear, for their homes are no better than pigsties. They have been trying all the way along to do a little business in *curios* of suspicious genuineness, producing *scarabei* and *osirides* of undoubted Birmingham stamp from mysterious depths in their tunics, and pressing us to buy; but we are on our guard, and we mention the word 'Brummagem,' which is quickly understood, though the innuendo is slyly deprecated by the grinning Arabs.

Our carriage is at length fast in the sand, so we are compelled to walk the few hundred yards that lie between us and the base of Cheops' great building. Our troubles now begin in real earnest. The birds are gathering thick around their prey. They are swooping down, the halt, the blind, and the lame, over that sandy hill, from the village which lies dirty, dog-infested, and sun-baked almost at the foot of the Big Pyramid. There are fully thirty Arabs about us now, clamouring, voluble and demonstrative, and 'the cry is 'still, they come.' One yells that he is the man to take us into the most hidden chamber, Cheops or any one else ever built—he is indeed ready for anything. Another shouts that he is prepared to run up and down as many pyramids as lie within reach in as many minutes as we choose to name. A constant amount of good-natured chaff goes on amongst themselves.—'Him not the right man, sar'; 'Him let you go, and you fall'; 'Him afraid to go up, sar'—and so on, and so on; this all screamed at the highest pitch of the shrill Arab voice; while beneath this upper stratum of uproar is an under-current, steady and ceaseless in its flow, of demands for *backsheesh*. A few days will serve to steel a very Wilberforce against the begging of the people. As a fact, from the moment of one's leaving one's hotel until one's return, the demand for charity never ceases. Money, money, money! We have heard from a group of little naked urchins, who sat far away from the public highway in the middle of a field, cries of 'Backsheesh, sheesh, backsheesh!' when there existed not the smallest probability of our stopping the carriage and satisfying their craving for coin; nor did they appear to expect that we should, for they remained sitting where they were, screaming to us from mere habit. Sir Gardner Wilkinson has suggested that this is merely the Egyptian's mode of wishing a 'good-day'; but we question whether any traveller will subscribe to this opinion after experience.

Another hundred yards, and the Pyramids tower dark and massive above us with their multitudinous steps, which fatigue the eye to count. Now, we are wading ankle-deep in sand, pushed and pulled hither and thither by a clamouring, bargain-driving mob of swarthy Arabs; and are half maddened by the heat of the fierce sun and the demands for *backsheesh*, till we long

to hit out, were it but to make a breach in the crowd to let in some air. We do our best to strike a bargain with some of the rabble; but it is useless. If we speak to one, another is certain to shout depreciatory remarks as to his ability to act as guide. If we settle upon an especial one to take us to the top of the pyramid, there is immediately an outcry. They are like so many children scrambling for scattered sweets. At length, to our intense disgust, we learn that they are incapable of acting on their own responsibility in the matter. We must await the arrival of the Sheik, who is soon seen coming along as fast as his legs can carry him—a tall, lanky, grizzled old man, brandishing a stick and gesticulating wildly. There is a lull in the storm now; for his advent appears to fill his dependents with wholesome fear; and, moreover, he is not scrupulous about freely using his stick on their shoulders and bare shins. We are admitted to a parley with his Royal Highness, and conclude a treaty with him, under the terms of which he undertakes to provide us with two men to haul us up the pyramid, and one to assist us in the exploration of the interior, for the sum of four francs.

Before, however, we do either, we will take a general view of this grand monument and of its brethren, and try and understand, from what we have heard and read, how these structures were put together. First, let us know then, that the greatest of the pyramids which stand at Gizeh was erected, almost to a certainty, by one Cheops, a monarch of the fourth Egyptian dynasty, but is by no means, as regards the details of its construction, a typical specimen of the Egyptian pyramid. It appears to be rather the highest development of an original form, of which there are innumerable examples to be found for four hundred miles along the banks of the Nile; in fact, so far as the dates of construction can be determined, it would appear that there are still in existence many of an earlier period than this one of King Cheops. For instance, there is a famous example at Sakkara, some fifteen miles from Cairo, known as the 'Stepped Pyramid,' which is considered by authorities the oldest building in the world. So we must leave this particular pyramid of Cheops out of the question for the time being, and understand the general method employed by the early Egyptians in constructing a pyramid.

When a monarch came to his throne, he immediately set about the making of a last resting-place for his royal bones; so his officers and head-masons having chosen a suitable base, they engaged, at merely nominal wages, vast *corvées* of workmen, and forced them to work unremittingly until their task was completed. The first step was to quarry out, at some considerable depth below the surface of the rock, a chamber, from which the architects ran a slanting passage at a certain determined angle with the plane of the surface of the plateau, until the mouth of it opened to the light. The builders then placed a square layer of masonry, some four or five feet in thickness, above the chamber and passage, in such a way as that the mouth of the passage aforesaid should appear exactly at the base of one of the sides. Thus much, and no more, was done the first year of the king's reign. The next year,

a similar but smaller layer of masonry was placed upon the first, so that it formed a high step all round with the lower one. The third year, a third but still smaller layer was placed atop the second; and so on year by year, until the pointed stone crowned the summit. Should the king meanwhile have died before the completion of the work, his body was placed in the chamber, and what his mighty tombstone wanted of being finished, was hurried up.

The building is now in the rough; there is much nice work about it; each side must present a smooth, polished surface, which must receive some beautifully cut hieroglyphics. How is this to be effected? It is a long and troublesome task; but time and labour were of small account in the eyes of the ancient Egyptian; he built for all time. So the first thing the masons of the old world do is to fill up with firmly cemented masonry the angles of the steps, until, if we looked up from the base to the summit, we should find that the sides presented a tolerably even surface, but yet crossed at regular intervals by the sharp projecting corners of the steps. The master-builder is not satisfied with it yet, so he sends his workmen up to the summit, and they commence from there the laborious process of chiselling down the protruding corners, and of afterwards smoothing and polishing, until the sides catch the sun's rays upon a white limestone surface, the brilliancy of which is seen miles and miles away up and down the Nile Valley. When the body was placed in its sepulchre, the passage was sealed up, that none but those who knew the secret should ever find the entrance. This, then, was the method of constructing the ordinary Egyptian pyramid.

But we are paying a visit to a pyramid which is an extraordinary exception to the preceding general law. For some unaccountable reason, except it were from a haughty desire to eclipse all former monarchs in the magnificence of his tomb, the mighty builder of this pyramid extended his first layer of masonry far beyond the mouth of the passage which runs up from the chamber beneath, so that he is under the necessity of continuing the passage at the same angle through the solid masonry, until it opens to the air some distance up the side of the pyramid; and not alone this, but he runs other passages, and constructs other chambers, high up in the depth of the masonry, with a strange and mysterious unity of design that completely baffles modern archaeologists. And most wonderful of all, when this stupendous work is finished, it is carefully sealed up; and so it has remained for thousands of years, until the rude hands of curious explorers forced a way into its inner sanctuary.

We are undecided as to which course to adopt, whether to visit the top or the interior of Cheops first. It is finally decided for the latter; so, accompanied by the whole rabble, with our picked men, and provided with candles, we mount the heap of rubbish that leads up to the little four-foot-square flue which is the sole entrance to the great mystery. Here let us offer a few words of advice, gathered from personal experience, as to exploring the interior. Go in very lightly clad, as the heat is oppressive, and the atmosphere rather stifling. It is not every one who can

perform the feat with impunity. We have met with some who have fainted outright upon coming to ground again; some who have turned back, fearing such an event. It is astonishing indeed how any pure air can possibly make its way into the passages and chambers, for the narrow ventilating shafts which run from the King's Chamber to the outer air have long since been choked by the accumulated dust of centuries. There is just sufficient air, but no more, to support life. The Arabs will carry anything the explorer needs to remove, so all superfluous clothing may be intrusted to the guide.

It is unwise to accept the services of more than one Arab for each visitor, as, if he finds himself in the majority, 'the son of the desert' is only too ready to assert himself by compelling his employer to pay more than is lawfully due to him. A friend of ours went in alone with two guides, and when they had led him far into the interior, they blew out the candles, and refused to relight them unless gold were given them. It was an awkward position. The darkness was indeed Egyptian for intensity; and the presence of two lithe, barefooted, unprepossessing Arabs, whose movements were excessively uncertain, was anything but pleasant. Fortunately, they are arrant cowards; and our friend getting a good hold of a swarthy neck in the dark, shook one of the rascals till he awakened the echoes of the King's Chamber with his cries for mercy; and the candles were at once relit. This is no uncommon trick. If the explorer exhibits any fear in entering the dark passages, through which at times he will have to pass on all-fours, the Arabs mark him soon enough as one from whom to extort money. The handle of a revolver protruding from a pocket is a most effective deterrent from annoyance; the traveller never needs to use it, but its presence is wholesome.

Our candles are lighted now, and we enter the flue, and have a weight of masonry above us which gives us oppressive nightmare sensations; and we are able to realise in part the awful situation of the man in Poe's tale upon whom the inexorable iron walls were slowly closing in. How puny one feels—how helpless! The floor is slippery as glass, the limestone casing having become like white polished marble, so we have to look to our footsteps. It is very dusty within too, a fine white powder soon covering our clothes. We are now at the bottom of the first passage, which stretches downwards to the level of the base of the pyramid; and here we come across signs of violent disruption, caused by the ignorant efforts of an early explorer to force his way into the building. From this point, a passage somewhat wider than the last rises dark before us; and we push on for one hundred and twenty-four feet, until we stand at the lower end of the Grand Gallery, which slopes upwards at the same incline. There is now plenty of space above our heads, for this so-called Gallery is twenty-eight feet in height. Its walls are formed of layers of masonry, each layer projecting beyond the one immediately below by three or four inches, so that towards the roof the walls close in considerably. Two banks of stonework run along the sides of this Gallery, pierced at intervals by curious square holes; for what purpose, it is difficult to conceive.

From the spot on which we now stand, here at the lower end of the Gallery, there runs a passage right into the centre of the building, parallel with its base, until it opens into what has been fancifully denominated the Queen's Chamber—a chamber twenty feet in height, with a pointed ceiling formed of immense slabs of stone, accurately fitted. Having seen this, we creep up the length of the Grand Gallery between the two banks of masonry, making use of the pigeon-holes to assist our slipping feet, until we at length stand within the furthest recess of the pyramid, the King's Chamber. Here, some say is the spot the mighty Cheops chose for his last resting-place, that he might differ in this respect from all preceding monarchs. Here lies the sarcophagus, now lidless and broken, which some say he hewed out of a block of Syene granite, for his own mummy. But the historians tell us how he never attained to the fulfilment of his wishes; for that his people, indignant at the enormous outlay in the building of this gigantic monument, remonstrated so effectually with his executors, that they were compelled to conceal his body, and afterwards bury it beneath the waters of the Nile.

This tomb-theory, as we may call it, has been rejected by some eminent Egyptologists, who see rather in these wonderful passages and chambers, a purpose and unity of design, which cannot be accounted for on the grounds of its being merely the efforts of a king to conceal perpetually the place of his sepulture. They assume to have discovered, after careful measurement conducted with patience and labour worthy of a better result, an extraordinary agreement of the proportions of the chambers, passages, and sarcophagus with the world-wide standards of lengths and capacities. They go very far, and say: 'Here we have the original revelation from heaven to man of our weights-and-measure system;' though why, if it be so, the being to whom it was revealed shut the knowledge up for ever, does not appear.

This theory is hardly satisfactory. No one can, however, for a moment question the unity of purpose exhibited throughout the building; but we should be content with a more reasonable deduction, somewhat like this: Cheops was a man far in advance of his age; he had sounded depths of mathematical and astronomical science far beyond the reach of his contemporaries; he stood alone in his own age, and feeling this superiority, with the haughtiness of a great intellect and despotic ruler, he said to himself: 'For what purpose is all my learning? These my people do not understand my researches. I will, therefore, in the building of my tomb erect a monument which will contain an everlasting record of my discoveries, and order my builders, when I am gone, to seal them up for ever. For I cannot think, in the slow progress of mankind, that any intellect comparable to mine will appear; so I will leave all my discoveries enshrouded in a mystery, and no key wherewith to solve it.' And indeed, if it was the intention of the monarch to mystify posterity, he has succeeded most thoroughly in his object.

We are back to the surface again, breathless, hot, and dusty; and now the ascent lies before us. Hauled up the whole four hundred and

fifty feet by two Arabs, and after many a rest by the way, we reach the summit, where one would suppose some peace and silence were to be found. But no such good fortune awaits the traveller. The novelty of ascending that gigantic outside staircase, with steps from four to five feet high, never seems to wear off from the Arab mind, and so the tribe follow us up, still persistent in their efforts to impose Brummagem goods upon us.

The air that blows across the desert is bracing in the extreme, and at this height—higher than St Paul's dome—we are free from the disagreeable odours of Egyptian villages. The waste of sand around is sad and depressing. We have a good bird's-eye view of the immediate surroundings of the pyramid. Besides the three great pyramids, there are several smaller specimens scattered about, crumbling to ruin and half-buried in desert sand; and also innumerable tombs, most of which have been opened by Lepsius and other Egyptologists. Close at hand, too, is the temple of the Sphinx, built by King Chephren, brother to Cheops, to whom Herodotus ascribes the construction of the second pyramid; and last, but most imposing, is the weather-beaten Sphinx itself, on guard over this vast Valley of Dry Bones, watching for the first streak of the dawn of that resurrection in which the old Egyptian believed so firmly.

The last piastres have been distributed among the begging Arabs; and with a crack of our driver's whip we start, the evening shades closing in upon us, and soon shutting out from our view those high-piled, hoary monuments of the past.

EPPING FOREST.

WITHIN a few miles of the great throbbing heart of London, there still remains a portion of the royal Forest of Waltham, which in ancient times covered a great tract of country, and extended to the very walls of the city. Its vast area included the Forests of Hainault and Epping, of which some six thousand acres of picturesque woodland have, after much opposition and many difficulties, been secured for public health and recreation. By the new charter of Forest rights, not only wide stretches of land, after years of cultivation, have been redeemed from inclosure, and restored to the Forest limits, but nearly thirteen miles of almost unbroken woodland scenery, forming perhaps the most extensive pleasure-ground in Europe, have been formally dedicated by the Queen to the use and enjoyment of her people for all time.

So far back as the twelfth century, in the reign of King Stephen, and again by a charter of King John, much of the outlying land was disafforested. Edward I.'s 'Charta de Foresta' still further reduced its bounds, which were again determined by Charles I.; and since that time, they have been diminished year by year by illegal encroachments. Not only the residents of East London, but the nation at large must feel grateful to the Corporation of the City for preserving and restoring as far as possible to its ancient limits, a landmark, grand in itself, and interesting by right of its connection with splendid and historic memories.

Strange indeed was the aspect presented by the ancient Forest at the inaugural ceremony on that bright day in May, when the cheers and shouts and merriment of half a million of people broke the classic stillness of the woods; where gaudy uniforms of guards of honour, military bands, and civic dignitaries, made a charming contrast with the golden gorse and broom, and the green background of the wooded slopes. In contrast, too, with the overcrowded population which presses so closely on the borders of the Forest, we are reminded of those days in 'Green England' when, even in the last century, the red and fallow deer haunted her endless glades and vistas, and drank at the rush-grown pools; when the venerable oaks and beeches harboured birds, which the denudation of heathlands have made so rare—the kite, the great bustard, and the bittern; when picturesque gipsy encampments lent another charm to the silvan scene. The ambitious life of civilisation has banished also from this cool green Forest barrier the primitive hamlets and homesteads that nestled under the grand old trees; the rustic cottages, built of wood, or mud and clay, hardened by the smoke that escaped from an aperture in the roof, and which Hollinshed tells us was considered a 'medicine to keep the goodman and his family from the quack.' But in these 'so homely cottages,' which could not boast the luxury of a glazed window, the Spaniards in Queen Mary's reign saw with amazement 'what large diet was used,' and reported that 'the English have their houses of sticks and dirt, but they fare commonly so well as the king.'

For many centuries, Waltham was a hunting-ground for our kings. Its woods have echoed with the mellow horn and the baying of hounds, as over the soft thick turf many a gallant cavalcade has swept in the splendid pageantry of royal hunts. With the old hunting-tower still standing in the Forest, is associated the name of England's greatest queen, who, inheriting some part of her father's rough masculine spirit, displayed a passion for the chase. The legend runs that Elizabeth on one occasion rode her horse up the broad staircase into the dining-hall of the old lodge at Chingford, whose walls have listened to the romantic gallantry that distinguished the court of the Maiden Queen; they have witnessed, too, the lovesuit of the magnificent Leicester, whose noble form was seen to the greatest advantage in hunting-suit of gold-embroidered Lincoln green, crossed by the jewelled baldric, from which were suspended the bugle-horn and forest knife; and who, in the reflected light of Elizabeth's favour, was a sovereign all but in name.

Indeed, every portion of the ancient Forest is suggestive of unexhausted interest to those who know something of its history. Around its annals group the figures of many royal personages, from Elizabeth in her stately ride to meet her troops at Tilbury Fort, at the period of the Spanish Armada; to Anne, who came to visit the famous oak; Edward III. and Johanna of Navarre, who alike retired amidst its solitudes; Richard II. starting from Havering-atte-Bower on his treacherous ride to Pleshy, the dower-house of many queens—away back to that name dear to the hearts of Englishmen, Harold, last of the Saxon kings.

We read how he loved Waltham—'the town in the weald or wood'—the estate given him by his brother-in-law the Confessor; how as a conqueror after Stamford Bridge, he came to pay his final vows prostrate before the 'miraculous crucifix'; how its name became his battle-cry of 'Holy Cross!' at Hastings; and how he was laid beneath its shadow in the Abbey Church—the simple inscription, 'Hic jacet HAROLDUS infelix,' marking his resting-place.

This far-famed Abbey for Augustin canons was reared by Harold on the site of an old hunting-seat at Waltham, built by Tofig the Proud, a great Danish Theyn, in the time of Canute. It was endowed by Richard I. with the manor of Waltham and 'the Great Wood,' and its mitred abbot possessed unusual rights over the adjoining country and Forest; for in days of old, particularly under the Anglo-Saxon kings, the recesses of the Forest were kept as sacred as the groves of the Druids, by laws harsh and terrible. One of Edward's laws declares: 'I will that all men do abstain from hunting in my woods, and that my will shall be obeyed under penalty of life.' Tradition says that the Confessor's favourite residence was Havering, 'because solitary, shrouded in woods, and fitted for devotion;' also because here he could follow his only pastime of hunting the wild-deer in the forest, which at that time abounded with 'wild beasts, the bull and the boar.'

From a gentle eminence, half-veiled in trees, can be seen a vast expanse of virgin forest, and the borders of six counties. Here are Buckhurst Hill and Golding's Hill, where the adjacent keeper's lodge still looks over the resort of the deer; there Staples Hill, the scene of the midnight assertion of the ancient claim of lopping and topping; farther still, beyond the intervening panorama of heaths and woodland, the valley of the Lea. What far-away forgotten memories are recalled by the placid windings of the river which Drayton says 'still brags of the Danish blood!' Over its peaceful waters has streamed the Raven banner of the Dane, when the dreaded war-ships of the Vikings came to ravage and destroy. Nine centuries have rolled away since Hasten the Dane towed his vessels up the Lea, and 'wrought a work twenty miles above London.' Here he was attacked, and here he defeated the Saxon thanes.

In earlier times still, in these same flowery meadows of the Lea, lay Alfred, encamped by the sombre woods, waiting whilst the Sea-kings passed defiantly up the stream; but as they disappeared, the Saxons obstructed and divided the waters of the river, and the gilded 'sea-snakes' never returned. What a picture must the Lea have presented, alive with those gallant craft, which were models of ship-building, and filled with the fierce war-sons of the North—those supreme heroes of battle on the seas. And the Vikings, with their kindred tribes, remaining to settle peaceably in permanent homes in the land they had come to devastate, formed part of the Anglo-Saxon population, and as worshippers of Odin, had their incantations for the dead in the heart of Waltham Wood.

Still more remote associations linger around the Forest. Within the ancient boundaries are still to be seen vestiges which recall events that

changed the face of Britain. At Ambresbury Bank are the complete remains of a vast Roman camp made by Suetonius, which cover nearly twelve acres of ground; whilst two miles away in the district of Loughton, lies the recently discovered British camp. In a pitched battle on the classic ground between these two encampments, in 61 A.D., Boadicea, queen of the Iceni, after attacking the Roman settlements and burning London, was defeated by Suetonius. The British heroine, Tacitus informs us, destroyed herself by poison; and all this part of South Britain passed into the Roman division of Flavia Casariensis.

In this restless nineteenth century, when the din of trade and shriek of railway-whistle echo on the outskirts of the woods, we may well be thankful for the preservation of this beautiful and extensive tract of forest scenery, lying so near the Great Metropolis, within the shadows and silence of which many a weary denizen of the East End of London may forget, perhaps but for a brief holiday, the mean and meagre surroundings of his daily life.

MY LOVE.

Six steps along the polished mead,
My true, my only love;
The white clouds fly in merry speed,
The great sun smiles above.

The yellow-cups of golden gleam,
The daisies silver white,
Uplift their dewy leaves and beam
A glittering delight.

The lark leaps up before her feet
With music on his wing;
The blackbird and the linnet sweet
Glad songs around her sing.

The crooked thorns in greeting shake
Their interwoven arms;
The tufted ash droops low to take
Full measure of her charms.

The grasshopper blows one keen note
From out his secret nest;
And butterflies, like snow-flakes, float
About her lily breast.

Tall meadow-sweet its perfume breathes
From every branching stem;
Bird's-eye with its long tendrils wreathes
A blue-starred diadem.

Well may ye lift your bold sweet song,
O birds that fill the air!
O flowers, well may ye shine and throng
To see a maid so fair!

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UP A DUTCH CANAL.

'HOLLAND is severely characteristic.' This is what I think, as our steamer gently glides into one of the longest of her numerous canals on our way to Rotterdam. In almost every continental town, you are occasionally reminded of something you have seen before. In St Petersburg you are met at every turn by old friends amid new surroundings; there is a bit of Paris, Germany, or Italy, in the build of that mansion, palace, or church; and in the lively gesticulations and affable bearing of the polished Russian, you recognise a not unfaithful representation of our neighbour on the other side of the Channel. In Copenhagen you can scarcely realise that you are in Denmark, and not in some quaint old German town; there are the narrow streets, the high red-tiled houses with pointed gables, and the solemn, undemonstrative men and women with German phlegm in face and gait. In Berlin, though you feel that this is indeed Germany, you are not struck with any pronounced feature which marks it a German town and none other; 'Unter den Linden' you meet many Jews, who gabble an execrable jargon as they pass you; and there is no national costume to strike the eye.

But in Holland, everything is essentially Dutch. The very air which plays upon my cheek this bright spring morning, blows nowhere but in Holland; it is laden with a strange, warm moisture, and the all-pervading perfume of grass. And what grass! It is of the deepest, softest emerald, a green which affords delightful rest to the eye. For some time there is little else to look upon save field upon field of billowy grass, in which graze numbers of sleek dappled cows, looking so unnaturally bright against the vivid green, that I am forcibly reminded of an ancient toy-box which used to exist in the nursery at home, in which the cows were all dappled and of startling hues. The fields are divided by high dikes, along which the dry level roads are made; and ever and anon, a high two-wheeled gig, drawn

by a lean long-legged horse, spins past against the bright blue background of the sky. The landscape is dotted with innumerable and ever-moving windmills—from one point of view I count twenty-three—by means of which the water is drained from the meadow-land, and transmitted into the deep ditches which flow continuously into the canal.

As we turn a bend in the canal, a little low-roofed Dutch farm comes into view, and I am again reminded of the contents of that miraculous toy-box. There is the little square white house with its brick-red roof; the stiff squat trees, cut into shapes, the very trunks modelled after the same pattern; the flock of dazzling white geese with the same blamelessly clean red legs; the horse, leaning its wooden neck over a lavishly painted gate; and the same squat little woman with short petticoats, and square-shouldered man with the supernaturally black high-crowned hat. 'So,' I think with a smile, 'this is where the benevolent artist borrowed that grand idea which has awakened rapture in the hearts of generations of children.' But I am so engrossed with my discovery, that I had almost let the tiny church slip past me on the other side, though a bell is tinkling in the belfry, it being Sunday. There is no nonsense about it; a plain, whitewashed edifice, with steeple and weather-cock, standing boldly on its reclaimed plateau. No useless ornamental buttress; no trees or flowers in the little graveyard which surrounds it. A church and nothing else; spotlessly clean, painfully plain, and eminently Dutch.

The Lutheran pastor who wends his way along the up-raised road, might be mistaken for an English High-church clergyman, in his long black coat, broad-brimmed felt hat, and plain white bands. The women look extremely neat; they wear pretty white caps, with long curtains flowing over their shoulders; the married women, with curiously twisted gold ornaments standing out from each side of their heads, and frequently a gold plate, which fits on to the head, and shines through the clear muslin. Occasionally they have the addition of a pair of massive earrings,

which glance gaily in the sunlight. But I look in vain amongst them for a pretty face or graceful form; extreme cleanliness and a certain stolid air of good-nature being their sole charms. Their figures are ungainly; their gait rolling and awkward—the result of wooden shoes. That worthy farmer with his imperturbable square face, with its high cheek-bones and large features, looks as if he would be more comfortable in his work-day clothes and wooden shoes, than in that shining black go-to-meeting suit, with boots to match. He leads a solemn little urchin by the hand, a small miniature of himself, who looks wistfully at a group of boys and girls who sit in happy freedom on the grassy embankment which slopes down to the side-walk at the edge of the canal. The moment they see our boat, they start to their feet, and follow us in their clattering wooden shoes, as they keep up a continuous droning song.

'They are singing for biscuits,' the captain informs me; and soon a lively scene commences. The sailors flock to the decks, where much laughing and merriment prevail. The little sturdy Dutch legs do wonders, for we are proceeding at a fair rate, and their vigorous efforts are rewarded by an occasional ship-biscuit, which causes a general scramble, until they begin to drop off one by one, to sink down into the long grass to wipe their hot faces and munch their biscuits.

Now we are passing the tiniest toy-house, one blaze of white and red, standing in the centre of a few yards of trim garden. A small laburnum tree, weighed down with golden blossom, overhangs the porch, and heightens the vividness of colouring. A few apple-trees in full bloom, pruned within an inch of their lives—their trunks actually whitewashed!—constitute the orchard, whilst every available inch of the tiny beds in front is filled with flowers. The daintily curtained windows, too, are gay with bright geraniums. The whole is raised, from the danger of often-recurring floods, on a high and solid foundation of bricks and mortar, scaled by a flight of steps. As we glide past, the door is suddenly burst open, and a remarkable female apparition rushes down the steps with a whoop like that of a red Indian, which declines into a nasal version of the 'biscuit-song.' I presume she is a specimen of Dutch womanliness; but as I have never seen her like either before or since, I beg my readers not to suppose that she is a type. She is as long and lank as a Maypole, though her age cannot be more than fifteen. She has shoulders which slope away to nothing; a deficiency which, however, is more than made up by a prodigious width of body. Her costume is a full-skirted black frock; a white cotton cap, devoid of frills, which fits as if grown to her head; a pair of long black stockings, and wooden shoes. Her unexpected appearance is greeted by a spontaneous roar of laughter from

the crew, and she is instantaneously hailed as 'Sally.'

On we go, and 'Sally' follows; the shrill tones of the biscuit-song rise and fall in monotonous repetition, as if proceeding from some exhaustless wind instrument, and the wooden shoes keep time. Presently she is joined by a small boy, and a race begins. The short legs keep pace with the long ones in a way that is marvellous. A biscuit is thrown. They both fall upon it, and for some moments of suspense four wooden shoes wave wildly in the air. The small boy comes to light again looking flattened and tumbled; his countenance is immovable; but his rival is disclosing a large cotton pocket, which had hitherto been concealed beneath the ample folds of her skirt, and in it she deposits the biscuit. This tableau is repeated at intervals amidst the cheers of the sailors, for a period of time which does honour to Dutch perseverance, and the indefatigable 'Sally' is the last to give in.

As the sun begins to slope westward, I marvel at the manifold notes of the birds. I recognise the familiar tones of many an English field-songster. Larks fill the air with their rapturous melody; rows of swallows twit ceaselessly as they balance themselves on the telegraph wires which run alongside the canal; and corn-crakes answer each other from neighbouring fields. Occasionally, a pair of red-legged storks strut solemnly about the low marsh-land, or stop to bolt a struggling frog.

The sunset this evening, if portrayed on canvas, would be pronounced exaggerated; nor can my pen succeed in describing the marvellous scene. Above the horizon hangs a filmy cloud of mist, which gradually assumes the most exquisite tints of purple, pink, and gold. There is a clear watery light resting on the peaceful landscape, which deepens as the sun drops silently behind the distant meadows, until every object seems to stand out as if illuminated by Bengal-fire. Gradually the light dies down into a lurid red, and the white mist curls up from the humid earth. In a short time my jacket is drenched, and I am glad to descend to the cabin. My berth, to which I shortly retire, proves a miserable deception as a place of repose; for though the feathered minnesingers have long since sunk to silence, another music has commenced, which renders night hideous. Millions of frogs keep up their incessant 'Croak! Croak!' The noise is deafening, and diminishes not until the dawn is trembling in the sky. I hurry on my clothes before sunrise, and go on deck; and here I learn to thank my enemies the frogs for having driven me from my uncomfortable couch to the enjoyment of a picture which will never fade from my memory. We are lying at the gates of a sluice, and in a perfect grove of fragrant fruit-trees, through the blossoming boughs of which peep the bright red roofs of a picturesque village. As the sun mounts higher on the horizon, the heavy

dewdrops which hang from every leaf and blade of grass flash back showers of glittering rays, which quiver and vary their glorious hues ere they fall like pattering raindrops on the ground. On the quay stands a meek-faced black goat with her family of three, all as dusky as herself.

But the dew which is turning all nature into a fairy scene, is wetting me to the skin, and I am obliged to go below, and take possession of a thick woollen rug in which to envelop myself. As the morning advances, signs of life begin to appear. The door of a cottage is opened, and a woman, in the usual short petticoats and wooden shoes, issues forth with a bucket, and a long pole furnished at the end with a hook. She hangs her bucket on the hook, and dips it into the canal. Then a splashing and mopping begins; bucket after bucket of water is lifted and dashed against the front of the house. Other doors are opened, and the same conduct—to me inexplicable—is pursued, until the whole place is in a swim. When at length the cleansing process has been accomplished to Dutch satisfaction, a plank having been placed from our boat to the quay, the women begin to flock on board with their baskets of eggs and butter, which the steward tells me are very dear. ‘The Dutch,’ he says, ‘know how to drive a bargain.’

Many of them speak a few sentences of English; and I am impelled to buy some suspiciously green-looking oranges, at an exorbitant price, from an enterprising saleswoman because she accosts me with: ‘Will you buy, my leddy? Scheap! scheap!’

It is nearly mid-day before we get through those sluice-gates and drop down towards Rotterdam. We pass other canals, which stretch away from us into the country. There are many of them so narrow that only small craft can ply upon them. The windmills multiply and then suddenly cease, for we are now in a region where they are unavailing; the land lies much below the level of the sea, and is irreclaimable. Most desolate, even in the bright mid-day sun, is the appearance of the shores. We are no longer in a canal, but in a wide sweep of dark turbid water, fringed by a wilderness of sedges and osiers. Flocks of teal and brent rise with harsh discordant cry; whilst water-hens bob in and out amongst the twisted roots of the willows. In the background rises the bare straight high-road against the horizon. Here and there a tiny cottage stands on its platform of brick; at the foot of a flight of steps, a boat lies moored; the only means of exit and egress being by water. The occupation of these lonely dwellers of the marsh is osier-cutting. The osiers are split and made into hoops, an extensive traffic being carried on between Holland and other countries in this commodity.

Soon we begin to pass numerous vessels; the water widens, and a forest of masts rises in the distance, and there is Rotterdam. Very quaint and picturesque looks the ancient city with its curious gabled houses, over whose roofs the spires of more than one old church appear. The broad quay is planted with magnificent lime-trees, which also rear their leafy branches over the side-walks of the many canals which intersect the town like a network, where busy craft pass

up and down. But when the noise and bustle of the day are stilled, and I sit on deck and watch the great round moon lift her yellow face above the tall ships’ masts, and softly throw her magic mantle over the scene, I think that Holland, with its ever-present waters, is a land of beauty and wonder.

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER XXVII.—LIKE A GHOST REVISITING OLD HAUNTS.

WALKING slowly to his hotel through streets which had a half-awakened air about them, as if they, like himself, had been turning night into day, Mr Lumby was conscious of a singular sensation. It was as if an elastic cord alternately tightened and relaxed itself within his head. The tightening was terrible; the relaxation brought with it a very remarkable feeling of looseness in the brain, as though it had lost its boundaries. These curious symptoms recurred slowly at first; but after a little time the cord began to tighten and relax itself at an astonishing pace, and this, before he had gone far, resulted in a splitting headache and a general sense of stupefaction. ‘I have been over-excited,’ said the merchant to himself as he passed his hand across his forehead, and stood for a moment bareheaded in the chill morning air. ‘Now I come to think of it, I have been terribly excited. Yes; it has been an exciting time, quite an exciting time. We have had a near shave, Gerard, a near shave.’ Rousing himself to a knowledge of the fact that he was standing uncovered in the street, and seeing that a shop-boy had paused in the act of taking down shutters to stare at him, he resumed his hat and walked on. He seemed to take the matter very calmly now, he thought. A minute later last night, and Garling might have been triumphant after all. ‘Yes,’ he repeated vaguely, ‘it was a near shave.’ The tightening and relaxing cord in his head seemed in some inexplicable way to have got hold of that phrase—‘a near shave’ with a tug of dreadful pain—‘a near shave’ with a sense of dreadful laxness and a loss of the brain’s boundaries, as though it were altogether unfenced, and flowed out loose until the tug came and drew it together again with—‘a near shave’ for watchword. He was dimly conscious that this physical condition involved a mental condition which was as unusual as itself. The pain in his head was becoming unbearable by the time he reached the hotel. Boots, again amazed by his appearance at this abnormal hour, asked if he could do anything for him.

‘A near shave,’ said the merchant vaguely.

‘Shave, sir?’ said the Boots. ‘Send for barber, sir, d’rec’ly, sir.’

‘No; never mind that,’ said Mr Lumby, awakening as if from a dream of fog with a horrible headache and one persistent phrase in it. ‘Bring me a cup of tea—strong tea—unusually strong tea.’

‘Yes, sir,’ said the Boots; ‘d’rec’ly, sir.’ That was Boots’s formula.—‘Looks awful ill,’ he thought, looking after the merchant. ‘Odd thing for an elderly cove like him to be out all night two nights running. Ain’t it now? And he

never was a frisky cove neither—not when he was young.' Boots was getting elderly, and remembered Mr Lumby this many a year, and had an interest in him. He hurried off now for the tea, and was curious or interested enough—not having much upon his hands just then—to see it made and to volunteer to take it up himself. He was a sort of idealised Boots, and had two other actual Boots beneath him. His function at his present time of life consisted chiefly in telling the way to everywhere, the cab fare to everywhere, and the time of starting of all trains at all stations—an occupation purely intellectual, and making large demands on the mental resources. Mr Lumby in the eyes of Boots was as important a person as a prime-minister, if indeed a prime-minister could have come into measurable distance with him. The head of a great City house, member of parliament for his county, who might have been Lord Mayor as often as Dick Whittington if he had chosen, was necessarily a figure in that old-fashioned City hostel, where his father and grandfather were remembered as guests before him. Boots found the great man sitting on the bed, and noticed that he looked not only ill, but bewildered.

'Excuse me, sir,' said the Boots; 'you ain't like yourself at all, sir. Shall I pull your boots off, sir?' He was down upon his knees at this task at once.—'Can't ha' been a-drinking?' he thought, looking up at the venerable face above him. 'Been a-watching by a sick-bed,' he concluded charitably; 'that's more likely. That's where he's brought that troubled look from.'

'Give me the tea, if you please,' said the merchant, with a sudden awakening look. 'I have a very bad headache.—Boots!'

'Yes, sir.'

'I have business,' said the great man, rising teacup in hand, and speaking and looking a little vacantly, 'important business at—I have business'—he was bright and clear again.—'at ten o'clock. I have time for an hour's sleep. Call me in an hour, and bring me another cup of strong tea. And I will take a hot bath.' He drank the tea, and passed his hand across his eyes; then knitting his fingers, pressed both palms heavily against his forehead, and in that attitude walked twice or thrice across the room and back again. 'In an hour's time, Boots,' he added, as that functionary was about to close the door—'not later.'

Being left alone, he partly undressed, and wrapping himself in a warm dressing-gown, stretched himself on the bed, and almost instantly fell asleep. So profound was his brief slumber, that when at the end of an hour Boots returned, and, beginning to make preparations for the bath, awoke him, Lumby found it difficult to believe that he had been left to himself more than a minute. It cost him a severe effort to rise; and no sooner was he erect again, than the cord within his head began once more to tighten and relax itself, and the aching sense of stupefaction returned. But a bath, a complete change of clothing, and another cup of strong tea, made no bad substitutes for a night's sleep, and he went out refreshed to meet Garling. Looking back at the condition into which he had fallen on first entering the street, nearly two hours before, he felt some

alarm—of a retrospective sort—at the symptoms. 'It was no wonder,' he said as he walked briskly on, trying to forget his headache or to walk beyond it. 'The strain had been very terrible.' He was yet too near the edge of the precipice to dare to think much of the terrors he had escaped from. 'A little more of that,' he told himself, 'and I might have gone mad. I must be very cool and wary of excitement now.'

He reached the offices, and walked in square and upright. If he had been closely noticed, it would have been seen that his eyes were filmy, and that the flushed colour of his skin was of a different hue from that healthy redness of complexion which his face commonly wore, proof of a pure life and a good digestion. It wanted a few minutes of the hour, and there were but one or two of the clerks yet arrived. These, as the chief went squarely along, nodding here and there, noticed nothing unusual in him. Nor did any one observe any especial change in Garling when, two or three minutes later, and punctual to his hour as ever, he paced slowly in, with his hands behind him and his furtive eyes bent downwards.

Garling had not meant to be here again. He was not an imaginative man by conscious practice, but no man ever had great mental powers without the imaginative faculty being in strong force amongst them, and Garling felt like a ghost revisiting old haunts. He did not greatly care about being defeated, and he thought that curious. It was in remarkable contradiction to his sense of almost absolute indifference that when, in the course of dressing after his employer's departure, he had made preparations for shaving, he was compelled to huddle away his razors and lock them up, in a sudden terror-stricken distrust of his own will. It would be too powerful a temptation—not to *him*, for his indifference astonished him—to his hand. That, he noticed as a phenomenon hitherto unobserved, or, until now, outside his experience, and thought it would be psychologically interesting to know if suicides were ever committed in that mood and manner. Once or twice, as a matter of mere theory, and not as having much relation to himself, he wondered whether Lumby had left him any loophole of escape. He had left him two hours alone. What might have been done in two hours? To re-secure his fraudulent gains, nothing. To escape?—he had nothing to escape from. His personal liberty was guaranteed already, under certain conditions. One of them was that he should present himself at the offices at ten o'clock. He went thither automatically, with the sense of a ghostly revisiting of old scenes and resumption of old habits accompanying him and growing upon him all the way. He had been sleepless for two nights, and had a feeling of dreaming awake, and of walking in an atmosphere of nightmare, which might take shape at any moment in such forms as only the dreadful hollows of dark night can hold.

And so, almost exhausted on either side, the two combatants met again. On Garling's entrance, Mr Lumby arose and locked the door. He had waited in the room which the cashier had always used; and now resuming the seat from which Garling's coming had disturbed him, he waved

him to another on the opposite side of the table. It was the seat the regular occupant had been in the habit of offering to visitors. The cashier had an oddly-vivid feeling as he took it, of being now a stranger in the place. There was no bitterness or defeat in this: it tickled him a little, and he suppressed a smile. He was puzzled to define the humour of the situation, but it was there, none the less. Lumby, for his part, between the racking headache which had again attacked him, and the sleepy stupor which dwelt on all his faculties, had to make an effort to decide within himself for what purpose he had called Garling there. There was silence for a space of perhaps half a minute.

'One thing was omitted when we parted this morning,' said the merchant coldly, having regained the lost thread of his thoughts. 'I have your written confession here, and your statement of the funds which lie in your name at the Bank at Madrid. I want now your order for the transference of those funds to the Bank of England, to be placed there to the credit of the House.'

'The sum is a large one,' said Garling, 'and they will more easily meet the demand if it be made by instalments. Say fifty thousand now, and fifty thousand fortnightly afterwards, until the whole is withdrawn.'

'Say weekly,' said the merchant.

'Very well,' returned Garling.

'I shall require you to accompany me to the Bank, and to have inquiries wired to their agents in Madrid.'

'Very well,' said Garling again.

'Your being here this morning is a proof that you recognise the futility of any attempt to escape until your restoration is completed. Your only safety lies in obedience. My pledge will not operate a moment beyond your failure or rebellion.'

'I understand,' responded Garling.

'Prepare the necessary drafts,' said the merchant rising, 'and bring them to me. Before I leave you, surrender your keys. Be ready to accompany me to the Bank by mid-day.' Garling produced his keys, and suppressing an inclination to fling them on the table, laid them gravely down. Where was the use of a demonstration of rebellion when he was bound body and soul? Mr Lumby took them up, unlocked the drawer in which he had placed Garling's confession, withdrew that document, and placed it in the safe, the cashier watching him all the while with wicked furtiveness. Next the merchant laid a heavy hand upon the bell. 'Ask Mr Barnes to come to me,' he said to the messenger who answered to the summons. After a short pause, enter Mr Barnes, a placid but keen-looking man, with a frame of wiry white hair about a healthy-hued face, and calm gray eyes which looked through gold-rimmed spectacles. 'Mr Barnes,' said the merchant.—Mr Barnes bowed ever so slightly.—'You will take your place in this room, if you please, until you receive further instructions. Attend to these matters in the first instance'—waving a hand towards the heaped documents and letters on the table—'and take to-day the general direction of affairs. The matter need not at present be mentioned, but Mr Garling has ceased to hold any connection with the firm.'

Mr Barnes was like one thunderstruck by this

intelligence. If he had been told that Jupiter had ceased to have any connection with the planetary system, it could not have hit him harder. And in that supposititious case there would have been the refuge of unbelief to fall back upon, whilst here he was bound not to question for a moment. It was not a specified part of the merchant's undertaking with the cashier that his crime should be kept a secret, but there were many reasons which made that seem advisable. Lumby's own self-esteem went strongly in that direction, and the firm had not been accustomed to the employment of fraudulent servants. His pride in the probity of the House seemed smirched by this associate villainy, and he was not wishful to spread such a sentiment in other minds. The temporarily appointed cashier being left to his own amazement, came out of it gradually, with a general verdict of—something wrong somewhere.

'Is it your desire that I should send for the necessary forms, or myself apply for them?' asked Garling, addressing Mr Lumby, in his ordinary business tone.

'As you please,' he answered. 'But be ready to accompany me at noon.—You will open the letters and attend to general business matters, Mr Barnes.' The merchant withdrew into his own room and closed the sliding panel. 'Safe,' he thought, 'quite safe now;' and reaching with something of a blinded groping motion for a chair, he sat down and turned himself to the table. How horribly his head ached. It was well he had been able to keep a clear mind so far, and carry the situation through to this point. Thinking of what the consequences might have been, but for his seemingly accidental resolve to impeach Garling without waiting for further discoveries, he half started from his chair twice or thrice. That awful cord was tightening and loosening in his head again, and he could scarcely see for pain. An hour or two more and he would be free to rest. The excitement had been too much for him, and he would go back to the hotel and sleep it off. Sleep was all he wanted. The strain had been more than he knew of at the time, and he was not so young as he had been. Thinking thus, he sat with his arms lying heavily on the table, and with his head depending downwards heavily. More and more leaden grew the weight of pain, and at length his head drooped on his arms, and he fell asleep once more.

AN OLD ENGLISH BATTLEFIELD.

THE stupendous character of modern military conflicts, and the altogether different conditions under which the campaigns of these later times have been conducted, are apt to obscure the struggles which a few centuries ago helped to shape the history and destiny of our native land.

Among the classic grounds of English history, Bosworth Field claims a foremost place. There the curtain fell on a long and tragic drama, one that for some thirty years had occupied, with bitter results, the whole stage of English history. The last conflict between the rival 'Roses,' it was also the most romantic, and therefore, perhaps, the most interesting; yet, from the circumstance that

it had no contemporary historian, and that, therefore, but few authentic details are preserved of the fight, its importance is apt to be overlooked. Shakspeare's dramatic version is of course somewhat fanciful and unreliable, though it has notwithstanding "an immortal place in his writings. A brief and quaint account appears in Burton's *History of Leicestershire*, published in 1622; and at a later period, William Hutton, the indefatigable Birmingham antiquary, spent a long time in the neighbourhood of the battlefield, and from his researches among the records and traditions of the district, compiled an elaborate account of the conflict. His history is, however, more or less inaccessible and unknown to the general public; hence it seems desirable that the most reliable descriptions of the conflict should be reproduced for the general advantage of modern readers.

Shenton Station, on the Ashby and Nuneaton line, is the most convenient halting-place for Bosworth. Crossing the railway by the foot-bridge south of the station, the elevated ground is reached, known as Ambian Hill, which not only commands an excellent view of the whole area of the battlefield, but was, in fact, the centre of its fiercest struggle. About a mile to the south-west can be seen some meadows, called the White Moors; and here the Earl of Richmond was encamped on the eve of the battle. Landing at Milford Haven on Saturday, August 6, 1485, with about two thousand followers, he had advanced through Cardigan and Welshpool to Shrewsbury, his army increasing considerably *en route*. He encamped outside Lichfield on Tuesday, August 16; and next day advanced through Tamworth to Atherstone. Two days earlier, Lord Stanley and Sir William Stanley had preceded him with their Cheshire troops, ostensibly to aid the king's cause, yet secretly sympathising with Richmond. It is said they held a private interview with the latter at Atherstone; and on the eve of the great conflict, managed to dispose of their forces so as to be able to declare for Richmond when the crisis came. The latter led his troops from Atherstone over the bridge at Wetherley, encamped on the White Moors, and constructed intrenchments, traces of which remained up to very recent years.

The king, hearing of Richmond's landing at Milford, made due preparations to meet him, and advanced to Leicester with about twelve thousand men. Leaving that town on the morning of August 17, and expecting to meet Richmond at Hinckley, he made for Elmsthorp, reaching that place in the evening, and, with his officers, spending the night in the village church. Finding he was too early for his rival, he moved a little to the north-west, and encamped on some high ground called the Bradshaws, close to Sutton, and about a mile due west from our stand-point. About two miles to the south, the tall spire of Stoke-Golding Church is seen; and on the left, a little nearer, the quaint church and village of Dadlington. Half a mile beyond the latter, and about a mile east of Stoke, was Lord Stanley's camp, bounded by a small stream called the Tweed. His lordship had posted his men ostensibly to protect the king's left flank, but in reality to attack it if circumstances should

be favourable. The Duke of Norfolk with four thousand troops encamped on the slopes of the hill north of Sutton; and Sir W. Stanley supported his right with about three thousand more. Such were the positions of the contending forces on the eve of the fight.

Hearing of Richmond's movements, the king had moved his forces on the 21st to some ground called Dicken's Nook, behind Sutton Hall to the west, addressed his troops as to the expected conflict on the morrow, and there pitched his tents. At four o'clock on the morning of the 22d, Richard was astir, and advanced his men in the direction of his antagonist. The archers formed the front line, commanded by the Duke of Norfolk; and following these, came the king with a compact body of men, flanked on each side by cavalry under the Earl of Northumberland and Sir Robert Brakenbury. These troops covered the northern and eastern sides of Ambian Hill, and there awaited the expected attack.

At ten o'clock, Richmond with his seven thousand men crossed the Tweed and the morasses that bordered it, and advanced towards the southern side of the hill. A body of Norman archers led the way, commanded by the Earl of Oxford. Sir Gilbert Talbot held the right wing, and Sir John Savage the left; while Richmond, clad in armour, commanded the centre. And then the fight commenced. 'Lord!' says Graftbury, 'how hastily the soldiers buckled their helms! how quickly the archers bent their bows and flushed their feathers! how readily the billmen shook their bills, and proved their staves, ready to approach and join when the terrible trumpet should sound the bloody blast to victory or death!' Then we are told: 'The trumpet blew, and the soldiers shouted, and the king's archers courageously let fly their arrows. The Earl's bowmen stood not still, but paid them home again, and the terrible shot once passed, the armies joined and came to hand-strokes.'

For an hour the battle raged furiously round this hill, between the men under the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Oxford, the two leaders even engaging in hand-to-hand combat. But a stray arrow killed the Duke, whose son, the Earl of Surrey, with others, made a desperate effort to avenge his death, but in vain. Then Richard ordered Northumberland to advance; but his troops wavered; and at that moment, Lord Stanley came up with his men, and joined Richmond—an ominous movement, the gravity of which Richard was not slow to understand. The crisis was becoming desperate, and needed desperate measures; hence, hearing that Richmond with his body-guard was posted on the other side of the hill, the king determined on a supreme effort—nothing short of an encounter with his rival in person, shouting in a tone of despair: 'If no one will go with me, I will go alone.' Some had urged safety in flight; and according to one account, a fleet horse was brought, with which the king, then in great peril, might have secured his life; but instead of desiring to escape, as Shakspeare represents, he indignantly rejected the proposal. Putting spurs to his own charger, he made a rush at Richmond, followed by his body-guard, including Lord Ferrers, Lord Lovell, Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir Richard Ratcliffe. The

fight was short and desperate. With one exception, the king's companions were all cut down, several of Richmond's sharing the same fate; and then the two rivals were about to fight single-handed, when Stanley's men coming up at that critical moment, created a diversion, and the king was immediately surrounded, his horse was entangled in a bog, and as his enemies closed in, he was speedily slain.

With the king's death, the battle at once collapsed. Sir Robert Brakenbury's troops made a feeble stand, but soon wavered; the centre did likewise, and fell back. Outflanked, however, by Stanley's troops, they failed to reach their tents, and fled across Radmoor Plain towards Dadlington, fighting as they went, and there the pursuit seems to have ended.

On Crown Hill, an eminence which adjoins the present Stoke Station, the king's crown, discovered hidden in a thorn-bush close by, was placed on the head of Richmond by Lord Stanley amid shouts of 'Long live Henry VII.!' Richard's body was dragged from the heap of slain, tied across a horse, and conveyed to Leicester, where it was exposed to view in the town-hall, and then buried in the church of St Mary, in the Greyfriars.

Thus perished the last of the Plantagenets. His character had been darkened by cruel murder, and few of his subjects cared to risk their lives in the defence of one so unfit to retain the throne. The result of the fight at Bosworth was therefore, all things considered, generally welcome to the England of that period.

The site of the battle has of course undergone considerable transformation in later times. A canal and railway now intersect its area; the swampy ground has been drained, and a wood occupies what was once a morass, the nature of which had something to do with the dispositions, and perhaps also the result of the conflict. Within living memory, many relics of the fight have been discovered during draining operations. In the churchyard at Dadlington, large numbers of the slain were interred; and a few years since, in digging new graves, piles of skeletons were unearthed, lying five or six deep. The ill-fated king's remains were disturbed much earlier; for when the monasteries were secularised, his tomb was destroyed; and it is said that his body was thrown into the river Soar, and his stone coffin afterwards used as a horse-trough. In 1612, however, Wren states in his *Parentalia*, that he saw, in Alderman Robert Heyrick's garden at Leicester, a handsome stone pillar, three feet high, inscribed: 'Here lies the body of RICHARD III., sometime King of England;' and at the present day there is a tablet in King Richard's Road, Leicester, stating that 'Near this spot lie the remains of Richard III., the last of the Plantagenets.' But no grave or mausoleum now exists by which his last resting-place can be verified, and hence those royal remains, unhonoured in death, have long since been scattered—how and where, none now can tell.

At Bosworth Hall, the seat of Sir Beaumont Dixie, are preserved several alleged relics of the fight—such as the suit of armour worn by the king, cannon-balls dug up from the field, and various weapons; although some antiquaries are

of opinion that the last-named belong to a subsequent period.

Close to the well where the king is said to have drunk on the eventful morning, was erected in 1812 a cairn of stones about twelve feet high, with an inscription in Latin to the following effect: 'With water from this spring, Richard III., king of England, quenched his thirst whilst very valorously and with bitterest incensement fighting in battle against Henry, Earl of Richmond, about to lose life as well as sceptre before nightfall, August 22, A.D. 1485.' This well, situated at the northern edge of the wood now existing, is an interesting memorial of the memorable battle of Bosworth Field. In 1862, the British Archæological Association, then in session at Leicester, visited the spot; and on the site a paper was read, and a fac-simile of the king's crown and various delineations of that monarch and his insignia, exhibited; but although the proceedings of that day aroused a deep interest in the historical events of 1485, they resulted in no practical steps being taken to commemorate the battle.

Since 1862, however, a considerable revival has taken place in antiquarian researches. The impulse which higher education has imparted to such subjects, has awakened an interest in the renowned events of history, and visitors in ever-increasing numbers repair to the spots made classic in their country's annals. On many other English battlefields, memorials have been erected to point out to future generations the scenes of ancient struggles for freedom and power; and yet on Bosworth Field, nothing worthy of the name exists. Among our wealthy citizens, proud of their country and of its long and eventful history, there must be those who would regard it as some honour to take part in perpetuating by a suitable monument the spot where one of the 'decisive' battles in English history took place.

THE FISHERWOMAN OF HONFLEUR.

A TALE OF THE FRENCH COMMUNE.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. III.

ON quitting the *bureau* of the *avocat*, the young fisherman inadvertently wandered into the twentieth *arrondissement*, formerly a detached village, called Belleville, but now one of the most turbulent districts of Paris, and at that period the headquarters of Communism. He soon discovered that he had strolled away from those parts of the city he wished to see; but as he wandered along, seeking to get clear of the dirty, narrow streets which opened in every direction, whichever way he turned he found himself becoming more and more involved amidst the intricacies of the poverty-stricken quarters; and still, unknown to himself, he was followed by Lucien Pierrot. It would have been difficult, probably, for Lucien to say with what special object he thus followed the young fisherman in his rambles through the city. It was perhaps chiefly that he sought to discover Antoine's motive for coming to Paris so soon after his return from sea; while at the same time he may

have thought that something might occur that would enable him to gratify his long-cherished craving for vengeance. If the latter notion occupied his thoughts, the opportunity occurred sooner than he could have anticipated.

Antoine was passing through one of the longest, crookedest, and narrowest streets of this disreputable district, when he saw, a few paces in advance of him, a young lad of eighteen, who was apparently a stranger in Paris, and who seemed to be wandering about without having any particular object in view. That the young fellow was a peasant, was manifest, not only in his garb, but likewise in his gait, manner, and whole appearance. He wore a blue linen blouse, belted round the waist, and a pair of clumsy sabots, which, together with his leathern gaiters, were incrustated with the dried yellow mud of the country lanes; and as he slouched along, as if he were traversing a newly ploughed field, he stared about him with a look of stupid wonder and curiosity. Suddenly, three of the small, boyish-looking soldiers of which the infantry of France seems to be mainly composed, bearing muskets and fixed bayonets that to a casual observer would appear too heavy for them to carry, pounced upon him from beneath a covered gateway, one of the party seizing him by the collar of his blouse and declaring him to be under arrest.

For a few moments the youth appeared to be stupefied; then he struggled to release himself, but was instantly seized by another of the soldiers, while the third, whose arm bore a corporal's stripe, told him that he had better come quietly to jail.

'Why do you arrest me? What crime have I committed?' whined the young man, as he trembled in every limb. 'I have but this day arrived in Paris. I am a stranger in the city, and am innocent of wrong-doing.'

'Innocent! Of course thou art innocent, *mon brave*,' sneered the corporal. 'Harmless as a lamb. Nobody is ever guilty, according to his own account.—Take the fellow along, comrades!'—addressing the soldiers—'the mob is already closing up behind us.'

This was true. Whence they came, it would have been hard to say; but in less than half a minute, the hitherto almost deserted street was thronging with truculent, ill-looking men, and dirty, frowsy, hard-featured females, clad in every variety of ragged costume, who appeared like so many hideous scarecrows; while still others came forth from every doorway in the narrow street. All took common cause against the soldiers, two of whom levelled their muskets, and prepared to defend themselves from the threatened attack, while the third took charge of the prisoner. Many of the men were armed with short, stout cudgels, and some of the women grasped broom-handles in their sinewy hands. The women were loud in their clamour.

'*Fi donc, fi!*' they cried. 'Let the lad go free, *mouchards, tyrans*—spies that ye are!'

Perceiving that the crowd took his part, the young fellow said: 'Believe me, *citoyens* and *citoyennes*, I am innocent. I have but this day

arrived in Paris. My father is an honest farmer of Clermont. 'Tis the first time I have been in the city. I have come to see my brother, who is an honest artisan, and works somewhere in this quarter of Paris.' There was apparent truth in the young man's looks and voice as he pleaded with the crowd.

'That is doubtless true,' cried a stout, burly virago, whirling a broomstick over her head, to the imminent peril of her companions. 'Poltrons!'—addressing the male portion of the crowd—'cowards that ye are! Have ye no spirit, that ye would let a poor lad be dragged to prison, to be shot on the ramparts to-morrow, when half-a-dozen women might set him free?'

Hearing his prophetic doom thus pronounced, the poor lad wept aloud, as he entreated the crowd to release him.

Irritated by the woman's taunts, the men caught up the cry, 'To the rescue! To the rescue!' and bore down savagely upon the soldiers, two of whom bravely kept the leaders of the mob at bay for a few moments by charging with their bayonets. But muskets and bayonets were soon wrested from them; they were struck down and brutally kicked and trampled upon, and their uniforms torn into shreds. The third soldier, however, disregarding the perilous position of his comrades, had retained his grasp of the prisoner, and, unnoticed by the mob, who were fully occupied in wreaking vengeance upon their natural foes, the military, had dragged the unfortunate youth into a by-street, and would speedily have disappeared with him, had not Antoine, who had hitherto looked on as if bewildered, but whose sympathies were with the peasant, hastened to the rescue of the young lad. Wrenching the musket and bayonet from the grasp of the soldier, he struck him senseless to the ground with one blow of his fist. 'Run, lad, run!' he cried. 'Dost not see that thou art free? Away, away!'

The peasant, who for a few moments seemed to have become paralysed with terror, made off as fast as his legs could carry him.

The beat of a drum and the steady tramp of feet were heard near by.

'Scatter! Scatter and fly!' shouted a hoarse voice in the rear of the crowd. 'Do ye not hear? The soldiers are approaching!'

The mob disappeared as rapidly as they had gathered, leaving the unfortunate soldiers stretched on the ground bleeding, bruised, and senseless. In half a minute the front rank of a troop of soldiers appeared at the entrance of the street. Antoine was stooping over the soldier whom he had struck down, striving to restore him to consciousness. He knew not of the approach of the troop until the men were close upon him, when, suddenly becoming aware of his own danger, he took to flight. Some of the soldiers started in pursuit of the fugitive, while the main body hastened to the succour of their hapless comrades. Antoine, however, gained upon his pursuers, and would have escaped, but that on turning the corner of a street, he found himself confronted by another party of soldiers who were hastening to the scene of the disturbance. He stopped short, and was about to take refuge in a narrow court, where he might have concealed himself till the soldiers had passed by, when Lucien Pirrot, who had

never lost sight of the young fisherman, and had witnessed all that had occurred, shouted: 'Seize that man! He is a Communist, and was the leader of the mob.'

In an instant, Antoine was surrounded, seized, and pitilessly dragged off to prison. There was a brief examination before a sergeant of police, in which Lucien Pierrot, who appeared as prosecutor, denounced the prisoner, Antoine Duroc, as a Communist leader of the lowest and vilest class, and swore that he had seen the prisoner strike a soldier down with his own hand and brutally maltreat him, thus effecting the release of a man under arrest.

Antoine, who declared that he was not a Communist, and that he knew not the meaning of the word, did not attempt to deny that he had struck down a soldier, and released a poor young peasant whom he believed to be innocent. This was enough; he was ordered to be confined and closely guarded until he could be brought before the military authorities the next day. The jailer, however, who was a native of Brittany, and had heard the young fisherman's simple story, believed in his innocence. He knew Lucien Pierrot as a paid government spy, and believed him capable of any falsehood or iniquity whereby he might gratify his malice against any individual who had offended him, or might pocket a reward for his vigilance in behalf of the government. He pitied the unfortunate prisoner; and Antoine, who felt the need of sympathy, spoke of his young wife, who would now be impatiently awaiting his return from Paris.

'It grieves me sorely, Monsieur,' he added, 'that I have no means of acquainting my poor Madeleine with the misfortune that has befallen me. She will not know what to think, and will fear that some serious accident has happened to me.'

'Thou canst write to thy wife, *mon ami*,' said the jailer. 'I will post the letter.'

'Monsieur, I cannot write,' replied Antoine.

'Then tell me what thou would'st say, and I will write for thee.'

Antoine dictated a few lines, informing Madeleine that he was in prison in Paris, having been denounced as a Communist by a government spy named Lucien Pierrot; but, anxious not to alarm his wife, he expressed the hope that he would speedily be released, and that he would be able, when taken before the court, to prove his innocence.

The jailer shook his head gravely, but made no remark; and probably Antoine himself did not feel the confidence in his speedy release that he sought to impart to his wife; though, being ignorant of the dreadful severity with which those who were suspected of Communism were punished, he doubted not that he would be set at liberty in the course of a few days at the furthest.

The letter was despatched; and was received by Madeleine at the moment when she was setting forth to meet her husband at the Honfleur railroad *dépôt*, fully expecting him to return that day.

The young wife was dreadfully alarmed on reading the letter. 'It is my fault,' she thought. 'I am to blame. I ought not to have concealed from my husband the base conduct of the villain

Lucien Pierrot. He threatened me with vengeance, and now he has accomplished his purpose. If I had told Antoine, he would have been on his guard against the wretch, and this trouble would not have occurred. But I acted, as I thought, for the best.' She sunk into a chair, and for a few minutes felt perfectly helpless; but recollecting that it was necessary to exert herself immediately in her husband's behalf, she determined to proceed instantly to the mayor of Honfleur and seek his advice and assistance.

Monsieur le Maire was himself the owner of numerous fishing-luggers. Antoine was known to him, and was a favourite with him; and Madeleine knew that he would do all in his power to help her in her sore trouble. He read the letter, and heard from Madeleine the story of Lucien Pierrot's base conduct towards her. That Antoine had no connection with Communism, he was well aware; but he read the journals constantly, and he knew that the government, having been terribly frightened, were now proceeding with ruthless severity against all persons even suspected of complicity with Communism. That the young fisherman was guiltless of any such complicity, he could prove, if it were not already too late; but then he knew nothing of Antoine's having assaulted a soldier and released a man under arrest. Nothing of this was mentioned in the letter.

'You must hasten immediately to Paris,' he said. 'I know not what else to advise. I am acquainted with the *sous-préfet* of police—a worthy man, who will do all in his power to help you, if satisfied that your husband is innocent. But you must lose no time. I will give you a letter to Monsieur le Sous-préfet.—Shall you need money?' Not wishing to alarm Madeleine, the mayor said nothing to her of his own fear that it might be already too late to save her husband. He wrote the letter, and handed it to her, and having been assured that she needed no help in money, advised her to set forth immediately.

The young wife needed no urging. Anticipating the result of her interview with the mayor, she had left her babe in charge of a kind neighbour; and proceeding instantly to the railway station, she, after five tedious hours, reached Paris. A stranger, unaccustomed to the noise, bustle, and confusion of a great city, she felt for the moment bewildered and lost. But the errand she had come upon quickened her faculties and inspired her with a desperate courage. Her first idea was to visit her husband and gladden him with her presence; and inquiring her way of different persons whom she met, she soon found the prison in which Antoine was confined. But, on requesting admission, she was informed that, without a special order from a magistrate, no person was permitted, under any circumstances, to visit or to have any communication whatever with a prisoner. It was terrible for her to gaze upon the stone walls of the prison, and knowing that her husband was confined within those walls, to be refused permission to see him. But wasting no time in useless lamentation, she hired a conveyance, and was driven to the abode of the *sous-préfet*, some little distance beyond the city. It was already late when she reached the house; but she rang the bell, and gained admittance.

Monsieur le Préfet had just dined, she was informed by a servant, and would see no person on business that evening; she must attend at the police court the next morning. But on her producing the letter from the mayor of Honfleur, the servant said that he would acquaint Monsieur with her presence.

The sous-préfet was seated at a table reading an evening journal, when the servant entered and informed his master that a young woman wished to see him on business of importance.

'At this hour!' exclaimed the préfet angrily. 'I cannot be disturbed. You should have told her so. Tell her to call at my bureau to-morrow.'

The servant withdrew, but presently re-appeared.

'What now, sirrah?' demanded the préfet.

'Monsieur,' replied the servant, 'the young woman will not go away. She says she must see you on a matter of life and death, and she bade me hand you this letter.'

With an exclamation of angry annoyance, the préfet glanced over the contents of the letter. 'Who is this woman? What does she look like?' he asked.

'She is very young, Monsieur, and seems to be in sore trouble. She told me she had travelled a long distance.'

'Well, well; show her up-stairs.'

The servant again withdrew; and in a few moments returned, accompanied by Madeleine, frightened, even amidst her sorrow, at the grandeur—to her eyes—by which she was surrounded.

'Enter, Madame,' said the préfet, who appeared to be surprised at the extreme youth and remarkable appearance of the young woman in her fisherwoman's garb. 'Pray, be seated, Madame,' he continued in a gentler tone of voice; 'and please to tell me briefly and clearly the object of your visit to Paris. I learn from my friend the mayor's letter that your husband is in prison, charged with complicity with Communism. My friend writes to assure me that he can certify that your husband cannot possibly be connected with the infamous Communists.'

'No; my husband knows nothing of the matter, Monsieur,' said Madeleine; and then she briefly told how it happened that he had visited Paris at this time.

'Then he arrived but three days ago, young woman?' said the préfet. 'His name? Ah!'—again glancing over the mayor's letter—'I see; Antoine Duroc. It strikes me,' he went on, 'that I have some recollection of that name.' He rose, went to a writing-table, and returned and reseated himself, glancing over the pages of a rough ledger or memorandum-book. As he did so, he read, as if to himself, yet loud enough for Madeleine to hear: 'Antoine Duroc, fisherman, aged twenty-three years, charged with inciting a mob to attack the military, and with having himself violently assaulted a soldier and released a prisoner who was under arrest. Denounced as a dangerous Communist by Lucien Pierrot.'

'This is a serious matter, young woman,' said the préfet to Madeleine; 'much more serious than my friend's letter led me to anticipate. It is out of my power to interfere in the matter, even if I had the wish to do so; and I have no

sympathy with the Communists, nor with individuals who incite others to offend against the laws'—

'Oh, believe me, Monsieur!' interrupted Madeleine, wringing her hands in an agony of distress; 'it is false that my husband is what you call a Communist. He knows not the meaning of the word. I have heard nothing of his having assaulted a soldier and released a prisoner. He said nothing of that in his letter to me; and I do not believe it is true that he has done such a thing. But, Monsieur, this man, Lucien Pierrot, is a vile wretch, who swears the lives of innocent men away for gain, and is unworthy of credence. He has vowed vengeance against my husband and me because I refused to listen to his base importunities;' and then blushing with shame amidst her distress, she related to the préfet the story of Lucien's conduct to her previous to her marriage. While she was speaking, the daughter of the préfet, a young and pretty girl of fifteen years, entered the room, and approaching her father, said: 'Dear papa, I am come to wish you good-night.' Then perceiving Madeleine for the first time, she became silent, and stood gazing pitifully upon the young fisherwoman from behind her father's chair.

'It is sad—very sad, my poor woman,' said the préfet, when Madeleine had ended her story; 'but, as I have told you, I have no power to interfere in the prisoner's behalf. Your husband is charged with a military offence. He will be tried by court-martial to-morrow morning. I dare not bid you hope for his acquittal. Such wretches as the man Pierrot are necessary to the government in such times as this. His oath will be taken by the members of the court-martial in preference to that of the accused, even though they regard the accuser with contempt. The trial will be brief, and the sentence of the court-martial will be immediately carried into effect. It is quite impossible for me to say or do anything in behalf of your husband that will be of the least service to him.'

'Ah, Monsieur,' sighed Madeleine, 'at what hour to-morrow will the trial take place?'

'At seven o'clock. It will likely be over by nine o'clock; and at noon the sentence of the court will be carried out. A great number of prisoners await their trial by court-martial to-morrow.'

Madeleine, weeping bitterly, threw herself on her knees before the préfet. 'Monsieur, Monsieur!' she cried, 'it is terrible. Men are wolves. They have no pity. But can heaven permit such injustice? Monsieur, as you hope for mercy on the last great day, intercede for my innocent husband! Save him, Monsieur, and I will pray for you, and will teach my innocent babe to pray for you and yours so long as we may live.'

'I pity you with all my heart,' replied the préfet, in a tone of deep sympathy; 'but again I assure you I can do nothing for you; I am powerless to help you. Paris is under martial law. The civil authorities are superseded for the time being by the military. I cannot interfere with the trial or sentence of a court-martial.' He advanced towards the suppliant young wife, and held forth his hand to assist her to rise; but Madeleine, overcome by the intensity of her affliction, fainted, and sank down on the floor.

The préfet rang the bell, and when the servant appeared, bade him send some of the female domestics to the assistance of the poor woman. The women came; and Madeleine, having partially recovered consciousness, was tenderly assisted from the room. 'Take care of her, poor creature,' said the préfet. 'Let her rest a while before she goes away; and if she will partake of it, give her some refreshment.'

'Poor woman! so young, and so pretty!' he soliloquised, when the servants had withdrawn with the agonised wife. 'I pity her sincerely; but I cannot assist her. Any interference on my part would be worse than useless.—Pauline, my love,' he went on, looking round for his daughter, whom he now recollected had entered the room while the young woman was kneeling before him.

But Pauline had disappeared; she had quitted the room with the servants and their helpless, sorrowing burden.

The sous-préfet did not resume the perusal of his journal. He was a man of kindly feelings, despite the hardening influences to which he was constantly subjected through his official position; and though he had his doubts, as men in his position always have in such cases, he was inclined to believe that Antoine had been falsely and maliciously accused. Yet he felt that he could not interfere in the prisoner's behalf.

At the end of half an hour, his daughter re-entered the room.

'Ah, Pauline, my darling, where hast thou been?' he cried. 'Thou wert here awhile since. Why didst thou go away, my child?'

'Papa,' replied the young girl, drawing near to her father, and placing her arm round his neck, 'I went after that poor young fisher-woman.'

'But the servants will take good care of her, my pet.'

'Yes, dear papa; but I took her to my own apartment and made her tell me *all* her story. She dared not tell you all. She was frightened, poor thing. O papa! it is so sad—so sad! I am sure, *quite* sure that the poor man is innocent of the political crimes imputed to him; and I have made the poor young wife promise to come here early to-morrow. I told her you would try to do something for her. And you *will*—will you not, dear papa, for my sake?'

'Pauline, darling, you have done very wrong; you have encouraged the poor woman to hope for assistance that I cannot render. I am powerless in the matter, as I have told her already—even if I were sure of the man's innocence.'

'Sure, papa!' exclaimed Pauline. 'Can you doubt? You will not doubt to-morrow, when you have heard all.'

'My darling,' answered the sous-préfet, 'no matter how strongly I may believe in the poor man's innocence, I can do nothing for him. He will be tried by court-martial in the morning, and in a few minutes will be either acquitted or condemned. They waste no time in these cases. If he be found guilty, as is most probable, he will be shot before noon.'

'Papa, you *must* do something,' persisted the young girl. 'There is always time till the last moment. You will restore the poor woman's husband to her.' Think over what I have said,

papa; and now, good-night;' and kissing her father, Pauline hastened from the room before the préfet could make any reply.

A RECEPTION AT THE VATICAN.

SINCE the establishment of United Italy, the Pope rarely leaves his own palace. Rather than occupy a secondary place in the marvellous city where his predecessors long sat supreme, and whence they ruled Christendom, he lives a life of splendid seclusion. The Vatican is an enormous pile of buildings adjoining St Peter's, comprising thousands of apartments, a hundred and fifty staircases, as also museums, and an almost fabulous amount of art treasures in painting, sculpture, and antiquities. Its exterior, though not beautiful, is imposing from its size; but on the interior is lavished everything that is magnificent and costly in adornment—the rarest and most splendid marbles, oriental alabaster, mosaic pavements—until the spectator is bewildered by the very extent of its richness. There are beautiful private gardens, in which the Pope is frequently carried in a sedan-chair; but at those times the public are rigorously excluded, so that the only opportunity of seeing him is by obtaining admission to an audience, and such permission is sparingly given.

On a certain Easter Monday morning, we set out for the Vatican in the dazzling sunlight of an Italian April; through the narrow, shady streets, with their picturesque groups of people, shifting and changing like the figures in a kaleidoscope. Soon we cross the Bridge of St Angelo, where Bernini's angels look on the yellow Tiber; then past the Castle of St Angelo with its look of hoary age; then lastly into the Piazza of St Peter, with its Egyptian obelisk and leaping fountains, half encircled by the immense colonnades which lead to the great church in the centre.

Descending from our carriage, and passing through the bronze gate, we enter the guardroom at the foot of the regal staircase, where the Guards, in their extraordinary dress of striped scarlet and yellow, are on duty. Our *permesso* was here inspected; and we then went up Bernini's beautiful staircase, with its fine columns and painted roof. After passing the equestrian statue of Constantine, we go through a bewildering succession of apartments and galleries, marshalled on at each turn by private servants of the Pope, in costumes of crimson velvet brocade. Next, we enter that wonderful series of frescoed chambers where the masterpieces of Raphael look down in colours scarcely faded since they left the great master's hand. On this occasion, however, one cannot pause to do more than glance at the 'School of Athens,' or the astounding 'Expulsion of Heliogorus from the Temple,' where the sacrilegious intruder seems absolutely hurled across the threshold of the sacred building. Last in succession is the Hall of Constantine, with the battle of the Ponte Molle, which changed the fate of the Empire from heathenism to Christianity. This Hall was painted by Giulio Romano, from Raphael's designs.

After passing through an antechamber, filled with chamberlains and other dignitaries, we were shown into the Geographical Gallery, where the audience was to take place. This Gallery, which

THE number of witty replies, ready retorts, and 'good things' generally attributed to Swift, Foote, Sydney Smith, Sheridan, and other departed celebrities, would doubtless considerably astonish those gentlemen, were they to return to life. Happy thoughts are not confined to acknowledged wits, however. Most of us have sometimes had occasion to say: 'What a good repartee such and such an answer would have been, had we only thought of it in time.' But there is the rub. It is not given to every one, perhaps fortunately for the general peace, to be as ready at retort, for example, as the critic to whom the following question was addressed by an artist: 'Don't you think it is about time I exhibited something?' 'Yes; a little talent, for instance,' was the reply.—To a grocer who had retired from business.

a friend said : 'My dear fellow, you are looking thin ; idleness does not agree with you.' 'Well, no,' instantly replied the grocer ; 'I don't weigh so much as I did.'

Another tradesman, a Quaker, who sold hats, was asked by a rustic the price of one. 'Fifteen shillings,' was the reply. The intending purchaser offered twelve shillings.

'As I live,' said the Quaker, 'I cannot afford to give it thee at that price.'

'As you live!' exclaimed the countryman ; 'then live more moderately, my friend.'

A tailor and his son were doing a day's work at a farmhouse. The prudent housewife, to secure a good day's work, lighted candles when daylight began to fade. The tailor looked at his son and said : 'Jock, confound them that invented working by candlelight!' 'Ay,' replied young snip, 'or daylight either!'—'You have no idea of the hard work there is in this business,' said a canvasser to a shopkeeper. 'I tell you it is either talking or walking from morning till night.' 'Beg pardon,' replied the victim. 'I have a pretty distinct idea of the talking part of your programme. Now, please favour me with an exhibition of the walking part.'

A sarcastic question may sometimes do duty for the severest of replies. 'I never consider a dinner perfect without soup,' said one man to another ; 'I always have soup when I dine.' 'And do you ever have anything else?' returned the other.—A punning retort is also at times very effective. 'I had no time to stuff the chicken,' apologised a landlady. 'Never mind, madam ; it's tough enough as it is,' quickly replied the boarder.—Another landlady, who tried to be smart, was as effectually silenced. 'I think the goose has the advantage of you,' she remarked to an expert boarder who was carving. 'Guess it has, mum, in age,' was the ready retort.

'Here, waiter ; what do you call this you've brought me?' inquired a customer.

Waiter. 'Ham, sir ; you ordered ham.'

Customer. 'When was it cooked?'

Waiter (snappishly). 'I don't know, sir ; we don't put tags on with the date and time of cooking!'

Customer. 'You ought to. This ham was cooked thirty or forty years ago. Bring me some that was cooked this year.'

The customer does not at all times have the victory ; sometimes it falls to the waiter. A bustling, fussy 'commercial,' waiting impatiently for his dinner, called out to the waiter : 'John, how long will that steak of mine be?' 'Why,' replied John quietly, 'about the usual length, sir—about eight inches.'

Two American gentlemen in the course of their travels stopped at a small café in the suburbs of Paris, for refreshments. Their repast was a light one, consisting of tea, toast, and eggs ; but the bill was a heavy one—nine francs in all. 'Garçon,' exclaimed one of the tourists, 'how's this? Please, explain.'

'Well you see, Messieurs,' explained the waiter—'two francs for the tea and toast, and seven francs for the eggs.'

'Ah, the eggs are very scarce about here?'

'No, Monsieur ; eggs are not scarce, but Americans are!'

'What do you mean by a cat-and-dog life?'

said a husband to his angry wife. 'Look at Carlo and Kitty asleep on the rug ; I wish men lived half as agreeably with their wives.' 'Stop!' said the lady. 'Tie them together, and see how they will agree!'—As ready, but more curious, was the reply of a nurse. She was telling about a man who had become so worn-out through intemperance that he could not keep any food on his stomach, when one of her listeners asked : 'What does he live on, then?' 'On his relations, ma'am,' was the answer.

The replies given by impulsive children when scolded and so forth, are often as apt as they are entertaining. In the country, for instance, a bright little girl was sent to get some eggs, and on her way back stumbled and fell, making sad havoc among the contents of her basket. 'Won't you catch it when you get home though!' exclaimed her companion. 'No ; indeed I won't,' she answered ; 'I've got a grandmother.'—'Sophy, if you don't be quiet, I shall have to whip you,' said the father of a large family, who always left the disagreeable duty of punishing the unruly to his wife. 'Pooh!' contemptuously retorted the little incorrigible he addressed, tossing her curly head—'you ain't the mother.'—'How old are you, my little man?' asked a gentleman of a youngster of three years, to whom he was being introduced. 'I'm not old,' replied the little man ; 'I'm almost new.'

Boys retorts are, as may be expected, generally of the rude kind ; as when a woman said to a youngster who had been impudent to her : 'Little boy, have you a mother?' 'No ; but Dad wouldn't marry you if there wasn't a house-keeper in the whole blessed land,' was the reply. —'Charley,' said a mother to her seven-year-old boy, 'you must not interrupt me when I am talking with ladies. You must wait till we stop, and then you can talk.' 'But you never stop!' retorted the boy.—Little Tommy was having his hair combed by his mother, and he grumbled at the operation. 'Why, Tommy, you oughtn't to make such a fuss. I don't, when my hair is combed.' 'Yes ; but *your* hair ain't hitched to your head.'

Equally pertinent was the answer given by a great musical composer to a remark. When a youth, he was clerk to a very rich but exceedingly commonplace, in fact stupid employer. One day, an acquaintance commiserated the clever lad on his position, saying : 'What a pity it is that you are not the master, and he your clerk.'—'Oh, my friend,' returned the youth, 'do not say that. If he were my clerk, what on earth could I do with him?'

Even clergymen cannot always hope to meet with the courtesy that draws the line at sharp rejoinders. 'If you can't keep awake,' said a parson to one of his hearers, 'when you feel drowsy, why don't you take a pinch of snuff?' 'I think,' was the shrewd reply, 'the snuff should be put into the sermon.'—Some years ago, we are told, the Isle of Sheppey being an inconsiderable parish, and the income not very large, the vicar came there but once a month. The parishioners being much displeased at this, desired their clerk, who was that year churchwarden also, to remonstrate with him as to his negligence. The clerk told the vicar the wishes of the parishioners ; and the reply was : 'Well, well ; tell them if they

give me ten pounds a year more, I will come to see them once a fortnight; and be sure to let me know their answer the next time I come.' The next time he did come, he accordingly asked, and the clerk answered: 'Sir, they say as how if you will excuse them ten pounds a year in their tithes, they will dispense with your coming at all!'

Members of the cloth are not always above severely criticising one another's failings. It is related of that most eloquent of English clergymen, Robert Hall, that he once—disgusted by the egotism and conceit of a preacher who, with a mixture of self-complacency and impudence, challenged his admiration of a sermon—was provoked to say: 'Yes; there was one very fine passage of your discourse, sir.' 'I am rejoiced to hear you say so; which was it?' 'Why, sir, it was the passage from the pulpit to the vestry.'

The legal profession may naturally be expected to develop the powers of repartee. There is a well-known anecdote of a judge saying, 'One at a time, gentlemen,' when a donkey brayed outside the court just as a lawyer was eloquently holding forth; and that the lawyer retaliated later on by remarking, 'There was a strange echo in court,' on the judge, when interrupted, absently inquiring the cause of the very same noise.

Another story, in which the same too often despised animal figures, may not be so well known. A country Laird, who had lately been elected to the office of a county magistrate, meeting a clerical gentleman on horseback, attempted jocularly by remarking that he was more ambitious than his Master, who was content to ride upon an ass. 'They canna be gotten noo,' said the minister; 'for they're a' made justices of the peace.'

Even lawyers, with all their smartness and assurance, don't always come off best in a wordy duel. An attorney said to an Irishman, his client: 'Why don't you pay me that six-and-eightpence?' 'Why, faith, because I do not owe it to you.' 'Not owe it to me? Yes, you do; it's for the opinion you had of me.' 'That's good, indeed,' rejoined Pat, 'when I never had any opinion of you in all my life.'—Equally good was the retort made to Serjeant Cockle by a witness. In a trial of a right of fishery, he asked the witness: 'Don't you love fish?' 'Ay,' replied the witness, with a grin; 'but I dunna like Cockle sauce with it!'

An agent canvassing a voter and getting many evasive replies to his cross-examination, at last exclaimed sharply: 'Confound your quibbling! Tell me, then, what your opinions are—your conscientious opinions, I mean.'—'They are the same as my landlord's.'—'And what are your landlord's opinions?'—'Faix, his opinion is that I won't pay him the last half-year's rent; and I'm of the same opinion myself.'

The Irishman who on asking an intruder in his cabin what he wanted, and receiving the answer, 'Nothing,' said he would find it in the jug where the whisky was, had an equal in promptness in a New-Yorker, whom an 'uncertain' acquaintance addressed as follows: 'I'm a little short, and would like to ask you a conundrum in mental arithmetic.'—'Proceed,' observed the gentleman.—'Well,' said the 'short' man, 'suppose you had ten dollars in your pocket, and I should ask you for five dollars, how much would remain?'—'Ten dollars,' was the prompt answer.

'What do you mean by standing there with your hands in your pockets?' asked an employer, addressing a rather indolent workman. 'Nothing much; 'spect you'd be making a noise if I had them in yours,' replied the incorrigible.—'Did you get her photo, when you were away?' said one Freshman to another. 'Well—ah!—the fact is,' returned his companion, 'she gave me her negative.'

'How did you learn that graceful attitude?' said a gentleman to an intoxicated fellow leaning in a maudlin fashion against a post. 'I have been practising at a glass,' was the reply.—Remarkable quickness at repartee was displayed by an actor at the Belleville theatre, when some one threw the head of a goose on the stage. Advancing to the front, the player said: 'Gentlemen, if any one amongst you has lost his head, do not be uneasy, for I will restore it at the conclusion of the performance.'

Not many would feel in much humour for joking, we should think, after the excitement of catching a thief in one's house, yet here is an instance to the contrary. A burglar was caught by a gentleman in the back drawing-room, and a policeman sent for at once. 'You ought to be grateful to me,' said the thief, 'instead of treating me like this 'ere. I only came in to tell you the front-door was open, and I was afeared you'd get robbed.'—'Excellent reasoning, no doubt, my friend,' said the householder; 'but on wrong premises, I fancy!'

A lady who asked a sailor why a ship was called 'she,' received the ungallant reply, that it was because her rigging cost so much.—Equally smart was the reply of the sea-captain who was invited to meet the Committee of a Society for the Evangelisation of Africa. When asked: 'Do the subjects of the king of Dahomey keep Sunday?' he replied: 'Yes, and everything else they can lay their hands on.'

Perhaps as much presence of mind as shown in any of the above instances was displayed on the following occasion. A young gentleman getting into a railway carriage, happened to press the foot of a young lady who was sitting next to the door. The damsel, contracting her pretty brow into a frown, ejaculated: 'You clumsy wretch!' Many men would have looked foolish and apologised; but he exclaimed: 'My dear young lady, you should have feet large enough to be seen, and then they wouldn't be trodden upon.' Her frowns instantly changed into smiles, and the injury was forgotten.

FAIRYLAND AND FAIRIES.

WHERE is Fairyland? There are no finger-posts anywhere pointing to it. It is not in Murray's Guides. But—how, we hardly know—we are sometimes lucky enough to be taken thither by the poets and the children; for, oddly enough, the poets and the children are like each other, and often walk the same way. True, the Scientific Societies would reduce Fairyland to an exhalation of fancy, and blow the fairies off in vapour. But we object to seeing our most precious conceptions resolved into their original elements and then destroyed beyond help; though we should like to know, in the proper place and season, how those same conceptions originate, and even

what stuff they are made of. So we leave the learned wights with their destructive crucibles; and as becomes pilgrims to Fairyland, choose our company among more ardent and simple folk—the poets and the children. Where, then, is Fairyland, and why does it exist?

Chaucer places the realm of Faëry underground with Pluto and Proserpine. In the old days of romance, knights found it in the ocean island of Avalon, where, stepping ashore in darkness from wreck to wreck, they entered the lighted castle, peopled by beautiful maidens and men transformed by enchantment. In Spenser's time, this realm could not have been so far off, for he saw in it the shadow of England. A little later, Drayton imagined it high in air, poised by magic midway between the earth and the moon, with an aerial route, *vid* the moon, down to this world. His minute touch built up the palace with walls of deftly mortised spiders' legs; and all its architectural arrangements, chiefly of insect material, were the strangest ever imagined:

The windows, of the eyes of cats;
And for the roof, instead of slats,
Is covered with the skins of bats
With moonshine that are gilded.

No doubt it was from such a palace, but with more of beauty and less of the grotesque in its furniture, that Tom Hood's fairy, after two centuries and more, began to come down the moon-beam-path, bringing the dreams of little children. She uses the old road that Drayton found; but her lightness and brightness are beyond his fancy:

A little Fairy comes at night;
Her eyes are blue, her hair is brown,
With silver spots upon her wings;
And from the moon she flutters down.

Drayton's courtiers and ladies of 'the Fairy court' were little creatures that could huddle together and hide in an empty nut-shell; and littleness and lightness are by this time permanent attributes of the fairy creation. But in the early history of Fairyland, its people were of larger growth. In the old Gallic and Breton romances, they were merely men and women possessed of magical powers; and in Brittany—a country intimately connected with the rise of Fairyland—the fairies, that are supposed to haunt the *landes* and glide round the Druidic stones by night, are not tricky elves, but tall maidens of more than mortal stature, willing to enchant and marry mortal men.

Before the Elizabethan age, while the fairies were holding their own, and growing rather than dwindling in Western France, the merry sprites and elves were in England driving the full-grown enchanters from the field. But with Shakespeare came a patent of immortality to the little harmless crew. He left the bounds of Fairyland indefinitely fixed; but he fixed for ever as the property of the poet the most picturesque parts of the popular belief. For evermore the 'shrewd and knavish' Puck was to be 'the merry wanderer of the night,' with an historic reputation for destroying the peace of village maids and housewives; tangling the skein of love among mortals; enjoying their discomfiture at his wiles, and even setting them astray when he means well. Evermore, Oberon and Titania will preserve in poetry their character for miffs and tiffs, love and

jealousy, almost in play—a bright-coloured reflection of human passions, without their depth or their sorrows. And evermore the fairies will have their allotted work to do, making elves' coats out of the leathern wings of bats, teasing away the owl that hoots and wonders at their revels, dewing the rings that are to be danced on at night, and killing cankers in the rose-buds; and henceforth they will always be small enough to creep into acorn-cups. By *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Fairyland became an indestructible reality in the region of fancy; through poetry the cultured must know it for ever, even when the unlettered, who once believed in it most, may forget it completely.

The poets and the children have kept up this race of beautiful imaginary beings for the very same reason. Both have strong imagination; both in a different manner have an attraction towards wonders and bright fancies; to both the commonplace is but dull ground. The early poets and writers of romance embalmed the popular beliefs for the sake of the facility they afforded for exercising invention in describing the marvellous, and for the easy working out of stories of wonder. The children have the same delight in the marvellous, and the same preference for a tale wherein the most startling wonders are possible. To the first writers who chronicled fairy achievements, in the time when Faëry only signified something of 'glamour might,' this wonder-working was not so great a strain upon the fancy of reasoning minds, as it is now in these more scientific ages. In the same way the marvels of children's tales are interesting to the inexperienced listeners, because they do not seem so wildly impossible as to forbid interest. It has been well said that a little child in a garden would not be much astonished if a stone urn changed into a dragon among the grass; though in truth, science has greater wonders in store for the child yet, and travel has more beautiful sights to astonish him, than are to be found in any magic changes, or in the fancied picture of a fairy tale. Very strangely, too, we send the word back to its mediæval meaning when we name many of the nursery stories, *fairy tales*; for stories like *Red Riding Hood* do not deal with fairies, but with marvels. Until the nature of children—that is, until human nature—changes, stories of wonder will be craved by the young; and until our ideas of poetic thought become completely altered, there will be space kept in the realms of poetry for the bright airy creatures that live in moonlight, familiar with flowers and insects.

From the maturer popular belief, they are fast fading away. Weakly and puny infants are no longer supposed to be fairy changelings, except in districts so remote that the newspapers cannot reach them, nor the new broom of the School Boards sweep them clean. Even the fairies of the Border, about whom Sir Walter Scott told us, and the fairies of the Sister Island—familiarly yet deferentially called 'the good people'—are fast vanishing for ever. It is Fairyland itself that cannot be destroyed, since the *Midsummer Night's Dream* is immortal with its quaint fancies, and human childhood with its needs. As for the Fairyland of the Christmas theatres, it is but an imperfect imitation of the original.

In the lath-and-canvas Fairyland, with stage carpenters, ropes and pulleys, lime-lights and ballet-girls, there is produced in the transformation scene a certain amount of beautiful scenery changing under many-coloured lights. But the moonlit elfin scene 'laid like a dream upon the green earth's lap,' is very different from the spectacle in glare and heat behind the footlights; the studied dance of the *corps de ballet* is not the circling roundel among grass and mushrooms; the artificial fairies are not like the happy sprites of Nature that do kind turns to drooping flowers, and have a speaking acquaintance with every insect.

As unlike in the opposite extreme, but perfectly original and charming, was the well-known Fairyland in the cloud region above the 'Wicked World,' devised in contrast to the land of ballets, and as a shadow of a more real world off the boards and beneath the clouds. 'A pleasant dreamy land, with no bright colour in it—a land where it is always bright moonlight—a land where there is nothing whatever to do but to sit and chat with good, pleasant-looking people, who like a joke, and can make one, and can take one too—a land where there is no such thing as hunger, sleep, fatigue, illness, or old age—a land where no collars or boots are worn—a land where there is no love-making, but plenty of innocent love ready-made.' This most pleasant of all invented Fairylands is peopled by women supremely lovely—a return to the oldest Fairylands of romance, but with some difference of manners and customs. 'They wear long robes high in the throat, falling loosely and gracefully to the very feet, and each fairy has a necklace of the very purest diamonds. They have wings—large soft downy wings—six feet high like the wings of angels;' and by some spiritual contrivance, it is stated, these wings do not crackle or crumple under the fairies when they sit down.

We should like to hear more tales of such Fairylands with fairies of homely name—Fair Mary the Queen, and Mattie, and Kate; but so far, this is an excellent example of the breadth of invention possible in dealing with fairy nature, and the flights of fancy that yet may come when the name is merely used to suggest the fair and the marvellous in an unearthly creation. How it is that fairies in even the wildest fancies must be fair unless they be evil, is hinted as far back as the old romance of *Lancelot du Lac*, where we find the origin of their universal beauty. At that time, says the romance, all were called fays who dealt in charms and enchantments, and many such there were in Great Britain; and knowing the power and virtue that lies in wood, stones, and herbs, they were able to be young, beautiful, and richly dressed, just as they devised. It seems rather a pity to interfere with this beautiful race, and take their splendour to pieces, by disputing whether they were *peris* of Persia, or Hebrew spirits, or Roman Fates, or Gallic *fées*, in their first origin; whether they were the nymphs and fauns with which untaught races were wont to people the woods and fountains, and by whose doings they interpreted Nature's mysteries; or whether, as one theory goes, they were puny cave-men, who descended upon their civilised neighbours from seemingly mysterious regions, and from a still more mysterious

life. The analysis of their name, or the questions of psychologists as to why man's mind invented them, after all leaves room for more poetic and more childlike musings about the bright tradition; and wherever they came from, but one thing is certain—that they belong in a peculiar manner to the poets and the small folk. These have appropriated Fairyland, for good reasons of their own, as we have seen; and in their possession the old tradition has yet to develop in the future, perhaps through inexhaustible phases of the fantastic and the beautiful.

And even when the poets, professionally so-called, have given up the fairies, and have ceased to wave magic wands over the land where fairies dwell, we feel sure the children—'your only true poets,' as Macaulay says—will remain faithful to the old beliefs; and little eyes will sparkle, and little faces brighten as of old, when the beneficent fairy-form is once more conjured up before them, to relieve some persecuted hero in his sore distress, or to spread protecting wings round some beautiful heroine whom bad sisters hate, and ugly witch-women seek to destroy. More than this, it would be wrong to deprive children of their fairy intimates, even had we the power to do so. It would indeed be an act of positive cruelty. It would be depriving many a sensitive, imaginative child of its chief source of comfort and pleasurable reflection amid the little cares, and tiny, but not less real vexations, of its child-life. The belief in the good spirits called Fairies is with children a kind of religion—often more sincere and pure-hearted than much of our grown-up religion is; and the consciousness that these bright-eyed, sylph-like creatures, with their snow-white drapery and their angel-wings, are ever hovering around in love and tender pity, brings hope and sweet comfort to the darker and sadder hours of many a little life, and opens out the child-heart in its time of trouble as the sunshine of morning opens out the daisies.

SHADOWS.

A BURST of golden sunshine,
A whispering of the leaves,
A music-ripple on the brook,
A joy, a wonder in each nook;
A sweeping shadow o'er the land,
A flushing of the tree-tops,
A crimsoning of the lake,
A peaceful mildness in the air,
A thought of hidden mysteries there,
A glorious fading of the sun—
A summer's day is done.

A joy in childhood's playthings,
A casting them aside;
A flash of golden youth-hood's hour,
When joy breaks through the passing shower;
A castle-building in the air;
A cherished hope defeated;
A smile, a joy, a doubt,
A gleam, reflected from the past;
A sigh upon its bosom cast;
A mystery of a world unknown;
And then—a soul has flown.

A. ARMSTRONG.

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THE RACE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

FORTY-FIVE years ago a steamer named the *Great Western* lay fitting out in the harbour of Bristol. She was of no great size according to our ideas, being only two hundred and twelve feet long; but the eyes of the mercantile world were directed to her, as she was the first steamer built for service on the Atlantic, and the interest was all the greater that the question was not, How long will she take to make the voyage to New York? but, Will she manage to steam across the Atlantic at all? There are still among us those who can tell of the eager expectation with which the result of the attempt was awaited; and the rejoicing that took place when the news at last reached our shores, that on the 23d April, 1838, the *Great Western* had arrived in safety at New York, and that the great problem of ocean steam-navigation was solved.

It is nearly half a century since then; but the interest taken by the British public in the doings of the Atlantic steamers has never flagged. Every fresh addition to the fleet of one of the leading Companies is honoured by a paragraph in the newspapers; the illustrated periodicals give woodcuts, showing the ship in question careering along in a rolling sea under full steam and with all sail set; she is opened for inspection, and thousands flock to admire her saloons and deck arrangements, or to gaze open-mouthed at her immense engines. She starts on her maiden voyage, and the shipping intelligence column is scanned day by day; and when eventually the news comes that she has, by some odd minutes, made the fastest run on record, it is echoed to the farthest extremities of the land.

It is this interest on the part of the public in the steamers of the great rival Companies that contest the honours of the ocean, which induces us at this time to give a slight sketch of the history of the Atlantic steamship traffic. Naval architecture is to a large extent an experimental science; the law of the survival of the fittest, whatever be its power on shore, is absolute on the

high seas. This is in no case better illustrated than in that of the Atlantic steamship the *Great Western*, the clumsy appearance of which may be seen in the engravings of the period, bearing but little resemblance to the graceful outline of a modern liner. The steps by which this great change has come about we shall now attempt to follow.

The *Great Western* of 1838 was a wooden paddle-steamer of twelve hundred tons, rigged with four masts and a very pronounced funnel, the standard type, however, of the period. Unlike most first attempts, she proved a success both as to her sea-going qualities and financially. Forty guineas were readily paid as passage-money in her saloon; and five pounds per ton freight for goods was not at all out of the way; while the passage from Bristol to New York averaged sixteen days one hour, and the homeward run thirteen days seven and a half hours.

No sooner did it become evident that the navigation of the Atlantic by steam was a success, than the question of carrying the mails came forward. Tenders were asked; and that of Mr Cunard of Liverpool being accepted, four new steamers specially designed for the traffic were ordered. These four steamers were built on the Clyde; and in the summer of 1840, the first of them, the *Britannia*, began to run. Before long, a monthly steam-packet was despatched from Liverpool to Halifax, Nova Scotia. In these days the estimate of the requirements of the mail and passenger service between the two continents was decidedly moderate, as four steamships of only eleven hundred and forty tons each were thought sufficient. But before ten years had elapsed, the new Company, now celebrated as the 'Cunard Line,' had tripled the number of their vessels, increased the total tonnage fourfold, and established regular services to New York and Boston.

The year 1845 is memorable in the annals of Atlantic steam-navigation, as during it the first iron screw-steamer began to run. This was the *Great Britain*, a truly wonderful vessel for her day. Her breadth was fifty-one feet—one

foot less than that of the *City of Rome*; and her length two hundred and eighty-nine feet. While her speed was equal to that of her paddle-wheel rivals, her working expenses were relatively less; and the public came in for the benefit in the shape of reduced fares. The *Great Britain* continued in active service, although not on the Atlantic, long after her wooden contemporaries had been consigned to the breaking-up yard, and quite recently was an object of interest as she lay in the basins at Birkenhead.

For nearly ten years after the *Great Western* had led the way across the Atlantic, British-built steamships had a monopoly of the traffic; but in 1847 the Americans bethought themselves of winning honour; and accordingly, after their national style, in June of that year a native-built steamship named the *Washington* was started to run alongside the *Britannia*. Any amount of 'tall talk' heralded the event; but in the result the *Britannia* arrived two clear days before her rival. The lesson was not thrown away on Brother Jonathan: full particulars of the best steamships of the Cunard Company were obtained; larger vessels, with still more powerful engines, were designed and placed on the stocks; and in May 1850, the *Arctic*, the first steamship of the once famous 'Collins Line,' arrived at Liverpool. This vessel was two hundred and seventy-seven feet long, and two thousand eight hundred and sixty tons; the *Asia*, the favourite Cunard liner of the day, being two hundred and sixty-six feet long, and two thousand two hundred and twenty-six tons. Starting with the valuable experience of ten years of Atlantic steaming, it is not to be wondered at that the 'Collins' steamers were a success as far as sea-going was concerned. The results of the running between Liverpool and New York for the twelve months ending June 1852, gave an average for the Cunard of twelve days six hours forty-one minutes out, and ten days seventeen hours thirty minutes home; while the Collins averaged eleven days fifteen hours two minutes out, and eleven days home—thus showing an advantage of four and a half hours on the average out and home in favour of the American ships. Great were the rejoicings on the other side of the Atlantic; but the fact that the *Arctic* and her sister-vessels had cost far too much money ever to prove commercially successful, was completely lost sight of. The Cunard Company did not give up the contest, however; but, like Britons, set to work again. In 1852 the *Arabia*, a steamer two hundred and eighty-five feet long, two thousand four hundred tons register, and more powerful than the best of the Collins Line, began to run; and three years later, the *Persia*, an iron steamer, three hundred and fifty feet long, and three thousand seven hundred and sixty-six tons—the largest vessel then afloat—was added to the fleet. The *Persia* soon made her capabilities known; she averaged eleven days two and three-quarter hours for the passage out, and nine days fourteen hours home. The average passage of the Cunard fleet was reduced to five hours under that of the Collins; and the laurels of the Atlantic passed to the British, with whom they have since remained.

For several years longer the American Company kept up a gallant struggle; but misfortune attended it; the *Pacific*, one of their steamers,

disappeared at sea in the winter of 1856; the others did not pay expenses; and Congress finally withdrawing the subsidy which it had granted, the Collins liners in 1858 ceased to run.

The year 1850 saw another and more successful competitor to the Cunard Company in the *City of Glasgow*, a vessel of sixteen hundred tons, the pioneer steamship of the now famed 'Inman Line.' This vessel, as were all her successors, was a screw-steamer; and to the superior economy of this system is no doubt largely due the fact that the Inman Line, supported only by private enterprise, prospered during the same years that the Collins Line, backed by a government subsidy and the good-will of a nation, went to the wall. At the close of the year 1860, the fleet of the Inman Company numbered nine vessels, with a collective tonnage of seventeen thousand seven hundred; and the voyage between Queenstown and New York was performed by these in the average time of thirteen days nine hours forty-five minutes out, and eleven days twenty hours twenty-five minutes home. The advantages of Queenstown as a port of call were early recognised by this Company, whose steamers have called there regularly since 1859.

Galway, on the western coast of Ireland, stands at the head of the large and well-sheltered bay of the same name. Railway communication was opened to it from Dublin in 1851; and in the following years the possibility of making it the point of departure of the American mail was under discussion. A Company of Irish gentlemen was eventually formed; an offer to establish a line of steamers and carry the mails for a very moderate subsidy, was made to government; and in April 1859 the 'Royal Atlantic Steam-navigation Company' signed a contract to carry the mails from Galway to New York in eleven days two hours, and home in ten days. Four large steamers were forthwith ordered, and the service was opened in June 1860; but everything went wrong, one disaster after another occurring to the fleet. The purchase of the *Adriatic*, the crack steamer of the then recently defunct Collins Line, did not retrieve the position; and after only eleven months' running, the Company was wound up, and the prospect of Galway becoming the Liverpool of Ireland was crushed for a generation.

During the years 1860-61, the *Great Eastern*, the largest ship in the world, was tried as an Atlantic packet; but the experiment was too gigantic for the time; passengers were not forthcoming in sufficient numbers to occupy her hundreds of staterooms, nor cargo sufficient to fill her capacious holds; her working expenses, too, were heavy; and finally this unfortunate vessel was withdrawn.

In 1862, the *Scotia*, a paddle-steamer, three hundred and seventy-nine feet long, and one-fourth greater tonnage than her predecessor the *Persia*, was added to the Cunard fleet. This well-known ship, the last paddle-steamer built for service on the North Atlantic, and perhaps the largest of her type ever built, was for long the favourite on the route. She averaged after ten years' service nine days twenty hours Queenstown to New York, and nine days five hours home; and at the present moment, under the same name, but with altered appearance, being now fitted with a twin screw,

she does good service in the employ of the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company.

The 'National Steam-navigation Company' was established in 1863, and for some time took the lead in introducing long ships. Starting with the *Holland*, of three hundred and ninety-five feet, in two years' time they added the *England*, four hundred and thirty-eight feet long, a vessel which for seven years was unsurpassed in size by any other steamer on the Atlantic service.

The fourth in seniority of the Liverpool and New York steamship Companies, the *Guion Line*, was established in 1866, their first ship being the *Manhattan*. The vessels of this Company have recently become noticeable for their size and speed.

The year 1870 brought into the field a formidable rival to the older lines in the 'Oceanic Steam-navigation Company,' popularly known as the 'White Star Line.' The vessels of this Company were specially designed with a view to minimise the time of passage between the two continents, and were highly successful; the result of the running of the White Star liners between Queenstown and New York for the year 1873 giving an average of nine days nineteen hours forty-eight minutes out, and eight days twenty-two hours thirty-nine minutes home. The Cunard fleet during the same year averaged ten days sixteen hours fifty-four minutes out, and nine days seven hours fifty-nine minutes home; and the Inman in 1870 averaged ten days fourteen hours twenty-two minutes out, and nine days sixteen hours eight minutes home. It was clearly necessary for the senior Companies to keep pace with the times. A season of active building resulted, and by the close of 1875 the Inman Company had added to their fleet four splendid steamships, of a total tonnage of nineteen thousand two hundred, the last and largest being the *City of Berlin*, four hundred and eighty-eight feet long, the largest ship then afloat excepting the *Great Eastern*. During the same period the Cunard Company built the well-known favourites *Bothnia* and *Scythia*; but the Oceanic Company produced the *Britannic* and *Germanic*, and so the White Star still led the way.

The well-remembered years of commercial depression followed, during which the Atlantic trade suffered as much as any other; but in the middle of the dull time, the Cunard Company, believing that a business that had prospered in their hands for nearly forty years had still a future, prepared for a revival by building the *Gallia*, one of the finest of their present fleet, and fully a match in speed for any other vessel then on the Atlantic.

The *Guion Line* now came to the front for the first time, and the famous *Arizona* attracted crowds at Liverpool, as she returned from the 'fastest passage on record.' Business brightened, and a season of building again commenced. The Cunard Company kept up their reputation with the *Servia*, five hundred and fifteen feet long, and ten thousand five hundred horse-power, beyond dispute the most perfect Atlantic steamship yet produced, being built of steel, and having her safety well provided for in her complete double bottom and numerous water-

tight bulkheads. The Inman Company built the *City of Rome*, five hundred and sixty feet long, and eight thousand four hundred tons, a larger vessel than the *Servia*, but with no greater power; while the owners of the *Arizona* prepared to eclipse everything with the *Alaska*, a vessel two feet less beam, and fifteen feet shorter than the *Servia*, but with practically the same power. These three vessels made their first voyage towards the close of last summer; and in order to watch their effect in reducing the time of the Atlantic passage, we note that during 1880 the White Star steamers averaged nine days and twenty-four minutes out, and eight days seventeen hours twenty-six minutes home; the Inman, the only other Company of which the results have hitherto been made known, averaging nine days nine hours thirty-two minutes out, and nine days three hours home.

During the present summer, the rival steamers are all being well and fairly tested, and the interest, in their speed especially, never seems to flag. In the beginning of June, the *Alaska* made the run to Queenstown in six days twenty-one hours thirty minutes, and subsequently from Queenstown to New York in six days twenty hours, thus more than realising the long-awaited-for seven days' passage. The *Servia*, as tried on the measured mile, ran a trifle under eighteen knots; and the *City of Rome*, with her elaborate six-cylinder engines, may possibly rival this speed. The distance from New York to Queenstown may be taken at two thousand seven hundred and ninety nautical miles; to make the passage, therefore, in seven days requires an average speed of sixteen and two-third knots per hour—a high speed certainly, as the fast Kingston and Holyhead mail-steamers average no more than sixteen.

We have as yet spoken only of those Atlantic steamship Companies whose vessels run from Liverpool to New York, as it is to these alone that the competition in speed, so far as British-owned steamers are concerned, has been made. Our sketch, however, would not be complete without a short reference to other Companies, whose steamers, although not specially renowned for quick passages, have done excellent public service.

Amongst these we may mention the well-known 'Allan Line,' which from the year 1856 has kept up a regular service of steamers to Quebec or Montreal in summer, and Portland, Maine, in winter. The Allan Line runs steamers both from Liverpool and Glasgow, and now possesses a fleet equal, so far as efficiency and the comfort of passengers are concerned, to any other on the Atlantic.

The equally well-known 'Anchor Line' commenced in a small way in 1856 running between Glasgow and Quebec; and nine years later began the present service to New York. A steamer of very modest dimensions, despatched once a fortnight, was then sufficient for a trade that has developed to such an extent that recent summers have seen two Anchor liners of four thousand tons each, besides a supplementary steamer, leave the Clyde for New York in a single week, laden in many cases with emigrants. Economy is the order of the day in the North, the rates both for goods and passengers being usually less—often

considerably less—than those from Liverpool; and during the last few years, thousands of emigrants from Northern and Central Europe have travelled *via* the Leith and Glasgow route to find a home in the Great West.

Within more recent times, the 'State Line' started with a well-equipped fleet to compete with the 'Anchor,' and has had a fair share of public favour. The 'Monarch Line,' running between London and New York, is as an undertaking in its infancy. The steamers of this Company were designed largely with a view to the carriage of live-stock; and it may be remembered that the much-talked-of Jumbo left our shores as a passenger in one of them. At Bristol, within the last few years, we have seen in the revival of the once famous 'Great Western Steamship Company' an attempt, we are happy to believe so far successful, to bring again a portion of the tide of commerce that once flowed from the West through the old city on the banks of the Avon. The go-ahead Cardiff has tried a line of steamers on its own account; we are unable to say with what degree of success; and the wonderfully developed port of Barrow owns another, running in conjunction with the Anchor Line.

The South Coast of England is well supplied by the Companies whose headquarters are at Havre, Rotterdam, Bremen, and Hamburg, the steamers as a rule being British-built. Grimsby also comes in for a share; and on the whole we may say that if any resident in the British Isles has a desire to cross the Atlantic, he has no cause to complain of want of means of transit.

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—A MESSENGER FROM THE BANK.

GARLING meanwhile was in the street, walking to the Bank. To be free as he was and yet bound as he was, seemed an anomaly. He was going to surrender all his evil gains, and he was no worse nor better off than if he had lived a life of honesty, except in the estimation of men for whom he had no regard. The physical conditions were perhaps answerable for a part of his indifference. He was too worn out to feel keenly.

The usual greetings met him as he walked, and he responded to them in his usual way, by bending his bent head a little lower. Eminent capitalists remarked that morning that Garling was looking worn, and afterwards speaking in the light of later events, called upon other eminent capitalists to corroborate their assertions that they *had* made that observation. With no change in his common business manner, Garling secured the necessary forms, and returning, filled them up at his own table, sitting in the visitor's chair and facing the wonder-stricken Mr Barnes. Every now and then the promoted officer glanced at the resigned or—dismissed? Surely that last was impossible. Garling the long-headed, Garling the keen, the imperious, a match for any ten cashiers and managers in the City for acumen

and knowledge of the world, the pearl of business men, dismissed? Impossible. And Garling's manner set that thought at rest. He was just the same as ever, except that he had been used to be always so busy, and was now, by way of added wonder, idle.

When he had filled up the necessary forms and had everything ready for the merchant's inspection and use, he took up the daily paper which lay upon the table and feigned to read it. So far as he was concerned, it was an idle feigning, for he scarcely had the heart to read a word, but he sat there with stupendous patience and self-control and made no sign. Mr Barnes was evidently agitated by extreme curiosity; and Garling, though he had no particular purpose in foiling him, yet found the baffling of that curiosity a help to him. It whiled away the time, and suited the purposeless weary venom of his mood to sit there impassive and worry Barnes, and occasionally to meet Barnes's secret glance of wonder with one of keen discovery, and to make him uncomfortable in that way. But the fire of Remorse which in some hearts is only to be lighted by failure, was already in this pause beginning to burn in him, and to bring him a foretaste of its agonies. He had failed! In the very hour of his triumph he had failed. There was nine years' work wasted—thrown away. On the very results of his fraud, the great House would prosper, for he had worked for its prosperity that he might make his fraud the larger. Let him care as little as he might, let him be as indifferent as he would, it was ignominious. He had failed.

Failure is always bitter, but it is ten times bitter to the detected rogue. And now his own ingratitude began to gnaw at him; a crime spurned by his steel-armed conscience this nine years past, crept in through a crevice in the shattered armour and began to gnaw at him. And shame wreathed a first cold coil about his heart and sickened him. Then one thought suddenly took him by the very soul. This vengeance came upon him through his desertion of his wife and child, and one crime was made a whip to scourge another. *Was* the world a chaos of chances, after all, if such a thing as this could be? It was clear that Lumby had overheard the colloquy between that insolent Yankee and himself; clear that this had excited suspicion in his mind; clear that he had that night disturbed the ledger which held the account of Garling's first year of stewardship, and so had detected him. This heaped bitterness on bitterness, and set the sting of his long-deadened conscience to bite deeper. Bah! Why distress himself about that world-old superstition, long since destroyed by philosophy, and condemned by common-sense? Yet he could not shake off the fear, and it dug at the foundations of all his strength; for if it were truly founded, he had thrown away more than a rare plot and lost more than a great fortune.

Twelve o'clock at last.

'Mr Barnes,' said Garling, with an unconscious use of his old habit of command, 'be so good as to tell Mr Lumby that it is mid-day, and that I am ready for him.'

Mr Barnes, with an unconscious use of his old habit of obedience arose and tapped at the

sliding panel. No answer. He tried to thrust it on one side; but the bolt was fastened. He rapped again, more loudly. No answer. He went round to the side-door and rapped at that, and still receiving no response, essayed to open it, but discovered that it also was fastened.

'He must have gone out,' said Barnes, returning; 'but I did not hear him.'

'Nor did I,' returned Garling. So that he performed his share of the contract, what did it matter to him whether the merchant kept his or left it unkept? If he chose to be ruined, let him be ruined. He would want money at the Bank soon enough, unless Garling were mistaken, and that could not come about very easily. The new cashier and the old sat on together until the luncheon-hour, when Mr Barnes went out. At two o'clock he returned, and sat down before a new pile of letters. One of these he handed to Garling.

'This concerns you, Mr Garling,' he said. It was Garling's roundabout note to Lumby, returned by the Liverpool firm, as having been inclosed to them in error. 'Clumsy fool!' said Garling to himself, not taking time to think that it mattered no longer. 'Why not have sent it straight on without inclosing it?' Then he smiled bitterly at his own want of apprehension, and absently tore the useless fraud across and threw it into the waste-paper basket. This futile reminder of all his futile plans stung him a little. There were stings enough within him, but he would not writhe. Mr Barnes was looking to see whether this odd note had any effect on Garling, but the defrauder held himself and gave no sign. When men came to know that he was defeated, they should have no chance to say that they had seen him shaken by defeat.

Another hour went by, and Mr Barnes, at Garling's bidding, again rapped at the sliding panel, and again tried both it and the door with no result. A new alarm was presenting itself to Garling. It was patent that if matters went too far, and the firm was shaken, the promise of immunity he held might after all avail him little. He sat thinking uneasily of this for another half-hour, and had almost resolved to rise and batter at the door until he received an answer—for he was certain that the merchant had fallen asleep within—when a clerk came hurriedly up announcing the arrival of a messenger from the Bank, who wished to see either Mr Lumby himself or Mr Garling on business of importance. Nobody could guess how enormously important that business was, half so well as Garling. The ruin he had planned might be coming on already—might well have begun even now, and if it fell whilst he was in England, nothing could save him. The power would have passed from his employer's hands, and the promise he had given would not be worth a straw.

'Anybody in Number Thirteen?' asked Garling.

'No, sir,' said the clerk who had brought the message.

'Then show the messenger in there.'

Garling went to meet the Bank messenger. The tale he had to tell was brief. The account of the firm was enormously overdrawn, and cheques to a large amount, bearing the firm's signature, had been passed in—fortunately not

presented for payment. Certain promissory notes also were falling due. 'We pay in fifty thousand pounds this afternoon,' said Garling. 'Mr Lumby is in town, and had made arrangements to meet me at noon to-day for that purpose. We shall follow you at once.'

'We were surprised, sir, at the great drafts you have been making lately.'

'No doubt,' said Garling—'no doubt. Had there been any great stress, Mr Lumby would have transferred a portion of his private account. We shall follow directly.'

The messenger withdrew smilingly. There was no doubt about Lumby and Lumby. The senior partner's private account, swollen year by year for many years past, was enough to show their solidity. Still, if Garling could act so recklessly as this, there was at least room for other business men to gain a little credit for themselves. There was some comfort in thinking that Garling was not quite immaculate. For one moment, when the messenger had gone, Garling stood with a diabolic rebellion in his heart and eyes. Fate forced him to rescue the firm for his own sake, but he had well-nigh courage and hate enough to risk his own ruin and let crash the falling House. No! There were still chances in the world even for him. He walked swiftly to the door of Lumby's room and rained down blows upon its panels with his clenched hand. Mr Barnes came running into the corridor to ask what was the matter, and Garling seeing that he carried a heavy ruler, took it from him and made a very storm of noise. A voice answered from within, and the head of the firm, looking, to Mr Barnes's wild astonishment, like a drunken man, threw open the door. Garling entered the room, closed the door in his successor's face, and accosted his late employer.

'Be quick, or you will be too late. A messenger from the Bank has been here to say that the firm's account is overdrawn, with heavy demands to meet.' Crossing the room, he shot back the bolt, and threw open the sliding panel. 'Mr Barnes,' he said, cool and calm as ever, 'oblige me by sending for a hansom. At once, if you please.' The astounded Barnes once more shut out by the returning of the panel, rang the bell and transmitted Garling's order. The merchant facing Garling looked dazed and overwhelmed with sleep. 'I have everything in readiness,' said the ex-cashier. 'Come with me—there is not a minute to lose.'

Lumby looked stupidly at his watch. 'A quarter to four,' he said heavily. 'What is the matter?'

'Come with me,' repeated Garling. 'Compose yourself. If you go to the Bank with such an air as this, the town will declare you bankrupt. You look it.' He spoke with quiet scorn, not hurried by the pressure of events or swayed out of his usual possession of himself.

'I have been asleep,' said the merchant. 'What is the matter?'

'Ruin is the matter!' cried Garling, stirred at last.—Barnes in the next room heard those awful unbelievable words, and dropped into his chair white as a ghost.—'Come with me, and wake up by the way.' If they were late, Garling would not set his liberty at a pin's fee. The merchant, looking weakly round, took up his

hat with a shaking hand and began to draw on his gloves.

'Have you the drafts made out?' he asked.

'Yes,' said Garling, thrusting them upon him with both hands. 'Come!' There was a horrible impatience on him now, and a fear lest they should lose the hour. He had to stifle this hurry and dread, whilst he walked behind Lumby through the offices. The merchant's aspect awakened surmises among the clerks, and it was told afterwards how his hands shook and how pale he was. A hansom was standing already at the door, and they both entered. Garling gave his instructions to the driver; the man touched his horse with his whip, and they started.

'There is ample time,' said the merchant to himself, consulting his watch again. 'I could walk to the Bank in less than the time we have.' His face lost its flushed and excited look, and the old expression came back into his eyes. He drew himself together and crossed his arms upon his breast, holding in his right hand the documents which meant recovered fortune and an unsoiled name. As his mind began to play again, he fathomed the reason of Garling's urgency. 'A curious situation,' he said almost complacently. 'Was ever scoundrel so anxious to disgorge before?'

SNAKE-ANECDOTES.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

ON one occasion, when I arrived in England, as a porter was removing my things from the ship, a custom-house officer at the dock-gates, impelled by curiosity, insisted on opening one of my boxes. There was not the slightest reason for his doing so; all my boxes had been duly examined at the baggage warehouse, the pass-ticket signed, and this particular one labelled 'Live Animals;' but he had a right to do so, and would do so, and did so, and was bitten in the hand by a snake. I was on board my ship at the time, and was sent for in hot haste. Now, I have suffered so much from meddlesome and vexatious custom-house officials, that I was not at all sorry to hear of the occurrence, and resolved that it should be a lesson to the man and a standard warning to his fellows. They all knew me in this port; they knew that I was no smuggler; but they knew, also, that I brought tropical animals home with me, for the safety of which it was of the highest importance that they should reach their destination as soon as possible. And the consequence was that the truck containing them was frequently stopped in its progress by somebody on the look-out for it, and delayed on some pretext or other until black-mail had been extorted.

When I reached the dock-gate, I found the victim lying on the ground, half supported by a policeman, and surrounded by an agitated crowd. He was pallid, and covered with a cold perspiration, speechless, faint, and almost pulseless, his lips white, and his features contracted into an expression of intense anxiety.

'For heaven's sake, give him something quick, sir,' said the policeman, 'or he'll be gone!'

'I can't help it,' I replied; 'he had no right

to open my box; and I refuse to be responsible. He must stand the consequences. I can do nothing for him!'

A cry of horror and indignation burst from the crowd; but I was obstinate. In vain they begged, prayed, entreated me to 'give him something.' If I didn't, the man would die.—I didn't care; serve him right. If I had not retreated to the ship, I believe they would have pitched me into the dock. The unhappy minion of the revenue was put into a cab more dead than alive, and taken to the hospital, where the house-surgeon carefully examined his hand, and laughed at him. He had a terrible fright; but the snake was a harmless one.

A sort of converse case to this proves how necessary it is to study these reptiles attentively before venturing on liberties with them. There are two brilliant-coloured snakes, common in South America, which resemble each other so closely that it requires some experience to distinguish them apart; even when compared together, the difference is not readily perceptible to an unpractised eye. Both are loosely known as coral snakes; but one (*Elaps lemniscatus*) is venomous, while the other (*Oxyrhopus dolatus*) is quite innocent. I had shown a specimen of the latter to a friend, who, without having 'gone in' for them scientifically, has not that horror of snakes which most people have, and he had taken it in his hands without fear, on my assuring him that its bite could do him no injury. Some time afterwards he obtained possession of an *Elaps*, which, deceived by the resemblance, he actually handled and exhibited to his acquaintances for several weeks as harmless, until I met him, and demonstrated his error by opening the serpent's mouth and showing him its fangs. Luckily for him, he had not kept the creature sufficiently warm to develop its full activity; otherwise, it would inevitably have bitten him.

I frequently make use of my tame boas and pythons, and less frequently smaller snakes, in the performance of a little amateur conjuring, of which I am rather fond, and for which they are exactly fitted. Not only does the presence of a living serpent create a sort of atmosphere of traditional magic and sorcery in itself—not only does the possibility of such a thing being hidden somewhere deter an audience from wishing to examine any piece of apparatus with too close scrutiny, but they lie concealed in such a small space, that they may be carried about much more conveniently than the rabbits, guinea-pigs, and doves commonly employed for the purpose. My two pythons, each about eight feet long, and a boa a trifle smaller, come out of a borrowed hat which would seem absurdly insufficient to hold one of them, to those unacquainted with their nature and habits; and I can go down among my audience and 'produce' more moccasin, banded, garter, whip, rat, and grass snakes than they would credit me with holding, if I were hollowed out inside for the purpose. I manage it in this way. About an hour before the performance, I put a hot plate, covered with a piece of flannel, into their cage. This they very soon find out, and get on it, though their cage is always kept warm enough; for they love any amount of heat. The surface of the plate being of such a size that it shall be small in proportion to the

snake or snakes, they coil themselves up tightly on it, to get the full benefit of the warmth; and I secure them in this position just before I want them, by quietly turning up the flannel all round and reeving a pointed bit of whalebone through it immediately above the snake's body. Thus I have it in a bag of convenient shape, and the smallest possible capacity—as it would be impossible to force it into one of ten times the size; on withdrawing the whalebone, the contained reptile, having found the restraint irksome, is ready to expand to a most astonishing extent. The large ones I generally introduce all together into a hat from the *servants* or hidden shelf, at the back of a table or chair; while the small ones are concealed, singly or in couples, under the waistcoat, and in the numerous pockets and *profondes* which go to make up a modern conjurer's dress-coat. Sometimes, when I have not sufficient time beforehand to coax them into bags, I fill the 'gold-fish globes' with them, and use the same india-rubber covers to secure them as are employed in that trick, producing them from under a cloth in precisely the same way.

In the summer of 1880 I got a nasty squeeze from a big python in the Jardin Zoologique at Antwerp, which laid me up for several days. I had observed this snake, a female, about fourteen feet long, in one of the dens, and from the white efflorescence about her lips, knew that she was suffering from caries of the jaw with ulceration of the mucous membrane, so fatal to snakes in confinement; and having pointed this out to M. Vekemann, the resident Director, I obtained his permission to make trial of an ointment which I believed I had found efficacious in the early stage of the disease among my own snakes. The four reptile dens in the lion-house at Antwerp are not so commodious as those in the London Gardens, notably in the absence of proper tanks, but are extremely 'pretty'—lots of artificial rockwork framing a large mirror at the back, which has a very natural effect; so that what the poor snakes lack in water they make up for in looking-glass. I came on the following morning, armed with my ointment; but the lady had betaken herself into a crevice of the rocks, where one could scarcely catch sight of her, much less get at her. There were other pythons in the cage, some of them nearly twenty feet long, some not more than five or six; but though they projected their heads and commenced to hiss, they did not attempt to attack; and the keeper—an intelligent man, who spoke French—said they would not come at us if we did not touch them. A little one jumped harmlessly at my leg as I stepped over him. For three days the pythoness remained in her rocky, or rather plastery retreat; but on the fourth, I caught sight of her at the very top of the cage, and at once climbed up and brought her down. The poor thing's mouth was in a worse state than I had anticipated. She came down quietly enough, and though nervous, was not spiteful, and allowed me to handle her.

Now, as ill-luck would have it, the regular keeper was absent on this particular morning, and his place was filled for the time by another from some other part of the Gardens, who spoke nothing but Flemish, of which tongue I am as

profoundly ignorant as he most certainly was of the creatures under his temporary charge. I went into the den with him, taking it for granted, of course, that he was accustomed to snakes, and gave him the box of ointment to hold until I was ready to use it. When I had brought the pythoness fairly down to the floor, I gripped her hard by the neck, which had the effect—as I intended it to have, and as it always has with snakes—of making her open her mouth. I pressed her head away from me at the same time, to prevent her catching hold of any part of my clothing, in her efforts to bite. In her fright and rage, she drew her body up across my back, and twisted her tail round and round my other arm. All that I now required of the keeper was, by teasing or pinching her here and there, or by unwinding the tail when necessary, to cause her to shift her coils constantly, and prevent her resting long enough on one spot to apply undue pressure. My face I could protect for myself with the left hand. This I concluded he understood, as a matter of course. I turned round to make a sign to him to be ready and to give me the ointment, when, judge of my dismay as I caught sight of his stolid face, with a sort of dull impartial interest on it, looking at me through the glass in front, and the door closed on the outside! He had got frightened by the noise of the other pythons, and had quietly gone out again.

I was about to make an impatient gesture, when in that same instant the serpent tightened on me so suddenly and violently that I momentarily lost consciousness. I then found myself staggering about the den, fighting for life. I expected to feel my ribs give way every moment, yet my chief fear at the time was of falling through the glass. I pushed the reptile's head away from me with all my might, lest it should cross my breast, and I can remember catching sight of myself, a mulberry-coloured figure, in the mirror. I knew, too, that I was trampling about over the other pythons, who, furious at the disturbance, were now darting about the den above and all around me in every direction; and I exerted every energy to keep my feet, for I had presence of mind enough left to know that if I went down it would be all over with me. The heat was stifling. I could bear it no longer; the cage spun madly round and round before my eyes, and everything seemed to flame and roar. I let go the head. The snake twisted sharply back over my right shoulder close to my face, but did not bite me, and slid off on to the ground. I just recollect falling against the door with outstretched hands, but nothing more until I found myself sitting on the steps outside, coughing violently, while the phlegmatic keeper was putting a hot key down my back, for some occult reason. I brought up a little blood, and drank a little brandy, after which I soon got better; but I was not well enough to walk home, and the bruise in my side did not fade for many a day. I suppose the whole affair did not last more than a few seconds, but I found it quite long enough. Fortunately, the snake had only a small part of her body across my left side and back; had she encircled me with a whole coil, I should have been crushed like an egg-shell.

Curiously enough, my left arm was quite paralysed, and I did not fully recover the use of it for a week. I did not know it at the time, but she must have pressed her tail under my armpit, and so compressed the nerves. The accident was one of the stupidest and most preventable in the world, and was entirely owing to my taking the wrong man into the cage to assist me. I may add that I went in some days later with the proper keeper, and performed the operation, not only without danger, but without the least difficulty.

That serpents may be discriminatively affectionate towards individuals, beyond the mere instinctive absence of fear, every one who has kept them must know. To those who have not, I should be happy to allow my own pets to prove their case. Can a snake have sufficient intelligence to be jealous? Jealousy is perhaps the nearest approach to a rational attribute, showing some mental process of logical inference or deduction, which animals evince. I don't press the point, but merely give the fact that Totsey, my boa, one of the gentlest and best-tempered of snakes, who lives in a cage at perfect peace with two pythons, an anaconda, a rat-snake, a wasp-snake, and several others, will invariably bite them, if I take them up when she is on my shoulder.

With regard to snake-bites, I have had some which were serious enough certainly, of which I may perhaps give an account at some future date, when I publish in detail the experiments in pursuit of which they were voluntarily received.

THE FISHERWOMAN OF HONFLEUR.

A TALE OF THE FRENCH COMMUNE.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. IV.

WHEN M. le Sous-préfet entered the breakfast room early the next morning, he found his daughter and Madeleine awaiting him—the latter trembling with doubt and fear, yet kept from utter despair by the young lady's encouraging words.

'Now, Madame, tell papa everything,' said Pauline. 'Do not be afraid. Papa is kind and good, though he is sometimes severe with wicked people.'

Thus encouraged, Madeleine told everything; and the préfet was convinced that her husband was no Communist, but was the innocent victim of a vile, unprincipled person seeking to gratify his desire for vengeance. Still, he knew not how he could interfere with any good result in behalf of the unfortunate young fisherman. The court-martial was to open at seven o'clock that morning.

'In all probability,' he thought, 'the poor man is already condemned and sentenced. A few minutes would suffice for all.'

He had ordered a police sergeant to bring him a report of the results of the court-martial, the moment it was closed.

It was now past eight o'clock, and Madeleine was just finishing her story when a servant announced the arrival of the sergeant.

The préfet quitted the room, and went to the sergeant, who presented him with the report. In one hour, sixteen prisoners had been found

guilty and sentenced to death! One had been acquitted; but third in the list appeared the name of Antoine Duroc, fisherman, of Honfleur; a rabid Communist, guilty of inciting and leading a mob to attack a military guard, and of rescuing a prisoner under arrest. The condemned were all sentenced to be shot, at noonday, in a *fosse* in the rear of La Roquette, a prison near the Place Voltaire.

Antoine's generous impulse, which had led him to release from arrest a youth whom he believed to be innocent, had brought his doom upon him. He did not attempt to deny the fact; and all he could say in extenuation of his guilt was that he believed the poor lad was innocent. The young fisherman's bold, manly appearance, in marked contrast with the aspect of the miserable, ragged, dirty, and generally ill-looking prisoners who were tried at the same time, interested one or two of the younger officers of the court-martial in his favour. One of these young officers severely cross-questioned the witness Lucien Pierrot.

'Who and what are you?' he asked. 'Can you deny the fact that you are a miserable spy, gaining your livelihood by denouncing and swearing away the lives of your fellow-men?'

'I am in the pay of the government,' replied Lucien. 'I have done my employers good service.'

'Silence!' said the President of the court-martial to the officer. 'The man speaks the truth.—Such wretches, however we may despise them,' he added *sotto voce*, 'are necessary evils in such times as these.'

The favourable notice of the younger officers availed Antoine nothing. As we have already stated, he was condemned and sentenced to death; and the report of the result of the court-martial was already in the hands of the sous-préfet, whose daughter had followed him from the apartment, and now met him re-ascending the stairs.

'Papa, you have heard bad news,' she said, looking into her father's troubled face.

'It has happened as I told you it would, Pauline,' replied the préfet. 'A few hours hence he will be shot!'

'No, papa, no!' exclaimed the young girl, arresting her father's further progress. 'How can you tell that to his poor young wife? Papa, it must not—shall not be! There is yet time. You are acquainted with Monsieur le Général Beaumont, the President of the court-martial. Hasten to him, papa. Take the poor woman with you. Show Monsieur le Général the mayor's letter; let the young wife tell her own story. Meanwhile, dear papa, I will pray earnestly for your success. But go at once; lose not a moment of time.'

'I will go, Pauline,' replied the préfet, after a few moments' thought. 'I will do my best; but I have faint hope of success. Monsieur le Général is, as you say, a friend of mine, and a just man. But he is stern and uncompromising in the performance of what he believes to be his duty; and he is justly and terribly severe in his dealings with the Communists.'

'But the poor man is not a Communist, papa!' interposed Pauline.

'Perhaps not; but the General believes him to be one of those guilty, blood-stained wretches.

If the General were to learn the nature of my errand, I do not believe he would see me. Nevertheless, I will go, and will do my utmost to save the poor man.'

The préfet and his daughter re-entered the room in which Madeleine, in a dreadful state of suspense, was awaiting their return. She had feared that some ill news had arrived, and a glance at the faces of the préfet and his daughter convinced her that her fears were not groundless.

'Monsieur, you have heard bad news,' she faintly gasped. 'My husband—my beloved Antoine is'—She could not give utterance to the dread word that was on her lips.

It was necessary to acquaint her with what had occurred.

'Is convicted, and sentenced to death; but he may yet be saved,' said the préfet. 'Be calm, Madame. Do not give way to despair. Bear up bravely. Much now depends upon yourself. Have you strength and courage to accompany me immediately to Monsieur le Général Beaumont, the President of the court-martial that sat this morning?'

'Monsieur, I have strength and courage to go anywhere—to do anything to save my poor innocent husband.'

'Then come with me—come at once, just as you are. You shall plead your husband's cause with the General. Do not hope too much; but do not despair of obtaining your husband's pardon.'

The sympathies of the préfet were now fully aroused. He ordered the horses to be put to his carriage, and bade Madeleine follow him into the courtyard. As she was leaving the room, she threw her arms round Pauline's neck and embraced her. 'Mademoiselle, thou art an angel of goodness!' she murmured. 'If I succeed—and my heart tells me that the good God will grant me success—it will be to thee, under heaven, that my Antoine will owe his life. Thou wilt restore an innocent man to his wife and babe, and wilt save his judges from imbruing their hands in innocent blood.' Then she hastened after the préfet, and entered the carriage—which was already waiting in the courtyard—with him.

At the moment of the préfet's arrival with Madeleine, the General was seated at a table in his bureau which was strewn with documents. A commissioner entered the room. 'For Monsieur le Général!' he said, presenting a long folded paper.

The General glanced at the document. 'It is well. You may go. There is no answer needed,' he said to the commissioner. Then addressing his secretary, who was writing at a table near by, he said: 'The government is determined to keep us busy, Lagrange. Seventeen fresh arrests of Communists this morning,' reading from the document.

The commissioner reappeared.

'Well, sir, what now?' said the General.

'Monsieur le Sous-préfet wishes to see your Excellency.'

'Monsieur le Sous-préfet! Show him up instantly. Was there need to announce his visit?'

'Some fresh intelligence, I presume,' he went

on, addressing the secretary, as the sous-préfet, closely followed by the shrinking, trembling Madeleine, entered the office.

'I hope, Monsieur le Général, I do not intrude, in visiting you at so early an hour?' said the préfet.

'Intrude! My good friend, you are welcome at all hours!' replied the General. 'Pray, be seated. I was just saying to Lagrange, when you were announced, that the government is determined to keep us busy. Seventeen fresh arrests this morning in my department; and sixteen scoundrels, whom we tried this morning, will be sent on their long last journey to-day at noon. We make quick work of it! The emissaries of the government—call them spies, traitors, what you will—are active. They are a pack of mean, contemptible rascals, no doubt. But at such times as the present, they are a necessary evil. One Lucien Pierrot—the best bloodhound of the pack, and as base a villain, I believe, as ever drew breath—has alone denounced sixty Communists! 'Twould not be amiss, when the work is done, to send the fellow to Hades, to keep company with the wretches he has hunted to death. But he is an active, useful scoundrel withal—Ha, ha! Whom have we here!'—catching sight of Madeleine, who had crouched down behind the sous-préfet.—'A fair follower of yours, eh?—But do not tremble, little one. We are never harsh with the fair sex.'

Madeleine shuddered, and her heart sank in her bosom. It seemed to her as if she heard her husband's doom pronounced in the harsh voice of the General, who could jest while he spoke of shedding the blood even of misguided and evil-minded men.

'Monsieur le Général,' said the sous-préfet, 'this poor woman is the unhappy young wife of the Honfleur fisherman Antoine Duroc, who was among the prisoners tried by court-martial this morning and sentenced to be shot. Monsieur, there is every reason to believe that the poor man is innocent, and that he is the victim of the wretched spy, Lucien Pierrot, of whom you spoke just now'—

Instantly the bearing of the General underwent a change. 'Antoine Duroc!' he exclaimed, interrupting the préfet, in a stern tone of voice. 'Ha! I recollect the man; a fine-looking, intelligent, determined young fellow—one of those men who gain influence over the ignorant, poverty-stricken wretches who comprise the great majority of the Communists, and urge them to pillage and murder, and finally to their own destruction. I am amazed, Monsieur, to hear you, of all men, raise a voice in behalf of a condemned Communist—you, whose official position must have taught you that the greatest criminals are, as a rule, loudest in their protestations of innocence. This man Duroc, however, confessed his guilt, and even appeared to feel proud of the part he had taken in freeing a suspected man from arrest. It is such men as Duroc that are most to be feared, and who are most deserving of punishment.'

'Monsieur le Général,' replied the préfet, 'Duroc's confession—of which I have heard—goes far, in my opinion, to prove his innocence of the other charges preferred against him. The poor

fellow believed the prisoner under arrest—a mere lad—to be innocent; and actuated by the generous impulse of the moment, he set the prisoner free. The assertion that Duroc is a Communist is certainly untrue. The young man, who was never in Paris until a day or two ago, does not know the meaning of the term, and has never troubled his head with any political questions. This fact I can prove by means of a letter from Monsieur le Maire of Honfleur, who has known the honest young fisherman from his boyhood. If you, Monsieur, will read the letter I have received, and will hearken to the story of Duroc's heart-broken young wife'—

'I will read nothing—hearken to nothing, Monsieur,' interrupted the General, who had listened with angry impatience to the speech of the préfet. 'The man has been proved guilty; he is a dangerous fellow. I cannot reconsider his case. Besides, even if he has been wrongly sentenced, which I do not believe, there is no time to make further inquiry into the matter. It is now ten o'clock. At noon, two hours hence, the sentence of the court-martial will be carried out'—

A wild cry of anguish from Madeleine, who gave way to despair on hearing her husband's doom thus carelessly alluded to, interrupted the remarks of the General. She would have sunk down to the floor had not the préfet supported her in his arms. But instantly recovering from the faintness that was stealing over her, she threw herself on her knees before the stern arbiter of her husband's fate, and tearfully entreated him to listen to her story.

'Rise, rise, young woman,' said the General, though with less sternness in his voice. 'It is useless to kneel to me. I cannot hearken to such appeals. Were I to hearken to one, I must hearken to others. Besides, as I have told you, it is too late to interfere with a sentence which I believe to have been justly pronounced.' He attempted to assist the weeping young woman to her feet; but heedless of this attempt, Madeleine still kneeling, proceeded to tell the story of the cruel threats and persecutions of Lucien Pierrot; and the General, in spite of himself, was compelled to listen to the tale. She told how it happened that her husband had come to Paris only a few days after his return from a long voyage; that, having heard of the troubles in Paris, she had dreaded some evil would befall him, and had urged him to return as soon as possible; ending by declaring, in words which her earnest and passionate love made eloquent, that the simple-hearted fisherman was incapable of intentional wrong-doing.

The stern General, who listened impatiently at first, gradually became interested in the weeping wife's story, until at length he began to think that the young fisherman might after all possibly be innocent. He read the mayor's letter, which he had hitherto declined to notice, and became more evidently convinced that Madeleine had told the truth, and that her husband was the victim of Lucien Pierrot's designs.

'Rise, young woman,' he said in a gentle voice, as he assisted the weeping girl to her feet. 'I'—

There was a stir outside the office, and the next moment, a commissionaire, breathless with haste,

entered the room. 'Pardon, Monsieur le Général,' gasped the commissionaire, as he handed to the General an official-looking document. 'I bring a letter of the utmost importance from Monsieur le Docteur Veron, Médecin en Chef at the Hôpital Beaujon.'

The General opened the letter, glanced over it, and then read aloud as follows:

MONSIEUR LE GÉNÉRAL BEAUMONT—I have to acquaint your Excellency that Lucien Pierrot, the denouncer and the chief witness against the fisherman Antoine Duroc, who was tried by court-martial this morning, was assassinated by some person, whose friend he had hunted to his doom, almost immediately after he quitted the court. He lived only a few minutes; but during that interval he confessed that, actuated by a craving for revenge, he had sworn falsely against the man Duroc, whom he now declared to be innocent of all the charges preferred against him, save that of rescuing a prisoner whom he believed to be innocent. The spy—pity that the government is compelled to employ such wretches—died in great agony, entreating with his last breath that his confession should be instantly conveyed to Monsieur the President of the court-martial.

(Signed), HENRI VERON, Hôpital Beaujon.

'Thank heaven! My husband's innocence is proved!' exclaimed Madeleine, upraising her clasped hands.

'Save that he rescued from arrest a suspected criminal, Madame,' said the General. 'But I believe that your husband acted in that instance under an impulse of the moment. Yet, I know not how to act. His pardon must be granted by government, and there is no time to make the necessary application. At all events, I will take it upon myself to stay your husband's execution, and will take the necessary measures to have the pardon ratified afterwards. But I fear it is even now too late. The prison of La Roquette is far distant; it is long past ten o'clock, and at noon the sentence of the court-martial will be carried out.'

VAGRANCY AND MENDICANCY.

By the courtesy of the editor of *The Field* we are enabled to reproduce the able remarks on the above subject which appeared in his paper on the 10th of June. The article is as follows:

The Howard Association has published a useful Report [published at sixpence, by Mr S. Harris, bookseller, Bishopsgate Without, London] on the subject of vagrancy and mendicancy, evils which for years past have engaged a great deal of attention. It will perhaps be remembered that the Howard Association was founded for the express purpose of promoting the best methods of treating criminals and preventing crime, and the object of the present Report is the education of the public mind in reference to the causes and prevention of the constantly-increasing evils of vagrancy and its attendant consequences. The tolerance, we might almost say, the favour, of the

public is the original source of almost the whole of the evils which are now complained of. Some firmness is needed in rejecting the importunities of those who would persuade us they are starving. Beggars may be relieved, or, as some would say, considered, without due regard for the consequences. In some of the pastoral parishes of Northumberland, vagrancy, according to Sir Charles E. Trevelyan, has become such an intolerable nuisance, that when the labourers are away on distant farms, the women often lock themselves up, or keep loaded guns at hand, as a protection against tramps. In other parts of the country the population is less scattered and better able to protect itself; but in all parts where tramps and mendicants are 'considered,' in the sense of being tolerated and even encouraged, all other interests must suffer more or less.

The treatment of this particular class of criminals, who are invariably guilty of soliciting alms, and are generally thieves and pilferers besides, varies in different parishes, according to the particular views of the local authorities. In some districts the vagrants are received in the casual wards with a hospitality which they highly appreciate. As Earl Stanhope observed in a communication to the Howard Association, the slack-managed workhouses are crowded with casuals, but, on the contrary, very few beggars visit the strictly managed houses. At Sydenham, in the immediate neighbourhood of London, mendicants have successively flourished and multiplied, or suffered almost complete extinction, according to the treatment. Some years ago the magistracy, the police, and a committee of local residents combined for the purpose of a stringent course of treatment, and the evil was checked. Unfortunately, it has since been again fostered by a course of treatment which, wherever it may be practised, is always successful in multiplying the number of tramps and mendicants.

To a partial extent their increase in some districts has been due to agricultural depression. That they have increased in certain localities there can be no doubt. The Report of the Kent Mendicity Society shows that the number of cases of relief granted to casuals at the workhouses in that county during the past six years has gradually increased from forty-six thousand seven hundred and thirty-two to one hundred and forty-four thousand eight hundred and sixty-one per annum. But as a rule, mendicity and vagrancy are 'professions' not very much influenced by the state of the labour-market, and they are, under all ordinary circumstances, capable of suppression, or at any rate of being kept under reasonable limits. Lenient as the law may be, its stricter administration would suffice for the discouragement of paupers to an extent which only the initiated seem at present to recognise. So far as the magistrates are concerned, little, if any, additional legislation is perhaps required, though it is certainly desirable that all magistrates should enforce the law, instead of allowing it to become

a dead letter, and that boards of guardians and magistrates should act in unison.

Mr Albert Pell's Bill proposes to increase the efficiency of boards of guardians, by giving them power to detain vagrants for several days' labour in the union workhouses. They ought at any rate to be detained long enough for legal investigation, and punishment when necessary. But the genuine labourer in search of work should have the means afforded him of proving his identity by presentation of a way-ticket or other pledge of character, so that he may proceed on his way without detention. If every industrious casual had the opportunity afforded him of proving his true character, and if relief were in all cases assured, each case being then immediately investigated by the parish officer, and, if necessary, by the magistrate with a view to punishment when deserved, one of the most pressing causes of indiscriminate alms-giving by the public—the apprehension of a possibility of the destitute being starved—would be happily removed. For that reason it may be desirable that any vagrant should be at once received and at once relieved.

At the same time, it cannot be denied that the number of casuals is invariably regulated by their treatment. The law provides for each a claim to a comfortable lodging, a good bed, a bath, night-clothes, and a meal night and morning; and these comforts might be expected to encourage vagrancy. But some of them are not appreciated. In a union in a southern county, where casuals had become a considerable burden, the master of the workhouse reported that he had very much diminished the number by a rigid enforcement of 'the bath.' Parliament prescribed 'the tub' with kind intentions, probably; but in practice it is found that casuals regard this test with invariable hostility, especially in the winter. Another hint for the officials is that the morning 'task of work' prescribed by law should be made a real task. We would point out, too, that in our experience, another most effective 'test' has been applied in the form of solitude. In some districts separate cells have been provided for the vagrants, and the 'house' thus fitted up has been speedily forsaken, in favour of establishments where unrestrained companionship is permitted.

For the purpose of suppressing professional vagrancy, it is absolutely necessary that the duties of the executive should be sternly performed. But neither the law nor the executive can alone deal with the evils of mendicancy, unless they are supported by that portion of the public which is at present addicted to indiscriminate charity. Notwithstanding all the ingenious plans and suggestions of experienced officials or others who have studied the subject of vagrancy and mendicancy, it is reluctantly admitted, even by those who are most sanguine as to the effects of remedial measures, that comparatively little can be accomplished in the way of suppression until the givers of alms are better 'educated.' They have yet to recognise that they produce the evils which their misplaced charity is intended to mitigate. If their eyes were but opened thoroughly to the deceit and wickedness they foster, they would assuredly desist. The truth is that nearly all mendicity is imposition, and the so-called charity of the streets is a direct encouragement to lies and deception.

We are more overrun with vagrants in England, it is said, than any other country except Spain and Italy, and the cause must be looked for in our wealth rather than our poverty, and in that perennial fountain of benevolence which exists among the people. On this part of the subject, the Howard Report informs us that women are responsible for half the ill-directed charity complained of. One of the correspondents of the Association, an experienced member of a board of guardians, gives examples of the deceptions by which women, he says, are imposed upon by a clever and expert tramp. 'He counterfeits a cough,' says this authority; 'he has a blister upon his chest; he knows how to perform a "fit"; he has a thousand-and-one crafty shifts by which to impose upon the unwary; besides his budget of piteous tales, which would do credit to the invention of a practised novelist.' It would appear, then, that the chief difficulty attending the work of suppression is that mendicancy is fostered and supported by 'the million.' 'The money given at cottage doors,' we read in the Report, 'to habitual mendicants in a single year probably exceeds twentyfold what the working-classes contribute to real charitable and beneficent objects.' It is the poor who are most plundered; and it is a curious fact, which shows what a secure position the class in question holds in the present state of public feeling, that tender-hearted, simple-minded women whose own children are not too well fed, are least able to resist the hypocritical appeals of tramps and impostors. Magistrates and boards of guardians may put the vagrants in the stocks, cut off their tobacco, confine them in cells, and inflict a religious service upon them night and morning, which they very much detest; but they cannot institute stocks or solitary sleeping-cells for 'the million.' And, therefore, the mind of the million being uninstructed, all efforts to diminish the evils complained of must for the present prove sadly ineffective.

The Howard Association, in common with all who have closely studied the subject of vagrancy and mendicancy, anticipate the ultimate discouragement of these evils, if they cannot be altogether suppressed, in the spread of enlightenment among the public. Meanwhile, the management on the part of the executive should undoubtedly be more strict in many of the unions, so that the minimum amount of evil may be endured, even if, for the present, it cannot be completely cured. Several attempts have been made to regulate charity and render it more reasonable, especially by satisfying the public in regard to the danger of starvation. Captain Amyatt, chief constable of Dorset, is the author of a plan by which bread tickets are distributed among vagrants, and these each being exchangeable at certain shops in the district for a pound of bread, private relief is said to be discouraged. There is a 'Berkshire system' as well as a 'Dorset plan,' which also aims at feeding genuine travellers seeking for work, and relies on the police to prosecute professional vagrants. It is doubtful if either plan has been entirely successful. And even if the stringent resolutions adopted this year at the quarter-sessions, Newcastle, were carried into effect throughout the country, it may be feared that the stream of misdirected charity would continue

to flow. It is for that reason that the facts presented in the Report of the Howard Association might be very advantageously circulated by the Press.

REMINISCENCES OF A VISIT TO SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

VERY shortly after the return of Sir John Franklin from the Lieutenant-governorship of Van Diemen's Land, or Tasmania as it is now more generally called, he sailed on his last ill-fated voyage to the Arctic seas. Only a few months previous to his retirement from his high official position, I visited Hobart-Town, on board the *Pestonjee*, an old East India Company's cruiser, which had been chartered by the government of India to convey military and naval convicts to Van Diemen's Land. It was the custom in such cases to appoint a naval surgeon to accompany the transport-ship, who had the sole command over the convicts; and also another naval officer—generally a passed-midshipman—as an assistant to the surgeon, in his governing rather than in his medical capacity. I was appointed to accompany Dr Clarke; and for the sake of the change, I accepted the appointment joyously, for it gave me liberty to do pretty much as I pleased, and released me for six months from the restraints of naval discipline.

The military convicts on board were in many respects to be pitied. They were all Englishmen; and most of them had been transported for offences which, had they been civilians, would have been punished simply by a sentence of a month or two of imprisonment. With the naval convicts it was different; they were chiefly what are termed in India 'Portuguese,' that is to say, they were descendants of the original Portuguese settlers at Goa and other parts of the Bombay coast. These Portuguese convicts, though mostly mere youths, were convicted of such crimes as mutiny, piracy, stabbing, theft, and even murder. It was necessary to keep a strict guard over them; and it needed not that one should be a disciple of Lavater, to read their characters in the gloomy, malignant expression of their otherwise handsome features. Besides these, there were several female passengers, one or two of them wives of military convicts, who, as a great favour, had been permitted, with their children, to accompany their husbands; and others who, in consequence of the good conduct of their husbands, previously transported, had been permitted to rejoin them.

All went well until two or three days previous to our arrival at Hobart-Town. The day before, there had been a heavy gale of wind; but it had subsided, though there was still a high sea running, and the ship rolled uneasily. The female passengers, with their children, however, having been necessarily confined between decks during the gale, were glad to come on deck again to breathe the fresh air; and despite the rolling of the ship, they had nearly all come up, and were clinging to the bulwarks, anxiously looking

out for the mountains of Tasmania, which it was expected would soon become visible. Among the children was a remarkably beautiful little boy of three years old, the son of a soldier in Tasmania. This little fellow was a great favourite and pet of all on board, and was fond of running about the decks and playing with the sailors. Presently the startling cry was raised: 'A child overboard!' It was the little fellow I have just alluded to, who had escaped from his mother's arms and slipped overboard. The mother fainted; the women screamed; the sailors came rushing up from below; while, in obedience to the command of the officer, the watch on deck proceeded to heave the ship to the wind.

The captain, who had been on deck throughout the continuance of the gale, had gone to his cabin, worn out with fatigue. He was awakened, however, from his sound slumber by the unusual noise, and naturally anticipating that some serious accident had occurred, he rushed on deck in his shirt sleeves, as he had lain down. 'What is the matter?' he inquired, in great alarm.

The accident was explained to him; and the distant form of the child, now appearing like a mere speck, seen from time to time on the crest of a wave, was pointed out.

'Be smart with the boat, my men!' he cried; and casting off his shoes, he sprang, without another word, over the taffrail into the water, a depth of twelve or fourteen feet, and struck out boldly in the direction in which he had seen the child. He was an admirable swimmer, and had saved the lives of sailors on three different occasions under similar circumstances. His progress was watched with breathless interest. He was frequently lost to sight in the trough of the sea; and sometimes it was thought that the child had sunk, and then it was seen again, a mere black speck on the water. Sometimes the captain himself was so long out of sight, that fears were expressed for his safety; but he reappeared, still swimming boldly on. At length he was seen to reach the child; but he was so far away, that many doubted whether he had saved it. He could be seen now remaining stationary; but none could be certain, even with the aid of a spyglass, whether he had the child with him. The general belief was that he had seen the infant sink, and feeling his strength exhausted, and perceiving the uselessness of swimming farther, was waiting for the boat to come up to him.

Meanwhile, the men in the boat were pulling with all their might, though their progress was difficult in such a heavy sea, and to us on board, it seemed painfully slow. We feared that the captain's strength would be utterly exhausted, and that he would sink ere it reached him. At length, he was seen to be dragged on board; but even now, it was impossible to discover if the child also was saved.

All was now silent enough on board. The women had ceased their cries, and their lips only moved with murmured prayers, as they watched with almost breathless anxiety the return of the boat. At length it came alongside. The captain was lying across the stern-sheets; but the child was safe, and strange to say, alive. It was soon lifted on board, and the next moment

was clasped in its mother's arms. The mother and several of the women wept for joy.

The captain had been taken on board completely exhausted. He had seized the child's clothes with his teeth, and thus kept its head out of the water; but, as he said, he felt that he was unable to swim a single stroke to meet the boat, and was compelled to await its arrival. I need not speak of the reception he met with. It is enough to say that the mother threw herself at his feet, and clasping his knees, while tears ran down her cheeks, called upon heaven to bless and reward him. The other females were scarcely less affected and grateful. The captain was assisted to his cabin and went to bed; while the child, when its wet garments were replaced by dry ones, speedily recovered its composure.

Two days afterwards we entered the harbour of Hobart-Town, and had hardly let go our anchors ere a boat was seen approaching from the shore, in which were the Lieutenant-governor and Lady Franklin, attended by their body-guard, in the light-blue colonial uniform. The customary salute was fired, and Sir John and Lady Franklin came on board. Sir John inquired respecting the convicts; while Lady Franklin—as we subsequently learned was her constant custom when female convict or emigrant ships entered the harbour—collected the women and children around her, questioned them as to their expectations and future prospects, and in the present instance promised to have the wives conveyed to their husbands with all possible despatch. She also inquired as to their conduct on board, and their means of living when they went on shore; presented those who could read with tracts, and promised to assist them to the utmost of her ability so long as they behaved themselves well—a promise which she afterwards carried into effect.

After Sir John had examined the convicts, he asked to be introduced to the government officers, and then descended with his lady to the cabin to partake of refreshments.

I was greatly struck with the contrast between Sir John Franklin and his wife. Sir John had already acquired fame as an Arctic explorer, and on this account, I, a youth of eighteen, regarded him with much greater interest than I should have done had he been merely the Lieutenant-governor of Tasmania. He was a tall, portly, florid-complexioned man, with a head slightly bald, of very commanding presence, and with a cheerful, benevolent expression of countenance.

Lady Franklin looked like a fairy by his side. She was a slight, delicate-looking woman, with gentle, interesting features, and a soft low voice. Rather below the ordinary female stature, she seemed still less standing by the side of her stalwart husband. They remained about an hour, and then left the ship, a salute being fired on their departure. I had, however, an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with them than I could possibly have become during their brief visit to the ship; for before he left the vessel, Sir John invited the naval surgeon, the captain, and myself to dine at his residence, 'the Penns,' the next day.

Sir John Franklin had heard from the surgeon all relating to Captain Pirie's gallant conduct in

saving the life of the child at the imminent risk of his own; and the woman, with many praises and blessings, had acquainted Lady Franklin with the particulars, the glad mother proudly showing the beautiful boy whom she had so nearly lost. The captain was considerably raised in the Lieutenant-governor's estimation in consequence; and as the women, when they got on shore, quickly spread the story, he became the lion of the day. The newspapers published an account of the affair; and he was an object of curiosity and admiration so long as he remained in port. It is not always that temporary celebrity is so well merited.

To return, however, to Sir John and Lady Franklin. The Penns was a pretty, park-like place, a few miles out of the town, to which the governor was fond of retiring from the bustle and ceremony of Government House. It was not very large; but the house was snug and comfortable, and the gardens and grounds well planted, and kept in excellent order.

At the appointed time, we made our appearance at the Penns as the governor's guests. A few of the members of the government, and one or two merchants from the town, were also present, and the dinner passed off as such dinners of ceremony generally do. Some of the guests, members of the government, were at daggers-drawn with each other, and in disfavour with the merchants and citizens; but Sir John and Lady Franklin did their best to set everybody at ease and make things agreeable. There was therefore no apparent dissatisfaction; though a certain restraint and coolness between some of the guests was plainly discernible.

Captain Pirie was obliged to return to his ship that night; but Dr Clarke and I were pressed to remain, and we did so, the captain receiving and accepting a second invitation, before he took his departure.

I well remember, when his colonial guests were gone, Sir John Franklin complaining of his position. 'I am out of my element here, and I know that I am not popular with the free population,' he observed to the surgeon; 'though ever since I first landed, I have exerted myself to the utmost for the benefit of the colony, and have striven to settle the differences between the people. I care not how soon I return to England; and Lady Franklin fully agrees with me in this respect. The fact is,' he went on, 'they want a stricter, sterner hand over them. Such a man as my predecessor. [Sir Arthur Head, if I mistake not.] They quarrelled with *him* too, as they do, and will, with everybody. It is one of the evils of a system in which there are two distinct and indeed antagonistic classes to deal with and to rule over—the free settlers, and the descendants of former convicts, many of whom are among the wealthiest and most influential of the people. Socially, the two classes will not unite or mingle together, though they are necessitated to do so in public. This is not to be wondered at. But it places the governor in a very unpleasant position, and will continue to do so until convicts are no longer brought here from the mother-country, and time shall have obliterated all distinctions. As I was saying, they quarrelled continuously with the late governor, but he cared nothing for their com-

plaints, and would have his own way in everything; and they really liked him the better for it. Lady Franklin,' he added with a smile, 'would have me resign the Lieutenant-governorship, and return to England to settle down for life. But that would hardly content me. I long again to be on the quarter-deck—again to push forward the explorations in the Arctic seas, which I believe it to be England's duty to carry out, unless she is prepared to see the laurels of success plucked from her, and worn by some other country.'

If these were not the exact words of Sir John Franklin, they are nearly so, and they express the tone of his conversation. He complained bitterly of the apathy that existed with regard to Arctic exploration, and more than once repeated his fears that if England did not move more energetically in the matter, the grand triumph would be achieved by America, France, or Russia. Still, he seemed to feel an assurance that he would yet have an opportunity to continue the prosecution of the object he had most at heart, through private enterprise. That both he and Lady Franklin were heartily sick of Tasmania, was apparent in all their conversation.

The naval surgeon was obliged to return to the ship the next day to send away his reports and settle other matters in connection with his duties. I, however, had literally nothing to do. My duties throughout the voyage from India had been little more than a sinecure; and Sir John Franklin, who was always remarkable for his great kindness to the young officers of his profession, invited me to remain until the ship was ready to return to India; and I on my part was nothing loath to exchange the confinement of a transport-ship for the comforts of a pleasant dwelling on shore, and the opportunity of roaming at pleasure over the country.

Sir John seemed never to be happier than when speaking of his former voyages; and he encouraged me to converse freely with him as we strolled over the grounds together or rode out into the country. He had a complete and most perfect and elaborate set of charts of the Arctic regions, so far as they had then been explored, upon which his own explorations, and those of Captains Parry and Ross, and other Arctic explorers were distinctly marked out; and it was his greatest pleasure of an evening to display these charts and point out the spots he had visited; also tracing the courses he would endeavour to pursue, if it should ever be his 'good fortune,' as he expressed himself, again to be employed in what was the great hobby of his life. There was not a point he had discovered, nor a spot that he had visited, respecting which he had not some anecdote to tell or some narrow escape to relate. And to me it was delightful to listen to these anecdotes from the lips of a man who had bravely dared and overcome the perils of which he spoke, and who had already rendered his name famous as one of the boldest and most energetic and persevering of Arctic discoverers. Besides, I confess that it was flattering to my pride to hear a post-captain and a Lieutenant-governor conversing thus freely with a young midshipman, and encouraging me to express my own opinions, and listening to them kindly and

attentively. I spent a pleasant visit at the Penns, and was sorry to return to the ship.

While we lay in port, an emigrant-ship and a female convict-ship arrived—the latter, one of the last, if not *the* last female convict-ship that left the shores of England; and Sir John and Lady Franklin visited them both immediately on their arrival. It was her ladyship's chief pleasure, and she seemed to regard it as a duty, to exert herself to the utmost for the benefit of the younger female emigrants, and also for such female convicts as had conducted themselves well during the voyage, and whose offences against the laws of their country were such as afforded hope that, removed from the temptations of vice and poverty, they might yet redeem their characters and prove useful members of society. It must be recollected that in those days, when there was a scarcity of females in the Australian colonies, young women were often transported for offences which would nowadays be punished by a few months', or even a few weeks' imprisonment.

On landing, the female convicts were taken to a government penitentiary, where suitable employment was found for them. Persons, however, in need of female servants were permitted immediately to engage such as they thought might suit them; and many young women were at once employed as housemaids, nurses, and dressmakers, those who engaged them being answerable for their good conduct, and bound at certain periods to send in a report of their behaviour to the government. Such servants of course received no wages beyond such *douceurs* as their employers thought proper to give them as a reward for good behaviour. Moreover, after a certain period—four months, I believe—female convicts whose conduct had been satisfactory were permitted to marry any respectable and well-conducted free emigrant who was willing to take them, and had first obtained permission from the governor. The husband, moreover, was held answerable for them, and compelled to report them at stated periods to the officials of the government. Such marriages were very frequent; and it was said that many good-looking young girls were picked out immediately upon their arrival by men who were in search of wives, and who kept an eye upon them until the period of their probation had elapsed and they were at liberty to marry. It was even asserted that such females often made the best of wives. What, however, appeared strange to me was that neither the employers nor the husbands of convict females were permitted to know the crime of which they had been guilty, unless the convict, whether servant or wife, confessed it to them of her own accord. A similar secrecy was maintained as to the crimes of male convicts, unless they had been unusually atrocious, when somehow or other they leaked out, the convict probably being an object of extraordinary curiosity. Years, however, have elapsed since convicts have been sent abroad, Tasmania being freed from the evil before some of the other Australian colonies.

The Lieutenant-governor came on board the vessel once more before we sailed, to bid us farewell, and to inform the captain that he had sent a statement of his generous and gallant conduct

in saving the child's life to the Royal Humane Society in England, asking that he should be rewarded with their gold medal; which testimonial he subsequently received. This was the last I saw of the kind and brave Sir John Franklin.

PATENT MEDICINES.

A CURIOUS but interesting light was thrown upon the subject of Patent Medicines in a recent discussion in the House of Commons, demanding, we think, more than the mere newspaper paragraph given to it. The early history of patent medicines shortly stated appears to be somewhat as follows: Letters-patent—that is, open letters—were granted to certain persons with the monopoly of vending given articles. Abuses, however, having arisen, Parliament intervened, restricting the monopolies to a given number of years, and demanding at the same time a definition or specification of the character of the articles. Whether the specification of these articles ultimately came to be too vague and indefinite, or the inventors themselves dispensed with the patents; or whether, during the French wars, government, from fiscal necessities, changed the system of patents, does not clearly appear; but the system of letters-patent *was* changed, and stamp duties imposed instead. The various articles specified by name in the schedule to the Act 52 George III., includes 'Foreign medicines of all kinds except drugs, and also all other pills, powders, lozenges, tinctures, potions, cordials, electuaries, plasters, unguents, salves, ointments, drops, lotions, oils, spirits, medicated herbs and waters, chemical and official preparations whatsoever, to be used or applied externally or internally as medicines or medicaments . . . made, prepared, uttered, vended, or exposed to sale by any person or persons whatsoever, wherein the person making, preparing, uttering, vending, or exposing to sale the same hath, or claims to have, any occult art or secret for making or preparing the same.' This, in other words, simply means that if any person puts up a preparation for the cure of any complaint whatever, and puts upon the label attached to the preparation the words 'Prepared only by,' the preparation becomes liable to stamp duty. The scale of stamp duty generally determines the price of such nostrums; for example, one shilling and three-halfpence, the price of the article being one shilling, and the stamp three-halfpence; or two shillings and ninepence, the stamp in this case being threepence, and the price of the medicine two shillings and sixpence.

Two evils arising out of this system of stamp duties, are at present being used as arguments for their repeal. The first of these—namely, the sanction or countenance which government is apparently made to give to such nostrums—is not a new one. Clever but unscrupulous quacks have taken advantage of the importance of the government stamp to puff their preparations under its wing in many ways and from the earliest times. It is questionable, however, if there is much in this argument.

The changes have been too frequently rung by advertisers on the importance of the stamp, as a proof of the value of their nostrums, and patent medicines are too common in the present day, for any to be deceived but the most hopelessly ignorant. The other evil is much more serious, and to place it plainly before our readers is the purport of the present article. At the time the Pharmacy Act (1868) was being framed, the makers and dealers in such medicines were, for certain reasons, exempted from the provisions of the Act.

Probably the result of this concession was not fully realised at the time; but it now requires no prescience to see how serious its consequences are. By this Pharmacy Act, very stringent restrictions are placed on the sale of poisons. No one, unless he be a medical man, can obtain any of the more potent poisons without very considerable difficulty, such as giving name and address, stating purposes for which they are required, signing his name before witnesses, &c. The less virulent poisons are also put under restrictions, such as labelling distinctly the name of the substance, with the name of the seller, and also with the word 'Poison;' the seller in both cases requiring to be on the register of chemists and druggists. All patent-medicine vendors, however, by reason of the concession above alluded to, are exempt from these restrictions. It is open to any one, even to the most ignorant, to put up and sell these powerful medicines (poisons they may be) in any quantity and of any strength, without control by government, or guarantee of any kind as to the ingredients, if they only observe the stamp duties.

It will, we think, strike most minds that the proverbial coach-and-six may be driven under such circumstances with some facility through this Act of parliament. This is the second evil, as generally stated, and we are not aware that the argument against patent medicines has ever advanced much beyond this. To those, however, who are intimately acquainted with the subject, the evil is much more serious than appears on the surface. A few accidental deaths from inadvertence or carelessness, or from want of having the nostrum properly labelled poison, is the least of the evil. If for the word 'poison,' used in the foregoing statements, 'narcotics' be substituted, and if with the use of narcotics we can associate habits formed which lead in many cases to confirmed disease, and worse still, exercise the most hurtful influence on the mental and moral constitution, we even then realise only part of the evil. To us, the worst part of all seems to lie in this, that the poor deluded takers of these nostrums may have formed the habit of using narcotics before they are aware. Under the synonym of some simple household remedy, they unconsciously have been taking solutions of the most powerful narcotics. Dr Farquharson, speaking on the subject in the discussion referred to in the House of Commons, mentions that 'one of the most dangerous compounds (of this class) was an Essence of Linseed, containing a large quantity of morphia, from the use of which painful cases of poisoning had occurred.' Each case of poisoning resulting from the use of this nostrum, however much to be deplored, is probably as nothing compared with the many cases of vicious habits

which its use may have formed. The habit of taking narcotics, as every one knows, is not difficult to acquire; and with many, the only hope of safety, as in the case of others with strong drinks, is never to taste them.

The warning thus given as to a certain class of patent medicines does not come too soon. They have been increasing to a very great extent in recent years, in fact supplanting very much the old well-known family medicines; and owing to the success of one or two comparatively innocent and even efficacious preparations, others of a baleful tendency have unfortunately become popular.

C U C K O O !

Summer is leumen in,
Lhude sing Cuckoo.

Old English Song.

THERE'S a dreamy voice in the summer air,
Its mellow music is ever rare—

Cuckoo !

Leading our thoughts like gentle seer
Over meadow and moor and mere,
Like a saddening love, the spell is dear :
Sweetly sings cuckoo.

It breathes a tale of the flowers of May,
Of violet bank and primrose brae,

Cuckoo !

Woods with the hyacinth misty blue,
Fields with the daisy white, and the dew
Bright as the day the world was new :
Blithely calls cuckoo.

Snow-white showers of anemones
Have blown beneath the budding trees—

Cuckoo !

The sombre pines to life have sprung,
And all with tender tassels hung,
Have sunlight o'er their shadows flung :
Summer sings cuckoo.

Far hath fled the winter's ruth ;
Winds breathe softly from the south :

Cuckoo !

Woodlands gladden every scene,
With their shades of tender green,
Of gold and bronze, in holt and dean :
Mellow calls cuckoo.

O'er the still and distant down,
Where the heath is black and brown—

Cuckoo !

Where the birch with drooping head,
And the stunted oaks are spread
Thinly 'twixt the moor and mead,
Gladsome calls cuckoo.

Floating o'er the braiding corn,
In the peaceful eve and morn,

Cuckoo !

As from sprite that fitteth by,
Singing sweetly in a sigh,
Weird and strange the melody :
Quaintly calls cuckoo !

J. H. P.

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A HOLIDAY CRUISE.

How few there are among weary Londoners who ever take to a short sea-voyage as a cure for overwork and brain-strain. Not to see a newspaper for a week, to forget house bills, to quit the rush and hurry of the great thoroughfares in order to breathe the purest air on our planet—is surely in itself temptation enough. And all this is to be had without weary poring over time-tables and guide-books, or the dusty rattle of long railway journeys. We have only to invest in a mackintosh, to commit ourselves to a coasting-steamer, and enjoy a four days' cruise through some of the wildest coast-scenery in the British Islands. The boats we have in our mind are no 'crank' cockles, but comport themselves well during their weekly voyages from London (Regent's Canal Dock) to Liverpool, *via* Plymouth, Falmouth, and round the west coast of England; or from Liverpool (Trafalgar Dock) to London. We shall suppose ourselves on board, say the good ship *Faithful*,* with two hours on our hands wherein to stow our luggage, study the bearings of our berth, and the geography of our steamer. Even the mysteries of loading have an interest and humour all their own.

Through the autumnal mist, the setting sun is gilding the Victoria Tower, and setting the ball and cross of St Paul's in a blaze. The tide is flowing, and the swarms of mudlarks, mere bags of bone, are being driven from their oozy playgrounds by the rising water. All is bustle. We lie under the lee of a big ship, with giant yardarms that stretch half across the basin, and rigging that seems one endless tracery of confused 'cat's-cradle.' As we work ourselves riverwards, through waters coloured with strange prismatic tints by floating oils, edging our way out with infinite tact and judgment, our steamer takes her course through flocks of barges manned by grimy

men, who throw towards us good-humoured but broad sallies of wit. The *Energy*, a floating trough black as the coal she carries, lies obstinately across our bows; while the *Empress of Shadwell*, filled with high-heaped deals, clings close to the side of the *Pretty Jane*, until the summary application of a stout rope and the steam-winch despatches the two in unseemly haste astern of us, and leaves the way clear to the dock-gates. And then, just as we are preparing to turn down the river, an aimless waif, slowly revolving as it drifts up-stream with the tide, slews round across our cut-water, and gives our patient skipper a final vexation.

Meantime, the passengers—young men and maidens, old men and (a few) children, are safe on board; and the stewardess, her eyes like those of Argus, her hands numberless apparently as those of Briareus, handles her clients with judgment. The captain from India insists on a change of berth, his present allotment being too near the propeller to suit his delicate wife. Having disposed of the captain, the stewardess sternly warns a clamant Scotchman that he must sleep in the lifeboat if he would find a resting-place at all. His name is the last on her list, and he has Hobson's choice. To the young ladies, she is more than a mother. Rugs are unrolled, and strange head-coverings produced. The detachment of London clerks on holiday ask erratic and irrelevant questions of the officers, and receive in the stir of departure but scant courtesy, not undeservedly; but the frayed and scrappy answers seem to satisfy them. And soon almost before we know we are well cast off, we have visions of brightly-lighted rooms and convivial parties in the famous Greenwich hosteleries.

The coils of rope, which lie about our deck like heaps of newly caught conger eels, are soon in apple-pie order. The winch has ceased to rattle and scream. Now and again, a ghostly steamer, with glittering eyes of red and green, glides out of the gloom ahead and vanishes astern. One great four-masted steamship passes us, waking the echoes with her fog-horn,

* The agents are J. D. Hewitt & Co., 101 Leadenhall Street, London; or Samuel Hough, 25 Water Street, Liverpool.

hoarsely and fitfully blowing like some monster Behemoth. We slide by tall barques that are being towed towards the sea by panting steam-tugs. The dark masses of canvas flap eerily as the sailors spread them, ready for the time when the tow-line is cast off and the ship spreads her wings at the Nore. And as the fragrant breeze brings the scent of the Kentish hayfields across the broadening river at Gravesend, we turn in, and sleep to the rhythmic hum of the screw, only broken by the commands of the captain on the bridge, as he threads his way through fleets of fishing-boats or coasting-schooners lying wind-bound.

It is useless to hope to lie late on board ship. Before daylight, the sailors are giving the decks their bath; and what healthier for stout limbs and good nerves than a douche of fresh salt water from the hose, if one can set the teeth and bear a sharp shock? The sun is not yet up; and the mate on the bridge, the look-out man and the swabbers, are the only witnesses of our improvised 'tub.' Strange to say, it is a new experience to them, as to us. And then we climb to the bridge, and find we are well off Ramsgate, the Dover cliffs lying like a faint cloud on our starboard bow. And what a sunrise! Surely not even the colouring of the Alps, as the sunbeams steal down the slopes and precipices, can equal the cloud-effects of a dawn at sea. Gradually the North Foreland light pales as the purple east grows violet—then pale blue—then a sudden flood of gold as the sun rises. The cloud-bank lying to the west far away over the Sussex Weald is tinged with a glowing pink, and the cliffs stand out against the misty distance, a ribbon-like streak of dazzling whiteness. The Downs are full of wind-bound ships, and the air is crisp and fresh with promise of a glowing noon.

But the stewardess is already stirring, willing and ready to dispense a welcome cup of steaming coffee—very necessary, for breakfast is more than three hours distant. And so we slip by dreary Dungeness, with its shuddering associations of wreck and disaster. Shingle stretches for miles, only dotted here and there with quaint-shaped towers and pyramids of tarred timbers, landmarks for the fishermen, whose boats are drawn up in front of the little villages, each a mere handful of squat cottages, which at intervals fringe the bay. Then Dover, the castle standing out bold and clean-cut against the sky; and Folkestone, with the white funnels of the mail-boats topping the pier. And then from Beachy Head, with its cruel fringe of reefs, and the caves, dug by some philanthropist in the past for shipwrecked sailors, showing like portholes in the cliffs' white sides, we stand boldly across for the Isle of Wight. So the first act in our little play closes, and we go below, eager for the hospitable fare provided in plenty in the saloon.

Quaint enough are the experiences of the passengers. One had severely 'boomed' his head, he told us, in climbing to his berth. Two bright young girls travelling northward by sea for the sake of their father's health, were grieving because their store of novels had been left behind. Another, a San Franciscan, having engaged a berth in next week's 'White Star,' has made a little business at Falmouth the excuse for a passing glimpse of the coast-

scenery of the old country. We warn him that it may not perhaps beat the Hudson, but it is better and healthier travelling than even his favourite Pullman. On the whole, we are a sufficiently jolly family.

The Sunday afternoon finds us running by the Undercliff, close to the Ventnor promenade, whence on a famous other Sunday, a few years ago, the last was seen of the hapless *Eurydice*. Even now, under the white lighthouse on St Catherine's Point, we can see the sailor-folk gathering up the timber of a wreck, the gaunt ribs of which stand up from the breakers. A snub-nosed but stately man-of-war passes close, her yardarms mathematically squared, and her cream-coloured funnel leaving only a genteel streak of smoke astern. She wears a bold, look-the-world-in-the-face air, as she steams by within a bare hundred yards of our more humble craft. My lordly friend, we could give you three knots an hour and beat you 'hands down,' for all your princely pride, and iron plates, and trim blue-jackets, and bright brass fittings, and twin screws.

Our captain is no fair-weather sailor, as our experiences showed, but holds a pilot's certificate for all the great ports in the kingdom. He is watching the weather rather anxiously, though. The sun is sinking in a watery sky; the 'mare's-tail' clouds are streaming from the horizon to the zenith, and the glass is falling fast. The young ladies have not missed their novels much; but they do not look quite so much at home as in the early morning, and wear a preoccupied look. In fact, it is rougher than early in the day. The Anglo-Indian's wife retires to her berth prematurely soon. We who are good sailors, only turn in when we have sighted the Eddystone, and are within a few hours of Plymouth. Here we have time for a bathe and a stroll on the Hoe, and a few purchases from an early newsvendor.

As we sail round Mount Edgecombe, and stand out for Falmouth, the wind is rising, and the spindrift is already beginning to fly. Squally rain-gusts fleet by us up Channel, and mackintosh-costume is the order of the day. But the pipe of our cheery skipper is not quenched nor his general force abated, and he tells us how, a fortnight ago, all at short notice, the princess of the Lyceum came on board and asked for a passage. There was no denying Portia. But the steamer was full; and in despair he stowed the great actress's many trunks; and for want of a spare berth, gave up to her his own snug chart-house and sanctum on the bridge, the shrine of his household gods, and went bedless himself; and she had been made so much at home, that she had regretted when her short voyage was over, and had gone back to hard work with fresh stores of energy and a new bloom on her cheek.

An hour or two at picturesque Falmouth, where we ship a lifeboat for the North, and we steam away for two eventful days before we touch land again. Out in mid-channel we can see the Wolf lighthouse standing on the grim rock which has moaned and roared from its mysterious cavern the knell of so many homeward-bound ships sunk in the deep waters that surround it on every side. What treasure-trove these 'roaring wells' of this Cornish Scylla must contain! And then we pass the 'Runnel' stone, marked by a tolling

bell, that dips and springs in its cradle-belfry, sending a shiver through us as we think how that doleful sound right ahead would strike the heart of a sea-captain straining his eyes through a dense sea-fog or a driving snow-storm in December, to catch a glimpse of the electric light on the Lizard. And now the night begins to fall, with a gale rising.

Though our voyage has been exceptionally rough, the romance of the weather is well worth the study. We are close in to the haggard spine of rocks which are the extremity of England. The white lighthouse is drenched every other minute in columns of spray. The man that is cleaning the glass is discernible as he holds on to the light rail, the collar of the tower. These poor fellows have three months' provisions in store; for though the keepers of lighthouses are supposed to be changed once a month, the Trinity relieving yacht is unable, as often as not, to land the fresh watchmen, and steams by, leaving the three for another spell of Atlantic buffeting. On the black peaked reefs of rocks, the white gulls are in full conclave to-night; and the 'Shark's Fin,' cruellest reef of the group, usually a black band in the blue waters, is merely a hundred yards of churned creamy surf. The storm-fiends seem to be holding a Walpurgis night; and the thought just strikes one, Suppose our machinery were to break down! In the distance, we can see the gleam of the Longships lightship, whose hardy crew are wont to complain of the ceaseless fierceness of the weather and the unrelenting roar of the storm-winds. But our steamer rides the waves like a duck.

It is a sensation that will last a lifetime to watch the night through with the look-out man in the bows, and see the moon break through the flying clouds, and stretch a long band of glittering light across the hurrying waves. The streaming smoke from our funnel stands out against the moonlight; while we drive on indifferent to the blows of the waves, the lashing water falling on our deck, and the howling 'ugly' night. As the bows dip, the screw plays with a buzz. Our sailor-companion warns us that a squall is coming. And in a moment his words are verified. For five minutes the cordage sings and strains, and a few drops of stinging rain whistle by and in our faces. And then as suddenly the moonlight is bright again, and shows us the whole length of the pitching steamer. Soon after, we see the Cunard steamer, bound for Havre and the Mediterranean, pass us and cross the moon-track, her lines as elegant as those of a racing yacht. And thereafter we think we have had enough of wind and weather, and turn in to sleep sound. When we wake, we find ourselves within sight of the Welsh mountains, and Bardsey Island ahead; and in the far distance, the least faint glimpse of the hills of Wexford.

As we cross the mouth of Cardigan Bay, we can see the slopes of tourist-trod Snowdon, and the saddle of the 'Rivals,' grandest of ranges, as yet undesecrated by the autumnal alpenstock. Barren and dreary enough seem the moors of the Welsh coast after the Sussex weald; uninviting and inhospitable. The wind is north-west, and the American steamers are hugging the Irish coast for smoother water's sake. The Isle of Man is seen far away to westward towards the sunset.

As we round the Skerries and signal our number, the granite headland of Holyhead provokes enthusiasm even in the stolid breast of the now convalescent Anglo-Indian. We pass through the 'race' of treacherous choppy water off the harbour, and by the 'Mouse' rock, familiar to voyagers Dublinwards. As we cross the bar of the Mersey, an Inman steamer passes close, with picturesque dots of electric light streaming from her saloon; and in her wake a fleet of lesser steamers sailing at high water; destined to scatter to the four points of the compass after a few hours' companionship.

But the romance is over. Bidston light is mere prose after the poetry of the Longships. The fragrant sea-air has given place to the odours of the great estuary; and as our whistle sounds, the captain clears the bridge with infinite patience, warps us alongside the dock; and the varied memories of our four days' cruise fade as we wish our friends good-night, and go our several ways.

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER XXIX.—'I AM AFRAID, SIR, IT IS TALKED ABOUT.'

CHEAPSIDE was unusually crowded that afternoon, and both men being eager to get on, the impediments to traffic exaggerated themselves, and became irritating. Garling lifted the little trap in the roof of the cab and snarled at the driver. 'Drive!' The driver being also irritated by the obstacles he met, snarled back at him, and picking his way among cabs, omnibuses, and wagons, cast loose anathemas right and left as boys throw crackers. In a little time they got behind an omnibus, and the driver being compelled to adapt his speed to that of the vehicle before him, broke in a wordy hailstorm on the conductor, who, turning upon him a smiling visage, winked slowly and laboriously, and condescended no other answer. The cabman, naturally incensed, slanged him with all the eloquence of wrath. The omnibus stopped to pick up a stout old lady; and the conductor taking advantage of the pause, addressed the driver of the hansom with smooth satire: 'You shouldn't want to take the bread out of poor folks' mouths, your R'yal Highness. Get down, and let the cabman drive. He's used to it.'

Garling looked up at the sound of the voice, and saw Hiram Search. Hiram, beaming all over with the consciousness of his own humour, caught Garling's eye at that moment, and raised his hat to him with a genial flourish. Lumby sat back in the cab with his arms across his breast, trying to be calm, but relapsing into his old flurried condition—anxious to be in time. The bus got into motion again, and the cab followed, slowly, the cabman swearing as terribly as, according to Captain Shandy, our army did in Flanders. Hiram, with much apparent interest, demanded to know where he preached on Sundays; and winked at Garling, as if to ask him what he thought of *that*, in the way of genteel repartee. There was almost nothing but the horse's length between Garling and the destroyer of his plans, and to see him there thus insolently gleeful and familiar, was more than

gall and wormwood. The 'bus being pulled up very suddenly, the cab-horse's nose almost entered at the window. 'Going to Whitechapel?' asked Hiram of the driver sweetly. 'Don't keep us waiting. Get in, sir, get in. We'll take care of you.' Having delivered himself of this sally, he winked again at Garling, who was by this time half mad with rage, and only held himself in by a supreme effort.

'Hiram!' cried a faint pleading voice from the pavement, and a hand touched the conductor's arm as he swung by his strap, inspecting the crowd with a knowing eye, as if he were choosing prize passengers. He turned, and there was Mary, looking pale and frightened, and bearing on her face the mark of recent tears. Hiram rang his bell to stop the omnibus, and leaped to the pavement. Garling saw the little figure also, and maddened, feeling that his dead wife's vengeance was indeed beginning, in spite of her forgiveness. But a second later, or less, the sight of the little satchel Mary carried in her hand banished all other things from his mind. He had until that moment forgotten it as completely as though it had been of no value. The shock of detection, the struggle for self-mastery, the shame and rage which had crowded on him since he had felt his employer's arresting and accusing hand, had left no room for the thought of minor troubles.

'What is it?' cried Hiram, bending over the worn face. 'What is it?'

'He has left me!' she answered. 'The house is locked.' Her lips were trembling; and he, forgetting where he stood, took both her hands in his, and felt them cold. 'I don't know where to go. He said we were going to Southampton, and put me in the train, and left me.'

'Left you!' cried Hiram. 'Why, there he is!'

'Where?' she asked, shrinking to him as if from some imagined fear.

At that moment Garling's hand was laid upon the satchel. 'Give this to me!' he said hoarsely. 'Go home—go home!' She held tightly to the bag; but he wrenched it from her hand, and returned to the cab. 'Drive on!' he cried with a terrible execration, standing behind the splash-board and facing the driver. The cabman shook his head up and down with a countenance in which mute appeal against the unreasonableness of this direction was blent with scorn and pity.

'What is all this?' asked Lumby, as Garling threw himself into the seat again.

'What is it?' mocked Garling, gnashing at him. 'Ask what it was to-morrow.'

Lumby looked at him with scornful wonder, not unmixed with fear. 'We shall be late,' he said. 'Had we not better walk?'

They left the cab together; and Garling snarled to the driver to go to the offices for payment, and strove, whilst Lumby held his arm, to struggle through the crowd. But the crowd had on a sudden grown dense. There was a dead-lock in the horseway, and on the footpath the people were crushed together looking at it. The beginning of anger, as the wise man said, is like the letting in of waters, and Garling was now fairly raging. Having once begun to surrender his self-control, he became for the moment helpless to control himself at all, and struggled like a madman. At last they reached the limits of

the crowd, and found a straight course before them; when suddenly, loud and clear clanged out the clock of Bow Church, striking the hour. At that they turned pale faces on each other, and Lumby released Garling's arm. The great bell of Paul's followed, booming above the roar of the street and the general babel of sound only for the ears that waited for it. And in both minds the same imagined sight was present; each saw the image of a closing bank door.

'It will be known before nightfall,' panted Lumby, fixing his haggard eyes on Garling in wild accusation.

'Why should it?' he responded. 'You have everything in hand, and it will be a passing stroke at the worst. Be at the Bank by ten o'clock in the morning.'

The merchant turned, thrusting the drafts into his breast-pocket, and walked back, with bent head, despondent face, and heavy heart; and his mechanical steps led him to the offices. It was not a difficult thing for Garling to hang behind and lose his late employer for a moment in the crowd. He was absent from the merchant's thoughts, and that made the task still easier. And having lost him for a moment, it was the easiest thing in the world to slip into a hansom cab outside the block and drive away. Ample need to drive away, as matters stood. For a whisper once started in the City, would swell ere long into a roar, and in that roar he could already hear in fancy his own name. He would be gone before the storm could burst. The House would weather it easily enough, and within his grinding teeth he bann'd the House. But his own crime would be known, and his defeat. There was the sting he dreaded. Before that, he was a coward. He could have borne to be spoken of as a successful scoundrel; but to be pointed at as a detected rogue, compelled to resign his booty, and then scornfully dismissed, would have been unendurable, *was* unendurable to think of, and had yet to be endured.

There was whispering and putting of heads together in the offices of Lumby and Lumby. Barnes sat in Garling's seat, and there was a look of amazed misery upon his face which struck all who saw him there. The head of the firm had been locked in his own room all day; and after the coming of the Bank messenger, he had gone out tremulous and fevered, and had returned as if from a fruitless errand, hanging his head, and looking like a ghost. Garling, even the impenetrable Garling, had looked worn and gray. There was a vague suspicion as to what these portents might mean, which filled the very air, and made the whisperings needless to carry it from mind to mind. And, to set on all surmise the seal of dreadful certainty, it was known somehow before five o'clock by everybody in the place, down to the very messengers, that just before the closing of the Bank a cheque had been presented and returned with the statement that there were no effects to meet it. The flying Garling might well have foreseen this last disaster. But not everybody in the place knew of this open shame to the old craft which had weathered so many storms and sailed triumphantly through so much evil weather since it was launched one hundred and thirty years ago. Not the master of the ship. No man

told him as yet of that disaster. He sat alone, separated from the grieving, faithful Barnes, only by the sliding panel of corrugated glass. The time for departure had gone by; but Barnes waited, fain to offer consolation, if he had but dared, or known how to offer it. At length he went round by the corridor and tapped humbly at the door. 'Come in,' cried the merchant in a dejected voice, and Barnes entered.

'What are your instructions for to-morrow, sir?' asked Barnes.

'You will hold the same place,' returned his employer, looking up at him with a withered smile. 'You may consider yourself promoted permanently.—Where is Garling?' he asked suddenly, rising with a startled air.

'Mr Garling has not returned,' answered Barnes, 'since you and he went out an hour ago.'

'Not returned!' said Lumby, taking one quick step forward and halting suddenly. 'No matter.—Mr Barnes!'

'Yes, sir.'

'We will go through matters to-morrow, and I shall have to place some confidences in you, which I shall rely upon you to respect.'

Barnes's heart ached. Was it possible Lumby did not know that the expected crash was the town's talk already?

'We have passed through a grave crisis, which has left almost everything disarranged, and there will be work to do for weeks to come. We will talk of these things to-morrow. I have had a time of great anxiety, and I am tired.'

Barnes's face brightened, and he said eagerly: 'You will be able to put things straight again, sir?'

The merchant looked at him wonderingly. 'What do *you* know about this matter, Mr Barnes?' There was no one to hear their talk, but by instinct he closed the door.

'The cheque presented at the Bank last thing this afternoon, sir. It is talked about already. I am told that Rawlings & Co., relying on the name of the firm, got it cashed privately after it was refused by the Bank. They were always very questionable people, sir, Rawlings & Co.'

'The cheque?' said the merchant, 'refused this afternoon? Why, what is this?'

'Is it possible that you don't know, sir?' cried Barnes. 'Rawlings was paid by cheque yesterday—two, five, five, odd. The cheque was presented this afternoon, and the Bank returned it, marked "No effects." I am afraid, sir, it is talked about.'

Lumby strode up and down the room, deeply moved by this discovery. 'This is bad news, Barnes,' he said, 'bad news. I had hoped to escape anything of that sort. But it will be all right to-morrow. Be here at the usual time in the morning. If you hear any rumour against the solidity of the firm, I authorise you to offer it the fullest and roundest denial. Do you hear?—the fullest and roundest denial. You shall know all to-morrow. I am too fatigued to attend to business now.—Good-night.'

'Good-night, sir,' returned Barnes, and went his way, lifted up in spirit, but still puzzled. 'If he heard any rumour'—so ran the merchant's words. Rumour? There was no rumour, but a downright clamant roar, and wherever Barnes went, he heard it. Wherever he heard it, he denied it; as a matter of personal knowledge, he

denied it; being personally in the full confidence of the firm, he assured assailants right and left that there was nothing in it. And as when wind and tide go contrary ways there is a greater tumult than when both go together, this authoritative contradiction made the roar the louder, and spread it wider.

Lumby, left alone, raised his face towards the skylight in a sort of passionate exultation and triumph for a moment, and drooped it again in anguish. The House was saved; heaven had been merciful, villainy had been discomfited, and the House was saved; but the good old name was soiled. The British merchant found a doubt upon his name as intolerable as the ermine finds a spot upon its fur. Never a breath upon the name until to-day, and now it was soiled—soiled! How could the return of a cheque from such a House fail to be talked of? That awful cord began to tighten and loosen in his brain again, and his eyes grew hot and his hands clammy. He entered the cashier's room, intending to place the drafts in the safe, and then go home to his hotel and send for a physician. But having opened the safe, the confession Garling had written lay before him, and he must needs take it up and look at the rogue's balance-sheet at the end. From it he referred to the drafts, to see if between them they made up the sum set down there. Next, after standing for a while irresolute, he drew the gigantic ledger from its place, and laying it on the table, turned to the leaf on which he had first fixed the fraud, and compared the pencilled marks he had made upon the margin with Garling's first entry. The two exactly tallied. He stooped above the book a moment, holding the drafts and the confession in his hands, then dropped them on the broad ruled leaves, and knitting his fingers, pressed both palms above his forehead, and took a step or two across the room and back again. There was a hunted feeling in his mind, a hurry and confusion, a dim sense that any moment might bring shipwreck, that there were things to do, which being done, would avert all chance of mischief; but like a man in a nightmare, he could only grope in thought, and everything was blind and dark. What was the fear that threatened him? Where was the way of safety? If this hideous pain would only let him think a while! He reeled a little, and stretching out his hands, caught one side of the great ledger and steadied himself by it. The cord in his head was growing tenser, and the fear that followed him drew nearer. Tenser grew the cord, tenser, tenser, until at last it snapped, and the merchant, with one blind stagger sideways, closed the ledger with unconscious hands and fell huddled on the floor.

(To be continued.)

THE HERRING.

In a country like ours, the importance of the sea-fisheries can scarcely be over-estimated. Mr De Caux, in his history of the *Herring and the Herring-fishery* (London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.), appeals to a wide public, and brings before the notice of the reader very many interesting and novel facts, which his long experience as a fish-salesman at Yarmouth has enabled him to collect and verify.

Our fisheries employ upon an average on sea and shore upwards of two hundred and ten thousand persons, who being principally heads of families, represent a population of more than three times that amount. These man a fishing-fleet of thirty thousand vessels, the greater part of which consists of herring-boats. This fleet is of two hundred and eighty thousand tons burden; and the capital employed in its outfit would suffice to farm six million acres of land, or one-sixth of the land at present under cultivation in Great Britain, calculating the necessary outlay for that at ten pounds an acre. Mr De Caux arrives at this conclusion from the consideration that land is indestructible, and that the improvements upon it are to a certain extent permanent; while fishing boats and gear depreciate so rapidly, that all fishing-property actually employed at sea has virtually to be replaced every eight or nine years. Every operation connected with fishing, whether it be boat building or repairing, or the making and mending of fishing-tackle, requires skilled and intelligent labour; even such an apparently simple operation as counting the herrings landed at the fish-wharf at Great Yarmouth in the course of one season, costing upwards of two thousand two hundred pounds.

Comparatively little is known of the habits of sea-fishes. Some naturalists have divided them into three classes—'those which invariably live at the bottom of the sea; those which invariably live in mid-water; and those which invariably live at or near the surface.' This classification, Mr De Caux considers very misleading; and is so far from being the fact, that herring and mackerel, which are classed as surface-swimmers, are often caught in trawl-nets which drag the bottom. As a rule, fishes have keen sight, but only possess the sense of hearing in a very limited degree. All fish are carnivorous; the large prey upon the small; and both large and small feed upon the different species of medusæ that at certain seasons swarm in incalculable myriads in the sea.

The herring is the most important of all the fish that swim in our seas. It abounds through an ocean area stretching from France to the North Cape, and in the North Atlantic Ocean between forty and seventy degrees of latitude. It is a rare fish on the southern coast of Greenland, and on the northern coast only a small variety is found. The old idea that the Polar Sea was the chosen home of the herring, and that it resorted to our shores only for the sake of spawning, is now entirely exploded; but of its habits little is as yet accurately known. It is gregarious, as most fishes are, and swims in shoals; and even among those which swim around our shores, there are many varieties, the Loch Fyne herring being quite different from the small black-nosed species caught off the coast of Norfolk, and these again varying considerably from the herring caught off Kimblington or Cromer Knowl. Their movements, as Mr De Caux, with much appearance of truth, conjectures, depend altogether upon the temperature of the water and the supply of food.

The spawning of herrings has long been a vexed question with naturalists, and in spite of many theories confidently advanced, it is so still. Mr De Caux, from long and careful observation,

has been led to conclude, among other things, that herrings spawn much oftener than once a year; and that when they leave the deep water and come inshore, as they undoubtedly do in the late summer and early autumn months, it is not for the purpose of spawning, but in pursuit of the multitudes of medusæ of different kinds that then appear along our coasts. 'In my opinion,' he says, 'herrings spawn wherever they may happen to be at the time they are ripe, whether they be in deep water; over a sandbank, or near to the shore.' The general idea that herring-spawn is invariably deposited at the bottom of the sea, is erroneous, for much of it floats at the surface of the water, and is vivified there. When engaged in catching herrings that were ripe for spawning, fishermen have sometimes observed the sea to have a milky appearance; and on drawing buckets filled with this water on board, they have found it to be not only full of spawn, but of live herring-fry newly hatched. This fact shows that on some occasions at least the herring-spawn vivifies and develops near the surface of the water.

That herrings spawn at least twice a year, is certain; and our author is inclined to believe that they spawn all the year round, 'and that with the exception of short intervals to recuperate their physical powers, they are always either secreting spawn or spawning.' The period of time which elapses between the spawning and the hatching of the fry, is various; Mr De Caux sets it down as usually from three to four weeks, though something depends upon the time of year and the temperature of the water. Extreme cold retards the process, and moderate heat facilitates it. Sprats, he considers not as small herrings, but as an entirely distinct species; and instead of giving the herring seven years to arrive at maturity, as some writers have done, he thinks that it is full grown within the twelvemonth. The largest herrings are taken off the coast of Labrador. Those caught on our eastern coasts rarely exceed ten or eleven inches in length; and Mr De Caux, in the millions of herring that have passed under his observation, never saw one longer than fifteen and a half inches.

Our herring-fishery is believed to have originated on the east coast, somewhere near the place where Great Yarmouth now stands. Such a fishery was already an institution in the time of the Romans, who considered the herrings caught off this coast a dainty dish. About the beginning of the Christian era, the sandbank on which Great Yarmouth now stands first began to appear above the surface of the waves, and gradually became a favourite resort of fishermen, particularly during the latter part of the Roman occupation, as the Roman garrison at the mouth of the Yare afforded them protection from pirates. The advent of the Saxons gave a fresh impetus to the herring-fishery; and early in the sixth century the Saxons built a stronghold on the sandbank, and thus laid the foundations of a herring emporium, which has continued to flourish ever since.

In 1755, the Yarmouth and Lowestoft fish-curers were threatened with serious competition in their own peculiar trade of curing red herrings, by the Scotch and Manx. Large smoke-houses were established for the purpose in Scotland

and the Isle of Man; but after a short trial, it was found necessary to disuse them, the quality of the herring caught being too inferior for smoking purposes. In 1794 great quantities of herrings were caught in the Forth, and a new epoch in the trade was inaugurated. Instead of being cured upon the spot, the fresh herrings were packed in ice and sent to London in boxes by fast-sailing vessels. The use of ice as a preservative for fish in a fresh state, had been discovered a few years before, in 1780, by a Scotchman named Dempster, who preserved salmon in this way.

During the present century, especially after the railway system came into active operation, herring-fisheries have developed largely, and are in a very prosperous state all along the coasts of the northern seas and in the northern parts of America. No nation has, however, made such progress in this particular branch of industry as the Scotch; the ancient mantle of Great Yarmouth has fallen upon them, and they are now by far the greatest herring-fishers in the world. 'They possess the enormous number of fourteen thousand five hundred herring-boats, which are manned by some fifty thousand men and boys; and the season of 1880 was the heaviest they have ever known.' The season of 1881 will long be remembered by the fishermen off the east coast of Scotland, for then occurred what was perhaps the most violent and fatal storm ever known, and not a fishing-village in the district affected but was more or less desolated by its ravages.

The herring-fishery partakes somewhat of the nature of a lottery—one boat may have a great haul; and another at no great distance from it, equally well found and well manned, may catch so few as barely to pay her expenses. In 1857, a boat belonging to Yarmouth, with ninety-one nets, caught so many herring, that it was impossible for her to carry them; and after filling the boat, the rest were thrown into the sea. In 1880, a French fisherman caught four hundred and twenty barrels; and in the early part of August 1881, a French fishing-boat, the *Gabrielle*, after taking on board as many as she could carry, had still such a multitude of fish left in the nets, that her crew were obliged to shake the remainder into the sea.

In 1835, a fish-curer of the name of Bishop discovered by chance the way to make Yarmouth bloaters. One night, after his workpeople had left, he came upon a small quantity of prime herring that had been overlooked. Unwilling to lose them, he sprinkled a little salt over them, spitted them, and hung them up all night in a smoke-house in which an oak-billet was burning. Next morning, he awoke to find himself famous in the annals of the herring-trade, as the happy possessor of the first Yarmouth bloaters, the cure of which he henceforth made his special pursuit. In the same accidental way, Newcastle kippers were discovered in 1843 by Mr John Woodger of Newcastle.

The period when herring-nets were invented is not known; but the square mesh used for them is much the same in all countries. Formerly, they were made by the hand, of hemp; but now they are made by machinery, and invariably of cotton, which is found to be more suitable. The inventor of the herring-net loom was a

Scotch working-man named James Paterson, who was born at Musselburgh towards the close of the last century. His greatest difficulty in perfecting his machine was the formation of a knot that would not slip. He never could succeed in making one similar to that made by the hand, although he made one firm enough for his purpose; but what baffled him all his life, was subsequently discovered by Walter Ritchie, a working plasterer in Leith, and the machine-made knots now exactly resemble those made by the hand. Musselburgh is now the centre of a large trade in nets, the factory of Messrs J. & W. Stuart being one of the best known in the country.

The future of our sea-fisheries is of course an object of the greatest interest to the nation at large; and it is of vital importance to avoid the needless destruction of fry and small fish, lest in this case, as in others, 'wilful waste should lead to woful want.' To insure this desirable end, Mr De Caux is of opinion that nets of a wider mesh than those presently in use should be made compulsory, so that only large herring be captured. He also thinks that shell-fish should be protected, especially mussels, as the demand for these molluscs greatly exceeds the supply. They are used for bait, and one Scotch fishing-port alone requires five million annually. The foreshores around our island are admirably calculated for mussel-farms, and should be utilised in this manner as soon as possible. Our thrifty neighbours in France have long been alive to the advantage of this, and one mussel-farm at Aiguillon, which has been systematically cultivated since the thirteenth century, yields at present a yearly revenue of fifty thousand pounds.

THE FISHERWOMAN OF HONFLEUR.

A TALE OF THE FRENCH COMMUNE.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

'O MONSIEUR, in mercy's sake, delay not an instant!' cried Madeleine.

The General drew forth a printed document, at the head of which the word 'Pardon' was conspicuous in huge letters. He inserted the name of Antoine Duroc, and hastily signed his own name to the parchment. 'I have taken a great deal upon myself, young woman,' he said, as he handed the document to Madeleine. 'But hasten with this pardon to the prison. Lose no time, or you will arrive too late. If, on your arrival, the prisoners have been removed, hasten to present the pardon to the officer in command of the firing-party— Yet stay—you know not the way about Paris.'

'My carriage is in waiting, Monsieur le Général,' said the préfet. 'My coachman will drive the young woman to the prison. I will accompany her thither.'

'It is unnecessary, Monsieur le Sous-préfet,' said the General. 'A commissaire from this bureau shall accompany her. He will know how to proceed.'

A commissaire was called, and instructed to present the pardon of Antoine Duroc to the chief jailer of La Roquette, or to the officer in command of the firing-party. But Madeleine insisted upon being herself the bearer of her

husband's pardon, and received the document from the commissioner. Then, bewildered between excess of joy, mingled with doubt and fear lest she should arrive too late, she followed the commissioner without waiting to express her thanks to the General.

The sous-préfet assisted her into the carriage, and wished her success; and then bade his coachman drive with all possible speed to La Roquette.

At length the prison of La Roquette was reached. The commissioner alighted from the vehicle, and ringing the large bell, demanded to see the chief jailer. But on stating his errand, he was informed that the condemned prisoners had already been marched to the place of execution. 'But there is yet time,' added the jailer. They have but just left. It is now half-past eleven o'clock. You have half an hour to spare, and the *fosse* is not far distant. But Madame must alight from the carriage and walk. The road is impassable to vehicles of any description.'

On hearing these words, Madeleine sprang from the carriage, and conducted by the commissioner, hurried breathlessly on. 'You know the shortest road, Monsieur Commissaire,' she said. 'For heaven's sake, hasten on!'

The commissioner nodded assent. But he was a comparative stranger to that part of the city, and he soon missed his way. Leaving Madeleine, in a fever of dread and impatience, he went into a shop to inquire the way to the Place Voltaire. To the anxious girl he appeared to be so long absent, that she hastened after him. She found the shop after two or three inquiries; but when she reached it, the commissioner had quitted it to return to her, and had missed her. The streets were thronged with people. Madeleine, almost crazed with dread, passed amongst them, inquiring her way of one and then of another; but the directions she received only served further to bewilder her, and she wandered further and further astray. A church clock near by chimed the quarters. Madeleine listened breathlessly. 'Three-quarters!' she cried in a paroxysm of fear; 'only a quarter of an hour to spare! I shall be too late!'

She had turned into a by-street, which was almost deserted. Two working-men, carrying the tools necessary to their trade, were approaching her. They were the only individuals in the narrow street. As they drew near, she entreated them to guide her to the *fosse* where the prisoners were to be executed. Her quaint garb was calculated to attract attention in Paris, and the men supposed her to be a country girl who had come to the city on a holiday visit.

'What wouldst thou do at the *fosse*?' asked one of the men. 'Is it a pleasure to thee to see poor, miserable, starving wretches shot down like dogs, because they demand a share of the wealth and food that of right belongs alike to all?' The man was hurrying on in disgust, when his companion remarked Madeleine's wild and distracted look.

'Perchance, Adolphe,' said he, 'the poor girl has reason to ask the way to the *fosse*. Maybe some friend or lover is doomed to be shot at noon. She looks as if she were crazed with grief.'

'Nay, then.—Is it so, young woman? Dost

wish to see the last of some unfortunate friend or relation? Whence comest thou?' asked the man Adolphe.

'I am a fisherwoman of Honfleur, Messieurs,' replied Madeleine. 'My husband has been falsely accused, and unjustly condemned to die. I bear his pardon, and have lost my way. I fear that I shall arrive too late! As you may some day crave for mercy, Messieurs, take pity upon me, and guide me to the spot. See, here is my husband's pardon;' and she drew forth the precious document from her bosom and held it before the two men.

'Poor woman! Thou art coming away from the Place Voltaire, where the *fosse* is situated,' said the man who had spoken last. 'Thou hast little time indeed to spare. But come with us; we will guide thee thither.' The men turned and quickened their steps, and Madeleine breathlessly followed them.

Meanwhile, the commissioner, on leaving the shop, could see nothing of the young woman whom he had told to wait his return. He hurried to and fro, and inquired for a young woman dressed in fisherwoman's costume; but all in vain. 'Perhaps,' thought he, 'the young woman has gone on to the *fosse* by herself, being too impatient to wait for me.'

At all events, he thought his wisest plan would be to hasten on; and if the young woman had not arrived when he reached the spot, to inform the officer in command of the troops that the prisoner Antoine Duroc was pardoned. It wanted but three minutes to twelve o'clock when he reached the *fosse*, around which a great crowd had assembled, and in which—their backs placed against a low mound—the doomed prisoners were already drawn up. Approaching a young lieutenant, who was coolly smoking a cigar, as he paced leisurely to and fro, the commissioner informed the young officer that a pardon had been granted to Antoine Duroc, one of the condemned prisoners, and begged him to stay the man's execution.

'Where is the pardon you speak of?' asked the officer. 'Produce it.'

'I do not have it with me,' replied the commissioner; and then he told how he had missed the young woman who was the wife of the pardoned man, and who carried the pardon in her bosom.

'You missed the young woman after you and she alighted from the carriage of Monsieur le Sous-préfet de Police?' said the officer. 'A likely story, is it not? Are you crazed, man, that you imagine the execution will be stayed at the bidding of the sous-préfet? Or is this some trick to gain time? Do you see yonder clock? The minute-hand points at two minutes to twelve. At twelve o'clock I shall give the order to fire.'

There was much jealousy existing at this period between the civil and military authorities, in consequence of the supreme authority being for the time in the hands of the latter; and when the commissioner spoke of the Sous-préfet de Police, the young officer seized the opportunity to snub the police authorities.

'You will repent it, Monsieur Lieutenant, if you do not delay,' replied the commissioner. 'The pardon is signed, by Monsieur le Général

Beaumont, by whom I was directed to guide the young woman to this spot, that she might deliver to you her husband's pardon with her own hands.'

'Signed by whom?' asked the lieutenant.

The commissionaire repeated the name of the General.

'Monsieur le Capitaine!' called the lieutenant to another officer who was standing a short distance off.

The captain approached, and the two officers conferred together. They decided that they would at all events delay the execution for five minutes.

'Then I shall give the order to fire,' said the captain. 'I transgress my duty even in delaying five minutes, unless the pardon be produced.'

The church clock struck the hour of noon. The prisoners, when the first stroke sounded, were seen to shudder, and a low murmur was audible amongst the spectators; but Antoine Duroc, though his face was pale, stood firm and erect, awaiting his doom, while the greater number of the other prisoners appeared to be completely cowed. The handsome, manly appearance of the young fisherman, contrasting so remarkably with the miserable creatures who were doomed to die with him, had attracted the notice of many of the spectators, especially amongst the females. But they were not generally moved to pity. It appeared rather as if they regarded it as a novelty—a fresh attraction to see a handsome young man doomed to share the fate of the other prisoners, and yet so different from the generality of the wretched Communists who, almost every day, were doomed to death.

When, however, the last stroke of twelve had sounded and the order to fire was withheld, the low murmur among the spectators increased to a cry of anger and complaint. 'Why do not the soldiers fire?' they asked of one another. 'What is the cause of the delay? Are we to wait all day long?' And when it was whispered amongst them that a pardon had arrived for one of the doomed men—and it was suspected that the favoured individual was the handsome young fisherman Duroc—they betrayed manifest signs that they considered themselves defrauded of a portion of the spectacle they had assembled to witness. At length the five minutes of delay expired. The order was given to the soldiers to fall into rank and prepare to fire.

'The pardon will arrive, I assure you, Messieurs Officers,' said the commissionaire. 'You had better yet further delay the execution.'

'I will wait two minutes longer, and no more,' replied the captain. 'I have already transgressed my orders. I must do my duty, pardon or no pardon. I have no business to know anything of it until I have seen the document.'

The prisoners had learned that one of their number was to receive his pardon, but they knew not whom, though they somehow suspected that it was the young fisherman who was to be pardoned, and they bitterly resented the favour shown to him by the government.

The two additional minutes of delay had expired. The soldiers drew up. The rattle of their arms was audible.

'Attention! Present arms!' shouted the officer in command, throwing away his half-smoked

cigar. Such events were now every-day affairs to him and his brother *militaires*. Still he hesitated to give the final dread order.

Tir, the word *Tirez*—draw, or fire—was upon his lips, but it was not yet pronounced, when a young woman in a state of wild distraction appeared upon the scene. It was Madeleine.

'You are yet in time, Madame,' said one of the two men who had guided her to the spot. 'I feared we were too late.'

'Thank God!' exclaimed the young girl, raising her eyes and clasped hands to heaven. She caught sight of her husband. 'Antoine, my dear Antoine, my loved husband, thou art pardoned, thou art free!' she cried; and heedless of everything around her—seeing no one save her husband, she was rushing swiftly towards him, when the young lieutenant placed his hand, not unkindly, upon her shoulder and drew her gently back.

'Why do you stop me, Monsieur?' she fiercely cried. 'I go to embrace my husband, who is free. I have brought his pardon.'

'Will Madame produce the pardon?' said the young officer. 'If it be correct, the husband of Madame will be instantly liberated.'

The pardon was produced, and closely examined. The General's signature was well known to both the officers; and the young fisherman, to whom the whole affair appeared like an ugly dream, was set free.

Antoine could scarcely satisfy himself that he was awake, and that everything he beheld around him was reality; for he had heard nothing of his wife's arrival in Paris, and had believed her to be still waiting at Honfleur for his return.

'Is it a dream—a horrible dream?' he asked himself—the legacy, the visit to Paris, the assault of the mob, the rescue of the poor country lad, my own arrest, and trial, and condemnation—everything? These thoughts passed through his mind in an instant. He was dazed; his brain was bewildered; he staggered like a drunken man, and gazed wildly around him. He did not even respond to the embrace of his young wife!

Meanwhile, the spectators continued to murmur; and the miserable men who still awaited their doom scowled enviously and savagely upon him.

'Why is he pardoned, while the other poor wretches are left to meet their doom?' some of the spectators asked. The people were getting accustomed to such spectacles. Still, there were some among the female onlookers who sympathised with the young fisherman and his pretty wife, and wept tears of delight when Madeleine embraced her husband—as they would have done had they beheld such a scene in a theatre.

At length a soldier on furlough stepped forth from amongst the crowd and laid his hand upon Antoine's shoulder.

'Come, *mon brave*, come away,' said he, 'unless thou preferrest to remain to be shot.' And he led the young fisherman away from the *fosse*, Antoine walking like one in sleep.

Scarcely had they gone twenty paces beyond the mound in the rear of the *fosse*, when the sharp stern word of command was heard, instantly followed by the clang of arms and the report of a volley of musketry.

Antoine shuddered, and awoke, as it were,

instantly to consciousness. 'But for the pardon that arrived at the last moment,' he thought, 'that report had been my death-knell! I should be now lying a senseless clod stretched in the ditch!'

Madeleine, uttered a sharp cry of horror and clung tightly to her husband's arm.

The soldier alone seemed to think nothing of the matter. 'Bear up! bear up, comrade,' he said kindly. 'I felt something as thou dost now, when, years ago, in the Crimea, I came near being shot by the Russians as a spy, and when two of my brother-soldiers, as innocent of the charge as I was, suffered death. But I must leave thee now. It will not do for me to be seen fraternising too closely with one who has been condemned as a Communist thief and assassin; though I believe thee to be as innocent of such a crime as I am. Bonjour, Monsieur—Madame, adieu!' And touching his shako, he turned aside, and left the newly restored husband and wife to themselves.

A solemn silence had succeeded the volley of musketry, and then there was a tramp of many feet, and a chattering of many voices, and the crowd dispersed, possibly to gather again and witness such another scene on the morrow. Some overtook, and looked earnestly at the young fisherman and his wife as they passed them by; and one pretty girl stepped up to Madeleine and embraced her lovingly and placed a posy of wild-flowers in her hand.

Antoine and Madeleine had much to tell each other of what had occurred to them since they had parted in the railroad dépôt at Honfleur.

'My beloved husband,' said Madeleine when she ended her story, 'I felt a presentiment of approaching evil when I left thee at the dépôt to return home alone. Could I have had my will, I would gladly have forfeited thy old aunt's legacy, to have restrained thee from visiting this wicked city. But I cannot explain to thee what I felt when thy letter arrived in place of thyself!'

Antoine and Madeleine returned the next day to Honfleur, after having paid a visit to the fair and gentle daughter of the sous-préfet, to thank her for the generous sympathy which had induced her father to exert his influence with General Beaumont in Antoine's behalf. They cared little for the gaiety of Paris, where, amidst so much splendour and wealth, there is also so much poverty, misery, and crime; and determined never, of their own free-will, to set foot in it again. 'Adieu, Antoine!' said Madeleine, as her husband parted from her for his next voyage; 'I would rather trust thee with the wild sea, than with the people of that terrible city.'

BOOK GOSSIP.

IN 1839, a book, written by an Indian administrative officer, was being printed in London, and in this book the Queen had become so interested that she directed the publisher to send her the work sheet by sheet, as it was passing through the press, for her perusal. The book thus distinguished by Her Majesty was the *Confessions of a Thug*, by Colonel Meadows Taylor, then home from India on sick-leave. It has since been read by thousands of readers, alternately charmed

by its graphic and faithful pictures of Indian life and scenery, and awed by the startling revelations of secret and systematised crime which its pages reveal. This was not the only work of its author, though it is that perhaps by which he is most widely known. He finally retired from active life in India, and died at Mentone in 1876; previous to which time, however, an autobiography which he had written was given to the world. It was an expensive work, in two volumes, and thus not within reach of many who would have been prepared to appreciate its pages. We are glad, therefore, to observe that a popular edition in one volume has now been issued of Colonel Taylor's *Story of My Life* (London: Blackwood and Sons); and we can recommend it heartily as a book not only interesting for its personal details, but of historical value for the insight which it gives into the internal administration of India during the last fifty years of the Honourable Company's rule.

Although Colonel Meadows Taylor never rose to a high rank in the civil and military administration of India, 'there were,' says Mr Henry Reeves, editor of the *Edinburgh Review* (who writes a preface to this edition), 'circumstances in his career not less remarkable than in the lives of greater men. He was one of the last of those who went out to India as simple adventurers—to use the term in no disparaging sense, for Clive and Dupleix were no more—who achieved whatever success he had in life by his own energy and perseverance, independent of the patronage of the great Company or the authority of the Crown.' The story of his early life, as narrated by himself, is full of interest. He was comparatively a poor boy, his father having been reduced in the world by unfortunate commercial transactions; and he went out to India, at the first, in no higher capacity than that of a prospective merchant's apprentice. His first appointment proved illusory, and but for the services of kind friends, he would soon have been left entirely to his own resources. In 1824, and while still but sixteen years of age, he procured, from the Resident at Hyderabad, through the interest of friends, a commission in the army of his Highness the Nizam; and this proved to be the first step in a fairly successful military career. It was principally, however, as a magistrate and civil administrator that Colonel Taylor distinguished himself; and even at the very outset of his career he showed a readiness of resource, a firmness of character, and a native instinct towards justice, which were certainly remarkable in one so young. One instance may be given.

While still under twenty years of age, he was acting as Superintendent of Bazaars at Bolarum, in which capacity it was his duty to regulate the markets and the prices of grain, and to act generally as a judge in civil cases. In the course of a journey of inspection through the district, his tent was at one place beset by hundreds of pilgrims and travellers, crying loudly for justice against the flour-sellers, who not only gave short weight in flour, but adulterated it so completely with sand, that the cakes made of it were uneatable, and had to be thrown away. He privately sent for and bought samples of the flour, which he

tested, and found in all cases that it was like sand under his teeth. He thereupon ordered the dishonest merchants to be sent to him, with their baskets of flour, their weights and scales. 'Now,' said he gravely, 'each of you is to weigh out two pounds of flour.' This was done. 'Is it for the pilgrims?' asked one. 'No,' said the young magistrate quietly; 'you must eat it yourselves.' They saw that he was in earnest, and offered to pay any fine he might impose. 'Not so,' he replied; 'you have made many eat your flour, why should you object to eat it yourselves?' They were horribly frightened; and, amid the jeers and laughter of the bystanders, some of them actually began to eat, sputtering out the half-moistened flour, which could be heard crunching between their teeth. At last some of them flung themselves on their faces, abjectly beseeching pardon. Mr Taylor took surety of the flour-sellers that they would not again 'fill the mouths' of the pilgrims 'with dirt;' and so the episode terminated, no more complaints being afterwards heard of bad flour.

This natural sagacity stood Colonel Taylor in good stead on many other occasions, when more than his own life was in imminent danger; and the story of his adventures, difficulties, and triumphs, reads like a page of historical romance. He was proof against that curse of Anglo-Indian administration in those days—bribery; and though many tempting baits were offered him, he proved true to his honour, and carried that honour untarnished to the end.

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In the death of Emerson, America lost perhaps the most philosophical and thoughtful of her literary men. His works have been long and favourably known in this country, commanding the respect and admiration of thousands of thinking men and women. To Englishmen one of the most endearing features of Emerson's character is his early recognition and loving appreciation of our Thomas Carlyle, Emerson having indeed been among the first, either in the Old World or the New, to see into the depths of *Sartor Resartus*, and to acknowledge the breadth of thought, the manliness of character, the pitiful tenderness towards the poor and distressed ones of the earth, that existed under the satirical veil in which the large-hearted Professor Teufelsdröckh chose to envelop himself when he spoke with the public. Emerson gathered the chapters of *Sartor Resartus* from *Fraser's Magazine*, in which they first appeared, and had them printed and published in America at his own expense, afterwards remitting to Carlyle, at a time when such a gift was very acceptable, the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds as the profits arising from the sale of the first edition of the book.

Emerson visited this country for the first time in 1833; and while in Edinburgh, he was handed over to a young gentleman, a native of the place, who was to act as his guide through the scenes of historic and romantic interest that lie in and around the Northern Metropolis. The young man so introduced to the American writer was Alexander Ireland, who for many years subsequently filled the editorial chair of the *Manchester Examiner*. The intercourse thus begun was continued between them till Emerson's death. Mr

Ireland, now that his illustrious friend is departed, has thrown into book-form a number of reminiscences of their friendship, which he has published under the title of *In Memoriam: Ralph Waldo Emerson* (London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.). The little work cannot fail to attract and interest the admirers of Emerson in this country. It is composed of recollections of his visits to England in 1833, 1847-8, and 1872-3, and of extracts from unpublished letters, to which is prefixed a brief but admirable biography.

We have not space for lengthened extracts, but one anecdote may be given characteristic of Emerson's gentleness and patience, even under somewhat trying circumstances, towards those who differed from him. Some twenty years ago, he addressed a literary society at Middlebury, Vermont; and when he finished, the president called upon a clergyman to conclude the service with prayer. The latter, a Massachusetts minister, stepped into the pulpit which Mr Emerson had just left, and uttered a remarkable prayer, of which one sentence was: 'We beseech thee, O Lord, to deliver us from ever hearing any more such transcendental nonsense as we have just listened to from this sacred desk.'—'He seemed a very conscientious, plain-spoken man,' was Emerson's charitable comment on the clergyman and his utterances.

AN UNFASHIONABLE DINNER-PARTY.

SIXTEEN years ago, there was established in London (see *Chambers's Journal* for July 4, 1868), at 47 Earl Street, Lisson Grove, what would perhaps in those days have ventured to call itself an Institution; its object being to provide invalid and sickly children in that airless and over-crowded neighbourhood with a good meat-meal three times a week. The Lady Superintendent had only her own slender purse to draw upon, and the contributions of a few charitable volunteers; the house was small, and one little garret—formerly a workshop—was all the room that could be given up to the little people. Yet nevertheless, in the first year, very many guests were entertained there with such benefits as only doctors—several of whom attend these tiny patients gratuitously—can understand. 'The blood is the Life;' it is the meat that makes the blood; and in many cases the improvement in health wrought by this modest charity has been little short of a resurrection. Those who visit 'the Children's Dinner-table'—they dine at a most unfashionable hour, half-past twelve—do not of course see these convalescents; to get well is their sentence of banishment from this hospitable board; but they will see enough to convince them of the efficacy of the treatment.

Let us introduce you, readers, up the short flight of stairs, with a preliminary caution not to knock your heads against the low doorway, into the Banquet Hall. It looks like a carpenter's shop, scrupulously clean, but with nothing in it to speak of. There is a table on which the meat is carved, and a long low shelf on which the plates are arranged for the convenience of these

'Tiny Tims.' Through the window is seen a vista of squalid buildings; 'back-gardens' that are no gardens, wherefrom this July day the air comes laden with not one summer scent. Not a blade of grass is to be seen anywhere; not a sound is to be heard indicative of the fresh and joyous season. The roar of distant traffic, and the snarling of a hundred cats—the only creatures visible—are the musical accompaniments of the entertainment. The children come dropping in, their little feet toiling painfully up the stairs, by ones and twos. Some are too young—under four years old—to come alone; and almost all are late. Anything more sad than their appearance, though their eyes have a bright gleam in them because of the coming feast, it is impossible to imagine. To those who do not know what sickness means among poor folks, they would appear very ill indeed; but this is not so. Some, indeed, are scrofulous, some have hip-disease, some have abscesses—all, be it remembered, ailments requiring what doctors call 'constant support,' but all are capable of improvement.

The difference between the new-comers and those who are habitués of the Children's Table is very clearly marked. Each has a halfpenny in his or her hand, which he or she gives up to the Lady Superintendent, who finds that this nominal payment renders the benefit conferred more valued by the children's parents. Then they take their seats at a feast such as, except at No. 47 Earl Street, they never partake of save in dreams. The meat is excellent, with plenty of potatoes and gravy; and in summer-time they have always a little fruit. An allowance of half a pound of meat is provided for each; but while some consume that portion eagerly, others—the new-comers—are at first unable to cope with such abundance. As this is well understood beforehand, a portion of the joint always remains; and when the rest have done, the Superintendent gives the order: 'Send out for Somebody.' In Paris, the gentlemen who hold themselves ready to make up dinner-parties are called *quatorzièmes*, and form a comparatively small class. But in the neighbourhood of Earl Street, they are very numerous. It would remind one of the guests who were bidden from the highways to a certain marriage-feast; only in this case they are by no means 'compelled' to come in, but do so with great alacrity. Unlike many of their elders, who feast on rich fare, our little folks know when they have had enough, which they signify by turning round on their bench; and the way in which a very tiny guest will resent being turned round—under the misapprehension that his banquet is concluded—is an amusing spectacle. There is a little creature called 'The Footman,' aged five, an orphan waif of the neighbourhood, who 'waits,' and is himself an example of what continuous good feeding can effect in a child; his wholesome and plump appearance contrasts strangely with that of his less fortunate contemporaries, and forms an excellent advertisement of the Institution.

The good done by the humble charity, as any one may read in its Reports, is as great as the pleasure given, which is saying much indeed. Nor do the benefits it confers stop with this meal, though it is the chief one. Not only can tickets be purchased for sixpence each, or books containing ten for five shillings, to admit sick

children to these entertainments; but tickets for milk and eggs for those who are not equal to beef and mutton. No one who has seen them at their mid-day meal, would refuse his mite to feed these little ones. The faces of some of these invalids, softened by pain and timid from privation, are inexpressibly touching and tender.

Those who help them will be giving the best kind of help. The position of the little Institution is a sad one. Nothing is wasted, nothing save what is barely necessary is spent on 'working-expenses,' and it strives its best to keep going. But the neighbourhood is poor, and the existence of the Children's Dinner-table almost unknown. During the first year of its existence, it supplied seventeen hundred and forty-seven dinners; last year, through want of funds, only fifteen hundred and twenty-nine. Moreover, it has incurred a debt of fifty pounds; a small sum, but one which to this small charity is a heavy burden. Need we say more to those who have hearts and the means to remedy this state of things? It is no form of words to say that 'the smallest contribution will be thankfully received' by The Matron, 47 Earl Street, Lisson Grove, London, W.

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE case of Electricity *versus* Gas continues to be waged with undiminished ardour on each side. Hitherto, we have had no really reliable data to go upon as to the cost of electric lighting; but now that that form of illumination has come into such extended use, trustworthy figures begin to show themselves. Professor Crookes, who knows a great deal more about electricity than most people, has, in a letter to the *Times*, detailed his experiences of the incandescent system, which for some months has been in use at his house in Kensington. The installation of the new light cost three hundred pounds. He uses a small Bürgen dynamo machine, driven by a three and a half horse-power gas-engine. Through circumstances into which it is unnecessary here to enter, only two horse-power of this engine is available, so that the engine is not able to bring out the full power of the dynamo machine. The system comprises fifty lamps (not all in use at the same time), distributed to different parts of the house; and the cost per annum, as compared with gas, shows a balance in favour of electricity of four pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence. This estimate takes no account of the interest on the capital sunk; but Professor Crookes maintains that this, and the cost of wear and tear, also omitted, are more than counter-balanced by the absence of blackened ceilings, soiled curtains, tarnished gilding, unhealthy atmosphere, and all those minor evils which are commonly urged against the use of gas.

Mr Preece, the eminent electrician to the Post-office, has also done good service in pointing out and correcting the common mistake of

confounding the subdivision of the electric current with its distribution. A given current produced, say, by one horse-power may give an arc-light equal to two thousand candles; but by no known means can this be so completely utilised, when subdivided, as to feed twenty lamps, each of one hundred candle-power. The best that has yet been done with one horse-power is to produce eight incandescent lights, each equal to sixteen candles, distributed as desired. As an example, he points to the largest machine yet made, that of Edison, which maintains twelve hundred incandescent sixteen-candle lamps with an expenditure of one hundred and fifty horse-power. The same power applied to the production of one stupendous arc-light ought to give a light of many million candles. We therefore see that although the incandescent system in the hands of Edison, Swan, Maxim, and others offers at present the only feasible plan of house-to-house distribution, it is a most extravagant way of using the electric current.

The steamship *Labrador*, in a recent passage from Havre to New York, was, by means of Faure's accumulators, lighted by electricity during the whole of the voyage. The 'boxes of electricity' were charged by a dynamo machine on shore just before the vessel sailed; and although eight lights were kept continually in use, the supply of electricity was not exhausted at the end of the voyage. The lamps used were on the incandescent principle, and included those of Edison, Swan, and Maxim.

Captains Burton and Cameron, who accomplished a joint exploration of the gold-fields of West Africa, which only terminated a few months ago, recently gave an account of their experiences before the Society of Arts, London. They found gold in the black sand, in the washings from the hills, not far below the surface of the ground. In the streets of Axim, which must be considered as the chief outpost of this future California, gold spangles glittered after a shower. Gold is even yielded by the 'swish' which passes for mortar, cementing the walls of the houses; and gold-dust is collected by the native women from the sand of the sea-shore. In a word, the country seems to teem with the precious metal, only waiting for capital and labour to pick it up.

The French government have organised a meteorological expedition to Cape Horn, and the French Academy have urged the importance of appointing specialists to the mission for zoological, geological, and botanical researches. Special attention is to be given to the large mammalia, seals, sea-elephants, &c., which are rapidly disappearing; and many other orders of animal life are recommended by the Academy for study.

Some years ago, there was exhibited at South Kensington a number of paintings of plants and flowers, the work of Miss Marianne North, which at the time were greatly admired. Miss North has now presented this unique picture-gallery to the nation; and it finds an appropriate abiding-place in the Botanical Garden at Kew. Miss North is not only an accomplished artist, but an intrepid traveller, for all these pictures have been executed on the spots where the originals grew. And when we note that these spots seem to comprise

every country on the face of the globe, we cannot help feeling both astonishment and admiration at the courage and perseverance of the artist. Miss North is not a botanist in the technical sense of the term; but her drawings are so truthful, that in the opinion of those qualified to judge, they must ever remain a most valuable addition to a botanist's resources. Sir Joseph Hooker writes of these pictures: 'Many of the views here brought together represent vividly and truthfully scenes of astonishing interest and singularity, and objects that are among the wonders of the vegetable kingdom; and these, though now accessible to travellers and familiar to readers of travels, are already disappearing, or are doomed shortly to disappear before the axe and the forest fires, the plough and the flock, of the ever-advancing settler or colonist.' It will thus be seen that Miss North has done a great work in preserving the likeness of plants which in many cases are being pushed out of existence.

The study of optical phenomena would hardly seem to be profitable to one who has the misfortune to be blind; yet it is a fact that one of the most eminent of living authorities on optics, M. J. Plateau, of the Royal Academy of Belgium, has for the past forty years been totally blind. With the view of helping fellow-sufferers, he has lately written a pamphlet describing the curious sensations and experiences which his affliction brings before him; and his account of the spectral tints and lights and shades, which seem to appear before his darkened eyeballs, are specially interesting, and may possibly lead to some practical result. He traces his blindness to a habit which he in his younger days adopted, of looking steadfastly at the sun, in order to study the after-effects upon his eyes. It was several years later that he was smitten with blindness, but not before he had been subject to coloured appearances which seemed to form themselves round gas-flames, candles, &c. He alleges that Galileo records his experiences of similar halos, before blindness supervened in his case. M. Plateau therefore advises any one whose eyes give persistent coloured halos round light sources, to take warning, and at once to consult an oculist.

In the *Nineteenth Century* for May appears an anti-vaccination article by Mr P. A. Taylor, into which a curious error has crept. He gives the mean annual death-rate from smallpox for five years at more than four times the sum it ought to be. Dr W. B. Carpenter, the champion of vaccination, has examined the figures, and shows conclusively that they refer to measles instead of smallpox. Had the figures been correct, they would have formed a strong argument—as Mr Taylor intended they should—as to the impotence of vaccination. Corrected by Dr Carpenter, they go far to prove its efficacy; for they show that the actual mean for the five years in question is little more than half that of the lowest previous period.

Visitors to the Zoological Gardens are familiar with the ludicrous appearance of that long-beaked bird the Malay adjutant, which Mr Marks is so fond of introducing into his pictures. An interesting account of these curious birds appears in a series of notes by Lieutenant Kelham, published in a recent number of the *Ibis*. The two birds in question were kept as pets by the 74th

Highlanders when stationed at Penang in 1877. Although they were not kept in confinement, they never seemed inclined to stray far away from the camp, but would spend the greater part of their time standing opposite to one another, bill to bill, with outspread wings, never uttering a sound. After a time, one of the birds died, and the post-mortem examination—in which the living bird seemed to take the greatest interest—showed that the indigested leg of a fowl was the cause of death. The survivor banqueted on his friend's remains without compunction!

A new disease has been noted as occurring among workmen engaged in the manufacture of bichromate of potash, that brilliant red salt which is used for mahogany-staining and for many other purposes in the arts. The disease commences by a tickling sensation in the septum or partition of the nose which divides the nostrils; and although no actual pain is felt, and to the outward observer no change is seen, the partition is gradually but surely destroyed. No other part is affected, the lungs and throat even retaining their normal condition. At some works in Russia, fifty per cent. of the men proved on examination to be suffering from this new malady. The same salt is used largely in many photographic printing processes, and proves very poisonous to some people, who cannot with impunity touch a solution containing it.

By the government measure termed the Ancient Monuments Bill, certain ancient remains in the three kingdoms are selected for special attention. The owners of these may empower the Board of Works to become guardians, to cleanse, fence, repair, and do whatever is necessary to preserve the remains for all time. The Bill also confers upon the Commissioners of Works the power to purchase any ancient monument to which the measure applies, out of moneys which may from time to time be provided by parliament for that purpose. The Bill further provides an Inspector of ancient monuments, and imposes a penalty not exceeding five pounds, and damages for wilful injury. We wish that it were possible by Act of Parliament to prevent heedless people from cutting and scratching their names on public edifices and monuments. St Paul's Cathedral is a disgraceful example of this abominable practice. The various staircases and galleries leading to the top of the dome are defaced by the names of those who have thus tried to immortalise themselves. Even the trees in Epping Forest bear copious evidence of this nonsensical mania. Can nothing be done to stop it?

Mr Cecil N. Shadbolt has kindly forwarded to us a photograph which he took from the car of a balloon which started from the Alexandra Palace on Whit-Monday last. Mr Shadbolt has written a most interesting account of this, his first essay in aëronautics, which appears in the *British Journal of Photography*. The photograph is a success; but, as may be imagined, has far more the appearance of a map than of a picture; houses, railways, vehicles, and even people are distinguishable; but as the photograph was taken from an altitude of two thousand feet, the said people can be easily covered by the point of the finest needle. Mr Shadbolt has the credit of producing the first balloon-photograph in

which anything at all can be recognised, and although it is far from possessing the perfection which we look for in a picture taken on terra firma, it is, as we have said, a success.

Some balloon experiments have lately been tried in Germany with a new form of aërostat. Although filled with hydrogen, it will not of itself ascend, for its total weight is twenty-one pounds above that of the air which it displaces. A system of vanes actuated by machinery in the car causes the balloon to ascend, or to travel in any required direction. The motor, the nature of which is not stated, is said to weigh eighty pounds, and to give a force of four horse-power. The experiments were thoroughly successful; but—and there is a good deal in this 'but'—the weather was exceptionally calm.

'There is,' says *Iron*, 'a curious work of art in the grounds of the State-house at Columbia, South Carolina. It is an iron casting, commemorative of the soldiers, natives of that State, who died in the Secessionist War, whose names are inscribed on brass tablets at the base. The casting is a perfect imitation of the living palmetto, the favourite tree of South Carolina. The long, thin leaves of iron, lifelike, even to the hair-like fibres of the twigs and branches, wave tremulously in every breeze; and the whole tree, painted artistically, has so close a resemblance to the real tree as to deceive the acutest observer at the distance of five rods. In fact, the tree is a perfect success of the founder's art, and only those who have actually seen it are able to realise to what perfection that art may be brought.'

American Cheddar is the polite name for a mixture of skim-milk and lard, or skim-milk and oleo-margarine, which, according to the Secretary of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, competent judges cannot distinguish from the cheese of which it is an imitation. The food is said to be perfectly wholesome so long as it is made from pure ingredients; but unfortunately, when adulteration creeps into a manufacture, it does not know when to stop. A slaughtered hog in America when found from disease to be unfit for bacon, is boiled down for lard, and it is too probable that such lard might find its way into the newly invented Cheddar. It is suggested that the manufacturer should be compelled to stamp the nature of the commodity 'artificial cheese,' so that buyers should at least know what they are purchasing. From America we are also promised imitation Stilton and other well-known English cheeses.

A lively controversy has been going on in the *Times* relative to the frozen meat which has lately reached the English market from New Zealand. Every one wishes to know what has become of it. A London butcher writes to say that the meat is no better than offal, and that the poor buy it for a few pence per pound. Another correspondent says that the carcasses were eagerly bought up by some of the leading London butchers, whose names he could furnish if required to do so. An importer says that the meat costs him from threepence three-farthings to fourpence per pound, and that he gets from the London butchers fivepence-halfpenny to sixpence farthing per pound for it. We have no desire to sift these conflicting statements. Perhaps the most satisfactory letter of all is that

of one who states that the public will before long be able to decide upon the quality of this class of meat, as arrangements have been made for the direct disposal of future shipments.

Herr Schneider, of Berlin, is supplying horse-shoes of a new pattern, which are said to insure a firm footing upon modern asphalt. The prominences, or calks, are of india-rubber instead of metal, and are fixed in pockets in the malleable iron body of the shoe. The rubber wears out uniformly with the iron; but even if this should not be the case, the calks can easily be inserted by any unskilled hand. Provision is made for a special form of calk for slippery weather.

The Citizens' Sanitary Society of Brooklyn are carrying on a warfare against the use of the ailantus tree, which was introduced from China some years ago, and now shades many of the streets of Brooklyn and New York. Its rapidity of growth and its hardness soon won for it general approval; but it is now urged that the odour of its spring blossoms is unhealthy, causing prostration of the nervous system, swollen joints, and other ailments. The householders and medical men are therefore signing petitions for its removal.

A recent communication by M. Boizard to a French horticultural Society recommends the employment in hot-houses of the vapour of tobacco-juice for the destruction of insect pests. The mode of procedure is as follows: A small quantity of the juice is boiled for two hours, then water is added, and the mixture is boiled more briskly until it all disappears in the form of vapour. The tenderest plants are not injured by this treatment; but it should not be attempted on a hot day. The greater part of the insects fall to the ground; the rest die on the plants. Plants thus treated may be considered safe from the attacks of most insects for about six months.

Mr Maybridge, the famous photographer of America whose 'trotting horse' and other studies of animals in motion have recently made so much stir in artistic circles, recently read a paper before the Society of Arts, London, in which he gave examples of the impossible attitudes given to animals by even the most experienced painters. He regretted that his efforts to get photographic records of the flight of birds had, from the extreme difficulties presented, been only partially successful. But he pointed out the curious circumstance that there were only two nations whose artists ever showed a bird's wings during flight in the downward position. These were the ancient Egyptians and the Japanese. He assumed that painters must be aware that a bird's wings take that position, but that they consider it inartistic so to draw them. We are inclined to think that this new photographic criterion of art may be carried too far. As we have before had occasion to remark, the camera is so much quicker in its appreciation of a moving object than the human eye, that it really has the power of recording attitudes which to us are practically invisible. We require artists to hold the mirror up to Nature as we see her, and not as a rapid gelatine plate observes her. Regarding this a contemporary writes: 'What seems unmistakably true to one expert, seems ludicrously false to another; but happily the world at large need

not greatly concern itself with the disputes. After all, a man's poor eyes are the best visual organs he possesses, and he must do what he can with them. If artists draw horses which convey to the spectator the notion that they are going at extreme speed; if the trot is so represented that it strikes the man who has carefully observed the trot as a truthful illustration of the pace, such drawings will be received and will give pleasure, though hundreds of photographers and scientific men should maintain that they were ridiculous.'

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A NATURAL BALLROOM.

ABOUT a mile from the market-town of Adelsberg in Austria, and three miles from Triest, is to be seen the most wonderful cavern in Europe, and possibly in the world, called the Adelsberg Cave, and which has been explored for a length of nearly three thousand yards, as far as a subterranean lake. This cavern consists of several grottos from sixty to eighty feet high. The interior resounds with the noise of water, as a little river runs completely through it, forming many cascades on its way, and being finally lost to view in a fissure. This river continues its subterranean course for about eight miles; and after a time, it disappears into the caverns of Laase, whence it emerges as a navigable river called the Laibach. The entrance to the cave of Adelsberg is illuminated by hundreds of candles, and a transparent curtain, composed of large sheets of crystallised limestone, is seen hanging from the roof. The vast hall or ball-room is about one hundred and eighty yards from the entrance. It is three hundred feet long, and one hundred feet high, and is adorned with transparent stalactites of every kind of fantastic shape and form. Until the year 1819, this ball-room was the only part known; but at this date, the wall of stalagmite was broken through, and a series of chambers exposed to view possessing a cathedral-like appearance, from the stalactites in many instances forming vast columns, by meeting the stalagmites below. In the Adelsberg Cavern, numerous specimens are found of the proteus, a kind of lizard that dwells in the bottom of cavern-lakes.

AUSTRALIAN BUSH-TRACKING.

'An extraordinary instance,' says the *Brisbane Courier*, 'of the powers of Australian bushmen in "tracking" is reported from Carcoar. On Monday morning last, 30th January, a Mrs Green, living at Mile-post Creek, in the Carcoar district, had occasion to go away to her neighbour's, leaving her child, aged two years and six months, in bed, believing it would not attempt to get up during her absence. In this Mrs Green was mistaken, for on her return the child could not be found; and the fact of its being clothed only in a little nightgown caused the parents more anxiety, especially as it was a fiercely hot day. A search was made by the neighbours, assisted by a man named Judd, noted as a clever tracker, who followed slowly on the infant's tracks (which were at times lost in the scrub) for about thirty

hours, when the little thing was found, safely quartered in a hollow log twelve miles from its home. The child was somewhat sunburnt, but otherwise quite well.'

THE CASTOR-OIL PLANT AS A FLY-DESTROYER.

We have long been accustomed (says a correspondent of *Land and Water*) to look upon the castor-oil plant as an ornament for our apartments; but I recently came across an article in *La Nature*, wherein M. Raffard, member of the Horticultural Society at Limoges, stated that a castor-oil plant, raised in a pot, placed in a room infested by flies, caused them to disappear as though by magic. On seeking to ascertain the cause, a large quantity of dead flies were found scattered around, whilst several others were stuck to the under part of the leaves. It appears that the leaves of the castor-oil plant exude an oil which is poisonous to all the insect tribe. It is not without interest to have it proved that the castor-oil plant, which is so ornamental, can resist the air of a *café* or other heated room where the temperature is so variable. As this plant grows very large, and is cultivated in almost all gardens, would it not be worth while to try a decoction of these leaves to destroy the blight and other insects which injure our plants and fruit-trees?

THE RUNNING-MAN TARGET.

Last year we took occasion to notice the invention and patenting, by Mr W. B. Blaikie, Edinburgh, of a running-man target for rifle-practice. The target, as then explained, is made of stout millboard, cut to represent a man, life-size, and painted to the fancy of the shooter. It is suspended from a wire, along which it runs; and can be worked by one man, who, while operating, is protected in the ordinary marking-butt or mantlet, and can signal the hits without leaving cover. The purpose which this target is meant to serve—namely, to test a rifleman's ability to hit a moving object—is a commendable one. To shoot at a fixed target, and to shoot at a moving figure, are very different things; and if our Rifle Volunteers are to be serviceable in the field, they must be able to do more than merely make 'points' at an object that never moves. To show how much practice is needed in shooting at some such moving object as the running-man target, we have only to instance what took place at this year's meeting of the Edinburgh and Mid-Lothian Rifle Association. There were competitions at the running-man target (life-size), moving at from four to eight miles an hour, and at two hundred yards' distance. The great proportion of the competitors were crack-shots; yet the following was the result: Out of eighty-four shots fired on the first day of the meeting, there were seven hits; on the second day, out of eighty-eight there were four hits, and out of a hundred, nine hits; on the third day, out of seventy-two shots, five hit; and on the fourth day, out of two hundred shots, eighteen hit. That is, out of five hundred and forty-four shots fired by otherwise competent marksmen, only forty-three in all—or eight per cent.—struck the 'running-man.' This seems to speak strongly for some more efficient means of rifle-practice than by fixed targets, being

adopted both for our Volunteers and the regular army.

WATER-SPECTACLES.

During this the bathing season, some of our readers may hear with interest of a recent invention calculated to enhance the pleasures of that healthy and agreeable pastime. Most practised swimmers vary their watery evolutions by an occasional dive; in these descents, however, all attempts to discern objects generally result in little more than a vague vision of shimmering patches of light and colour. This indistinct perception is caused of course by the very different refractive power of water from that of air—the medium to which the complicated and delicate apparatus of our eyes is adapted. To restore, then, distinct sight to the immersed eye, such a lens is needed as will compensate for the difference in refractive power between air and water, and cause the focus of rays of light, reflected from visible objects to our eye, to fall flush upon the retina, as is the case when we are in our normal element, instead of falling beyond it, as occurs when the eye is submerged. Such a lens has been devised by Dr Dudgeon; and diving-spectacles fitted with a pair of such glasses are manufactured by a London optician, Mr Adie of Pall Mall.

EVENTIDE.

Tired of its own bright charms, the golden Day
Rests in the arms of Evening; all is still;
Nor leaf, nor flower moves, lest the spell might break
Which holds the Earth bound fast in twilight chains.
From yonder hawthorn tree, some leaf-hid bird
Breathes to the dying day a soft farewell,
That, mingling with the stillness, seems to weave
Into the silence threads of melody.
Wild roses, since the dawn, have deeply blushed
Beneath the Sun's warm kisses; now at Eve
Faint odours, passing sweet, possess the air—
Rich incense offered to the Queen of Night!
For lo! a silvery light falls all around,
As up the violet heavens a pale young moon
Climbs high, and higher still.

A low-voiced breeze,
Rising with balmy sigh amid the hills,
Comes ling'ringly adown the rocky glen,
Floats o'er the uplands, kisses every flower,
And whispers that the fair, sweet Day is dead!
Now restful thoughts and calm enter the heart,
And soothe the tired brain; as from on High
A blessing falls on everything below:
Cool shades to Evening—rest and peace to Man.

AGNES M. MACONACHIE.

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GOLD.

WE understand better than the ancients the cause of what has been aptly termed, the hunger for gold. It is not a mere lust for wealth, a passionate avarice, a heartless selfishness that makes mankind seek the royal metal wherever it may be—a metal which alone furnishes a basis by which the transactions of international commerce can be carried on. As the frontiers of trade invade the savage parts of the earth, all local standards of value are discarded in favour of gold. Cattle, cloth, shells, and other things, useful or conventional, lose their exchange utilities; and a time is coming when gold will be the universal intermediary. The consequence will be a general levelling of values all over the world, and that means that the enjoyment of the fruits of his labour will be assured to every toiler. Thenceforward, no savage will dispose of the products of his native land for beads, bits of glass, rum-bottles, or Birmingham-made idols. Between him and the trader's greed, gold will mediate. In Britain, during the abundant supply of the metal, it has banished the truck-system, and brought master and man into truer financial relationship.

The history of modern commerce is the history of gold-discovery. Looking through the four centuries that have elapsed since Columbus revealed a New World to the Old, we see how much gold had to do with the exploration and settlement of the West. It was owing to the mass of precious metal poured into Europe by the Spaniards from the plunder of Mexico and Peru, that the commerce of the sixteenth century sprang forward more than it had done in all preceding time. A hope to obtain gold in fabulous quantity led to the immense emigrations from East to West. No other lure could have induced men to undergo the perils of the menacing Atlantic, which had held the boldest at bay. The desire for American gold, like another Crusade, blended many races into a mighty host, and broke down many insular barriers for ever.

In a wonderfully short time, considering the strange character of the adventurers and the smallness of their ships, much of the New World was explored by the searchers for the Eldorado. If they failed to find that wonder-land, other marvels were achieved. New nations were added to the human family, invaluable productions were added to the stores of trade, and the huge Pacific Ocean to the water-ways of commerce. Geography became a science.

The business of Europe was phenomenally vitalised by Spanish-American gold. It quickly found its way to the real centres of trade in Italy and Holland, leaving Spain as fast as it entered. For gold then, as now, gravitated to those who knew best how to use it. By rapine and fraud, the mild natives of Mexico and Peru had been dispossessed, and their spoilers fell under the ban which blights ill-gotten wealth. Wherever there was commercial ability in Europe, the new gold and the new domains of trade were taken advantage of. England felt the impulse of the time perhaps more than other countries; but every one, even the most barbarous, was precipitated upon that mercantile path which all pursue today.

After the supply of American gold had diminished, Africa was sedulously explored, and the Gold Coast furnished the Dutch, Portuguese, French, and English with what sufficed to keep up the accelerating movements of commerce that went on through the seventeenth century. India, China, and other parts of the Eastern world contributed; but the demand was never appeased. In the eighteenth century, as the British dominion began to supersede native rule in India, large quantities of gold found their way westward; with the result of expanding trade both foreign and domestic.

But owing to ignorance of the real part gold plays in commerce, the development of international trade was retarded, and at times suspended by the follies and crimes of merchants, and by the policy of governments. Commercial wars and national piracies retarded the progress

of business, and perpetuated the savagery of human nature. Men had to learn by painful errors that gold is the machinery of trade, nothing more. To get it and keep it in the country was the object of nations; to get it and hoard it, the object of individuals. Only a few scientific men understood that all trade, whether internal or external, was simply a bartering of commodities or an exchange of services; the vast majority believed that gold was all in all. Hence it was sought for everywhere, and some of the greatest *savants* devoted life and knowledge to the search for a chemical agent which should convert the baser metals into gold. As the light of to-day's effulgent science falls upon the blunders of philosophers and upon the errors of economists, we are amazed that men could have been so misled as to the true way to wealth. Yet, coming generations, judging us by a still more potent science, may also be astonished at *our* errors. Barbarous policies still divide the foremost nations from each other, and forbid that fraternal reciprocity of service upon which human happiness and progress wholly depend.

The acceptance of gold as a common medium furnished mankind with an instrument of illimitable potency, and one that was indispensable for the solidarity of nations. Political economy had to discover its relationship with commerce, and some fundamental truths were arrived at by the close of the eighteenth century. How they were applied in knocking off the fetters of commerce, is well known. Our present object, however, is to note the consequences of the great gold-findings, which took place when the value of gold was better understood. Steam-industry and locomotion were among the factors of trade when the Californian discoveries sent a thrill of excitement throughout the world; and the electric telegraph just starting to girdle the earth, spread the glad tidings that the true Eldorado was found at last. The new gold multiplied railways everywhere; mechanical industry supplanted handwork in every department of activity, and all the concrete sciences and useful arts were greatly improved. Each became prolific causes of material and intellectual wealth. Vast multitudes went to California from every state in America and Europe; and an immense sutler-host followed the army of gold-diggers, to supply its wants and its whims. This large draught upon labour facilitated the transformation of industry from its individual methods to the associated system. Lancashire and Yorkshire no longer rebelled against steam-power and factory organisation. Californian gold bridged over the terrible chasm which had threatened to engulf thousands of cotton and woollen operatives in an abyss of hunger. A hundred new employments absorbed the people whom steam had dismissed from their wonted occupations, to re-engage them in other and better ones. The inventive spirit of the time was not less manifested at the gold-fields than in the domain of industry. Mining was immensely facilitated by the machines and contrivances which came to help the gold-getter to liberate the metal from its rocky matrix and to wash it from its hiding-place. Moreover, geology stepped in and explained the mystery of auriferous deposits, and saved mankind from a vast waste of time and money.

Just as Europe had shot forward meteor-like in the sixteenth century, by the impulse it received from American gold, so in the nineteenth century, another and infinitely greater movement followed the discovery of Western treasure. A reverberation of activity, of speculation, of adventure thundered into the remotest villages, and aroused the supinest to fevered expectation. Ranks and classes began to assume new attitudes to each other; social rigidities gave place to unloped-for elasticities; external events settled internal disputes; emigration liberated energies from dangerous restraints at home to beneficent activities abroad.

While Californian gold-finding was electrifying mankind, astounding reports came from Australia of auriferous deposits unparalleled by all previous discoveries. The precious metal was said to be picked up in boulder-like masses upon the surface of the ground. When nuggets of incredible weight were shipped to England, and gold markets quaked with apprehension of a deluge that would utterly subvert all values, such a furor set in as had never perhaps been known in the world before. A gold-fever pervaded civilisation. The 'finds' in California had prepared men for almost anything; but this preternatural quantity of gold lying in the mysterious solitudes of the 'newest world,' made the placers and the mines of America seem insignificant. A frenzy to possess the fascinating metal waiting for owners seized upon multitudes of every order of mind, and almost every grade of society sent representatives to the Australian diggings. The strong, the weak, the poor, the rich, the learned, the illiterate jostled in a mighty stampede to the Southern Eldorado. But speedily they were differentiated into ranks and conditions, that few had dreamed of when starting on the common quest. Civilisation shaped their ends in spite of themselves. Extraordinary metamorphoses took place. Gold-getting was an art that only some could prosecute. More than *desire* was needed to win the metal from its recesses. The idle, the incompetent, the unstable, the vagrant, failed in the gold-fields, as they had failed in other fields at home. The head-learned became subordinate to the hand-learned. University-men became the cooks and washermen of navvies and sailors who tracked the ore to its home. Young curates took to a pastoral life of another kind than they had known in Britain, and tended sheep on the Plains. Cockney roughs, who had disturbed the peace of their native Metropolis, maintained order in the antipodeal mobs. Country bumpkins were transformed into colonial magnates, wandering pedlers became merchants and bankers. Convicts rose from ignominy and despair to honour and wealth. Such a terrific sifting was never seen previously, as went on in Australia during the rushes from one gold-field to another, and while the social edifice was being sketched. The fate of millions was profoundly changed, not only in Australia, but at home. So great a commingling of men and ideas had never occurred before. California had interfused many tribes, kindreds, and tongues; but things went on in Australia on a larger scale and with greater rapidity.

Great as were the social consequences of gold-finding in Australia itself, they were still greater in England and Europe, as the golden river poured

into the channels of trade. The last vestiges of feudalism tottered to their fall; and associated industry spread into every country. Joint-stock Companies began to supersede individuals in commerce; for the wealth of the world was now in many hands. Wages rose, and the hours of labour fell universally. The education of the masses of the people was also thereby rendered more than hitherto possible. A new and remarkable confidence in the *future* began to affect mankind. Heretofore, the Golden Age had been placed in the irrecoverable past, and men had accepted the doleful belief that an inevitable degeneracy was the fate of humanity. With the new gold and the innumerable instruments of wealth it created, a new faith in the brilliant destiny of posterity arose. The deductions of science warranting this were eagerly caught up. Theories and speculations that would have been rejected with contempt twenty years before, found ready acceptance.

For thirty years this time lasted, and then the golden harvest shrank into smaller and smaller crops, men's hopes falling proportionately. Gold was still got in California and Australia, and new fields in New Zealand had been discovered. But the yield was not encouraging; the fever was over. The demands of commerce were infinite; for it had dilated to the extremities of the planet. Moreover, the influx of gold had affected the monetary equilibrium of the world, compelling all states to make it their standard, while the wear and tear of coin was vastly greater than in earlier times, from the rapidity of circulation. Gold, like other substances, perishes in use. Tough and coherent as it is, the transfer from hand to hand and from pocket to pocket grinds it into impalpable dust, which is withdrawn from man's service for ever. Nevertheless, though some may talk of a gold-famine, we may be on the eve of a gold-supply far more abundant than any previous ones.

Recently, Captain Burton, the celebrated traveller, has reported that almost illimitable gold can be obtained at the Gold Coast, Africa, a district which has been auriferously prolific for centuries. He says the region is equal to half a dozen Californias, a statement that might be doubted if made by a less capable authority. The testimony of the great traveller is supported by another illustrious discoverer, Commander Cameron, who visited and investigated the Gold Coast along with Captain Burton. Gold is found in the sea-sand, in the dust of the roads, and in the mud walls of native huts. Several mining Companies are engaged in gold-finding in the district, and they testify to the great possibilities it affords. A subject of such importance has of course been widely discussed by experts in England; and by this time large numbers of prospectors are doubtless verifying matters on the spot.

There are many difficulties in Africa that did not confront the gold-diggers of California and Australia. The climate has its dangers; the inhabitants are savages; the rulers, suspicious and hostile to strangers. But where abundant gold is to be got with ease, white men will go; and the capital of civilisation will flow thither, bearing ten thousand energies to confront those of nature and barbarism. The want of gold is

so great, that the world must have it at any risk; and were it guarded by all the savages of Africa united into a single host, it would become the possession of commerce. When geologists and specialists have pronounced a favourable opinion, and diggers have proof positive that a great gold deposit remains to be worked, the difficulties with natives will soon be solved. Medical science can mitigate the evils of the worst climate. During the thirty years of great gold-discovery, the art of mining and washing for the metal has made more progress than in all antecedent time. Everything favours a speedy translation of African gold into the channels of international trade, should it be found in the quantities alleged by Captain Burton.

But beside enlarging the possibilities of external civilisation, African gold would introduce an enduring civilisation into Africa itself, in those equatorial regions that have hitherto remained barbaric. California and Australia have given their auriferous treasures to the world, and in return have received a far greater enrichment in agricultural, pastoral, and mechanical wealth. Metallic deserts have been changed into industrial empires, that will enrich man for all coming time. So, in equatorial Africa, when gold has disappeared, civilisation will remain. Who can say what commercial future awaits the inhabitants of the Dark Continent, when once they are affiliated with the rest of the human family in the bonds of trade?

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

CHAPTER XXX.—SHORN OF WEALTH AND SHORN OF ALL.

THE strong spring sunshine lay, at random broadcast, on sea and shore, and the great spring wind came roaring like the voice of a lusty giant. There was scarce a cloud in the sky, and scarce a cloud in happy Gerard's mind. Stout Roland, feeling the spring in his veins, caracoled hither and thither with arched neck and mincing feet; and Gerard felt all the horse's joy, and in the pauses of the ride lifted up his voice and sang for gladness, at the eager wind and the wide sunshine and the hope of half an hour hence. He was riding to see Constance, and that of itself was enough; and besides, Gerard was one of those men to whom riding is the most delightful of all physical pleasures. So, with Roland curveting and prancing and making a mighty pretence of scorn at all things—with a tender measured fineness in every motion the while—Gerard came up to the lodge-gates of the Grange, and called for the lodge-keeper with a voice of jollity. Out she came, shading her eyes from the bright light, an old woman, who had kept the lodge for the old family.

'They be all gone to town, Muster Lumby,' said the old woman.

'Gone to town?' repeated Gerard in a voice of disbelief.

'Yes, sir,' said the old lady, 'all the fambly.'

Gerard sat without reply for one dismal minute, and then turned away.

A happy lover, who has come
To look on her that loves him well,
Who lights and rings the gateway bell,
And learns her gone and far from home.

He saddens; all the magic light
Dies off at once from bower and hall,
And all the place is dark, and all
The chambers emptied of delight.

He hung his head on the way back. There was no pleasure in the keen wind and bright sunshine on the homeward ride. Home reached, he found a note, just delivered by one of the Grange servants. It came from Constance, and ran thus:

DEAR GERARD—My father and Reginald are both going to town, and since I cannot be left in this great house alone, I am to go with them, and be taken to my Aunt Lucretia's. You will not forget to write to me. We shall be away for at least a week.—Yours truly, CONSTANCE.

The note was cool enough, but all Constance's missives had been cool, and so Gerard felt the absence of no accustomed warmth. Yet none the less the brief iciness chilled him, and he was puzzled by the command to write, and by the absence of an address to write to. This was the first he had heard of Aunt Lucretia, and he knew no more of her whereabouts than the note told him. He had a reticence about writing to Constance through her father, whose address he knew; and he felt, with a proud sense of undeserved injury, that if she had of purpose aforethought omitted her address, he would wait until she sent it to him. The bright spring hours began to go heavily. Val Strange had mysteriously disappeared, and Gerard was lonely and altogether ill at ease, until on Thursday morning came a telegram from the offices of the firm, under the hand of Mr Barnes: 'Please come to town by first train. Make no delay.'

'Your father has been away four days, Gerard,' said Mrs Lumby, 'and has never written me a line. That is very unusual, and it makes me a little anxious. You must tell him to write at once.'

The call to town revived Gerard's spirits. He was going to have a fortune put into his hands, and that meant freedom to marry so soon as Constance could be persuaded.

'All right, mother,' he answered lightly, kissing her. 'I won't forget.—Good-bye, Milly. Get ready,' he added with a compound smile, in which a most hangdog aspect blended comically with a beaming joyousness—'get ready for your orange blossoms.' Milly nodded gaily from the hall; the young fellow got into the dogcart beside the groom, and waving his hand, drove away. Pleasant thoughts were with him on his journey, and his spirits seemed to leap the higher for their late depression, as a branch released swings upward. His little bitterness about Constance was all dispelled; and as he rode through London streets towards the offices, he whistled like the mavis. Looks are not easy to define, or Gerard might have read pity in the face of the very porter at the doors, and

pity again in the face of elderly Johnson at his desk.

'Good-morning, Johnson,' said Gerard cheerily. 'Is my father here?'

'No, sir,' said the old clerk. 'Mr Lionel and Mr George are up-stairs.'

Mr Lionel and Mr George were the junior partners, Gerard's cousins. There was a marked sadness on the old man's brow, and a melancholy quaver in his voice.

'How glum you Londoners are, Johnson,' said the young fellow. 'Why, if you meet a ploughman in the country, you hear him whistling—out of tune most likely, but still whistling. They catch the habit from the birds, perhaps. But all you people look as if you were assisting at a funeral.'

'This way, sir,' said Johnson. 'Allow me.' He led the way up-stairs, turning half round to Gerard with a respectful bend. In the room which had been Garling's, sat Mr Barnes and the junior partners.

'Good-day, George,' said Gerard cheerily.—'Good-day, Lionel.—How d'ye do, Barnes? All here to help me into El Dorado, I suppose.—Where's the governor?'

The cousins shook hands with him solemnly, and Barnes bowed with saddened visage.

'Well, upon my word,' said Gerard, looking from one to the other, 'you're a cheerful lot, to be sure!' As he looked, his own face caught something of the shadow which lay on theirs.

'Sit down,' said his cousin Lionel. 'We are in trouble here.—Mr Barnes, tell him all you know.'

'First of all,' said Gerard, anxiously looking from one to another, 'where is my father?'

'At his hotel,' said Cousin George. 'He is not well; in fact, he is seriously unwell; but don't be afraid for him. Sit down.—Tell what you know, Barnes.'

At that, Barnes told all he knew, as we know it already; and Gerard listened amazed, almost beyond amazement.

'In the course of the evening,' pursued Barnes, 'I met Mr Lionel and Mr George. They had heard of the unfortunate circumstance of the cheque, and I gave them your father's assurance that everything would be right to-day. We were all naturally anxious, and we arranged to meet here at nine o'clock this morning—an hour earlier than usual. Mr Lionel and Mr George will tell you that they called at your father's hotel and could hear no news of him.'

'I called,' said Lionel, breaking in gravely, 'at Garling's place, to see if he knew anything. They told me he was away—the people at the shop beneath the rooms he lived in—he had gone away with a lady on Tuesday night.'

'With a lady?' cried Gerard.

'A young lady,' returned Cousin Lionel. 'He had taken an extra room for her some days before, and spoke of her as his daughter. She called him her father; and their joint story was credited.'

Gerard sank back in his chair, feeling like a man in a nightmare.

Barnes went on with his story, from which it appeared that the three reaching the offices at the appointed hour, found the night-porter and his wife in a terrible flutter of alarm and

excitement, having two hours before discovered the head of the firm insensible upon the floor of that room.

'It was probably providential,' said Barnes in conclusion, 'that in falling, he had slightly wounded himself and had lost a little blood. I am bound to say that the watchman and his wife seem to have acted with great promptitude. The man ran at once for a surgeon. Your father was removed to his hotel; a physician was sent for, and everything that skill could suggest had been done before our arrival.'

Gerard saw despair confronting him, and but an hour ago he had been so happy!

'We have done what we could here,' said George Lumby, rising and folding his arms across a burly chest. 'We have turned over the whole of our private balances to the credit of the firm. That is but a drop in the ocean,' he added sorrowfully; 'but'—lifting his head and striding across the room—'it may help us after all.'

'We conjecture,' said Lionel, 'that your father knows something we do not know, and we think that if we can tide over a day or two, he may save us. George and I have given instructions to realise on all stock we hold, and we *may* make a stand. But the cheque yesterday, and Garling's flight, and your father's sudden illness, have an ugly look. We are talked about everywhere, and we expect to be pressed. The small-fry have been at us already, and have been paid. We shall stand out as long as we can.'

The very prosperity of the firm had led the partners to their ruin. It had been so profitable to pour their profits anew into that great reservoir, that they had invested but little outside it, and now the treasures of the reservoir had sunk, as into some great subterranean cavern.

All day the ominous City talk went on, and men spoke of the great House as doomed. It was believed that Garling had got away with prodigious sums, and so his pre-eminence amongst keen fellows remained undisputed still. There were some adventurous spirits who were willing to take long odds against the breakage of the firm; and sportive clerks offered the market betting on the event, as if it had been a sort of City Derby. Once that day the firm was hit hard; and the junior partners took up a great bill of which, until then, they had known nothing, and waited with what stoicism they had for the next blow to fall. Gerard, feeling as if his heart had been one great ache, sat down and wrote a letter to his mother, disguising from her the ills that had befallen, and striving to write lightly, whilst his heart sank over every word like lead. 'Do not expect to hear from either of us for a day or two,' he wrote, 'for we are most prodigiously busy, and have no news which you unbusiness-like country-people would care to hear.'

Mrs Lumby reading this next day, took it for a jocular affectation of the cares of commerce worn for her amusement by the new partner, and she and Milly had a laugh over it. But a day or two actually going by, and she hearing no more, she wired a message of inquiry to the offices.

'You must answer it,' said George Lumby, who took it down to the hotel to Gerard. 'She

will be up here, otherwise.—How is he?' nodding at the door of the sick-room. Gerard had taken the dressing-room outside the chamber in which his father lay, and stayed there day and night.

'He knows nobody,' said Gerard sadly. 'Smiles at his fingers like a child, when he awakes.'

'Have you spoken to him?'

'Yes. He knows nobody. The doctor says he is out of danger, bodily.'

'He fears for his mind? Permanently?'

'I am afraid so,' answered Gerard with a dreary sigh.

'We may go at any hour,' said George gloomily—'at any hour.'—Gerard answered only by another sigh.—'We are all in the same boat, Gerard. Wire to your mother, and tell her not to be alarmed, and then write to-night.'

'Yes, yes,' answered Gerard; and his cousin went sadly away again. At that moment the door was rapped by a waiter, who brought in letters for Gerard, re-directed and sent on from the Hall by Milly. He looked at them absently, and seeing that one came from Constance, he opened it and read it. She wrote as coolly as ever, but bade him come to see her if he should come to town, and gave her address this time. Icily brief as it was, the note would have made him happy a day or two before; and now, having read it, he laid it to his breast with a great sob, and hung his head, as if to hide from the mere daylight the blinding tears in his eyes. But recovering himself after a while, he answered his mother's message, and afterwards sat down and wrote her a cheerful letter, asking her to come to London, and telling her that his father had been unwell, but was recovering now. 'She will think it a slight matter,' he thought; 'and why should she be troubled, poor soul, before her time? She will be troubled enough, when she knows.'

When she came next day with Milly, she found her husband sitting up in bed, with a pinched and vacant look upon his face. He knew nobody, but smiled at her—an awful smile—and talked disjointedly of things that had happened years ago. Then Gerard discovered that his kindly meant deceit was cruel; for the shock well-nigh cost his mother her wits, and for an hour or two she was pale and helpless and as cold as marble. But a great fit of crying coming to her aid, she recovered herself, and sat down beside her husband's bed; and she and Milly watched there to the exclusion of all others but Gerard and the doctors. They told her nothing of the affairs of the House, thinking one trouble enough at a time. Gerard sent no word to Constance, but waited like a man condemned until the last stroke should fall. It fell on Tuesday, a week and a day after the elder Lumby's arrival in town. The two junior partners came together in the dusk of the afternoon, and he saw the doom of the House in their faces.

'It is all over,' said the elder of the two in a commonplace voice.

'Yes,' said the other. 'We closed the doors at half-past two. We heard it cried by the news-boys in the streets as we came here.'

Gerard took up his hat and made as if to leave the room; but there was such a look upon his face, that the two cousins, exchanging a swift glance, stepped between him and the door, and

each laid a friendly hand upon him. 'Where are you going, Gerard?' asked George.

He looked at them, first at one and then at the other, and reading their fear, shook his head, and tried to smile. 'I am going to see my sweetheart,' said the simple Gerard, choking down a sob. 'I must tell her what has happened, and say good-bye. She can't marry a pauper; and I don't want her to learn the news from the papers. I sha'n't be long away. You can keep it from my mother for a time. She has enough to bear.'

'They know it in the hotel,' said George. 'The very waiters know it. We are all in the same boat, Gerard.'

They shook hands sadly, as men before now have shaken hands in shipwreck, waiting for the shock and the plunge; and Gerard passed into the streets, and walked, deep beneath the waters of despair. How he reached the little house in Chesterfield Street, he never knew; but he stood at last before the door, and asked quietly for Miss Jolly; and sent in his card and waited. To the day of his death, he will not forget that waiting. It seemed long, long before the little parlour-maid returned and marshalled him upstairs and into Constance's presence. She came with a languid grace to meet him, and held out her hand; but at the sight of his face, paused, and looked at him with greating eyes.

'I have come to say good-bye,' he said. His heart was like ice in his breast.

'Good-bye?' she answered. 'Gerard! What do you mean?' She fancied she read something like a threat in his manner. Looks are hard to read, and the reader is likely to see himself reflected in their characters. She was fresh from thinking of Val Strange. Of what was Gerard thinking?

'Yes,' he answered; 'I am here to say good-bye. You can't marry a pauper.' His voice was strained and harsh, and he spoke with difficulty. 'The House has failed. I have come to tell you so, and to give you back your freedom.'

'The House has failed? The firm?'

'The firm of Lumby and Lumby is bankrupt,' he responded. 'I won't detain you,' he added helplessly, not knowing what words found their way to his lips. 'Good-bye!' With that he turned, and suddenly flung both arms abroad with the ultimate gesture of despair, and dropped them, heavily, at his sides. What could she say? What comfort could she offer? What consolation could reach him? 'Work and hope, and I will wait.' Ah, she was not free to say that. She might have said it to the man she loved, and have dared her father's opposition, and poverty, and the cankering cares of waiting years, as many a maid had done before her for a true man's sake. But she had no such balm for Gerard, who being shorn of wealth, was shorn of all.

Perhaps in some inmost corner of his heart he waited for some command which should give him life again. Perhaps, at the sight of his despair, she half wished that she could give it. She touched him timidly on the sleeve, awed by the silence of his grief, for she knew that he had loved her well, and she guessed at something of his miseries. At that touch he turned, and for one passionate moment held her in his arms;

then, with a cry like that of some wild creature in extreme pain, he released her, and rushed from the room and from the house.

* * * *

Constance, thus left alone, was filled with many struggling emotions, amongst which it would not have been easy for any philosopher to discern the uppermost. Gerard had half frightened her by the wildness of his farewell; and she would have been less than woman had she been unmelted by his grief. His trouble, as it referred to her, naturally touched her less than did the loss of his fortune. 'Me?' she thought (and not unwisely, for she judged from what she knew), 'he will grieve because he has lost me, perhaps for a month or two; but he will feel the loss of his fortune all his life.' She could not, struggle as she might, disguise from herself the fact that she was pleased to be free. She had never greatly cared for him. Since that first day when the warmth of his ardour had a little touched her heart, he had never raised a thrill in her. And since then, Val Strange had risen on the horizon of her life, and in spite of herself, she had glided into such a love for him as she never guessed or dreamed before. Yes; she was sorry for Gerard, but she was pleased to be free. And yet, Val had gone away; resolutely bent on curing himself, and to that end had set an inexorable distance between himself and her, and might stay away for years. Why, since it was to come, could not Gerard's misfortune have come a week sooner? She hated herself for that cruel thought; but it was there, and she could not drive it from her. Poor Gerard! She respected him greatly, and liked him, coldly; and if she had been an empress with gifts to give, she would have given him a new fortune, and have taken joy in the gift. She could scarcely have been sorrier for his loss if he had been her brother. But he had many friends, and amongst them Gerard would do very well. Anything like the bitterness of downright poverty was of course impossible for him. He could never come to that.

Gerard pacing lonely in the gas-lit streets, gave the lost fortune little thought. There was grief enough for him in his mother's grief, in his father's helplessness, in his own loss of love, and hope of love. He had always been so used to money, that the prospect of poverty could take no hold upon him. Only those who have felt the gripe of poverty know so much as how to dread it. In the midst of his afflictions, poverty seemed likely to be the lightest, and it was certainly the only one amongst them which a heart at once sound and gentle could at first sight scorn. It was burned into him that he had come away without one word of farewell from Constance. That seemed hard. But she had never made any great pretence at caring for him, and his thoughts began to be bitter. Yet poor Gerard was too simply noble to hold that mood long, and by-and-by he began to defend her, and to yearn over her, and to pray that whatever came to him, she might be happy. He even tried to take pleasure in the belief that she had not loved him, on the ground that she would not grieve at his leaving her; but at that his sorely-tried heart rebelled. He would like her to feel some grief at that—a little.

Some thirty years ago, the Sage of Chelsea

preached one dogma, worded thus—'By all means, at all times consume your own smoke.' For the carriage of this dogma into practical every-day working, Gerard was peculiarly fitted. He said nothing of his personal griefs to any man or woman. He avoided all mention of them to his mother even, and resolutely and heroically fought them down. But the conflict wore him thin and pale; and in the midst of all their distresses, Milly and his mother had no keener grief than this of Gerard's. The days went on, the great bankruptcy was noised abroad, and other lesser bankruptcies followed it in due course. Garling's vast fraud widened and broadened in its consequences, as great crimes will; and people who had never heard of him, and never did hear of him, went hungry because of him. The properties of the firm were sold at auction; the very desk at which old Johnson had sat these fifty years was knocked down to the highest bidder before the veteran's sorrowing eyes; the very ledgers went for waste paper, all but the latest; the premises themselves were sold, realising a price so vast that creditors reading it grew easier in their minds; the senior partner's private properties were impounded with the rest, stocks and shares and balance at the banker's; and Lumby Hall was in the market.

Then it came out, when the panic was over, that there was enough for everybody, even the lawyers, and that there was a little to be saved after all. But in the middle of the distresses, and in this pale gleam of joy which followed them, the head of the great wrecked House of Lumby and Lumby sat like a child, with no more than a child's joys and a child's sorrows, smiling at the sunlight playing on his wall, or whimpering to be lonely in the dusk. His memory was a ruin. He knew nobody.

CANCALE AND ITS FISHERIES.

CANCALE is the name of a commune or parish situated in the department of Ille-et-Vilaine, a division of the ancient French province of Brittany. By the same cognomen are also known a small but deep bay within the larger one of Mont St-Michel, and a village standing on the summit of very high cliffs, a mile or so from the sea. But the long row of houses and cottages, the pretentious hotel, the wine and other shops built upon a narrow slip of land just above high-water mark, which tourists visit, and assume to be Cancale, is only the fishing-port of La Houle (Anglicè, 'The Surf'); and if the said tourists have been there when a strong north-wester is blowing, and have seen the waves dashing and foaming upon the shore, they will be satisfied that the place deserves its appellation. The bay along which La Houle stretches is nearly a crescent; one arm—its eastern—reaching towards Mont Dol; the other—its northern—jutting into the sea. This last bears so close a resemblance to the snout of a pig, that it has been called from time immemorial *Le Grouin de Cancale*—*grouin* being the French for the nozzle portion of porcine organisation. The bottom of the sea between the two headlands just mentioned, and indeed somewhat beyond them, is thickly covered with a sort of ooze, highly favourable to the production and habits

of the oyster, for which Cancale and its neighbourhood have been long celebrated. But as dredged some little distance from land, and brought and deposited nearer in-shore on what are called *parcs*—beds of mud and stones—the mollusc obtains no other food than that supplied from salt water, and although it grows under the diet, yet it acquires a strong briny taste, not agreeable to the majority of French epicurean consumers. To remedy this, the following plan is adopted. The oyster is taken while young from the *parcs* hereabouts, and sent to other localities where natural springs of soft water mix with the salt; and surprising effects result under the advantages of procuring sustenance from the elements of both fluids. Thus, at Marennes, near La Rochelle—one of the *parcs* of this nature—the Cancale oyster loses its bitter saline taste, increases enormously in size and thickness, and becomes that dark-green colour which is so repulsive to Englishmen, who are accustomed to white or pearly natives, though highly appreciated by Gallic gourmands.

The fishing-fleet of Cancale, both for dredging oysters and catching fish, numbers more than two hundred lugger-rigged craft of small tonnage. These boats are owned partly by single individuals, partly by their crews, who have clubbed together for co-partnership. Their tackle and gear cost as much as the boats and sails; the nets—which are chiefly made at Nantes—being the great item of expense. The seine is never used; the trawl, which is fitted with a huge head-bag or receptacle, being the sort of snare generally adopted. Each boat has a functionary called 'a mistress'; that is, a woman who has contracted, under certain conditions, for the sale of the take of the craft. The crew have therefore nothing to do with the disposal of the fish. The produce of the sale effected by the 'mistress' is generally divided into five parts—two to the owner or owners of the boat, one to her skipper, and two to the crew, the woman having previously deducted her legitimate profits.

The life of a 'Cancalais,' as these fishermen dub themselves, is one even more rife with danger than that of others of their calling. The bay of Mont St-Michel is one of the most perilous seas in the world. Equinoctial tides rise in it to the height of fifty feet, and ordinary tides to thirty-five feet. The distance between high and low water marks is more than six miles in some places; and the rapidity of the currents, especially on a stormy day, maelstrom-like. Quicksands, too, are numerous, and a boat shoaled on one of them during ebb-tide, has little chance of its crew being saved; as regards itself, none. In calm weather, the boats fish in the shallowest waters, their keels occasionally heeling in the mud; and here they take soles, turbot, doree, brill, and skate, in considerable quantities. Government forbids fishing within a mile of the shore; but so soon as night sets in and screens the fishermen and their fleet from the look-outs of the steam gunboat at Granville and the coast-guard sailing-schooner at Cancale, the boats are run within the proscribed limits, and the forbidden fruit is tasted. Oysters are allowed to be taken only on certain days at certain times of the year, a strict watch being kept by the two vessels above mentioned, from

which signals are made when dredging is to commence, and to cease. Fishing proper, however, goes on all the year, the only restriction—with the exception of the fixed distance from shore, as already mentioned—being that of *mailage*, or size of the meshes of the nets. Meshes wider by a fraction of an inch only, having been ordered by government to be used, and their use continued for a few years, brought the population of Cancale to the verge of starvation, fishes that were entangled before, escaping now. In fact, so momentous a question is this one of *mailage* among a class of individuals who earn their living from the depths of the sea, that candidates for state or municipal offices invariably promise the electors to obtain for them the privilege of smaller meshes for the fishing-nets; that promise, whether carried out or not, being the only safe 'card' for securing success. *Mailage* is the bugbear of the Canca-lais.

The hardy Cancale fisherman is essentially a religious man. The very words of the skipper of a boat as he directs his crew to cast the net and begin trawling, show him to be so. 'À la grâce de Dieu,' says he, as the huge snare goes over the side. The Canca-lais belong to the purest Breton race, a pious one in thought and in deed; and a single glance at the small pier of the haven of La Houle will be sufficient to reveal their character and that of their belongings. On that pier is erected a signal-post with a night alarm-bell, to notify danger to the fishing-fleet at sea; also, a stone cross, where the women come, when that ominous bell sounds, to kneel and pray. Many are the heart-rending scenes witnessed here, when, after hours of deep supplication and anxious watching, it is found that the boat on board of which is a husband, or a son, or a brother, is not numbered among those that have weathered the tempest, and happily reached the anchorage. As many as fifty or sixty boats have been lost in one tide, and one-fourth of the inhabitants rendered thereby objects of public charity.

The great man at Cancale is the Naval Commissary. He settles all vital questions, and represents the Minister of the navy. He looks to every minute observance which binds the fishermen—who are always under the articles of war—to the government; he can try them by court-martial, or send them to prison with a word. He is another of the 'bogies' of their surroundings.

The crew of each boat cannot be fewer than four—namely, the master or skipper, with two men and a boy. During the Crimean War, however, all the fishermen were drafted by government into men-of-war. A few disabled sailors, old men, and boys under fourteen years of age, and the women and children, were the only persons left in the villages of La Houle and La Cancale. Starvation stared them in the face; but the women set to work, and, with the aged and crippled seamen and the youths not in their teens, 'manned' such luggers as they could, fished as well as they could, and saved the district from commercial obliteration, although it has not even yet recovered from the depression this abnormal state of things entailed.

In the summer season, fewer hands are needed on board the fishing-craft than during the bois-

terous winter-time; hence all superfluous seafaring men, together with many a landsman unused to plough the main in any shape, but who has a fancy, nevertheless, for creating what he calls a little *pécule*—stock of cash averaging about twenty pounds for five months—embark for the Newfoundland cod fisheries, returning therefrom when autumn sets in. These Newfoundland crews are remarkably unmaritime, only a very few being genuine 'salts,' the rest being composed of individuals expert in the preparation of the fish, and of landmen to whom sea-sickness is an ordinary sensation. With elements like these packed in unseaworthy ships, many a Breton merchant is enriched, and many a Breton home desolated. However, as Kingsley sings:

Men must work, and women must weep.
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbour bar be moaning.

It may not be foreign to this paper to say a word or two on a phase of the law affecting the marine in France, since it has already been mentioned that the fishermen of Cancale are under naval subjection. Every sailor, whether in the merchant service, or enrolled in a reserve of that of the state, is liable at any time to be called 'to the flag,' and to do duty on board a man-of-war. While so employed, a part of his wages is assigned to the feminine portion of his relations—his mother, wife, or sister; and although the share is somewhat moderate, yet it is eagerly sought for by young women, who, if for nothing else, at least for the dole in question are desirous of obtaining Jack's hand. A *délégation* is the name of the document conferring upon the lady the right of drawing the assigned money, and among the Canca-lais maidens it has passed into a by-word. So, if you hear Marie or Céleste of La Houle say to her bosom-friend, '*Je vais être déléguée*' (I am about to be delegated), understand that she means that Pierre or Antoine, the smart fisherman, is about to lead her to the hymeneal altar, and to give her the right of pocketing the regulated part of his pay while he is serving.

In conclusion, as we stroll along the calcareous beach of the place we have faintly endeavoured to sketch, a host of children will follow our footsteps, asking for sous. Let us put our hands cheerfully into our pockets and give. The little supplicants are not beggars in the ordinary acceptation of the word; they are the sons and daughters of those whom the Crimean War made orphans.

PLAYING THE WRONG CARD.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

At a distance of sixty odd miles from London, stands Fieldenham, a small town of some three or four thousand inhabitants, and consisting, as do many such places, of one long street, with branches leading in the direction of the various neighbouring villages, to which it stands in the relation of metropolis. It is as peaceful and quiet, as dull and monotonous, as any small country-town need be; so that the stray visitor from London is won, to exclaim against the stagnation of the place, and to wonder what its

inhabitants can find to interest them sufficiently to keep them alive, or at anyrate awake. In this manner do those who dwell in the great centres of population speak of petty towns and villages, forgetting that the drama of life has just as much engrossing interest for each of its actors when played on the tiniest stage in the world, as when it has the Metropolis itself for its theatre.

A little way from the town—a quarter of a mile, perhaps, from the hostel which marked the end of its High Street—stood a house known as the Elms Knoll, or more frequently 'The Knoll' only; and here dwelt Mr Maurice Hythe. This gentleman was highly valued by the townsfolk on account of his promptness in payment, and absence of cavilling at whatever prices were charged; yet they regretted that he was of such secluded habits as seldom or never to be seen in the town. Moreover, no guests ever came to the Knoll, nor were those who called out of courtesy, encouraged to repeat the ceremony. Mr Hythe was an invalid, which partly accounted for his recluse habits; but he was, besides, a man of silent, almost morose manners, and wherever he was, the place was the gloomier for his presence. This was the testimony of his servants, who were likely to be right in such a matter. He had neither wife nor children; it was reported that he was a widower; but even his servants did not profess to know with certainty. He had perhaps chosen his residence from his hermit-like tastes, for it lay a long way back from the road, and the demesne was fenced and screened on all sides by lofty hedges and tall trees—a screen which became denser year by year, as the owner would not allow the hedges to be trimmed, and so the grounds grew to have a wild, lonely aspect.

When Mr Hythe had been at the Elms Knoll some four years, another strange family came to reside near Fieldenham, in itself an uncommon event; but what made it more singular in this case was, that the new-comers bore the same name as the proprietor of the Knoll, and then it was found that the head of the new family—Mr Ignatius Hythe—was a brother of the elder resident. This was gratifying news to Fieldenham; for the new-comer was not only married, with five or six children, the eldest, indeed, being a young man of nineteen or twenty years, but he was a broad-faced, loud-speaking, bustling man; had been a surgeon in the army; was altogether different from Mr Maurice, and therefore likely, it was hoped, to effect a great change and improvement in the domestic economy of the Knoll. Time passed, however, and this improvement was not visible. Those who were on the alert to note what was going on in the neighbourhood—and these comprised, it is probable, every living soul in it from seven years of age upwards—reported that while Mr Ignatius Hythe was a frequent visitor at Elms Knoll, he was never accompanied by his wife or any of his children; nor did his brother ever return the visit. Thus far it was easy to see; but beyond this no explanation was obtainable; so the habits and peculiarities of Mr Maurice Hythe continued to be a tantalising problem to the townsfolk.

It was on an evening in midsummer, when

one of the long beautiful June days was declining, that the brothers were walking at the back of the Knoll House, pacing to and fro in a small meadow which, from its position and the closeness of its 'hedgerow elms,' formed the most retired spot of the demesne, and therefore, doubtless, the favourite retreat of the owner. It was so silent and gloomy indeed, as to be depressing for a man of Mr Ignatius Hythe's temperament, and of his own free-will he would never have sought such a promenade. He said something of this to his brother, by way of breaking a long silence. Maurice turned his thin sunken face towards him, and with a smile which was almost more bitter than it was sad, said: 'You have not gone through the discipline, Ignatius, which has been my lot.'

'Discipline!' began the other; but evidently altering a speech which was intended to be sarcastic, continued: 'But I was thinking, Maurice, that there was a time when you were the more hearty and lively of the two; and now'—

'And now I am a gloomy misanthrope—perhaps a madman, you would say,' interposed Maurice. 'But what I am, I have made myself; what I suffer, I have brought on myself—as you know.'

'I know that you brood too much on the past,' returned his brother. 'Why don't you let bygones be bygones? You can't recall the past.'

'No!' exclaimed Maurice; 'I cannot, or my grief would not be so bitter. I have had the vision again, Ignatius; that is twice. On its third coming, it will be my death-warning. I have seen my solicitor, and all is settled, as I have told you.'

Ignatius smoked his cigar in silence, and there was an increased depression about him, which implied that this announcement was not altogether to his taste. His brother, too, walked silently on, but there was nothing unusual in this.

'It is of no use my urging you to go among people again,' said Ignatius at last. 'I would stake my life that a single month of cheerful, rational society would get rid of all this hypochondriacal delusion. It is nothing more. However, I will not press the matter; I know what you are. You will not even see the doctor I recommended, I suppose?'

'No, no,' replied Maurice. 'If he saw my wasted and broken figure, he would try all the commonplaces of his art upon me, and perhaps, when he heard me speak, would suggest still greater seclusion, or even restraint. His remedy would not be yours—the mixing with cheerful society. My present mode of living may seem to you a kind of penance; but penance is now all that I ought to live for.'

Ignatius had probably anticipated some such ending to the discussion; for he made no attempt to prolong it, but spoke on different subjects, and ere long took his departure. The cheerfulness and bonhomie which had marked his manner during almost the whole of his interview with his brother, disappeared when he found himself outside the Knoll gates; and during the walk to his own residence, the expression of his face was as sombre as his brother's in his gloomiest mood.

His home was at a smart modern villa, much smaller, much brighter-looking than the Knoll, and commanding from its windows all the gaiety which the high-road could afford; for there, no overgrown hedges or shadowing trees intercepted the view. Mrs Hythe, a lady of middle age, was seated at work in a parlour commanding the aforesaid road; and to her the gentleman at once repaired.

'Well,' he began at once, 'I have had it out with him.'

'Indeed!' exclaimed his wife. 'And what does he say? Does he'—

'Oh! there is nothing fresh,' returned Mr Hythe. 'The only satisfaction I have gained is to know that all is settled against us. I call it against us; of course he does not.'

'What! all that nonsense about trustees and so on?' inquired the lady.

'Exactly,' said her husband. 'It is all settled now; the lawyers have done everything. His property will remain in the hands of trustees for twenty years—all except that paltry sum in the funds; then, if no one appears in that time, it will go half to us or our heirs, and half to that precious hospital.'

'Twenty years!' echoed his wife. 'What good will it be to us in twenty years?'

'Not a fraction,' said Hythe; 'and there will be no raising money upon it; for although there may be a possibility of these shadows and dreams turning to realities, yet who would lend money on such a remote contingency?'

'He is mad; he ought to be put in an asylum!' exclaimed Mrs Hythe angrily.

'Of course he ought,' assented her husband; 'and I can't think where the common-sense of his doctor has been—to say nothing of his conscience and the duty he owes to society—that he has not had him declared out of his mind, and put where he would be taken care of, long ago.' Mr Hythe's tone and air as he said this were sufficiently decided to show that his conscience at anyrate would certainly have counselled the 'taking care' of his brother after this fashion. He could not bear to sit quietly down under the disturbing influence of these thoughts, but announced his determination of taking a stroll into the town; and in pursuance of this resolve, set out, after a few minutes' further conversation with his wife.

Myrtle Villa, the name of Mr Ignatius Hythe's residence, was not farther from the town than was Elms Knoll; the Knoll facing a cross-road, while the Villa, as intimated, looked upon the great London highway; so that Mr Hythe was not long in reaching the entrance to Fieldenham. Although the sun had disappeared, the light out in the open country was still clear; but in the town, under the shade of the buildings in the long High Street, the dullness of twilight prevailed, and in nearly all the shops the gaslights were burning.

Some idea of business was possibly attached to this evening stroll, for he knocked at one of the smartest yet most substantial houses in the street, the door of which bore a large brass plate, on which was inscribed 'BRAFF and MARDLE, Solicitors.' In answer to his inquiry, however, it appeared that Mr Mardle was not within.

'It does not greatly matter,' muttered Hythe,

as he turned away; 'he could not have helped me; nor could he have told me anything I do not know.'

He was so absorbed in his reflections, that he was rather surprised to find himself standing opposite to the *King's Arms Hotel and Posting-house*—its old title, which had descended from a past generation, but was now, as regarded the Posting-house, little better than a myth and a fable. In addition to this, the establishment held the Assembly Rooms also; and Mr Hythe had unconsciously halted in front of two large bills, which, affixed to boards that leaned on each side of the doorway, announced that some performance would be held there that evening. He found that Professor Alberto Regaldini, assisted by Mademoiselle Lucile la Petite Tuscano—he smiled as he read these incongruous names—would give his refined entertainment from the Royal Scientific Gallery, London, and as performed with triumphant success in all the chief cities and towns of the British Empire; introducing, the bill went on to say, the celebrated Monologue, in which Professor Regaldini would sustain six separate characters, with appropriate songs; and concluding with a grand ballet, supported by the before-mentioned Mademoiselle Lucile and Professor Alberto. There was a great deal of this; the changes were rung on the names in every possible way; but it was clear enough that there were no other performers, unless we reckon the celebrated pianist Herr von Joinville as one of the Company. Beyond these three at anyrate, no other names appeared.

Moved by a sudden impulse, which, to judge from the cynical smile accompanying it, was hardly complimentary to the expected entertainment, Hythe entered the portal. He went along the silent and empty lobby until he reached what was evidently the pay-place; but no one sat at the receipt of custom, till, while he hesitated what to do, a young man appeared from the adjoining bar, evidently attracted by the sound of footsteps; so Mr Hythe judged from observing that he passed the back of his hand quickly over his lips, on seeing the stranger. 'I will take a ticket for this entertainment,' said Hythe. 'It has commenced, I presume?'

'Just this minit, sir,' said the young man. He knew it had been in action for half an hour, but, as he afterwards observed to his friend, 'he wasn't going to crab the business.' 'Reserved—stalls—or area, sir? Reserved is two shillings—stalls, one shilling—area, sixpence, sir. No half-price.'

'If there is room in the reserved, I will take one of them,' said Hythe.

'O yes, sir; you will find room there.—Thank ye, sir,' continued the young man, as he handed a yellow ticket marked 503, which, from its worn and limp condition, had evidently done duty many a night before.

Mr Hythe passed through the green baize-covered door, and found himself in the Assembly Room. It was a large dull-looking place, with walls divided into old-fashioned panellings; a number of Windsor chairs and forms; a raised platform at the further end. The room would have seated between three and four hundred persons comfortably; and there were some seventeen or eighteen present. No one at all in the

reserved seats; the hotel proprietor's children in the stalls; townspeople in the area.

Professor Regaldini was bowing and leaving the stage as Mr Hythe entered; having just concluded his *Mysterious Marvels of Modern Magic*, as performed before the Court and Aristocracy—for the Professor was a conjurer also—and then the pianist struck up the *entr'acte* music. Hythe was able to tell that the haggard-looking man at the pianoforte was no common player; and he listened, with more interest than he had anticipated, to a piece which must have been *caviare* to the multitude.

Then Professor Regaldini came on for his celebrated Monologue Impersonations, and was in succession a Yorkshire farmer, a bonnie fish-wife, a swell of the period, a Highlander, Paddy from Cork, and Mr Pickwick, spectacles and all. No doubt it was all very clever, but dreary; so horribly dreary, and so suggestive of something seen a hundred times before, that the scanty audience could not be roused to enthusiasm by the performance. Then came duets in character and out of character, by Mademoiselle Lucile and the Professor; and then the Grand Ballet, which would have been more miserable and depressing than anything that had gone before it, but for the wonderful grace and beauty of the child. She was only some twelve years old. The feeble, awkward dancing of her toilworn coadjutor; the wretched attempts at scenery or decoration; the empty room, with its hollow echoes—all were forgotten, or rendered of no account, by the extraordinary accomplishments of the girl, and Hythe found himself watching the dance with interest to the last. He would have remained to the last, had this performance been even more tedious than all which had preceded it, as an idea had formed and developed in his mind, while watching the earlier portion of the 'entertainment.'

The scanty audience filtered slowly from the hall; the gas was turned down; the 'Company'—which, all told, consisted of the two performers, the musician, and the young man who had taken Mr Hythe's money—began folding up 'properties' and clearing off their miserable bits of scenery, &c. All this time Mr Hythe was standing in the darkest corner of the room, unnoticed, or perhaps supposed to be connected with the house; but when the last article had been put aside, and the little group stood in the centre of the platform, counting over the few shillings which evidently constituted the takings of the evening—while the burly proprietor of the hotel eyed them curiously from a little distance—all looked up with a start as Mr Hythe came forward; and he thought the scared expression on their faces indicated a dread that the stranger might be about to make some demand for money. 'The entertainment is over,' began Professor Regaldini. 'I beg your pardon,' he continued, altering his tone; 'I believe I saw you in the reserved seats?'

'Yes,' replied Hythe; 'I had the pleasure of seeing the entertainment this evening. I see it is announced for two nights only. Your stay in the town will not be longer, I suppose?'

'Yes, sir; it is announced for two nights,' said the Professor in a lugubrious tone, and with a glance at the proprietor. 'But the patronage

received does not justify us in repeating the show. We shall not give the entertainment again.'

The Professor was a tall, hungry-looking man, narrow-chested, and stooping, without a trace of any nationality about him save the English, and London English too. A certain asthmatic shortness of breath, which made itself apparent every other minute, showed what a trial his work of that evening had involved. The other members of the Company were standing around, dejected enough, yet with a certain expectant curiosity, as though hoping something might come out of this unlooked-for discussion.

'Well, it is not to the credit of the town to neglect such a performance as yours,' continued Hythe; 'and for our reputation, I think something ought to be done to support you. If you are not engaged, I would ask the pleasure of your company at supper here, with, of course, Mademoiselle and Herr von Joinville.—Mr Bartell'—addressing the proprietor of the hotel—'you can give us a tolerable supper at once, no doubt?'

'Oh, certainly, sir!' exclaimed the landlord, who was no stranger to Mr Hythe, and knew by repute the wealth of his brother. 'In ten minutes, if you please, sir.'

'Then let us have the best you can put on in that time,' said Hythe. 'I leave all to you. Your champagne I know already is good.'

A flush lit up the haggard faces of the two men at this mention of a wine which showed the character of the expected feast; and being invited by the landlord to adjourn to the 'small club-room,' the party followed him at once, due provision being made for the regalement of the assistant elsewhere.

On their way, the Professor stole an instant to whisper to the pianist: 'This is capital, isn't it? But I wonder what he means by it?'

CONVICT SCHOOLS.

BY A CONVICT SCHOOLMASTER.

It was the opinion of Sydney Smith that education—mere book-learning—should not form part of a convict's training. Lord Norton, at a Social Science Congress some few years ago, expressed a similar opinion. That convict schools as at present conducted are failures, is the opinion of many men more practically acquainted with the schools in question than either Sydney Smith or Lord Norton.

Convict prisons and their doings generally are mysteries to the greater part of the outside world. The old-world idea, that cruelties innumerable are being perpetrated daily on the unfortunate inmates, has not yet been exploded. To be more correct, to a large proportion of the inmates, convict prisons are sanatoria where they may recruit their bodily strength, and school their already profound criminal knowledge for further and more extensive depredations on society. A very small proportion, indeed, find a convict prison a worse home than the roof-tree they have left. Surely there is evidence of this in the fact, that a very large percentage return the second, third, fourth, and even fifth

time, to enjoy its immunity from anxiety and the general troubles incident to an honest life. But all this will be found set out fully in *Five Years' Penal Servitude*, a book which contains much truth on the subject.

A convict on admission to prison is examined by the senior schoolmaster, in order somewhat to test his ability; and is placed in one of four classes, three of which attend school, while the fourth—about two-thirds of the whole admissions—are excluded, and never, under any pretence but that of letter-writing, are allowed to be present during school-time. This last class includes men of various educational attainments, from those who have received a university education, down to those who are just able to write a letter legibly and pretty correctly as to orthography, to read, say, an ordinary magazine article, and to work arithmetic up to and including weights and measures. When any man of the three school classes arrives at the above educational standard, he is consigned to the non-attending class. These last are allowed, and largely avail themselves of the privilege of having advanced educational works in their cells, including popular and technical educators, text-books of the sciences, dictionaries, &c. Many, during the hours they have to spare, learn a language, or even two, as well as these can be learned without a teacher. Shorthand is a favourite subject, and one which I am afraid is acquired in most instances for doubtful purposes. Those who attend school are taught in much the same way as are similar classes in an ordinary National or Board school.

At this point may be described the kind of men employed by the Civil Service Commissioners as schoolmasters. Originally, there were various methods of admission to the service. Influence was everything in many cases, and consequently unfit men may still be found among convict schoolmasters; but for many years the only channels of admission have been either through examination by the Civil Service Commissioners, or the candidate must be in possession of a certificate from the Education Department—a certificate similar in every respect to, and gained in the same way as that held by London and provincial Board schoolmasters. In fact, the majority of convict masters were originally either National or Board school-teachers—men who have passed five years as pupil-teachers, and two years at a Training College.

Now as to the farcical nature of the school. Convict prisons possess all the plant and mechanism of ordinary schools—teachers, scholars, apparatus of all kinds in abundance; but here, for all practical purposes, the matter ends. The teaching done is practically *nil*, as will be seen from the following facts. The average time allowed each scholar is *one hour per week*, and out of this hour must be deducted the coming to and returning from school, serving out and

collecting material, &c. It is during these hurried minutes, then, that the schoolmasters have their sole opportunity of teaching their grown-up pupils, the greater part of whom are 'dense' to the last degree. If education be at all necessary and beneficial to prisoners, why give eleven hours per day to labour and meals, and but one poor solitary hour per week to improvement of the mind? Why give them just sufficient education to disgust them with their slow progress? Is it probable, is it possible that the schoolmasters can work any improvement? As matters at present stand, both teachers and taught gradually become careless of what the result may be. The great majority of convict schoolmasters would hail with delight any change which would make them something more than nominal schoolmasters; at least all those would do so who have not become entirely deadened to higher aims by their long connection with such a demoralising system.

The question will naturally arise: What are the schoolmasters doing the rest of the day? Well, everything but teaching—superintendence of prison library, registration of prisoners' correspondence, and a host of other duties very right and proper in themselves, but quite foreign to what is generally considered a schoolmaster's work. Taking the week round, his duties average about five hours per day, or equivalent to the time given by a teacher in a Board school, and four out of the five hours are given to extraneous work.

It is the opinion of many persons practically acquainted with the teaching of convicts, that individual or 'cellular' teaching, as pursued at Pentonville and Millbank on the 'separate' system, is the method best adapted to the teaching of such men. There is a shyness, almost unknown to most children, to be found among even the worst of men, which prevents them showing their ignorance; there is a reluctance to begin at the bottom rung of the educational ladder, and thus lay a good foundation. Apart from this is the evil arising from intercourse at school, an evil which is not a light one. Close supervision will not prevent all the harm. There are no incentives to work, as in an outside school, and a lazy scholar infects the whole class. The proportion of scholars really anxious to improve their minds is very small, and these few in a short time relapse into carelessness, partly from contact with their lazy comrades, and partly from disgust at the small amount of attention given to them by those who should be their teachers. Take the case of a middle-aged man ignorant but anxious to learn, being placed by the side of an equally ignorant but quick youth. The older man is ashamed that the youth should see his utter ignorance, and the youth almost invariably, as becomes young criminals, 'pokes fun' at the old man's laborious efforts to form his letters, or to construct words from letters.

This brings us to a question which probably has not received the attention from the authorities which it deserves. Many old men—seventy years of age in many instances—who are averse to receiving any instruction, and who, in all human probability, will never leave the prison alive, are yet forced to attend school simply because they have not arrived at the arbitrary educational

standard set up by the authorities of the prison in which they chance to be confined. These men remain at school often for years, setting a bad example to the younger men by their inertness, and taking up, without the least show of progress, the time which could advantageously be given to the younger men. In their particular line, these old men are often much more apt teachers than the schoolmasters, and take a sort of fiendish delight, though one foot is already in the grave, in instructing their younger brethren in the way which makes them criminals all their lives. It is contended by practical men that 'cellular' or individual, in opposition to class teaching, is the remedy for this state of things. Speaking generally, convict prisons are nurseries of crime and criminals; and nothing pleases the inmates of a prison so much as to see an 'old lag' return to them for a fresh term of penal servitude.

It would be obviously unfair to apply to convict-prison schools an educational test similar to that applied to ordinary day-schools; but now that county jails are under government, there is no apparent reason why an inspector should not be appointed to visit, periodically, all prison schools, both county and convict, in order to insure in some degree uniformity of matter and manner. At present, each chaplain has his own idea of the standard at which a prisoner should arrive before being considered in a position to be removed from school.

To sum up. Give more time to school; make a more judicious selection of scholars; provide individual teaching; and allow the schoolmasters to give their whole time to teaching. These alterations, with some general official supervision, would, it is believed, produce results somewhat commensurate with the money spent on convict schools.

WILL STOUT THE PARISH BEADLE.

A CHARACTER.

In this quiet, out-of-the-world place, the last of the local Scottish 'worthies' died out with old Will Stout the parish beadle. We admit the stern necessity of getting rid of able-bodied beggars and tramps, yet we owe the poor-laws and the combination houses a kind of sentimental grudge for having devoured our 'gangrels' and wandering minstrels, whose periodic visits were so welcome, especially at farmhouses, during the long winter evenings. Their tales and ballads were a source of never-failing interest to the servants and children. It was a red-letter day when the 'auld sodger' came round to spend his evenings in the kitchen, and sleep in some warm corner of the barn or cow-house. The children stole away from the parlour—where their parents were deep in Boston's *Fourfold State*, or vainly puzzling over Jonathan Edwards—in order to join the kitchen group, as they listened with open mouths to tales of the Peninsular War, rehearsed with some embellishment by the 'auld sodger,' as he vigorously flourished his one remaining arm to illustrate his deeds of heroism.

We can well remember, too, the pleasure with which we children welcomed the visits of 'hunch-backed' Singing Sandy, a lingering remnant of the wandering minstrel fraternity. Too lazy in

his younger days to work, Sandy had gradually acquired wandering habits, into which he fell the more readily from being slightly weak in intellect. It was a standing tradition among the boys that his 'hump' was a made-up one; and certainly Sandy knew how to produce effects. On arriving at a village, his first proceeding was to enter some cottage where he saw roses were plentiful, and get the goodwife to fix a garland of them—the reddest being preferred—round his old battered Kilmarnock bonnet, when forth he issued with a kind of boyish exultation, flourishing his stick round his head, and delighting the hearts of the children with the song of *Rolling-eye*:

Oh, whaur are ye gaun, my bonnie bonnie lass?

Oh, whaur are ye gaun, my honie?

Right modestly she answered me,

An errand to my mammie.

With my rolling eye, faul the diddle eye,

With my rolling eye dum dary.

From the popularity of this song, with its unfailing chorus, to which Sandy danced as vigorously as his stiff joints and rheumatic frame would allow, he was generally known by the name of 'Rolling-eye,' and the song was regarded as in some way his own especial property. *Johnnie Cope* was another of his songs; but never took the place of *Rolling-eye* in the children's estimation.

Another welcome visitor was the 'chapman,' whose little pack, with its many-bladed knives and its tinsel gauds and jewellery, made the boys' teeth water, and the girls' hearts leap with anticipation. His sales were certainly not such as to increase his fortune; but then the pretence of gaining an honest livelihood was an excuse for obtaining meals—for by some strange coincidence the packman invariably made his appearance at meal-times; nor was he in a hurry to depart and push his trade, till he had rehearsed the local news and delighted the youngsters with some marvellous stories.

These harmless and more or less welcome characters are every year becoming rarer. As long as we had the old beadle, our parish possessed a character of the genuine old type. The beadle in a country parish is an official of no small importance, at least in his own eyes. He has frequently very mixed duties to perform. He is grave-digger, church-officer, bell-ringer, sometimes minister's man, gardener and general-worker, or jack-of-all-trades. If he has been long in the office, he becomes a great authority on all subjects of a purely parochial nature. With us Will Stout had been beadle for over fifty years, and while ministers might come and go, Will remained, apparently a permanent institution. In personal appearance Will was long, lanky, and ill-shapen. He was generally invested in the minister's cast-off clothes, which hung so loosely about him as to give the impression that they had been made for Will at a time when he was of a fuller habit. It was only in his later years that we knew him. By that time, being the older official, he had come to regard himself as of nearly as great importance to the parish as the minister himself. The attendance at this remote parish church had been less affected by the influence of dissent than some neighbouring ones, and Will thought that

he was entitled to no small credit for this. A stranger a few years ago remarked on the large attendance at the services, when Will enlightened him as to the cause of this by naively observing: 'Weel, sir, ye see that me and the minister have kept them weel together.'

While Will generally performed his duties efficiently in his own rough-and-ready kind of way, he had some little weaknesses and peccadillos that the minister and the parishioners as a whole were charitable enough to overlook as frequently as possible. At the time of neighbouring fairs, Will's friends were sometimes known to 'treat' him beyond what was good for him, in order to hear some of his quaint stories. At such times the minister took care, if possible, not to require his services. One day, however, when on necessary parochial duty, he chanced to meet Will on his way from the fair, earnestly endeavouring to carry himself as straight as possible. The minister felt bound to tender a mild remonstrance. Will had to stand on his defence, and having just parted with a petty laird, he sought to screen himself by assuring the minister that Jeems Tamson was away up the road 'far fourer than me.' We are bound to admit, in fairness to Will, that such excesses were very rare.

Will's natural-history tastes were somewhat extensive for his opportunities, and on this account he was a great favourite with the manse boys. He had generally about him one or two pets, such as jackdaws, magpies, and squirrels, besides a miscellaneous collection of birds and four-footed animals, which he had stuffed with his own hands. It was more than shrewdly suspected that Will made the acquaintance of some animals with other objects in view than the study of natural history; and that by the aid of a little wire, where the glebe adjoined the Laird's policies, he had occasionally found the wherewithal to make a savoury stew. And before our rivers were so strictly preserved, the salmon-pools had frequent visits from him by torchlight. The success of such visits was amply attested by the fact that Will was able to regale himself with a piece of 'kippered' salmon when others had to content themselves with more homely fare. He in all probability regarded this as a harmless way of supplementing his somewhat limited income. His salary as beadle was by no means an extravagant one; and one year when there happened to be a general rise of wages, he made an application for the modest increase of one pound. In the heritors' minute-books we find it recorded that it was agreed to grant the increase on condition that Will would give up salmon-poaching.

Will remained a bachelor, residing with his old mother, who lived to the age of nearly a hundred years. In mature life he was urged by some of his friends to take a wife. He was very cautious, however, in regard to matrimony, and declined the advice, excusing himself on the ground 'that there are many things you can say to your mither you couldna say to a fremit [stranger] woman.' While beadle, he had seen four or five different ministers in the parish, and had buried two or three of them. And although his feelings became somewhat blunted regarding the sacredness of graves in general,

yet he took a somewhat tender care of the spot where the ministers lay. After his extended experience, he was asked to give his deliberate judgment as to which of them he had liked best. His answer was guarded; he said he did not know, as they were all good men. But being further pressed and asked if he had no preference, after a little thought he again admitted that they were all 'guid men, guid men; but Mr Mathieson's claes fitted me best.'

One of the new incumbents, knowing Will's interest in the clothes, thought that at an early stage he would gain his favour by presenting him with a coat. To make him conscious of the kindly service he was doing, the minister informed him that it was almost new. Will took the garment, examined it with a critical eye, and having thoroughly satisfied himself, pronounced it 'a guid coat, a guid coat,' but pawkily added: 'When Mr Watt the auld minister gied me a coat, he gied me breeks as weel.' The new minister, who was fortunately gifted with a sense of humour, could not do less than complete Will's rig-out from top to toe, and so established himself as a permanent favourite with the beadle.

Although he was naturally of an amiable and kindly disposition, Will would occasionally show that he could assume a self-defensive attitude. When the minister of the parish was unexpectedly called away from home, an afternoon service conducted by a neighbour-clergyman would sometimes be substituted for the regular service. At such times it was Will's duty to apprise the parishioners of this change of the hour of service for the day. On one of these occasions, somewhat to the chagrin of the minister officiating, a very small number of the parishioners were present. With some irritation he accused the beadle of having failed to make due intimation. Will stoutly maintained that he had faithfully fulfilled his duties, by not only naming the hour of meeting, but also announcing the name of the minister who was to conduct the services. Still unsatisfied, fresh doubts were insinuated regarding the veracity of Will's statement, which being more than Will could endure, he quietly informed the minister that if he *would* have the true reason of the small attendance, 'it was that he was not very popular in the parish.'

A meal that Will thoroughly relished and was never in living memory known to miss, was his Sunday dinner at the manse. It was a hearty one, and doubtless served to make up for the homely fare of the Saturday previous and the Monday following. It was a dinner given most ungrudgingly by the minister, who regarded Will as part of the Sabbath household. Moreover, he generally had share of whatever had been on the minister's own table. On one occasion, Will had rather the best of the dinner. The minister's family were from home. A modest steak, intended for the minister, had been prepared by the thrifty housekeeper, and was standing ready on the kitchen-table when the beadle arrived. While the servant was making the necessary arrangements for dinner in the minister's parlour, Will in the interval despatched the steak. When the housewife broke out in indignation, he quietly remarked that he *had* used it under the impression that it was the 'bit bit' prepared for

him. The minister, enjoying the unconscious humour of the situation, first congratulated Will on his good fortune, and then good-humouredly dined on bacon and eggs, which, it may be mentioned, are a never-failing resource in remote country manse.

Poor old Will's step got gradually slower and slower; but nearly to the very last he carried the minister's books up to the pulpit, and with his own peculiar twitch of the rope, made the bell speak out its metallic ding-dong, ding-dong. Even during the few weeks when he was confined to bed, he would show symptoms of keen interest in his duties and reminiscences, when some of his old friends led him to tell again some of his experiences. When the end was visibly approaching, poor Will wondered who would dig his grave. The minister touched his heart by telling him that he would like to do that service for him with his own hands. For as Will always loved his minister, and would bravely stand up for him, whenever any one hinted a querulous or disparaging word, so, like a true-hearted man, the minister loved old Will, and felt that he was losing a true friend. This offer of the last service being the expression of true regard, deeply touched the heart of the failing man, who, after that, seemed content to die. Although the churchyard was very crowded with graves, Will had reserved a spot in which to rest beside his old mother. On his funeral day, the whole parish, young and old, assembled to show their respect for the good old creature.

The church seems now scarcely like itself, since the old quaint form departed from it. He will be long remembered as the last of the parish characters; and kindly feelings will be awakened in many as they read on a simple stone: 'Here lie the Remains of WILLIAM STOUT, who was for Fifty Years Parish Beadle.'

PAPER AND PINE-APPLE FIBRE.

THE variety of purposes which paper can be made to serve is every day increasing. A few of the latest of these are worth mention. It appears that thick paper and cardboard can be rendered as hard and horny as papier-mâché by means of a kind of cement called Chinese Varnish, which is easily prepared from blood, lime, and alum. With four parts of slaked lime and a little alum are mixed three parts of fresh blood well beaten up. The thick flowing mixture that results is, we are informed, at once ready for application to paper or card.

Amongst the curiosities of the late Australian Exhibition is stated to have been a house entirely constructed from paper, containing carpets, curtains, dishes, and what not, all made of the same useful material. Whether the dishes aforesaid were similar to the plates and dishes made in Germany, we cannot say; but in that country, we are informed, platters are being manufactured from sawdust and paper in the following manner: Selected plane shavings are bound into bundles, and steeped in a bath of weak gelatine solution about twenty-four hours, then dried, and cut into suitable lengths. Plates are cut of strong paper or thin pasteboard of the size of the objects to be produced. These are moistened with a liquid

consisting of weak gelatine solution with sodium water-glass, and pressed in heated metallic moulds. After drying, the pressed paper objects are coated on both sides with an adhesive material made of five parts Russian gelatine, and one part thick turpentine; the shavings are applied to them, and the whole is subjected to pressure. (Wood-shavings alone would, because of their unequal thickness, present uneven surfaces.) The objects are now cut, if necessary, dried, and varnished.

In a former number of this *Journal*, mention was made of the dome of an observatory having been constructed of paper compressed to the hardness of wood. If buildings can be satisfactorily roofed with what is usually considered so frail a substance, it is not surprising to learn that hats and umbrellas can be made from the same material, a paper of extraordinary fineness and strength being said to furnish the people in the Corea with both of those useful articles.

Talking of dress equipment, a writer in *The Theatre* mentions having seen in Paris a magnificent stage costume enriched with the loveliest lace he ever beheld. In his own words: 'The dress was displayed on account of that lace; and that lace was worth, perhaps, twenty-five francs; for it was paper, wonderfully stamped, and represented trains of fuchsias, and looked just as much a piece of real lace as a Paris diamond by night looks an old mine gem. Parisian actresses wear that paper-lace a great deal; it is tough, soft, and very effective. To wear a costly lot of lace which may be ruined in a night, when very cheap lace-paper looks as well, is considered the height of folly by intelligent foreigners.'

Other triumphs in the way of utilising paper may safely be predicted. By some enterprising Americans at least, the time is thought not far distant when yachts, lighter, swifter, and stancher than any craft yet built, will astonish the maritime world. Not very long ago, a citizen of the United States made a journey of over two thousand miles in a paper canoe, built for him by a firm in New York. The total weight of the canoe was only fifty-eight pounds; and for strength, durability, and elasticity, could not, they say, be surpassed. The paper-skin, after being water-proofed, was finished with hard varnishes, and then presented a solid and perfectly smooth surface to the action of the water, unbroken by joint, lap, or seam. Unlike wood, it has no grain to be cracked or split; and paper being one of the best non-conductors, boats of this kind appear to be admirably adapted—which cannot be said of steel or iron—for use in all climates. The surface, polished like a coach-panel, never shrinks or absorbs moisture. Once employed by boat-builders, the conclusion naturally suggests itself, that some day a new and hitherto unsuspected meaning may attach to the proverbial phrase of a 'paper-war.'

Propos of our subject, it may not be uninteresting to note that the amount of paper required for the census of last year was stated to have been fifty-seven tons thirteen hundredweight—comprising considerably over seven and a half million householders' schedules, more than seventy-nine thousand enumerating books, and one hundred and ten different forms for vessels.

As regards the raw materials out of which paper is made, the immense commercial importance of cotton and jute as textile products suggests a few

important considerations. Within a comparatively short space of time, these fibres have been the means of founding industries which rank by the side of the time-honoured silk, wool, and linen manufactures. Is it not natural to suppose that if, in scientific matters—notably electricity—we seem almost daily increasing our knowledge, similar progress should be made with respect to those more prosaic subjects which very closely affect the personal and domestic comforts of mankind? Amongst the latter, clothing is, after food, the most essential requirement. The discovery or application, therefore, of a new textile fibre is of much economic importance; and the recently published accounts of the properties of the Ananas (or pine-apple) fibre are sufficient to show that in all probability a very valuable raw material for the manufacture of certain qualities of cloth has been placed within the category of textile vegetable fibres.

The pine-apple is justly esteemed in Europe for its delicious aromatic flavour, and when grown in this part of the world, requires to be kept in hot-houses. In the more sunny regions of the East and West Indies, South America, Mexico, and the Philippine Islands, the pine-apple grows in wild luxuriance. Yet, however widespread its fame as a table-fruit, it is doubtful whether many people know of the plant in connection with the textile fibre it produces. According to one practical authority, the leaves of both the wild and the cultivated kinds yield fibres which, when spun, surpass in strength, fineness, and lustre those obtained from flax. It is further added, that in its manufactured state, this product has been long known as an article of commerce in the countries referred to. One of the leading trade papers of the German textile industry has given attention to the investigation of the properties of this fibre. From India and from Central America, two specimens of tissues woven from it had been received. The former was a piece of striped muslin; and the latter a sample of dress material in which the yarn had been bleached; thus showing that the fibre is capable of undergoing that process successfully. As to the uses to which the fibre can be put, it is asserted that it can be employed as a substitute for silk, and as a material for mixing with wool and cotton. It is likewise stated that for sewing-thread, twist, trimmings, laces, curtains, and the like, its particular qualities render it specially applicable.

As to the extent of its production—which is a primary consideration, from an industrial point of view—it is remarked that the plant in its wild state covers large tracts of land; and that, owing to the absence of suitable machinery for preparing the fibre, the domestic consumption, in the principal countries where it grows, has never increased beyond a point which leaves a large quantity for export. The large size of the leaves gives a great length of fibre, which is an advantage for manufacturing purposes. It has hitherto been mostly used, in the countries referred to, for the making of fishing-nets, lines, &c.; its great strength, and its peculiar quality of not being injured by a prolonged submersion in water, rendering it particularly adapted for such purposes. The fact that every portion of the plant is utilised either as fruit or fibre, has been urged to prove

the lucrative results which may attend its cultivation. In conclusion, the writer considers that the ultimate adoption of the pine-apple fibre as a manufacturing product is assured, and urges on German manufacturers to devote special attention to this new branch of textile industry.

THE LITTLE BRIDGE.

THEY parted on the Little Bridge
Which spans the running water,
The bright-eyed youth with fluent tongue,
And she—the yeoman's daughter.

A few fond words—a stolen kiss,
A little golden trinket,
'Twas all—but that his heart could change
She did not dare to think it.

He journeyed to bright southern lands
Where tropic skies bent o'er him,
And wooed blind Fortune till she cast
A shower of gold before him.

Then Fame took up her trumpet, tuned
To sound his praise in story,
For much that to his life belonged
Was what the world calls glory.

A ribbon marked his high degree,
His name had added letters,
And not on him was any sign
Of life's more galling fetters.

The maiden's path lay towards the north;
She toiled for daily guerdon,
And meekly bore her low estate,
Nor felt her task a burden,

Till 'hope deferred' her spirit broke,
And thorns seemed springing round her,
And thoughts that once were purest joy,
Had only power to wound her.

A poor old maid with fading cheek
Toils on from early morning,
With scanty thanks, and little praise,
And oftentimes heartless scorning.

And yet sometimes she sees the Bridge,
And hears the river flowing,
When memory lifts the shroud of years,
The dead past calmly showing.

And sometimes he, in idle mood,
'Mid silence all unbroken,
Just wonders if the Bridge still stands
Where their last words were spoken.

The Little Bridge still lightly spans
The rippling, running water;
But no bridge spans the gulf 'twixt him
And her—the yeoman's daughter!

CAMILLA CROSLAND.

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'BY CONTRACT'

ONE of the early results of social organisation is the law of prices. When commodities begin to flow steadily to market, the level of values becomes calculable over a given period. Upon this the system of supply by contract is based. Clearly, if hazard ruled the relations of men to men, it would be impossible to forecast business of any kind. But hazard plays a very small part in human affairs, and even that part diminishes with the progress of civilisation; hence, as the foretelling of the future becomes more warrantable, the contract system extends and reaches new departments of social life. As soon as the demand for a particular article is large enough for an average price thereof to be determined, some shrewd, well-informed man will endeavour to supply it for a given period at a given price. His success depends upon eliminating some unnecessary factor in the series between producer and consumer; and the economy effected is shared between the contractor and his clients.

Everybody knows the railway contractor, who is willing to build an iron road anywhere, of any length, and in any space of time. The world has been metamorphosed by him. By his profound mastery of human powers, mental and bodily, he has enriched mankind in wealth, health, and happiness. Again, the army, the navy, the indigent poor, the sick folks in hospital and workhouse, are fed, clothed, and purveyed for generally, by contract. A vast amount of technical knowledge, of business foresight, of capital and credit, is needed for these giant operations; a small miscalculation might bring irreparable disaster to those engaged in them. Below the magnates are thousands of small contractors, dealing with the public in manifold ways, all showing enterprise, judgment, knowledge, and directive skill of a superior kind. By their ministrations, individuals and families enjoy the benefits of a completer civilisation than they could if served otherwise; saving money, time, and trouble in a considerable degree.

As a specimen of the odd ways in which this mania for contract manifests itself, it may be mentioned that there are tailors who contract at a moderate fixed tariff for clothes to be used only for a stipulated time and then returned. Four times a year, or oftener if you like to pay more, a box arrives at your address containing the suit adapted for the particular season, perfect in fit, perfect in fashion. In the same box you return the clothes just worn, untroubled by any negotiation with those unconscionable depreciators of value, the 'old-clo' men. Again, the glittering equipages dashing by the modest pedestrian, and bestowing upon him arrogantly-flung mud, are not always owned by the supercilious persons lolling at ease. Sometimes the modest coachman is the proprietor of all the impressive bravery; and those in the places of honour have no more claim to the stately chariot than the 'shilling fare' has to the hansom cab.

The contracting job-master is indeed one of the wonderful race who diminish the friction of society by making things easy. His enterprise gives brilliance to the parks, in prancing steeds, gorgeous coaches, elegant phaetons, and all the items of equine and vehicular movement. He is ready to make a contract for carrying the whole of the *beau-monde* on undeniably favourable terms, and also to supply it with retinues worthy of a Prince of the Blood. He is capable of humble services equally with the grandest. He will furnish an undemonstrative Quaker with the most homely of broughams, horsed by the mildest thing on four legs, and driven by a man whose solemnity of aspect, taciturnity, and disrelish for intoxicants add a finish to the turn-out beyond compare.

The Metropolitan job-master is only one of the numerous contractors for the use of horse-flesh. Hundreds of provincial gentlemen have their stables furnished at so much a year. Those who have had much to do with horses, know the risks and annoyances connected with purchase and sale. In spite of 'warrants,' veterinary advisers, subtle grooms, and the whole preservative host surrounding

the buyer, he may spend a hundred guineas upon an animal that is not worth the half of that sum when it comes to be employed. The horse-contractor abolishes all the plagues besetting an owner, and leaves us free to enjoy our gallops, drives, and pageantry without a trace of equine care. Further, a contractor can supply the most perfect matches for 'pairs,' in colour, style, and action. His guarantee for the temper, pace, and performance of saddle-horses may be accepted, so that a timid or awkward rider can enjoy equestrian exercise without fear. But not the least advantage of hired, or as they are usually termed jobbed, horses is that no capital is locked up by the hirer in a dubious investment.

Another useful contractor is appearing upon the scene—the family physician, who for a fixed stipend visits the household at stated intervals. Daily, bi-weekly, or weekly, a medical guardian will attend us, not simply to cure our fleshly ills, but to prevent them altogether. The vast progress in hygiene and sanitary science suggests a new departure in the popular estimation of health. The strongest of us have some little weakness in the bodily machine, some inadequacy of mental force; it is for medical guardians to deal with these after the most business-like fashion, and, so far as Nature permits of amelioration, to make our constitutions better than they were originally. This the Esculapian contractors do not hesitate in attempting. All good citizens contract with life-assurance Companies that their survivors may have financial consolation for their loss; and to contract for a long continuance of life itself, and life of the most effective and delightful kind, is surely of equal importance, though somewhat of a novelty.

Many people now make yearly contracts with their dentist. One effect of extended physiologic knowledge is a greater care for the teeth. The importance of maintaining them sound and handsome is admitted by all. Owing to the ravages civilisation has made in our dental possessions, few persons are untroubled by them. A great art and important industry has arisen, and the dentist is a power in the land. But many sufferers find it better to employ him preventively, than curatively to obtain his highest services. There is much in favour of this system which foreshadows a great and salutary improvement in individual welfare. What would sufferers *not* give to the dentist who could keep them free from toothache and preserve their teeth brilliant and useful to old age?

Some hotel-keepers and restaurateurs are beginning to contract for the supply of a certain number of meals, the tariff varying with the quantity. For instance, one can have twenty dinners for so much, fifty for proportionately less, and be dined every day in the year for proportionately less still. This system is much in vogue in France; and its advantages are so obvious to hosts and guests, that it should be

successful in all our commercial towns. It is only a development of the 'ordinaries' of market towns, where a host, depending upon a certain number of diners, is able to cater generously in proportion to the number of his guests. In every business place, a co-ordinated scheme between purveyors and eaters would result in an immense saving to both, and thereby to the community.

In London and other large cities, there are gardeners and florists who contract for the supply of plants and flowers for the year round or for the season. By their aid, and at small expense, the house and garden-plot can be made charming with all that the floral world can afford. Nor need we ever want a piano or fail to have our drawing-rooms resplendent, our dining-rooms fairy-like, the family gratified, and guests delighted, for a comparatively small charge. Some people have a fancy for changing their household furniture, and love to follow fashion in upholstery as they do in clothes. They have created a number of contractors to minister to their desires. At no great cost, boudoirs and reception-rooms can be furnished with the last thing in chairs, couches, cabinets, mirrors, ornaments, and the whole detail of things useful and unuseful.

Railway Companies are ready to contract with individuals or parties for transport over a given distance; and indeed a very large part of their business is conducted on this method. Millions of mercantile men are carried from suburban homes to town and back daily, to the great benefit of themselves and the Companies. But the system is capable of large extension. Were rates lowered to meet the wages of the working-classes, and were the services accelerated, immense numbers would reside in the country and remoter suburbs, who are now imprisoned in towns. The cost of running five hundred people to business and back would be very small to the Company, who could thus place their resources at the convenience of the humblest. Railway Companies might enormously increase their Third Class traffic.

Since the use of bicycles and tricycles has so largely increased, a number of contractors for the supply of them have appeared. Youngsters who cannot afford to spend fifteen or twenty pounds upon a machine, can rent one on moderate terms; and those who object to the cost of keeping them in repair, may now negotiate to have their 'flying wheel' always in perfect order for a small quarterly payment.

The system of sub-contracts has been much increased in recent years. It pervades most complicated businesses, but is almost universal in the building trades. With the stagnation of the latter, which has been the rule in most places, contracts have been refined to the extreme. Single workmen have contracted with employers for a particular detail of a house or building.

In Paris, an Association has been formed

which contracts to maintain houses and every description of building in perfect repair at a fixed annual charge. It is called the *Compagnie de Bâtimens*. Property owners in England would be glad of the services of a similar institution, and there is no doubt such will appear eventually. The destructiveness of the weather is more serious than that of fire. Not one building in a hundred is burned, but every building is incessantly being injured by the atmosphere; and often workmen are careless when they are sent to repair roofs and drains.

Gas Companies contract to furnish us with light. In New York, a powerful Company is now laying down pipes to supply heat to a large district. From a centre, steam will be sent by mains, and these will communicate with small pipes laid into houses and shops; and the Company is prepared to contract for the maintenance of any temperature that the users please. A system like this is particularly available for cities like Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, where large numbers of people inhabit one tenement, and where the cost of fuel is high.

The extraordinary progress of electrical science, and its application to domestic purposes, will bring in a new species of contractors, whose ministrations promise to revolutionise our homes. Light, heat, and motors are now on offer by several Companies, and at rates that almost compel their acceptance.

As the economical education of the masses advances, great progress in the contract system will follow. The many will perceive the utility of co-operation, where few now see it. The army of intermediaries that operate between producers and consumers, has been created by the necessities of a rudimentary civilisation.

The contract system has many aspects, but its effect is always the same. It prevails under numerous forms in almost all the major departments of trade. Produce of every description is sold by contract at certain dates. Manufactures are also disposed of in the same manner. Of course, there are vast transactions for immediate delivery and at the market rates; but the characteristic of modern commerce is sale of 'futures.' It would be impossible to conduct the giant trades in cotton, corn, wool, iron, &c., in small day-to-day transactions. Merchants and manufacturers are obliged to look ahead, and this brings in contracts. Upon the price of the raw material he will receive in the autumn, the cotton-spinner makes a contract to sell yarn; and the cloth-maker his subsequent contract for calico delivery. The food we eat, the clothes we wear, the houses we live in, have all been contracted for many times over. Cheapness and abundance have followed in the wake of the great controllers of supply; and the ease and certainty of modern purveyance have grown with the development of the contract system. By it, society goes along as by clockwork, each day making it more accurate. By degrees, all superfluous details in the mechanism are put aside, to the improvement of regularity and the diminution of cost.

Reduced to ultimate financial terms, the contract system means the massing of many credits together. The public and a contractor agree to purchase a certain quantity of a commodity at a stated time. This brings all concerned into

definite relationships. Demand and supply are exactly balanced; loss and waste are avoided. The resulting economy is the profit enjoyed by the contractor and his customers.

VALENTINE STRANGE

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER XXXI.—ALL DAY, HIRAM LOOKED ABOUT FOR CHANCES, AND NEXT MORNING HE SET OUT AFOOT IN PURSUIT OF EMPLOYMENT.

'MR SEARCH,' said that official of the Omnibus Company who controlled Hiram's destinies, 'after to-day, your services will not be required.'

'Oh?' said Hiram. 'I reckon I've got a right to ask what that's for.'

'You have twice appointed a substitute without leave, and you were yesterday two hours absent from your post without even appointing a substitute. The driver tells me that the block in Cheapside was your fault, and yours only.'

'He's maybe right, mister,' responded the conductor. 'But it won't happen again.'

'I'll take care of that,' said the official person.

'It'll suit me better to hold on awhile,' said Hiram, 'if you don't mind. It's rather an awkward corner to get throwed off at, this is. Give me another trial.'

'We shall not require your services after to-day,' repeated the official drily.

'Then I must try to get along without you,' responded Hiram. 'Bus-conducting ain't half such a berth as the Prince of Wales's, is it?'

'It's a pity,' said the official, shaking his head at Hiram, a little mollified by the discharge of his own thunderbolt, 'that you don't stick at your work, Search. You're a smart fellow, and a sober fellow; and if you'd only stick, you'd do.'

'There was a minister had a nigger once, mister,' returned Hiram, 'and whenever he misbehaved, the parson used to cowhide him. And while he cowed, he'd take a text and preach, just so as Peter shouldn't find the thing monotonous. One day, Peter turns round and kind o' makes an appeal. "If you flog, flog," says he; "and if you preach, preach; but don't flog and preach too at the same time."'

'O yes,' said the official, shaking his head again at Hiram with a humorous aspect; 'I know that yarn. I've heard it before, Search—I've heard it before.'

'Well, now,' said Hiram, with a propitiatory twinkle in his eye, 'I go with Peter. Don't give me the sack and lecture me. Look here! You take the sack back again, and lecture me till I'm good. It won't take long.'

'No, Search, no,' returned the unbending official. 'It can't be overlooked. Here's my last word: if you like to come back in a week's time, I'll give you another chance—perhaps.' There-with he turned and left the delinquent.

'That won't do,' said Hiram, addressing himself emphatically. 'There's a chance a minute opening somewhere. I can't afford to wait a week for one. There's the little gell to be provided for. It's kind of you to offer me a holiday, mister, but I can't stop to take it. Here goes the hull population of this planet hotfoot, full tilt, running fit to split from dawn to sunset

every day, after the day's rations, with some exalted parties looking on serene and smilin' at the racket—Dukes, and a Prince or tew; but it's no use for me to sit down alongside the superior human article. Perhaps I could smile at the racket as pretty as any of 'em; but that wouldn't find me two days' rations every day; and I must run with the ruck, I reckon, and kick and elber right and left, and run cunning. Very well, then.—Bank, ma'am! Whitechapel, mister! This way for the Bank. Reg'lar load o' capitalists to-day. Get along!

All day, Hiram looked about for chances, and next morning he set out afoot in pursuit of employment. After many intricate wanderings, many inquiries, and as many rebuffs, he came, in a retired tumble-down square midway between Fleet Street and Holborn, upon an announcement that compositors were wanted. Anything dingier than the dingy placard which bade Hiram inquire within, anything dirtier than the windows, anything filthier and more rickety than the stairs, he had not seen in London. Upon one landing, a barrel of printer's ink had leaked, and having trodden upon the sticky mass, he ploughed his way up-stairs as a fly goes over that humane invention the 'catch-'em-alive.' An exaggerated smell of damp newspaper—the distinctive odour which attaches to an ill-ventilated printing office—saluted the applicant's nostrils; and a hot blast of air, such as a furnace might be supposed to breathe if its digestive apparatus were thoroughly diseased, swept at him as he opened a swinging door at the head of the stairs. Right and left at double frames, pale men and weedy lads faced each other, picking up types as if for bare life. In the streets, the spring-sunshine had been bright; but here, above every double frame hung a cob-webbed gas-bracket, patched with pasted paper here and there, to cure the leakage of gas, which nevertheless smelt horribly; and from each bracket sprang two flaring lights, with flimsy sheets of green paper hung before them on a contrivance of wire, to shelter the worker's eyes from the glare. No man or boy looked up from his work to remark the new-comer; but after an uncertain pause of perhaps a minute, a sallow, melancholy-looking man in a ragged frock-coat and a soiled apron, appeared at another door, and approaching Hiram, asked his business.

'You want compositors?' asked Hiram.

'Yes,' said the other.

'I want work.'

'Very well,' said the melancholy-looking man; 'you can begin at once, if you like.' He led the way to a frame on which reposed a pair of empty cases. 'All this matter is for distribution. It's all minion, and all one fount.' Saying this, he pointed to a galley-rack on which rested many columns of half-washed type, and betook himself to the other end of the room.

'Say,' said Hiram to a pale and long-drawn lad at the next case, 'is there a sink here anywhere?'—The lad nodded his head sideways, and went on with his work.—Hiram lifted a galley and carried it to the sink, and having washed the type thoroughly, took up a handful and began to throw it into the case. His fingers had lost the feel of custom, and he was awkward at first; but he recovered the art by-and-by,

and went ahead at a great rate. 'Work pretty regular here?' he asked his neighbour.

'Yes,' said he, nodding vigorously at the case and working head and shoulders with unnecessary ardour.

'Piece or 'stab?' inquired Hiram laconically. The inquiry being translated meant: 'Are we paid by results, or at a settled rate?' 'Stab is compositors' English for established, and is even, by that system of compression in vogue amongst them, made to signify a certain fixed wage. In their working hours, compositors are the most taciturn of all working-people.

'Haven't you asked?' inquired the youth, turning his eyes on Hiram for the first time.

'No,' said Hiram. The pale lad having once looked at him, seemed determined to see as much of him as he conveniently could at one eyeful. The new-comer had turned back the cuffs of his shirt over coat sleeves of new black cloth; and the cuffs were white, and were, as their position proved, actually attached to an under garment. Hiram's collar, presumably belonging to the same garment, was spotless; his boots were well made and new. His well-brushed glossy stove-pipe hat hung on a peg behind him. The pale lad gaped at this show of respectability.

'I don't fancy you are one of our sort,' he said meekly.

'No?' said Hiram, rattling the type into the boxes, growing pretty full by this time. 'Why?'

'It's a turn-over house,' returned the lad. 'We're all improvers here.'

'That's a moral blessing in its way,' responded Hiram, to whom the lad's phrases bore no meaning. 'Ain't it, now?'

The pale youth smiled drearily in answer to Hiram's glance. 'We're turn-over apprentices,' he explained. 'We've never served our time, and we don't belong to the Union; so we only get paid half-rates.'

'What's that?' said Hiram.

'Why,' said the lad, 'it's sevenpence-halfpenny a thousand for minion. That's the regular pay. They give us threepence three-farthings here. At the end of the week, you put in a bill at full prices, and they halve it. Suppose you put in a bill for two pounds, you'll get a sovereign.'

Hiram gave vent to a long faint whistle, and having at that moment cleared his hand, walked over to the melancholy-looking man in the soiled apron.

'Look here, mister,' said he; and repeated the lad's statement. 'Is that so?'—The melancholy man in the soiled apron said it was.—'So,' said Hiram, 'you reckon on half-starving this mean crowd, as an indocement to them to cut the throat of the trade they starve by.'—The melancholy man said he might put it that way if he liked.—'Well,' responded Hiram, 'when a man's hard up, he gets into singular company. You don't seem to thrive, and there's a kind of saddened aspect about the hull kyhoot. I don't make one of this ragged regiment, mister. No, sir; I do not. I am not afraid of work. I could always beard Employment in his den and Labour in his hall! But my intellec,' added Hiram, with a gracious smile, 'is not yet sufficiently overcooked to permit me to jine in with this peculiar enterprise.—Good afternoon, sir.'

'I thought it wouldn't suit you,' said the pale youth who had given Hiram the character of the place. 'They ain't a high-spirited lot as comes here.' He rubbed his nose with the back of his composing-stick as he made this reflection, and cast a longing look at the case of type which Hiram had left partly filled. His own one was almost empty.

'You can take that,' said Hiram, adjusting his cuffs and reaching for his hat. The lad thanked him, and changed the position of the cases; and Hiram departed, without being noticed much by anybody. 'An hour and a half wasted,' he thought as he went down the littered ink stairs and emerged upon the streets again. 'I'm game to run as cunning as I can,' said Hiram, drawing a long breath of purer air; 'but I'll do nothing to be ashamed of. Me and my little gell can starve, without cutting other people's throats to be allowed to do it.'

For the first time since that adventurous summer day on which he had met Gerard Lumby, the sun went down without his having earned a halfpenny. This reflection saddened him, and he went home footsore and weary. Sitting alone, and smoking a pipe over the ashes of the fire which had that morning boiled his tea and cooked his rasher of bacon, he resolved on a house-to-house visitation through the business realms of London, in search of employment. The stupendous nature of that inquisition half frightened him at first; but on reflection, he adopted the method as being, after all, the only practicable one. 'I can't advertise,' he said between the whiffs of his pipe, 'because I haven't got the money; and if I had, what could I advertise for? "TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC.—A YOUNG MAN who knows his way about, and has travelled, is open to employment as Clerk, Scenic Artist, Newspaper Editor, Chair-mender, Compositor, Architect, or Sandwich-man. Berth in clothes-store good enough to begin with. No reasonable offer refused. Open to negotiate with Bill-stickers, Railway Companies, Members of Parliament, and the Public generally."—They'd laff at that,' said Hiram with a dreary sadness. 'In this effete old empire, a man seems to think he's done his duty if he's learned enough of one craft to help him to cheat somebody into believing that he can work at it. They bind him 'prentice to learn bricklayin'; and if he's got a head on him at all, he knows all they can teach him in as many days as they make him spend years. They reckon on taking seven years to teach a man to stick types on end, and they won't let him earn a living at it till that seven years is wasted. I'm a fairish smith, and I'm a decent wheelwright, and there ain't a better cabinet-maker in London; but because I haven't wasted seven years apiece in learning to use hammer, spokeshave, and chisel, I'm a trade pariah. That's what's the matter with me—I'm a trade pariah. And I call it too cruel ridiculous, that because I'm smarter than ten of these fellers put together, I'm offered half-wages.' He knocked the ashes from his pipe, and laid it down on the hob tenderly. It was the identical pipe he had vainly striven to light in the lane ten miles from Brierham, and he had an affection for it. 'No,' he continued, half aloud; 'I can't advertise; and what's the

good of answering? I suppose I can't have spent less than two pound at that since I've been in London; and I never had so much as one reply. There was that clerkship I went for personally. Shall I ever forget it? A street-full of respectable applicants, and every man-Jack of 'em with testimonials enough to fill a butcher's basket. I shall get slanged a good deal on this journey; I shall be a decided noosance to a heap of Christian people. But where there's an advertisement, I'm one of five hundred; and here at least I *shall* have a chance of lighting on somebody who wants me, and hasn't had time to advertise for me and bring the other four hundred and ninety-nine cavorting around. It's the other four hundred and ninety-nine that spoils things. Five hundred rats, and only one wanted to take charge of the candle-store. Five hundred redskins, and one white scalp. Five hundred frying-pans, and only one fire.' A mere moonbeam of a smile illumined his long countenance. 'I am becomin' figgerative,' he said, 'and that says: "Lively, Hiram."—You'd like another fill, wouldn't you?' apostrophising his pipe. 'You look hungry. You shall have it.' He filled his pipe again, and having lit it, began slowly to undress. This was his first night in new lodgings. Mary was disposed of for the time being; and it had been determined between them that she should try on the morrow to recover her old situation. They were going to get married, for pure economy's sake, so soon as that became practicable. The depressing influence which attaches to new places was upon him. He was and had been for years a wanderer, and yet he felt it for once, keenly. There are some who never quite master that depression. I have but once spent an unbroken three months under one roof since I was three-and-twenty, and yet a new abode is always dismal for the first half-hour. The tables are unfriendly; the chairs have a stand-off air; the grave voice of the clock is the voice of a stranger; and the very fire shows new faces.

It is not necessary that a man should have been bred like Bayard to be as chivalrous as he; and Hiram, sitting in his shirt-sleeves on the bedside, and pulling solemnly and slowly at the well-blacked clay, was as full of manly tenderness and stout resolve as he could hold. 'It makes a man sort of fearful and thin-skinned to have a gell to look after,' soliloquised our philosophic hero. 'Can't help thinking what she'd do if I broke down. This city gets a man under, too.—Hiram! Mister Search! Think of what depends on you, and hold your head up and step out firm. That's better. Now, then; into bed you go. Pleasant dreams, Hiram.—Good-night, darlin'. Sleep, my dear little gell, sleep! sleep, and forget your troubles. If I was a cherub, you shouldn't hurt for want of watching.' And Hiram, fairly worn, blew out his candle, laid down the well-blacked clay gingerly on the floor, turned over, and, not unmindful of his Maker, fell asleep.

He was out early in the morning, and began his round. Busy people declined to waste a moment on him. Others with more leisure questioned him, and sent him on again. Some were civil, some were not. It made no difference

to him; he went out at one door and in at another, and ran through his formula with unflinching pluck and cheerfulness. That went on all day from nine in the morning until seven in the evening, and nothing came of it but weariness. He crept home footsore and with a little failing at the heart. If you have 'No' thrown at your head three hundred times running in a single day, you are likely to grow disheartened. Next morning, he began again, and prosecuted his weary task till noon. That frozen monosyllable barred every door with a barrier like ice, until at last he came upon a restaurateur in a little street off the Strand, who offered him a berth as a waiter on condition that he made a deposit of two pounds and gave a satisfactory reference. He gave a reference to the official who had dismissed him, went home and pawned everything but one suit of clothes and his linen, raised the money; and on the following day entered on his new business.

He was not in an exalted sphere of life; but it began in a very short time to pay better than omnibus-conducting. The restaurant was not long opened, and was by no means a high-class concern; but it began in its own way to thrive, and Hiram thrived with it. It was in the man's nature to take a pride in whatever he did; and before he had been in the new line a fortnight, he performed conjuring tricks with knives, forks, and plates that were wonderful to look at. Like the proverbial good actor, who lives his part, Hiram threw himself head and heels into the character; and as soon as the funds would allow it, he blossomed forth in an evening suit and a stiff white necktie. The proprietor rallied him a little, and the regular customers chaffed him mildly, on this butterfly leap from the chrysalis garb. He smiled blandly, and the owner of the place began to think he had picked up a jewel. Hiram, as the business of the place improved, received something considerable in the way of tips, and began once more to lay-by money. Then out came from his fictionary uncle's care, Gerard's half-sovereign, and this being drilled, was suspended to the watch-chain which once again hung across Hiram's waistcoat.

He had scarce been invested more than a month, when one day a young gentleman entered sadly, and seating himself, called for a chop and a pint of bitter beer. From the moment of his entry, Hiram fixed his gaze upon him, and when he sat down, walked to his side and awaited his order with a countenance of many emotions. When the order, given with bent head, came to Hiram's ears, his face changed ludicrously. He passed on the demand for the chop with a private signal to the cook to do his best; and having set the pint measure beside the new-comer, he rattled about with knives and forks and water-bottle, keeping a corner of his eye on the guest meanwhile. If his object was to induce him to raise his head, it failed; but when he brought the chop, he succeeded in getting a near look at the stranger's face. There was no other customer there at the moment; and Hiram watched him with a look of evident pity and amazement. The stranger ate his simple meal, and paid for it, and went his way without a glance at the waiter who found him so deeply interesting. Being left to his own devices, Hiram took up a

copy of *The Times* and turned to the advertising columns.

'Yes,' he said under his breath; 'there's no mistake. Eh, dear, now! "Lumby Hall," he read, "ten miles from Brierham, four from Colham, five from Dene." That's where I saw him first and last. Great smash in the City. Supposed gigantic frauds by Mr Garling. Lumby and Lumby. Same name. Comes from same part of the country. Could afford to chuck half-sovereigns about in them days. Come down to taking his meals in a shanty like this. And the man that's ruined him is the father of my little gell. Eh, dear!' And Hiram sighed most piteously, and sat for ten minutes in tragic amaze, until an order for broiled kidneys awoke him from his stupor.

It was indeed Gerard Lumby whom Hiram Search had seen; but Hiram, though he guessed rightly in most respects, had somewhat overleaped the truth in his belief that Gerard was yet so poor that a few pence spent upon luncheon made a difference to him. Amongst his friends—and this episode, since it led to nothing but his meeting with Hiram, may briefly here be mentioned and dismissed—was one who had been a fellow of his college, and now, having married, and thereby resigned his fellowship, had associated himself with a daily journal. There was then, as usual, a disturbance in the East of Europe, the unspeakable Turk and the equally unspeakable Christian of those parts being occupied in recriminatory raids and murders; and Gerard's friend sought him out when he heard of the failure of the firm, and offered him employment as a special correspondent. Gerard leaped at this proposal; and it was to discuss it, that he had come into the street in which the new restaurant was situate. The newspaper offices were only half-a-dozen doors below, on the same side.

The business not having come to a head between the Eastern unspeakables, the journey Gerard meditated was delayed; but he went to the offices daily, and almost daily lunched at the new restaurant. In the simplicity of his mind, Hiram imagined that this was the principal, perhaps the only meal of the young man's day. To suit his fallen fortunes, poor Gerard had sold all his jewellery, and he had become neglectful of his dress. He was not slovenly, but the old precision and nicety had vanished. In the old days, he had carried his head a thought too proudly. He hung it now habitually, and his face was pale. It was no wonder, for his heart was alternate frost and fire; and what with his father's loss of all manly faculty, and his mother's grief, and his own loss of love and fortune all at one fell swoop, such cankering miseries gnawed the poor fellow's soul as were almost too much for humanity to bear. Hiram began to see him daily, with here and there the pause of a day between. To Hiram's imagination, Gerard's occasional absences meant—no dinner. The tough-tender Yankee began to yearn over him and to sorrow for him. He was too delicate—in a word, he was too much a gentleman—to claim acquaintance with his benefactor in these days of fallen fortune; but one day, when Gerard—after a two days' absence this time—took his usual chop and drank water instead of beer for some no-reason, and neglected

to leave behind him the twopence with which he had commonly rewarded the waiter's service, Hiram leaped farther along the mistaken road, and jumped to the conclusion that Mr Gerard Lumby and actual famine were beginning to make acquaintance with each other. So, begging and obtaining an hour's leave of absence, the mistaken one slipped out after Gerard, and dogged him home to chambers in the Temple, where he was staying with an old college chum now called to the bar. Hiram saw him enter by means of a latch-key, and went back again. But that night he wrote upon a little bit of writing-paper in a clerkly hand these singular words: 'From a true and grateful friend, who remembers a kindness.' He folded up in the paper a half-crown, and—dropped it into the letter-box, addressed to Gerard Lumby, Esq.

Gerard dined, or lunched, more plenteously next day, and took cheese. Hiram served him almost with tears in his eyes, and that night dropped another half-crown into the letter-box ticketed: 'From the same.' To Gerard's sore heart, these well-intentioned but unnecessary gifts were bitter and enraging, and he asked himself again and again who the base enemy could be who chose so cruel a method of humiliating him in his misery. Sitting in his friend's rooms alone that night, with his own aching thoughts for company, he heard a stealthy footstep ascend the stair. Wrathfully expectant, he arose, drew back the latch of the door, and waited. The third package dropped by the unknown hand fell with a dull little clang into the letter-box. Gerard dashed the door open, and seized a dark retreating figure.

'Come in,' he said, in low tones that boded no good to the captive. 'Let me have a look at you.' The lithe Hiram struggled like an eel; but the vice-like grip only tightened on him; and strong as the Yankee was, the athletic Briton walked him into the room and had him hatless under the gaslight, whilst you could say 'Jack Robinson.'

THREE DAYS IN BRITTANY.

THE train passes through the depths of the forest of Crannon. So thick is the foliage that the branches of the oaks and elms brush against the windows. My friend Davis and I are travelling through Brittany to Cape Finisterre, where lies the little town of Douarnenez. Our eyes catch a glimpse here and there of a moss-grown Druidical stone, an encampment of charcoal-burners, or a hastily retreating rabbit. The forest is passed, and we are crossing a moorland covered with gray rocks. From this high ground we distinguish the indentations of the coast around the harbour of Brest; the sea sparkles in the sun, and to the left is the undulating blue line of the Montagnes Noires. Viaducts are thrown over deep valleys, solitary and savage; beneath, streamlets wind through green meadows, where the small black cows of the country are grazing. There is a melancholy joined to tenderness in these *landes*, or moors, the cause of the home-sickness which the inhabitants feel when they leave

them for a time. We are in the wild country of Ar-mor, with its Breton poetry, its solitary manor-houses, its hamlets shaded by trees, and the perfume of the oak forests and the sea.

A long steep street, badly paved, lined with poor shops and blackened façades—such is Douarnenez. A square, where congregate groups of sailors, servants, and peasants, and in the middle of which stands a fountain, cuts the high street in two; and to the right and left, crossing like the meshes of a net, are small outlets, exhaling a penetrating odour of bad fish. We seek our hotel, and find it is a resort for artists, who are just returning for dinner; the men with gaiters up to the knee, a long pole in their hands, and stooping under the weight of their easels. The ladies, dressed in plaids, with hair flying, and limp petticoats, are escorted by boys, who carry their colour-boxes. Pleasant talk beguiles the dinner-hour; and then we find that in the large room belonging to the hotel there is a marriage festival going on, and thither we adjourn.

The young people here all get married, we are told, though the girls in every family are numerous. All are workers. From the earliest age, the crochet-hook or knitting-needle is put into their hands, and they wander on the seashore counting their stitches. At fifteen the poorest go to the *friturerie*, where the sardines are preserved. It is amusing to watch them when they become *sardinieres*, alert and sharp, ready with their saucy replies. They walk down the street at noon in files of five or six, their wooden shoes sounding on the uneven pavement, and gazing at strangers with bursts of laughter. The daughters of the next class work as embroiderers of shawls, or the frontals of altars, and execute flower-garlands on muslin or crape of an astonishing and very original colour. Every one is busy, and wants for nothing. Our hostess, who is a buxom figure, has ten children, five of whom are daughters. Three of these are already married; and the other two, slender and fair, are dancing at the party to-night.

On these occasions, the girls empty their savings-boxes for their adornment. In this long whitewashed room there is a display of toilets such as have rarely been seen. The girls are in white dresses, with muslin or China-crape embroidered shawls. The picturesque cap is of light lace, made up with something like a horn at the back of the head. The white dresses are relieved by silk aprons, with bibs of the most delicate colours—pale blue, sea-green, lilac, and gray mingling with charming grace. We especially noticed one young recently married woman, for the almost eastern luxury of her toilet. A dress of white satin, rose-coloured stockings, ribbon of the same colour round her waist, trimmings embroidered with roses, a muslin shawl and apron, lace head-dress, and silver ornaments. She was pretty as well, with a delicate complexion and fine brown eyes.

The men are much less conspicuous. Their coats are of a very sombre hue, and they wear broad-brimmed hats. The two violinists who formed the orchestra played the old air of the *brante*. The dancers took each other by the hand in files of twelve, and executed a dance of the country known as the *gavotte*. Each file, led by a man, gravely described half-circles in

the form of the letter S. All these garlands of men and women move lightly, crossing, turning, gliding adroitly around each other, and never departing from the most ceremonious gravity. In this country, manners and customs are deeply rooted; nothing has changed; they dance as they did in the days of Louis XIV.

The next day is that of the yearly regatta—a holiday for this little town, where the population live on the sea. The sardine constitutes the riches of Douarnenez. In the days of the Romans they would have consecrated a temple to it; now they are content to carve its image in front of the churches. It reaches this coast in the month of May; from that time to December, eight hundred boats are employed in the sardine fishery, and if the season be good, catch many thousands of fish daily. At the hour of departure, the port presents an animated spectacle. Down the numerous flights of steps the men arrive, carrying their baskets, and wearing cowls of oiled yellow cotton. Their wives, knitting in hand, accompany them to the beach. Provisions, nets, and bait are laid in the bottom of the boat, where each crew consists of a captain, two rowers, two or three fishermen, and a boy. The pulleys creak; the sail is run up; the boats double the point of the jetty; and an hour after, the whole flotilla is out on the sea, and looking no bigger than a flight of swallows.

During the fishing, profound silence is observed. The captain throws out the long net to right and left. The bait, or *rogne*, is composed of the roe of the cod steeped in sea-water. The sardine rushes upon it, and is caught in the meshes, where its silvery scales sparkle. When the net sinks with the weight, two men raise it, and shake it adroitly into the boat, so that the fish falls without being touched—a condition indispensable to its good preservation. When the boats return, the curers who want to buy hoist a flag on the rocks; the captains reply with other well-known signals, and the bargain is concluded before the port is reached.

To-day, the fête has drawn all the multitude to the port. The chances of each boat in the race are eagerly discussed. Compact groups of men and women, peasants and citizens, station themselves round the *mât de cocagne*, or before the orchestra, where the drums are beating their loudest. All the costumes of Brittany are represented—large round hats with velvet ribbon streamers mingle with the muslin *coiffes* of the *sardinières*, or the gophered frills of Quimper, the hood-like collars of Chateaulin, or the white-winged caps of Concarneau. Here and there, a man shows his numerous waistcoats embroidered with bright-coloured wools. The women display an oriental love for colour, large yellow or scarlet bodices, sleeves braided with silver, green petticoats bordered with gay flowers. Among them, the children swarm, the girls dressed like little women; the boys covering their fair, curly hair with a blue cap, and showing the bronze skin through the holes of the waistcoat or trousers; bold, quarrelsome, ragged, but handsome, fresh, smiling, with the agility of squirrels, large blue eyes, and rosy cheeks.

Some of these juveniles give themselves up to a game which is dangerous, though lucrative. On board one of the ships, a sail-yard attached

to a mast hangs horizontally over the sea; to this are tied red belts, waistcoats, and cravats. Some urchins astride, others standing on the well-soaped spar, advance slowly to the yard-arm. One turns round half-way; *plouf!* he has fallen into the water; but diving, he reappears at the side of the ship. Another reaches the extremity, chooses a fine red belt, shakes it with an air of triumph, seizes it between his teeth, and plunges head-foremost into the water. In half an hour the yard-arm is bare. But the *gamins* are not tired; they dive for sous, wrapped in white paper, thrown by the spectators, and fight under water for the possession of them. One carries on the game for half an hour, swimming like a frog; he never rests, his eyes starting out of his head, and secreting his coins in one corner of his mouth, crying, 'Have you no more?'

The brass band calls the crowd to the end of the jetty, for the boats have returned, amid loud cries of encouragement, clapping of hands, and altercations as to the winner. We leave the port, and visit the field where they are dancing. Two musicians in Breton costume, long hair, and droll countenances, are perched on a platform, playing on the bagpipes with great energy. At their feet, the sailors and peasants are executing a kind of *gavotte* with great gravity to a monotonous tune. The girls form a circle round them, but do not mingle in the dance; and so the day closes.

The next morning, some acquaintances at the hotel join us, and we hire an omnibus to take us to the Pointe du Raz. The road is steep, till it reaches the high plateaux of the *landes*. The tower of the church of Pont-Croix rises through the trees, and at length we reach Audierne, a dirty, dull, fishing-village. As we advance, the road becomes more arid, the country bare and uninhabited. Trees are rare, so also are houses. As we mount upwards under the hot sun, the blue waves of the bay sparkling like so many diamonds, the corn disappears, to give place to rushes. At Lescoff, the last village before reaching the Pointe, some women are spinning with the distaff outside their huts. We ask them some questions; but they look at us with a frightened air, and disappear quickly under the black porches of their ruinous homes. Numbers of ragged children follow our carriage. Now to the right as well as to the left we see the bright sea, and in the middle of the red heather rises the white tower of the lighthouse. The great voice of the ocean is the only sound, and here are the formidable gray crags of the rocks at Raz, before which the lighthouse stands like a mysterious sentinel. One of the keepers offers to be our guide, for the path is somewhat dangerous. The land recedes from our view; fine pointed rocks are heaped obliquely on one another, leaving but a narrow border of turf between them and the abyss which opens beneath our feet. We advance in Indian file; and to increase our difficulty, the children, naked or ragged, rush in between our feet, climb the rocks like monkeys, and offer us bouquets of fern for a few sous.

All round, an immense space of sea dazzles our eyes. To the left is the extended semicircle bounded by the misty rocks of Pen-March, and the Bay of Audierne, spreading its blue waters. To the right, the Bay des Trépassés is encircled by

menacing reefs, and the Pointe de Van stretches out its white promontory. Opposite is the Raz and its dangerous shoals; then the legendary Ile de Sein, a piece of land lying so low that the waves seem as if they would engulf it. No traces of human life; not a sail in the wide horizon of waters, nothing but the continual roar of the waves and the sharp cries of the gulls sweeping round the rocks. It is the end of terrestrial life, the beginning of a wild and solitary infinity. Our guide leads us by a narrow path at the edge of the rocks to the Enfer de Plogoff, as dangerous as its name denotes. We sometimes lie down on our faces, and creep between blocks; or place one foot on ledges the size of the hand, or descend the irregular steps formed in the stony crevasses. But when we reached the granite gulf, we felt recompensed by seeing the formidable assaults of the waves against the dripping rocks which form the walls of the abyss. They rush from all sides through channels worn in the interior of the Pointe, meeting and beating furiously with the sound of thunder. The dark billows boil as if in a magic caldron, throwing up vertical spouts, which scatter into sheets of white foam; and then, as a contrast to this deep shade and fearful noise, we gaze upwards to a serene blue sky and a bright sun shining over us.

The ascent is less perilous than the descent. At the end of a quarter of an hour, we are on the edge of the bay, where we perceive the Lake of Laonal, separated from the sea by a narrow strip of land. We are told the legend of the city of Is. On the site of the present lake, there stood in the fifth century a fabulous city, the Sodom of old Armorica. The fishermen who ply their craft on its still waters see the palace and towers in ruin beneath. King Gradlon reigned over it, defended, as it then was, against the inroads of the ocean by high banks with a strong sluice. The silver key that opened it was always hung round the king's neck. The reigning beauty at court was the Princess Dahut, Gradlon's daughter, with long tresses that shone like gold. She reigned over all hearts, as her father did over the sea; but she was herself the slave of her own passions, and her conduct made her a public scandal. The old monarch alone shut his eyes against the errors of an only child. One night the demon that possessed her suggested that she should steal the key and open the sluice. But St Guennolé appeared to the king in his sleep, and cried: 'Gradlon, make haste to save yourself, for Dahut has opened the sluice, and the sea is pouring into the city.' The good man, filled with a father's pity, refused to mount his horse unless his daughter would also ride on the croup; and loaded with this dangerous burden, he galloped out of the gates. Just at that moment a fearful roar sounded behind them. The great city of Is was overwhelmed by the rushing wave. In terror, the king rode all night, followed by the menacing waters. In the morning, when near Douarnenez, he heard a voice, saying: 'Gradlon, if you do not wish to be lost, throw over the demon who rides on your croup.' Dahut, terrified by the fearful noise, lost her balance, and rolled over into the stream, which stopped as soon as she was engulfed. The place is still called Dahut's Pit, now corrupted into Poul-Davit. We discuss the legend as we get into our carriage. It is the old story of the

siren with golden hair and the voice of the charmer, fatal to all those who listen.

It is seven o'clock before we reach Audierne. The quay, so deserted this morning, is now gay; the fishing-boats have returned; and the visitors, English and French, are on the shore. Delighted, but very weary, we regain our hospitable quarters to enjoy a good supper.

The next day we take a charming walk to the Valley of the Riz. Every step gives you a fresh surprise. Through the splendid trees, you see the sparkling bay; cottages with moss-covered roofs are scattered along; the women in their white coifs are busy washing at the fountains, and talking incessantly. Wild-flowers grow abundantly, and the red-throats sing their sweet notes. We reach a long avenue of ancient moss-grown oaks; at the end is a ruinous wall, covered with ferns, and an arched doorway with a sculptured escutcheon. Within, are farm-buildings in every stage of decay. It is the old manor of Keratry, compared with which, the melancholy dwelling of the Master of Ravenswood was a palace. The ancient family of Beaumanoir once lived here; and as we wandered through the garden, now a wild uncultivated scene, we thought of the days when the fair ladies used to come out in the evening and gather the roses and honeysuckles that are still flowering amidst the weeds.

We climb a hill, from which we see the country. There are manor-houses on all sides—Kerillis, Kerdouarnec, Coat-an-aer, buried in groves of oak or chestnut. It would seem as if, like the Breton peasants, the better classes wished to hide themselves from the eyes of strangers; and if you would get nearer, you must plunge into secluded roads, overshadowed by lofty trees, whence you can see the gray tower of a pigeon-cot, and hear the inhospitable barking of many fierce dogs. Issuing from one of these, we enter a solemn, winding alley of aspen-trees, leading to the church of Ploa-Ré. The grass, strewn with the whitening foliage of the trees, rustles under our tread. It was a quarter of an hour before we reached the end of these severe rows of trees; and the sight of the cemetery made us all melancholy. Upon the whole, that is the impression which Brittany leaves upon the mind. The great silent tracts without culture or villages; the dark deep forests; the brooks, which issue from every quarter, sobbing and moaning; the grave, wild peasants, who speak an unknown language, and distrust the stranger—all these things act upon the nervous organisation. It is like a melancholy mist falling drop by drop, yet penetrating to the very heart.

PLAYING THE WRONG CARD.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

THE host of the *King's Arms* was as good as his word; in a very few minutes supper was ready; and, moreover, it was a supper which did the *King's Arms* credit. The next day being market-day, was probably a reason for the larder being unusually well stocked; while the presence and guarantee of Mr Hythe of Myrtle Villa was certainly a reason for drawing upon the best of that larder's resources. John and William, the

well-known first and second waiters, were in attendance; but on Mr Hythe expressing his wish to that effect, they retired, and the party began supping in earnest.

As might be expected, there was but little conversation at first, what little there was being contributed by the founder of the feast, even his remarks sinking after a while to a very low key, and then chiefly addressed to the Professor. Civility of course demanded an assenting monosyllable now and again; but it was plain that the Professor's attention was mainly directed to his supper; yet a change came over him anon; he looked uneasily at the speaker, glanced meaningly at his companions; then laying down his knife and fork, he said, in as low a tone as he had been addressed: 'If you will be good enough to wait a few minutes, sir, until we get rid of the child, I think it will be better. I understand you pretty well.'

Mr Hythe nodded assent; and the Professor resumed his meal, although with a more troubled aspect than before. His companions looked wonderingly on during this whispered colloquy, without speaking, until presently the Professor said: 'Now, sir; with your permission, I will give Mademoiselle Lucile one glass of champagne, and then call the baggage-man to take her to our lodgings; for, as you will readily guess, we do not put up at the *King's Arms*; and I do not care about her keeping very late hours.'

'If you prefer it, I will order her a room here,' said Hythe in an undertone. 'She will surely be very dull in going to a strange house by herself—will be nervous.'

'Oh, she don't mind!' exclaimed Regaldini with a smile, though there was sadness in it. 'In our life, sir, children soon grow out of the nervous fancies you are thinking about. The real hardships of life kill the fanciful ones, and they get enough of *them*, poor creatures!'

So the attendant was summoned, and was directed to take the little girl to Mrs Blimby's, Back Church Row; a very different address from the Market Place or High Street.

When he had fairly gone, Hythe desired the others to select their wine, light their cigars, and make themselves comfortable. 'And that you may be more at ease, in a business point of view,' he continued, 'I will make up your losses of to-day, on your giving me a fair statement; as I have always been a supporter of—of music and the drama, I suppose I must say.'

'You are very good, sir; indeed I do not know how to thank you,' said the Professor; 'for this most awful frost—I mean this failure—has fairly broken us. How we should have reached the next town, I don't know; or how we should have opened when we got there, I don't know either.'

'Have you settled for the room?' began Hythe.

The other interrupted him with a laugh. 'Settled! I should think we had, sir,' he said. 'You don't think the landlord here would run any risk? I wanted him to appoint some one to take the money, and so pay himself; but he said that was not in his line. He knew the town; I didn't.—But, sir, you were speaking of some business in which you thought I could serve

you. Now the child is gone, you may speak out.'

'But—you see it was private,' began Hythe.

'And so it will be now, I guarantee,' interposed the Professor. 'I will answer for Charley—that's my friend—and so would you, if you knew him. Besides, I fancy the business will be more in his line than my own, if I correctly caught your meaning.'

Hythe hesitated a few seconds, as though rather disconcerted at having to confide in two persons instead of one; but shaking off this reluctance, began: 'Seeing the ease with which you assumed character after character, each so widely differing from the others, Mr Regaldini, and the wonderful manner in which you concealed your identity, it occurred to me that you might, at little trouble to yourself, do a great service to a near relative of my own, who is gradually sinking into fixed melancholy, if not insanity, by dwelling on a fixed idea—a delusion. Now, there will not be the slightest risk to yourself, as you will see, and you will be well paid for your kindness; I ought, perhaps, to say "for your talent," as I have no doubt your kindly feeling would prompt you to serve an unfortunate gentleman disinterestedly. I have a brother, Mr Regaldini'—

'Excuse me, sir,' interrupted the Professor; 'but now that we are coming to business, I should take it as a favour if you would call me "Styles," which is my name, the other being only professional.'

'Certainly, Mr Styles,' assented Hythe. 'And your friend?'

'Well, he really is a foreigner,' said Styles; 'but not with such a name as we have given him. If you call him Mr Charles, that will do, and indeed that's what his name means.—Now, sir, we are at your service.'

The musician had scarcely spoken a single word in Mr Hythe's hearing, but had listened intently. 'My brother, gentlemen,' proceeded Mr Hythe, 'labours under an increasing remorse for a wrong which he thinks he did many years ago; and despite of all argument to prove how unavailing this morbid regret and self-reproach now is, he gives way to it more and more. Nay, so completely has the feeling possessed him, that he will alienate his property from his real family, or at anyrate postpone their possession of it for many years, and even then they will only share it with some charitable institution. My children and I are the family I refer to, gentlemen. You see I treat you with perfect frankness, as I am not a man to do things by halves; and having said this, you will not wonder when I say it is worth my while to give a twenty-pound note, in addition to all expenses and losses, which latter I will settle at once, in order to get the business to which I allude done, and well done.'

The attention of the listeners became keener after this sentence, and Mr Styles involuntarily hitched his chair a little closer to the speaker, as though anxious not to lose a word.

'My brother'—Mr Hythe hesitated a little here, as though he knew that this was the key-stone of his communication—'my brother, early in life, while on his travels, was entangled, as many young men before him have been, by a certain intimacy. He says now that he was married; but that I believe to be a

delusion. However, to adopt his own fancy, he was abroad with his wife, and becoming ashamed, I suppose, of the connection, he—he left her; left her with one child. He was under another name at the time; there is no doubt of that; but he heard of his father's death while he was abroad, and so was anxious to come home to take his property, and not anxious, as you may suppose, to bring home the half-bred foreigner—a Brazilian, or Bolivian, or something of that kind. So he left her.—You follow me so far?’

‘Yes, sir; all right!’ said Styles.

‘Yes, sir; there is no mistake about what your brother did,’ said the musician, speaking for the first time. He spoke with a strong foreign accent, which slightly distorted his words, but he spoke readily enough. ‘Serve the foreign person right, for being such a fool.’

‘Ah! well, I won’t say exactly that,’ returned Hythe, speaking compassionately on behalf of the foreigner. ‘It was not handsome on his part; but there was great excuse for him. He left her all the money he could spare. But after he came home, his previous infatuation returned, and acted upon him so strongly that he positively went back to where he had left her—New Orleans.’

‘New Orleans!’ echoed the musician. ‘I beg your pardon, sir, but I follow you with great interest.’ So he probably did, for his thin, eager face was thrust forward, and his sunken eyes gleamed so brightly under the ragged hair which hung over his forehead and around his head, that Hythe felt almost uncomfortable when he encountered their glance.

‘But he could not find her,’ resumed Hythe; ‘yet he heard of her, unfortunately. He heard a great deal of exaggeration, no doubt, about her despair at being left; but that would not have mattered so much, only that he heard also of her having been robbed by those around her, and left with her child almost penniless. She had gone away from New Orleans; and it was supposed she had tried to reach her friends—an attempt almost hopeless, as they were said to live hundreds of miles away; where, my brother never exactly knew. His mind perhaps was a little affected by some irregularities and exciting adventures in which he had been a partaker. Whatever the cause, this incident preyed on him greatly. He returned to England, led the life of a hermit, kept out of society, and made no secret to me that he did not consider himself at liberty to marry, having a belief that his wife—as he called her—was still alive. We—I—well, his family were naturally satisfied with this arrangement; but a few years ago he had a dream—he talks of it as a vision, a revelation—in which he saw his wife and child.’

‘This child—was it a girl or a boy?’ asked the musician.

‘A girl,’ replied Hythe. ‘Well, he thought he saw them, and they told him the child was still alive, and would live to see him. On the strength of this dream, he has altered his will to the detriment of his friends, as I have told you; and as a delusion gets the stronger the longer it is indulged in, you will not be in the least surprised to hear that he has had the dream again very recently, indeed, and to the same effect.’

‘But how do you wish us to help you?’ asked Mr Styles, as the speaker paused. ‘I think you said’—

‘I am coming to that now,’ resumed Mr Hythe; ‘but it was necessary to enter upon this rather lengthy preamble, that you might understand precisely how things were. I want one to personate a relative of this young woman; her brother indeed. I have told you she was a foreigner; consequently her relatives were foreigners also; and coming as she did from some precious South American republic, or some such out-of-the-way place, there is not likely to be any one in England who can say you are or are not her brother. I have by me a photograph of the young fellow. I had copies taken, unknown to my brother, from one in his possession, as I thought it might come in handy some day. Now, making yourself up as much like this man as you can, allowing of course for the lapse of ten or a dozen years, you wait upon Mr Maurice Hythe, say you have come over to England on other business, but called to deliver a message you had held in charge for several years’—

‘Pardon, sir,’ interrupted the musician; ‘but you have told us that this gentleman was under another name, a name of assumption. If that is so, he will say, quite natural, how do you know where I live—how do you know me at all?’

‘Hum!—yes; that’s true,’ returned Hythe thoughtfully. ‘I must think it over. But I fancy I see a way out of the difficulty; so we will proceed. When you have introduced yourself, you must speak to him of your sister; say that when he left her, she sought refuge with an old lover to whom she was greatly attached, and telling him that she was left a widow, induced him to marry her; that she lived with him several years, until both she and her daughter died of fever, or cholera, or something.’

‘Very good, sir; most good,’ said the musician, as Hythe paused to pour out a glass of wine. ‘The idea is excellent. It will be easy to defame her character. Besides, being dead, and only a foolish girl when alive, why, it does not matter.’

Hythe cast a doubtful look at the speaker, as though there was something in this mode of support which jarred upon him.

‘This communication,’ he continued, ‘which I have no hesitation in saying—knowing my brother’s character—will be implicitly received as authentic, will at once and for ever settle all this delirium about dreams and visions.’

‘I have heard of some such plan, when a man thought himself haunted by a ghost,’ said Styles; ‘they got some one to represent the ghost, and’—

‘Ah! this is not at all like that,’ hastily interrupted Hythe. ‘My brother does not believe himself haunted, and you will not have to personate any one he has ever seen. You can come with me to my house to-night, Mr Styles, and I will give you the portrait of the man you are to personate.’

‘I can’t do it, sir—I can’t indeed,’ said Styles; ‘my nerves are gone, sir. What with continual ill-luck, and five-and-thirty years of this life,

and—I must own—some hard drinking of late, I haven't the nerves for such work. That's why I told you to take Charley into consultation. He is wonderful good at all disguises, and I don't believe he's afraid of anybody or anything in the world.'

'But I was so struck by your cleverness to-night,' urged Hythe, 'that I thought you were just the man; while Mr Charles here, if that be his name, cannot have had much experience.'

'Bless you, sir!' returned Styles, with a melancholy smile, 'what you saw me do, is mere habit and knack. All the tricks are handed down from one showman to another; there's not a spark of originality in the business. As for Charley's experience! if he chooses to do it, sir, he can alter his face while he is sitting there, so that you could hardly know him.—Couldn't you, Charley?' In lieu of answering in words, the musician bowed his head for a moment, ran his hand hastily through his wild hair, altered his necktie, then suddenly lifting his face, thrust it forward towards Mr Hythe, with so fearful a grin, and so terrible an expression in his eyes, that the gentleman half leaped from his chair with an exclamation of alarm.

'Aha!' cried Styles; 'has he changed his expression, sir?'

'Changed his expression!' echoed Mr Hythe. 'I never was so startled in my life. I would sooner have found myself face to face with a mad wolf or a tiger.—I do not know whether you will take it as a compliment, Mr Charles, but I assure you I never saw so hideous a face on human shoulders before. I don't want any further proof of your power.'

Styles laughed at this speech; so did Charley; but whether the latter intended the grin to be in keeping with his wolfish aspect or not, it certainly made Hythe shudder again, and cast a second look, to assure himself that the musician had not gone suddenly mad.

'You are satisfied then, sir?' asked Styles. 'I can tell you there is not a man in the profession who could have made such a change without paint or dress, as Charley has just done.'

'I should think not,' said Hythe, with emphasis; 'I may almost say I hope not. I should have preferred you, I must own, Mr Styles; but after what you have said, I have no choice except to take Mr Charles.—It will be as well, sir'—addressing the musician—'to come with me at once to my house, which is only on the outskirts of the town, and I will give you the photograph.'

'We will both go,' struck in Styles; 'a walk will do me good, and Lucile is asleep by this time.'

'Then your daughter's name is really what you call it,' said Hythe, with a smile. 'I did not feel certain of that, as I must say you allow yourself a good deal of latitude in your selection of names.'

'The public will have it, sir,' replied Styles, very seriously. 'If we were to keep to our own names, or were particular about countries and propriety, and all that, we should not draw a penny. But Mademoiselle is not my daughter; she is not related to me; she is a relative of

Charley's,' he continued, dropping his voice—the musician was putting on his coat at the further end of the room. 'He does not like to talk about her before strangers, yet he dotes upon her, though he don't show it, and would kill anybody, or himself, or her either, rather than she should come to any harm. He is a strange fellow, he'—

The musician coming towards them at this moment, Mr Styles abruptly checked himself, and after a brief conversation bearing upon the financial result of the entertainment, the three left the *King's Arms* in company.

Very little was spoken among them on the road to Myrtle Villa; Hythe and 'Mr Charles' were evidently absorbed in reflection; while Styles, who would possibly have been more loquacious if left to himself, was overawed by the silence of his companions, and conscious perhaps of having drunk sufficient wine to render loquacity dangerous. The inmates of Myrtle Villa had retired; but Mr Hythe opened the front-door with his key, and took the others into what was apparently his own room. Here he unlocked a desk, and taking from it a packet of photographs, selected one which he threw towards Charles. 'You will find his name on the back of it,' he said—'Don Something. You of course pretend to be him. Do you think you can "make up" anything in his style?'

'That he can!' exclaimed Styles, who was looking at the picture over the musician's shoulder; 'he will do it to perfection, for he has just got the face for it.—Charley, my boy! if the part had been written for you, it could not have suited you better.'

'There is one thing, Mr Hythe, which we must not at all forget,' said the musician; he was still looking at the portrait, and he spoke in so low a voice that, his head being bowed, he could hardly be heard; 'I cannot arrange without knowing this gentleman's other name. How can I go and see Mr Hythe, when you tell me he travelled as Mr Somebody-else? You said you would think over that. There is no other way but telling me this name.'

'No—I suppose not,' slowly returned Hythe. 'I have been turning it over in my mind a good deal since we spoke, and I see it would be absurd for you to go on such an errand and not know his assumed name. However, I expect he will be too excited to ask how you found him out. Say, will you undertake the business? You understand the pay.'

'I will undertake it, sir,' said the musician, lifting his head suddenly. His dark, sallow face was almost of an ashy paleness, and although the vicious tiger-like expression was not there, there was something so unearthly in his look, that Mr Hythe recoiled with an ejaculation which was almost of terror. 'I will undertake it, sir,' said Charles; 'and shall be quite satisfied to leave all question of pay to yourself. I trust you will say I have done my work thoroughly, when that work is finished. I shall be ready to-morrow. Will that suit?'

'Yes; the sooner the better,' returned Mr Hythe. 'You are sure to find him at home—that is one comfort.'

A short consultation then took place, in which Hythe gave some further advice as to the pro-

ceedings of Mr Charles, and then the two professionals took their departure.

'A clever man, no doubt, and will just suit the business,' muttered Hythe, standing at his door, while he watched his confederates as they crossed a patch of moonlight and then disappeared in the shadow of some buildings. 'A very clever man; but I think if I had known as much of him when I began, as I know now, I would not have had anything to do with him. A foolish prejudice, I daresay; but it seems as if I were in partnership with a hyena.'

PAVEMENT PORTRAITS.

A MAN IN POSSESSION.

THE original of this Portrait was first encountered by the painter of it at a sculptor's studio at Hampstead. To this studio at that time—ah, years ago!—used to come on Saturday afternoons a number of young men, who—the week's sculpturing, painting, writing, reading, or work of any sort done—were wont to gather together for fencing, boxing, smoking, and talking purposes. What a merry gathering it was! How we 'turned to mirth all things of earth' in our thoughtless careless youth! and with what paternal dignity the grave old sculptor—not really old, but old in comparison with us—to whom the studio belonged, enjoyed our merriment; applauded the skill of some of us; laughed at the awkwardness of others; encouraged a smart talker, or boxer, or fencer; deprecated a loose expression; censured a false cut or blow; and played the rôle of gentle Mentor, ruler and umpire of the games.

All are scattered now and fled;
Some are married, some are dead.

But although these sad words do apply in a general way to members of that weekly gathering, there is among those who survive, one at least who is as sprightly, as active, as gay apparently, as in the days of yore. Age has not silvered his locks, for what there was of them in the old days were white as snow then. Time has not bent his figure, which always put to shame in its uprightness the rounded shoulders of some of his youthful play-fellows. Years have not dimmed his eyes, in which laughter lives now as then. The wrinkles in his good-humoured face are not more numerous than they were, for I never remember his face capable of accommodating more than were already there. His moustache is as fierce and thick, his 'imperial' as heavy, as they always were, and the only change in this Portrait is in his clothes. These, it must be admitted, have grown very shabby. It looks to me as if the same frock-coat which did duty in the studio does duty now, and it is not in the nature of things that a coat should not age with the rolling years, however well the wearer of it may wear.

It was always the feature of the afternoon when 'Young Dick,' as this Portrait was called in the boxing-days, made his appearance at our rendezvous. 'Here he is!' was the general cry; and we all did our best with the gloves, or the

foils, or at singlestick after his arrival; for he was our Professor, not a paid tutor, but a happy honorary master in the cunning and noble arts. That was really his profession, as an inscription on a wire-blind in the window of a dingy white house at Holloway informed the public of the north of London. He made a fair living at his calling. He worked hard; and his one afternoon a week of thorough relaxation was on Saturday, when he came to the studio. His fund of information was wonderful; and when our more active amusements were finished, we would gather round 'Young Dick,' and listen long to tales of his travels 'from China to Peru,' told in a charming manner, and enlivened with flashes of real wit.

'Young Dick' disappeared from my life when the studio days—as all days do—came to an end; and I had nearly forgotten his existence, when a little while ago, he almost knocked me down as he dashed round the corner of Wellington Street, Strand, flying apparently before a blast which was desolating Waterloo Bridge of its dust.

'Hul-lo! Well, I never! Here's luck! How are you, old fellow? This is *too* much! What an age it is! Why, you're looking well. Come along—no refusal—do as you're told. "Short's" is the word.—What's it to be? Not turned teetotaler, eh? Port or sherry—both are good over there? Come over at once, before we both subside under our feelings.'

His arm was slipped through mine, and I at once noticed the very scedy coat. The jerky exclamations were still jumping through his lips, and I had hardly time to reply to one of his questions, ere I found myself with 'Young Dick' in the wine-shop over the way which he had indicated by the word 'Short's.' Here we surveyed each other from head to foot; and here we talked; and here I heard of the change which had really occurred in the existence of this Portrait, whose manner and outward appearance—always barring the clothes—were so unaltered. Over our glass of sherry, poor 'Young Dick' became quite confidential; and this is what he told me, and how he told it.

'Seen any of the old lot lately? I never see any of them now, though I heard how poor Howse and his brother died of consumption. Sad that; two promising careers cut short. And how Beach married, and hasn't a halfpenny to bless himself with. Turned photographer; began on an acre of canvas, and now finishing up on a square inch of muddy metal—for he goes in for "ferrotypes"—I think he calls them. And how Riley went to the bad, and married a rich old widow. How famous Mew is becoming as a doctor; and what a stir young Stone is making with his writings. That's about all I know of them. I suppose they've all forgotten me—all except old Jupiter Tonans, the ruler of our games. I have reason to know *he* remembers me. Do you ever hear them speak of Young Dick?'

I thought I noticed a sign of deep feeling in a certain quiver of the lower lip as he asked this question, a quiver which vanished like a bubble in his glass as I replied: 'O dear, yes. Indeed, they've not forgotten you. As far as I know, you are the best remembered of the whole lot.'

Then he laughed—not a hollow laugh, or a mocking laugh, but a laugh as if a joke had occurred to him, amusing him so much that he needs must laugh. ‘Ha! ha! I wonder what they would all say if they knew what I am now? I don’t want them to know; but I won’t ask you to keep it a secret, for some day one of them might find out in an unpleasant way what I am. Why, my dear sir, I’m a man in possession!’

‘What!’ I exclaimed; ‘a broker’s man, you?’

‘Yes, that’s me. When there’s no regular work to do for the Court—the “Bankruptcy,” you know—I take any odd job of the sort. I don’t like it; but as Marwood, that other executioner, says, somebody must do it; and as my wife and children can’t, or sha’n’t starve, why, I must do something. I’ll tell you all about it.

‘A long while ago I broke my arm. This threw me out of my profession for a good while; and when I did try to take it up again, I found that my profession had chucked me up. A friend of mine in the Bankruptcy Court had to settle my affairs, and when that was done, there was nothing but six open mouths and six empty stomachs left. The friend who helped to “white-wash” me offered me a queer berth, which in sheer desperation I took. I go “into possession,” sometimes for the Court, to guard goods against too rapacious creditors; and sometimes for a rapacious creditor, in which latter case I always am as gentle as I possibly can be. It isn’t very nice; but on occasions I have funny cases to attend to. There was one the other week. A young artist—a silly but nice fellow—having taken a house far too big and expensive for him, very shortly came a cropper, and I was “put in.” Well, I hadn’t been there many hours, when a whole troop of his friends came to see him, thinking to enjoy themselves in this grand big house. I let them all in. My host wasn’t at home. I told them so. They didn’t seem to mind this, but asked for some whisky. I told them there was none. They were surprised, and begged me to go out and get them some. Then I had to tell them what I was. They all roared, as they exclaimed: “What, in possession! We thought you were the new butler!”

‘But last Monday I had a shock. You must know I have a nephew, the only son of a dear dead sister, who has been the pride of my life; so good, so respectable, so flourishing. And strange as it may seem to him and his wife and family, I have always appeared the same—good, respectable, flourishing. Whenever I went to his house, I always put on my best clothes and manners; and they in their turn put the best dinner they could upon the table, and gave me the warmest welcome. He is a clerk in the City; has a very good place, and has hitherto done well. Not saved, but lived comfortably, just within his means. Judge, then, of my horror, when last Monday I was sent for by one of my employers and instructed to go and take possession of No. — Old Kent Road—my nephew’s house! What could it mean? I thought the matter over; and as soon as I was calm enough to make a definite plan, I accepted the job! I went home, and wrote poor Walter a note, saying I was coming to see him the following day; and on Tuesday I dressed myself as smart as possible,

and went, just as if I had come to pay them one of my ordinary visits.

‘I found the house as tidy as ever, the children as cheerful; Walter and his wife, apparently, as pleased to see me as they always were. We had dinner; and Walter, his wife, a neighbour, and I played whist afterwards—threepenny points. I lost five shillings, I am glad to say; and Walter did, what he had never done before, made a revoke. It grew late. The neighbour went. I said I would like to smoke another pipe. Walter, who never went to bed early, seemed pleased at this, though he was at this period rather *distract*—said the revoke he had made worried him. His wife went to bed. The night was passing. Suddenly I feigned great fatigue—you know I could not go away—and begged that I might sleep on the sofa. There was no spare bed ready; so Walter having made me as comfortable as possible, left me, and went up to his own room. I didn’t sleep much, I can tell you. I took my boots off, and walked up and down and round and round that little room all night. The chairs, the tables, the books, all seemed to rebuke me. The carpet was like red-hot ploughshares to my feet. The sofa would not accommodate my aching bones. The gas grew hazy as I looked at it through that long night, and the clock striking every quarter of an hour seemed to shriek at me to go. It was awful.

‘At last Wednesday morning came. Walter came down. He looked quite ill in the early morning light; but his care was all for me. He expressed great anxiety for my health. He bade me stay for the day. He offered to get me a doctor. I accepted the invitation to remain, and refused the doctor.

‘Walter went to his work; and no sooner had the door shut, than his pretty little wife, without a word of warning, burst into tears, and flinging herself on the sofa, sobbed out: “O Uncle Dick, those horses have ruined my Walter! I must tell you. He’s been so misled. He’s lost all his money, and borrowed a fearful lot, which he can never repay, and we are in daily expectation of a man being put in possession.”

‘The crisis had come, and this gentle little creature had to bear the brunt of it. I, the respectable uncle, to whom this heart-rending confession was made in a way which clearly showed me that the poor thing thought her revelation would produce help, had to reveal why I was really there! It was done somehow. A series of fainting-fits ensued. Men don’t faint; I wish they did; for I certainly should have availed myself then of the privilege, if it had been mine. I wanted to faint away altogether, and never come back.

‘When my niece was better, I got up, and having given her a kiss which would not have made Othello himself wince to see, I cut away as hard as my feet would carry me.

‘I went to Walter’s office to-day, and heard that he had made a clean breast of it to his employers. They have advanced sufficient to help him out of his scrape. He has forsworn racing; and I—well, it will be a long while before I set eyes on that family again—and I’ve lost that employer.

‘Good-bye, old chap. Glad to have seen you. It’s a funny world, isn’t it?’ And with something

like a stoppage in his throat, 'Young Dick' seized my hand, squeezed it hard, and in another moment was out of sight, swallowed up in the stream of humanity pouring along the Strand.

A PET TROUT.

It is, I believe, somewhat unusual for a trout to live, grow, and flourish in a small tank; still more uncommon, perhaps, that a fish of this species should become as tame as the individual in my possession. He lives in a small rockwork cistern in an unheated conservatory attached to my house. He was placed there, I believe, by the preceding tenant in 1879, together with a number of other small fry of his kind. At Michaelmas 1879, when I took the house, I found that by cannibalism or other causes the trout were reduced to three, of which the largest—the subject of this note—was about the size of one's forefinger. Before the end of the following spring, our friend, like the survivor of the *Nancy Bell*, and by similar means, had effectually disposed of his two companions; and since then, has lived in solitary state, save on one occasion, when some unfortunate small fish—roach or gudgeon—happened to get in from an adjoining compartment of the tank. On them he promptly dined.

The division of the aquarium in which he resides measures seven feet in length, fifteen inches in depth, and eighteen inches in average breadth. He is monarch, therefore, of about eighty gallons of water. For a few hours each day, but not regularly, this is renewed by a small fountain which plays in the centre of the tank.

Until last spring, I must confess that I paid scant attention to my finny friend. I could not approve his too great liking for his own species, and it had not dawned upon me that I could possibly make a pet of him. How he existed, is a matter of physiological interest. Occasionally during the warmer weather, some one or other of us would toss a chance spider or earthworm into the tank, and these the trout would supplement by a fly or two caught on his own account. But during the severe weather of 1879–80, and again in the winter of 1880–81, the whole tank-water was for weeks, to all appearance, a solid block of ice; certainly it was so thick that we could not possibly break it. My man tells me that for a period of five weeks consecutively during the latter winter the tank was covered in every part by a sheer ice-sheet—not a crack or air-hole anywhere to be seen. I felt certain that the fish must all be dead, and was considerably astonished to find—as soon as the thaw allowed us to remove the ice—that not one in any of the compartments was, as far as one could judge, a whit the worse. (I should say, however, that some very large gold-fish which survived the ice of the winter 1879–80, died one by one in 1880, when the warmer weather of spring set in.) It goes without saying that not a drop of water flowed into the tanks during the whole of the severe weather.

Up to the spring of 1881, the trout had made scarcely any progress in his growth; but during the summer, he had so developed that he measured seven and a half or eight inches in length. This

may in part be attributed to the tremendous petting which he received. His survival of the winter and his tameness made him in a small way a local celebrity.

Not only has he since feasted continually upon the peculiarly fat and well-to-do spiders with which my garden abounds, but visitors have come to see him, armed with boxfuls of web-spinners hunted out from cellars and elsewhere for the occasion. Not that our friend would accept indiscriminately whatever was offered to him. On the contrary, when spiders—his favourite and usual food—were abundant, he would disdain lanky and attenuated specimens, for which at the present date (November 1881), when choice spiders are scarce, he is only too grateful. Similarly, he would reject a whitish spider, which I occasionally offered him; light-coloured spiders indeed, as a rule, he took less readily than dark. Nor was he very partial to spiders which had been confined in boxes. He had a decided preference for those freshly caught. Spiders, when you shut them up together, devote themselves to each other's extermination with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause. Whether angry passions evoked acrid juices, or whether the survivors fell short of his standard of liveliness, is uncertain, but Mr Trout clearly showed his disapprobation of them.

His favourite morsels were certain juicy females of large size, abundant in summer and autumn. He would take a dozen to twenty of these in rapid succession, rising at them as I dangled them from the tip of my finger. Moths and various kinds of flies were occasionally offered, and he generally took them; with bright-coloured or hairy caterpillars, he would have nothing to do. Yet his voracity was very great, and I have seen him dash at a white-handled penknife with which a friend of mine was endeavouring to remove a wasp which had fallen into the water. Wasps, by the way, I believe he never attempted to take, although they occasionally fell into the tank by accident, or were put there unknown to me. I am inclined to think, from some remains I saw floating on the water, that he once or twice devoured portions of a humble-bee. I do not feel sure of this, though. He is partial to earthworms, but will sometimes refuse them for a spider. He swallows his food voraciously and almost immediately. When he seizes an earthworm too large to be so summarily disposed of, he will rush up and down his tank at great speed. Dead things he avoids, and generally waits for some movement of his victim before he advances upon it.

His manner of taking his prey varies. If the insect sinks in the water, he quietly swims up to it, seizes it, then turns round and returns to his lurking-place. Sometimes he takes the food before it reaches the bottom of the tank; at others he picks it off the gravel which forms the bed of the aquarium; but there is never any hurry. It is however, very different, when the bait lies on the surface or hangs suspended above the water. Then he comes with a rush and splash, making nervous people 'jump,' especially when—as is frequently the case—they are peering over with noses down, declaring they 'cannot see anything.' This rush is not the result of fear or trepidation, but arises from his knowledge

—instinctive, if you like—that, while beneath the surface, an earthworm, or spider, or anything not a fish, can be captured at leisure, there is no such certainty as to things above the water. He seems to be aware that they may elude him or take wing, unless he is very sharp. So far from feeling any fear, he will always, when hungry, and seeing me at the edge of his tank, come out from his favourite lurking-place, and place himself immediately below the outstretched hand in which I hold the expected spider, waiting till I let it fall. Sometimes he executes a preliminary flourish up and down the tank.

Curiously, he appears to know me, and will certainly and unmistakably prefer to take food from my hand than from that of a stranger. By dangling a spider a considerable distance above the water, I have several times made my pet leap entirely out of the water, and very curious it has been to observe his pink spots and silver scales so close to one. In rising thus at objects above the water, he takes a half-turn round from right to left in the act of seizing the object, bringing his belly uppermost, and falling into the water beyond almost flat on his back, when the leap has been a high one. This turning to grasp his prey is shark-like; but he does not turn over when seizing a worm or insect *below* the surface. When the object lies *on* the water, his rush is too rapid and his body too indistinct, to enable me to say positively whether he turns or not. As a rule, I think he does not.

He has three favourite stations in his tank; and from the first two which I shall mention he rarely stirs, lying there for hours, a dark object, his white mouth opening and shutting as he forces the water through his gills. The first is underneath the leaves of a Cape pondweed which grows out of a flower-pot sunk in the water—and round which, by the way, he commonly takes a triumphal swim, after receiving a more than usually luscious spider, never failing, however, to present himself again for another of the same sort. His second post, more favoured since the pondweed has died down, is underneath a miniature rock-work bridge which spans the water. Here he lies, as a rule, on the gravelly bottom, with his body closely applied to the stone-work side of the aquarium, accommodating his tail to the curved direction which the tank has at this point. When inclined to feed, however, he rises midway to the surface, and there waits his opportunity.

His third post is somewhat of a puzzle to me. It is the only point in which he displays any shyness; and he invariably dashes from this part of the tank with a great splutter the very moment I enter the conservatory—rushing, nevertheless, to the spot at which I generally feed him, and taking his spiders very much as usual. The post in question is at the very surface of the water at one end of the tank. It is the best lighted end of the aquarium—his lurking-places are at the darker end—and the only conclusion I can come to is that his object is to sun himself. Why he is so ashamed of it as he appears to be, I cannot tell; but I believe, from the evidence of scientific research on the hostile influence of light upon the lower fungi, that sunning is essential to fish as a preventive of the parasitic fungus-disease which attacks them. I have observed

goldfish so affected rising to the surface of their pond and lying in the bright sunlight; but whether there is anything instinctive in this, or whether it is the result of weakness induced by the disease, I cannot pretend to say.

THE CHOICE.

A FAIRY there lived in the long, long ago,
Possessed, it is said, of all manner of skill;
And this Fairy proposed on a Youth to bestow
The gift he chose greatest for good or for ill.

'Wouldst thou be the gift the bold Warrior wielded,
The Fairy commanded the stripling to say;
'As leader of legions, and victor of fields—
Unbounded thy glory, unquestioned thy sway?'

And straight the Youth answered: 'The Warrior bold
In his train bringeth Death, with its visitants grim,
And carnage, and ruin, and horrors untold,
To compass a bauble, or sanction a whim.'

'The Orator's gift then, say, shall it be thine,
Unrivalled in diction, unmatched in debate;
Far above all thy fellows still destined to shine;
The star of the senate, the hope of the state?'

Again spake the Youth: 'True, the Orator's tongue
May trumpet-like summon humanity's shoal:
But once Passion's gates on its hinges are swung,
Say, *then* can the Orator guide and control?'

'Well, be it thy choice, the Philosopher proud,
In wisdom and learning, of all, the elect;
The fearless uplifter of error's dark cloud,
The subtle diviner of cause and effect?'

'I care not to wield the Philosopher's staff,'
Once again, half-regretful, the stripling spoke out;
'For his woes are but veiled by the cynical laugh,
And his vitals are gnawed by the demon of Doubt.'

'Ah, then,' cried the Fairy, 'the Painter's career
Is a glorious one truly to reckon upon;
His art brings the distant for evermore near,
And the shadow is sweet when the substance is gone.'

'Not for me be that art,' was the stripling's reply;
'Tis a mockery cruel as death, and a snare;
For the canvas is deaf to the passionate sigh,
And the rapt look of love is repaid by a stare.'

'Is the gift of the Poet thy bosom's desire,
To revel in fancy and sparkle in song,
And gladden men's hearts with thy rapturous lyre,
When wounded by sorrow or burdened with wrong?'

The stripling's eyes glistened with sudden delight,
And his heart thrilled with raptures he might not
control;
For the Fairy had fathomed his secret aright,
And the gift of the Poet has entered his soul.

RICHARD ROBINSON.

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RECENT EGYPTIAN DISCOVERIES.

THE official Report of M. Maspero, the Director-in-chief of the Museums of Egypt, on the strange and startling discoveries made last year in Upper Egypt, is now published; and, as the Report has not yet been translated into English, it may interest some of our readers to have, from this and other sources, a brief account of what was found in the subterranean chamber at Deir-el-Bahari.

For some years, it had been evident to experienced eyes that the Arabs of Thebes had discovered some royal tombs whose locality was carefully kept secret. Papyri* and other objects of great value, bearing the royal cartouches of kings and princesses of the twenty-first dynasty, were finding their way to Europe. An extraordinary abundance of scarabs, bearing the cartouches of Thothmes III. and Rameses II., the two greatest conquering heroes of Egypt, flooded the market. Travellers visiting Luxor, if they were found to be rich and liberal, and not too particular in asking questions about their purchases, might even hear the enticing whisper that the mummy of the great Rameses II.

* It may be convenient to give here a brief explanation of some of the technicalities in use among Egyptologists. *Papyri* are the rolls made of an ancient writing material obtained from the stems of a plant called the papyrus. These papyri are generally covered with hieroglyphic writing, which is now quite decipherable by Egyptologists. A *cartouche* is an oval or oblong inclosure on Egyptian monuments and mummies, as also in papyri, containing the hieroglyphic characters which denote the names or titles of kings. The *scarab* is the sacred beetle of the ancient Egyptians, sculptured and otherwise illustrated on many of their works. Regarding the chronology of Egypt, it may be explained that the seventeenth dynasty of the Egyptian kings mentioned in the above article corresponds to from B.C. 1750 to B.C. 1703; the eighteenth dynasty, from B.C. 1703 (the Biblical period of Joseph in Egypt) to B.C. 1462; the nineteenth dynasty, from B.C. 1462 to B.C. 1288 (embracing the period of the Exodus); the twentieth dynasty, from B.C. 1288 to B.C. 1110; and the twenty-first dynasty, from B.C. 1110 to B.C. 980. These dates, however, must be regarded only as approximations.

himself had been found, and might be had for a consideration! No sooner was M. Maspero appointed Director-in-chief of the Museums of Egypt, than he determined to sound this mystery to the bottom. The task was a difficult one. It meant nothing less than getting the truth out of the Arabs, a nation with whom lying is a natural gift, brought to its highest perfection by constant exercise. Moreover, the particular Arab, a certain Abd-cr-Rasoul, to whom the sale of the antiquities in question could be clearly traced, and who possessed beyond a doubt the secret of the hiding-place, sheltered himself behind the agis of the venerable Mustafa Aga, vice-consul of England and Belgium at Luxor. It was impossible for M. Maspero to arrest Mustafa Aga, shielded as he was by diplomatic immunity; and all that could be got out of Abd-cr-Rasoul, after he had been arrested, imprisoned for two months, and frequently interrogated, was, that he was the servant of Mustafa Aga, and a member of his household.

After a time, Abd-cr-Rasoul was set at liberty, provisionally; and the secret might still have been kept, had not discord arisen in his own family. He had four brothers who shared with him in this profitable mystery; and a bitter difference of opinion arising among them, the eldest went to the Mudir of Kenneh and told him that he knew of the hiding-place in question; that it contained about forty mummies, bearing emblems like those seen on the coffins of the Pharaohs. The news was at once carried to the Khedive. M. Maspero had just left Egypt for Europe; but M. Emile Brugsch, brother of the historian of Egypt, and subconservator of the Museum of Boolak, at Cairo, was, in July last year, despatched to Thebes, where he found the hiding-place in question at Deir-el-Bahari, in which were secreted some thirty-six mummies of kings, queens, princes, and high-priests.

But before we follow M. Emile Brugsch into the hiding-place of the Pharaohs, it may be as well to indicate briefly what manner of Pharaohs they were who were buried at Thebes. Egyptian

history divides itself broadly into three great periods—the Ancient Empire, the period of the Shepherd Kings, and the later Empire. The ordinary Briton has three fixed points whereby he strives to attach the mysterious and unfamiliar history of Egypt to history with which he is familiar—these points being the respective eras of Abraham, Joseph, and Moses. Twelve dynasties, however, of the Ancient Empire had already sat on the throne of Memphis when Abraham visited Egypt. Memphis was the capital of this ancient empire, and the seat of the native monarchy until it was overthrown by the mysterious Shepherd Kings—a foreign race, who conquered and governed Egypt for an unknown period, and about whose origin and history very little is certainly known. But it is supposed to have been one of the Shepherd Kings who was Joseph's patron in Egypt; while, on the other hand, the Pharaohs who 'knew not Joseph,' the Pharaohs of the oppression and the deliverance, are identified with the kings of the Theban dynasties, under whom the Shepherd Kings were driven out of the land, and the Egyptian monarchy restored to more than its pristine glory. The two most illustrious of the Theban kings were Thothmes III. and Rameses II. The latter was he of whom the Greeks fabled under the name of Sesostris. Thothmes III. belongs to the eighteenth, Rameses II. to the nineteenth dynasty.

The great city of Thebes, where the splendid temples of Luxor and Karnak still bear witness to its ancient glory, lay on the eastern bank of the Nile. On the opposite side of the river was the city of the dead—among the limestone cliffs where the kings of the mightiest period of Egyptian history had carved their eternal homes. Between these cliffs and the shore, a series of magnificent temples, of which only the ruins now remain, served as chapels for the funeral rites and memorial services belonging to the worship of the deceased kings, who had ascended to the rank of gods. The tombs of the nineteenth dynasty are well known, and are, from their great extent, their elaborate decoration, the mysterious imagery with which their walls are covered, and the wonderful preservation of their colouring, among the most impressive of the wonders of Egypt. Of the eighteenth dynasty, only one of the original tombs has as yet been identified; though the splendid rock-temple now called Deir-el-Bahari, built by the great queen Hatasu—who has been called the Elizabeth of Egyptian history—appears to have been intended as a mausoleum for herself, her father Thothmes I., and her brother Thothmes II.; and to have been afterwards appropriated by her second brother, the great conqueror Thothmes III., when he succeeded in displacing her from the throne.

The temple of Deir-el-Bahari stands in the middle of a natural amphitheatre of cliffs, which is only one of a number of similar amphitheatres

into which the limestone mountains of the Tombs are broken up. In the wall of rock separating this basin of Deir-el-Bahari from the one next to it, some ancient Egyptian engineer had constructed the hiding-place whose secret had been kept for nearly three thousand years. A shaft six and a half feet square, and about thirty-seven feet deep, had been sunk in the solid rock; at the bottom of this shaft a long passage turned off towards the west, then abruptly towards the north, ending at last in a kind of oblong chamber, twenty-three feet long by thirteen feet in breadth. This was the mortuary chamber where the greater number of the mummies were last year found, and which are now deposited in the Boolak Museum.

As soon as M. Emile Brugsch had arrived at the bottom of the shaft, and at the very entrance of the long passage, he came in sight of a yellow and white coffin; soon another, of the seventeenth dynasty; then more and more; while the ground was so littered with vases, funeral urns, statuettes, and other Egyptian funeral gear, that M. Brugsch, who had to advance in many places by crawling, scarcely knew where to place his hands and feet. What words can picture the feelings of the explorer, as glancing rapidly by the dim light of a candle from one coffin to another, he read on them the well-known cartouches of the greatest kings of Egyptian history! 'I ask myself now,' says M. Maspero, 'if I am not dreaming when I see and touch the bodies of so many great personages, of whom I never expected to know more than the names.'

Brugsch, however, did not waste much time in sentimental reflections. Two hours sufficed for the first inspection, and then the work of removal began. What that work was like under a July sun in Egypt, can be imagined by those who know what the Egyptian sun can do in March, when the thermometer often stands at ninety degrees in the shade. It took forty-eight hours to remove all the objects from the tomb; and many of the mummy-cases, which could with difficulty be lifted by twelve or sixteen men, took seven or eight hours to be carried from the cliff to the banks of the Nile, where they had to be ferried across to join the Museum steamer at Luxor. What a changed state of things for Rameses the Great! Who that saw him embarked in his stately funeral barge, and carried to his painted tomb in the rocks of Bab-el-Molook, followed by the great pageant of priests and singers and mourners, would ever have dreamed that he would be taken thence, and sent pell-mell with a shipload of other royal carcases, in a miserable Arab boat, to be finally laid out in the Boolak Museum for the gaze of the tourist! As the Museum steamer, with its freight of dead kings, steamed down the river towards Cairo, it was followed for some distance along the shore by a crowd of natives, the women with dishevelled hair shrieking and howling, and the men shooting off guns, as they do at funerals.

It may be noted here that the mummies found at Deir-el-Bahari were as a rule inclosed in a coffin or outer case made of wood, or of layers of linen glued and hardened together, and beautifully decorated with religious emblems and hieroglyphs. In some instances, one mummy was found to have two, in others three of those cases. The case is generally shaped like the mummy within it, the upper lid being so formed as to represent a kind of effigy of the deceased, painted in gold and colours. The dead body forming the mummy is occasionally wrapped in a shroud, held together by a series of bandages; but more generally the mummy is wrapped in bandages only. These bandages are frequently covered with written characters. So thoroughly was the process of embalming mastered by these ancient dwellers on the Nile, that some of the bodies show but few marks of decay. A remarkable instance is that of Pinotem II., whose head and face have been photographed, and whose features seem almost as recognisable now as when he was laid in his rocky tomb three thousand years ago.

M. Maspero classifies the treasures acquired by the Boolak Museum, as above described, in two groups: (1) Those belonging to the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth dynasties; and (2) those belonging to the twenty-first dynasty (the twentieth dynasty, curiously enough, not being represented in the find). The difference in workmanship between the two periods is so great, that an expert can tell at a glance to which period a mummy-case or an inscription belongs, without having to read the cartouches or royal names upon it. The first group belongs to the palmy days of the Egyptian monarchy; the latter, to its decadence.

The first group being the oldest, is naturally the worst as regards its state of preservation; and there are few of the coffins which do not show marks of having been restored, or even renewed in ancient times. Thus, the coffin of the great Rameses II. excited the suspicions of M. Maspero for some time, as it was evident by its style and the spelling of the inscriptions that it was the work of the twenty-first dynasty. But on removing some of the bandages of the mummy, the original inscription placed upon the corpse was discovered, which left no longer any doubt that this was indeed the body of the great Rameses. There are also two curious instances of false mummies, bundles of sticks or rags done up with such art, that if the Arabs had not torn open the bandages in search of jewellery or scarabs, the fraud would never have been detected. The coffin of Thothmes III. had been injured by the Arabs, and the mummy broken into three pieces. But the cloths in which he was originally wrapped still remain, covered with litanies of the dead for Thothmes III., the son of the queen Isi, whose name is therein given for the first time.

The oldest of the relics discovered in this hiding-place was the mummy and coffin of Rasekenen, an early Theban king of the seventeenth dynasty, which flourished about three thousand six hundred years ago. He was one of those who struggled to overthrow the dominion of the Shepherd Kings. The founder of the Theban monarchy, Ahmes I., the con-

queror of the Shepherd Kings, is also among the number. And second only in interest to the bodies of the great military heroes Thothmes III. and Rameses II., is that of Seti I., father of Rameses, the discovery of whose tomb forms such an exciting story in Belzoni's *Travels*, and whose splendid alabaster sarcophagus is now to be seen in the Soane Museum, London. Many of these mummies are still encircled with the garlands of flowers which were placed in their coffins just before they were closed, and which, after more than three thousand years, still retain their blue, red, and yellow colours! These have been ascertained to be larkspur, mimosa, and a red Abyssinian flower not now found in Egypt. In the coffin of Amenhotep I., son of Ahmes, a wasp had entered before it was closed, attracted no doubt by the flowers, and is still preserved, a solitary example of a mummied insect.

The second group consists of coffins and funeral objects belonging to the time of the twenty-first dynasty. We need not enumerate in full the mummies of kings, queens, and princesses of this dynasty which have been brought to light; but mention may be made of one that throws a touch of human pathos over the dry bones of three thousand years ago. In the coffin of the queen Makara, who had evidently died in childbirth, reposes the mummy of her new-born child. This infant, which perhaps only lived a few hours, bears all the titles proper to an Egyptian Princess, even that of 'Chief Royal Spouse!' Domestic affection was extremely strong among the ancient Egyptians; the family bond being a sacred and elevating thing, and women taking a position which is unknown in other oriental states. The presence of so many queens and princesses in this hiding-place shows that their corpses received as much reverence and care as those of their royal husbands and fathers. The mummy of the Princess Isi-em-Kheb, which is conjectured by M. Maspero to have been the last interred in this sepulchre, is surrounded by a rich collection of those objects which in ancient Egypt were always placed around a well-attended corpse: boxes of statuettes, vases for libations, goblets of blue or enamelled glass, baskets full of immense curled wigs, a hamper of provisions for her funeral repast, consisting of legs of gazelle, trussed geese, calves' head, raisins, dates, and fruit of the dôm-palm; and besides all these, a 'funeral tent' or canopy of some thousands of pieces of leather of various colours, wonderfully worked, under which her body had rested while in its funeral barge it crossed the Nile from Thebes.

An immense number of other objects of the same kind, among them four splendid papyri, have been found in this hoard. It is remarkable that almost all these objects belong to mummies of the twenty-first dynasty; the kings of the elder dynasties have brought little with them to this hiding-place but their coffins. This fact has led M. Maspero to conjecture that the cavern was used as a tomb for the Priest Kings, and that they were buried there in regular succession, while it was only used as a hiding-place for the bodies of those Pharaohs and their kin who had been previously buried in other tombs.

It is well known that the fall of the Ramesside Pharaohs, and the usurpation of the priests of

Aimmon, brought about the dismemberment of Egypt. Another dynasty arose in Lower Egypt, and the Theban kings were reft of the richest part of their empire. Thebes, which lay out of the course of the great highways of Asiatic commerce, fell rapidly into poverty. The immense works carried on by the Ramessides had to be suspended, and the labouring population became impoverished in consequence, and broke out into disorders, which the central government was too weak to restrain. Bands of robbers were organised, which included in their ranks numbers of the ill-paid functionaries of the government, the chief object of whose depredations was the necropolis of Thebes, where so much wealth was known to be buried with the ancient kings. All this is matter of history. We have accounts of an inquiry instituted even before this into the state of the royal tombs, and we have the confessions of some of the robbers. They tell us how they picked the gold plates off the royal coffins, stole the jewellery and amulets from inside, and carried off the gold, silver, and bronze vases which had been placed in the tombs. In many cases, no doubt, where it was necessary to make shorter work, they carried off the royal mummy to pilage it at leisure, and then burnt or otherwise destroyed it. This may account for the absence of several bodies which we should expect to have been found in the hiding-place of Deir-el-Bahari along with the other kings of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties.

But the care of the government succeeded in preserving the most illustrious of the Pharaohs from the hands of the spoilers. The cercloths of Rameses I., Seti I., and Rameses II., bear several inscriptions, from which it appears that their mummies had been moved at several distinct times to different tombs, for the purpose of having the coffins or bandages renewed. This explains how it is that Rameses II. is found in a coffin of the twenty-first dynasty, and that many of the other coffins have been wholly or in part restored. It is conjectured that it was to save these royal bodies from robbers that they were finally transferred to the hiding-place of Deir-el-Bahari, which hiding-place is believed to have been the family tomb of the twenty-first dynasty. The poverty of the kings of that dynasty prevented their building for themselves splendid painted and sculptured tombs, like those of their predecessors. They had to be content with one common vault, and with varnished wooden coffins instead of alabaster sarcophagi; sometimes, indeed, they were glad even to steal a coffin that had belonged to a former king. Thus the priest-king Pinotem reposes in the coffin of Thothmes I. It is easy to conjecture, from what has been said already, that the weak government of the Priest Kings, and the increase of disorder, led them to seek safety for their relics in concealment; and that being themselves at the head of the priestly order, they had the funeral rites in their own hands, and were thus able to keep the secret of their burial-place till it perished with them.

M. Maspero hints that he has more surprises in store for us yet. He suspects the existence of another hiding-place known to the Arabs. The energy and shrewdness of his colleagues and himself are not likely to fail in unearthing this

new mystery; but even were they to discover the mummy of Menes himself, or of the Pharaohs who built the great Pyramids, they can do nothing to eclipse the glory with which the discoveries of 1881 have marked the Directorship of M. Maspero.

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER XXXII.—A BLUE FOOLSCAP DOCUMENT, WRITTEN IN A STIFF AND LEGIBLE HAND, LAY ON THE PAGE BEFORE HIM.

ON a bright spring evening, Val Strange's yacht dropped anchor in sight of Welbeck Head and Brierham spire; and four stout fellows pulled him ashore, and landed him in a little bay four miles from home. He knew the country; and leaving the waste sea-beach behind him, struck into the fields, and strolled through green meadows and by fast-greening boughs towards Brierham. The very earth was odorous, and the air like balm. Welbeck Head, half-a-dozen miles to the left, looked in the light of the setting sun as if it were built of burnished bronze; and in its hollows lay shadows so purple and so liquid, that one might well have fancied every cranny of the vast headland filled with wine. The western air was refulgent gold; the eastern air, a pearly rose; and the zenith, a blue so soft and dreamy, it drew the soul as well as the eye towards it, and led out all the observer's nature in vague sweet hopes and fancies. Val had surrendered himself to Fate, or in surrendering, had created Fate. Who cared? But he was not at ease. Regret and dissatisfaction lurked at the bottom of all his thoughts. There are times when all things resemble the little book which the angel gave to John in Patmos, and the utmost sweetness has its bitter undertaste and aftertaste. Eye and ear and nostril drank delight as he walked; but the soul sat tremulous in the midst of joy, and read half-veiled prophecies of sorrow and disaster. The heart of man is deceitful above all things. Val had contrived to turn himself from false friend and dishonest lover into knight-deliverer. It would be virtue in Constance to break her engagement with Gerard—

Since therein she would evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious curs'd hours
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Val's acquaintance with Shakspeare could not let him miss an excuse so forcibly put, and so pat to his own desires. And it was virtue in him also to persuade her to break that bond. He persuaded himself that he had been a coward in running away, and that it was a duty towards all three concerned—towards Constance and Gerard and himself to hinder a union in which on one side there was no love and no possibility of love. Let a man set himself to the task of self-persuasion—let him gag Conscience, and lend his ear to his own soul's sophistry, and he can credit anything. Val is not the only man who has transmuted scoundrelism into heroism, or deified his own desire and set it up as duty.

He was not by any means sure of his plans; but he was resolved on enduring no delay. He would find a means of communicating with

Constance, and he would leave no effort unmade to deliver her from the possibility of a loveless marriage. He was willing to face contumely, to endure his friend's hatred and scorn, to know that hard things would be said of him by men whose judgment he valued. And since he quailed from these things in his inmost heart, he found it heroism to face them, and was no more a fool or a villain in that self-deceit than ninety-nine out of a hundred might be if they set their minds that way. 'So *carpe diem*, Juan, *carpe, carpe*.' Ah, the note of joy rings false in the voice of the most mournful of all British singers, and in the silence that follows may steal the tones of an older and a wiser poet: 'Rejoice, O young man . . . but remember!'

Walking in such mood as I have striven to indicate, Val came in the course of half an hour or thereabouts upon that ugly landscape-spoiling property of his, the paper-mill; and there, in the act of mounting his dogcart, was Henderson the manager. Henderson, catching sight of Val, descended and awaited his coming.

'The sight of you is good for sore eyes, Mr Strange,' said he. 'You are looking wonderfully well, sir.' And indeed Val was mahogany coloured with his six weeks of sea-breezes.

'Any news in this dull quarter of the world?' he asked.

The manager quite stared at him. 'News, sir? Haven't you heard?'

'Heard what?'

'You don't mean to say,' said Henderson, 'that you know nothing of what has happened to anybody down here?'

'But I do mean to say it,' Val returned. 'What has happened? Whose cat is dead?' For Mr Henderson was a marvellous retailer of marvels which had in them very little of the wonderful for other people.

'Lumby Hall and the Park are in the market, to begin with,' responded the manager with something of the air of one who justifies himself.

Val turned pale under his bronze, and repeated the words questioningly: 'Lumby Hall and Park are in the market?'

'The House has gone to pieces. The cashier, Snarling—no, Garling—that was his name—bolted with half a million, so it's said, and everything has gone under the hammer.'

This news shook the hearer from head to foot, and he held on by the rail of the dogcart, and cast so stricken a look on Henderson, that the worthy man was alarmed, and insisted on Val entering the office and sitting down.

'I'd no idea, sir,' he said, 'that the news would affect you so.—Let me offer you a little whisky. It's just a sample that I had sent in yesterday.' He opened a cupboard, and produced a black bottle and a wine-glass.

'No!' said Val, waving his hand against it. 'It was so horribly sudden, I was shocked. What has become of—of Gerard Lumby? He was going to be married, poor fellow.'

'Yes,' said Henderson, almost with a relish. 'He was going to wed that handsome lass at the Grange, Mr Jolly's daughter. That's all broken off now, of course. The losses have driven poor old Mr Lumby out of his senses; and they tell me he just sits like a baby and counts his fingers, and they feed him like a child.'

'Horrible!' said Val with a shudder. He felt as if he had planned to break into a house, and heaven's lightning had scattered it to ruin and ashes at his feet. All this news had become quite an old story to Henderson and his companions. The interest had faded out, and it was a pleasure now to renew it by telling the tale to one who was so deeply moved by it. He flowed on, therefore, and told all he knew, and perhaps a trifle more.

'And curiously enough,' he added, when his tale was done, 'we've got a memento of the great commercial disaster here. It came this very afternoon; and if you'll come this way, I'll show it to you.'

Val followed him, incurious. His mind was still deadened by the shock of thoughts which had assailed him at the first. Constance was free, and his guilty plan—for he knew its guilt in the searching light of that moment—was no longer needed. And Gerard, his friend, had not only lost the love Val had meant to steal from him, but had lost all with her—father, fortune, home. Val Strange trembled at that swift and awful blow, and loathed the thought of his own falsity to honour.

The manager led the way from the office to the working chambers of the mill, and halted in a great storehouse with rough-cast walls, where tons of waste-paper lay heaped to the ceiling—vast piles of newspaper returns; whole libraries of worthless books torn from their bindings, and ranged in level rows or thrown in heaps; pyramids of coarse packing-papers, pyramids of lawyers' briefs, parliamentary returns, blue-books, contractors' specifications—a thousand things that had served their turn, or swerved aside from it and fallen useless; and at the edge of the waste, a column of books of unusual size. The binding had been torn from these, and the backs were a tangle of broken string and cracked strips of glue.

'These,' said the manager, 'are Lumby and Lumby's ledgers. I got them for the mill for a mere trifle.' There was a rough table on strong trestles in the room; and Henderson, lifting one of the great volumes, laid it down and turned over the leaves. 'Splendid stuff,' he said, with the paper between his finger and thumb. 'They had everything made to last; and you'd have thought the concern as solid as the hills.'

Val absently took a leaf of the great ledger and turned it over, and looked at the methodical neat entries, column after column. The action and the glance were alike automatic. He had no thought of what he saw. Mr Henderson swelled himself a little with the natural dignity of the showman, and looked on, pleased with his discovery and with its effect upon his employer. A workman in search of somebody in authority, looked into the building, and seeing the manager there, told him of some slight matter which had gone wrong. Henderson, with more alacrity than common, departed to set the something right, and Val was left alone. Turning over the great stiff pages absently, he came upon some papers crushed between the leaves, and mechanically smoothing them, uttered a sudden exclamation. Next he snatched up these papers, and read them at a glance, and laid them down again with his head whirling. A wild surprise and

a terrible temptation reached his mind together, for the papers he had discovered were no other than the drafts made out by Garling in surrender of his booty. A blue foolscap document, written in a stiff and legible hand, lay on the page before him, and Val's eyes swept over these words, clear as print:

'In consideration of the receipt of a written promise to refrain from criminal proceedings, this day handed to me by Gerard Horatio Lumby, I, the undersigned, make confession that I have robbed the firm of Lumby and Lumby, of 107 Gresham Street, of the sum of two hundred and fifty-three thousand two hundred pounds, and do now make full and complete restitution of the same.—EDWARD GARLING.'

Henderson's voice sounded outside, giving final instructions about that trifling something wrong which had called him away; and Val, with an impulse for which he did not care to account, swiftly folded the papers and transferred them to his breast-pocket. His ready instinct told him that while ignorant as to *how* the 'full and complete restitution' was to be made, he nevertheless perhaps held in his possession the key to recovered fortune for his rival and his friend. Constance was free; but how long might she remain free if he handed these all-important papers at once to their rightful owners? The temptation which assailed him in the instant of discovery was not to destroy the papers—for that would have been too gross a crime for him to contemplate—but to reserve them until he had made good his own ground with Constance. In the mere fraction of a second, his mind seemed to take in every side of the case. Gerard had already lost Constance, and by this time had at least recognised the fact, if he had not yet begun to grow reconciled to it. If he, Valentine Strange, succeeded Gerard Lumby as her affianced husband, Gerard Lumby would be no worse off than now; and if, thereafter, he handed over the discovered papers, Gerard would have every reason, comparatively, to be happy. If, on the other hand, he did what his honourable and native instinct prompted him to do, and gave up the papers at once, was there not a chance that Gerard would re-assert his claim, and a chance that the claim would be allowed? Whilst all this and more raged through his mind, Henderson returned.

'You're really looking ill, Mr Strange,' he said, surprised at Val's aspect. 'You'd better let me drive you home.'

No, Val protested; he was well enough—a little startled, that was all. He would walk across the fields. And so, with a brief leave-taking, he was going, when he bethought him of a precautionary measure. 'Don't have those ledgers meddled with, Henderson,' he said. 'I should like to look at them. Leave them as they are.' Henderson promised.—Mr Strange's desire was an understandable whim enough. Val was keen and quick, and had something of that faculty which makes successful scoundrels and great generals: in things that really interested him, he left nothing essential undone. He had not yet decided whether or not to be an utter knave; and if the papers had afterwards to be re-discovered, it would be well to have a reasonable place in which to re-discover

them. What better place could there be than that in which they had been originally discovered? But he had not gone a hundred yards away from the mill, when he returned. Henderson was again mounting his dog-cart, when Val came running back to him.

'On second thoughts, Henderson, don't keep those ledgers. Use them up at once. I can't bear to see them again. Use them up first thing to-morrow.'

Again Henderson promised, and again Mr Strange's desire was an understandable whim enough. How should the manager guess the fight in his employer's soul which resulted in those contradictory orders? Val strode away across the fields rapidly, half-fearing lest he should rescind the order. So weak was he to resist the tempest which tossed him, that before he had again reached the place at which he had turned back, he threw himself on chance to know whether he should finally keep or destroy the ledgers. On that point for the moment he contrived to pivot the greater question—whether he should here and now play the man, or play the knave. 'Heads, I keep them—Tails, they go.' He drew a few loose coins from his pocket. Heads predominated! Fate seemed to tempt him; but a sudden revulsion at the thought that honour should be at the mercy of so poor a chance, sent him along the road again, and he left the great ledgers doomed behind him.

The domestics of his house were used to his comings and goings, and he found all things in tolerable readiness. An hour or two after his arrival, dinner was served up, and he sat down to it with little appetite, and toyed with the dishes one after another, and sent them away scarcely tasted. He had not yet made up his mind, and could not; but over a bottle of Clos de Vougeot and a cigar in his own especial den, he completed the perusal of Garling's entire narrative, and so made himself familiar with the whole circumstances of the case. In that narrative he scarcely knew whether to wonder most at the insolent completeness of the disclosure, or the amazing patience and cunning of the fraud. 'My crime,' 'my fraud,' 'my system of embezzlement,' and kindred phrases, were used with a scorn for periphrasis, and an absence of any affectation of repentance so complete, that the reader's admiration and detestation of the writer seemed to grow side by side. 'I was first led,' wrote Garling, 'to the contemplation of my crime by the ridiculous laxity which left all things in my power.'

'Ah!' sighed Val, laying down the manuscript after re-reading the opening passages, and that amongst them. 'How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds, makes ill deeds done!' He filled his glass again, and sat staring at the fire. There was a vinous glow at his heart, a vinous brightness in his brain. 'I can't associate myself,' said he proudly, 'with a villain of that type. If I hold these papers an hour longer than I can help, I shall identify myself with Mr Garling; an association I have no mind for.' His decision was made at last. Gerard should have his own again, and Val would rely on the justice of Fortune to repay him for this sacrifice to honour. In the glowing warmth with which the generous vintage filled him, he had an easy

presage of victory. Why should he be afraid of Lumby? he asked himself. Constance had never cared for the fellow, but had been persuaded into the match because it was socially a good one. She had cared for *him*—he knew it, though she had not confessed it, and had indeed in self-defence denied it. Taking it altogether, he, Val Strange, had acted very well, and was still acting very well. Lumby could find no reasonable fault with him now. He was genuinely sorry for Gerard's misfortunes, and in his own sense of security, he began to be genuinely glad that he could put a partial end to them. And indeed a quarter of a million sterling might well console a man for the loss of a prospective wife. Not in his own case, of course. That would have been an absurd suggestion. Val, never having felt the want of money, had a noble scorn for it. He threw it about with a splendid recklessness and royal prodigality, though he never spent a quarter of his income, being innocent of expensive vices, and despising the card-table and the turf. But Gerard was poor, and the return of the money would compensate for much to him. And be that as it might, by all rules of love Val had a perfect right to try his fortune now.

He rang the bell, and the old butler answered the summons. 'My yacht,' said Val, 'is lying about three miles this side of Daffin Head. Supposing this'—indicating the bottle—'to be the paper-mill, and this'—indicating a cigar-box—'to be our present position, the yacht is here;' and he set down his wine-glass in a straight line beyond the bottle. 'As straight beyond the mill as you can go. You understand?'

'Yes, sir,' said the butler. 'It'll be in Quadross Bay.'

'That's it,' said Val. 'I had forgotten the name of the place. Send one of the fellows to the yacht in the morning to tell Richards to pack my things and come up at once. Have him here by half-past nine at latest. I am going up to town in the morning.'

'Very good, sir,' returned the butler, and retired.

Jim the groom being charged with the commission, saw his way to an unauthorised enjoyment; and putting dogcart and horse together at once, drove to a certain hostel within half a mile of the little bay, and there meeting some of the yacht's crew, went aboard with them, and held high revel until one in the morning, by which time his master, with a comfortable sense of virtue on him, had just turned into bed. Jim the groom reappeared in due time with Val's body-servant and divers portmanteaus; and away went Val, body-servant, portmanteaus, and all, up to London, by earliest train from Brierham Station. He had learned from the butler that the Grange, like the Hall, was empty. He had no immediate means of learning Constance's whereabouts, but that could not be a difficult matter in London. Her father and her brother were probably at the Albany as usual, and there was Miss Lucretia to apply to. But first, with a feeling of magnanimity and honesty in his bosom which was refreshing after his late self-accusings, he sought his lawyer, and from him obtained the name and address of the legal adviser of the late firm of Lumby and Lumby. The legal adviser, who was a high-dried little man, extremely old, and dry

and wrinkled, was by no means so sanguine of the restoration of the property as Val had been.

'Mr Garling,' he said, in explanation of his doubts, 'has gone to Spain. The police can tell you so much about him. It is very probable that this is so much waste-paper after all, giving us merely the melancholy satisfaction of knowing the truth. The English and continental journals gave news of the failure of the firm and of Garling's flight, with some supposed enormous gains; and it is quite on the cards that he may have renewed his hold upon the money—quite on the cards.'

At this view, Val became so evidently depressed, that the lawyer proposed to set an end to doubt at once by a visit to the Bank and a telegraphed inquiry to the bankers at Madrid. Val assenting eagerly, the high-dried little man got into a cab with him and drove away without loss of time. Then again Val produced the wonderful papers and told his tale. The manager having heard it through with great astonishment, wired at once, and promised to despatch a messenger with tidings of the answer. Val arranged to call upon the lawyer at the hour of six, and went upon his own inquiries. First to the Albany, where he learned nothing. Mr Jolly and his son were out of town, and since they had left no instructions for the forwarding of letters, were not expected to be long away. Next he repaired to Chesterfield Street, Mayfair, where Miss Lucretia's house was found deserted. Val knocked and rang, refusing to believe that his quest had ended in a no-thoroughfare; and at last, disheartened, got into his cab again, and was driven to his own chambers. Emerging thence, he took another hansom, and drove wildly about town, calling on everybody he knew to whom Reginald was known. He gained no more by this move than by the others. Streets were 'up' on all hands; the faces of the houses were given up to the painters, and the pavements were planted thickly with scaffoldings and ladders. Nearly everybody was out of town, and Val met nobody who could give him the information he wished for. By the time at which his unavailing search was ended, he was due at the lawyer's, and hastened thither.

'No answer from Spain, yet,' said the lawyer in response to his inquiries. 'I have received a message from the manager, who promises to send me the news when it comes. It will be forwarded to him at his private residence, and he will wire to me. Will you wait?'

Val answered in the affirmative, and sat down. The minutes glided slowly by, more slowly than he had ever known them glide. Twilight began to fall; and the lamplighter, visible from the window, travelled round the square, leaving the lamps agleam behind him. The clerks had gone already; and the lawyer, having lit the gas and drawn down the blinds, sat with his parchment face bent over a parchment deed, and read and read, making pencil-notes in a book at his side, but never looking at the hand which wrote them. This proceeding getting to have something of an eerie look at last to Val's eyes, and an eerie effect upon his nerves, he begged leave of absence for a quarter of an hour.

'I shall be here for another hour at least, now that I have begun this,' said the lawyer. 'Go and dine by all means. Take your time.'

Val let himself out, and stumbled down the dusky staircase. He did not care about dining; but, cigar in mouth, paced up and down the flagged border of the square, keeping watch upon the lawyer's door. After half an hour or so, he grew tired of this, and returned. The man of law admitted him, and set his parchment face above the parchment deed again. The place became so silent, that Val could hear his own watch ticking. An hour went by drearily, and the parchment being done with, was folded, put into a tin case and locked up in a tin box, and the lawyer lowered his lamp. 'Something the matter with the wires,' he said composedly. 'Suppose we give them to half-past nine. What do you say?'

Val said 'Yes' to that; and they sat on in silence.

'Do you mind this twilight?' asked the old man, after a great gap of time had been crossed. 'It rests my eyes.'

'Not at all,' Val answered; and again they sat in silence. Rumours of the life of the streets reached them now and then; at times a footstep coming nearer made the watchers prick their ears and listen; twice a footstep paused outside and went on again. At last, upon the very limit of the time, and when the lawyer had already reached out his hand for his overcoat, the sound of a hurried footstep and a cheerful whistle coming near arrested it. The outstretched hand changed suddenly from its first intent, and without moving a muscle, enjoined silence. The step paused before the outer door, and the whistle ceased; and then, as though paid in proportion to the noise he made, and wildly anxious to increase his salary, the owner of the step plunged up-stairs and battered at the door. The old man responded, received a telegram, turned up the lamp, put on his spectacles, opened the envelope, all with aggravating slowness, drew forth the inclosure, and read it. Then suddenly flashing from an old man to a young one, he strode across with outstretched hand and slapped Val on the shoulder.

'You have done it, sir! The money is safe. That scoundrel hasn't got it, after all.' The parchment face was flushed, and the old eyes were moistened. 'I didn't dare to hope it,' said the old fellow. 'I declare, sir, I am as much rejoiced as if the money were my own!'

LITERARY COINCIDENCES.

WHAT is plagiarism? Among all the questions connected with literary criticism there is perhaps none to which it is more difficult to give a satisfactory answer. Of course it is easy enough to define plagiarism in the abstract as a form of theft, the things stolen being thoughts, phrases, images, and the like; the difficulty is to decide whether in this or in that case the offence has really been committed. Sometimes the evidence for the accuser may be obviously too crushing to be set aside; such as when a sermon or an essay or a poem which professes to be the work of one man is discovered to be identical, sentence for sentence and word for word, with the pre-

vious work of somebody else. In such a case, it is tolerably clear that deliberate 'conveyance,' as Pistol loved to describe it, must have been practised by preacher, or essayist, or poet number two. Literature is, however, full of duplicates the existence of which cannot by any means be so readily explained. Some thoughts have a trick of turning up again and again in the same kind of dress, and though sometimes the similarity of costume is so marked as strongly to suggest a suspicion of literary larceny, the kindly critic is generally free to believe either that the reproduction has been unconscious—a vague reminiscence having been mistaken for an original idea—or that the correspondence is altogether fortuitous, and that two minds have hit not only upon the same thought, but the same form of expression, while working in entire independence of each other.

There are ideas so obvious, that no one can be surprised to meet them again and again; and certain methods of putting them are so natural, that it is clearly unfair to affirm that the last sayer is necessarily a plagiarist. For example, the thought that well-doing is in itself a happiness and a satisfaction to the well-doer, without any regard to accompanying pleasure or profit, is a truth likely to be expressed at some time or other by any man who has a real sympathy with goodness; and there is nothing to wonder or to cavil at when we find it enunciated by different writers in very much the same language. Henry More, in 'Cupid's Conflict,' says that 'Virtue is to herself the best reward;' Dryden, more tersely, in his 'Tyrannic Love,' tells us that 'Virtue is her own reward;' and, with the simple change of the pronoun from 'her' to 'its'—the form in which the thought has attained general currency—he has been followed by Prior in his 'Imitation of Horace,' by Gray in his 'Epistle to Methuen,' and by Home, in whose drama of 'Douglas' the familiar phrase again makes its appearance. We say the 'phrase' advisedly, for the idea itself is constantly appearing, and is expressed nowhere with greater felicity than in the little poem by Mr Tennyson entitled 'Wages,' which appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* about twenty years ago, and has been republished in the later editions of his works.

There has always been a controversy between the pure theologians and the pure moralists; hence, when Pope wrote—

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right:

he doubtless expressed, in his usual terse epigrammatic way, what had often been thought by previous speculators; but every one does not know how nearly even his mere phrasing had been anticipated by Cowley, who, in his lines on the death of Crashaw, a contemporary poet, apologetically remarks:

His faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets, might
Be wrong; his life I'm sure was in the right.

In one of his 'Epigrams,' Pope was himself the originator of a thought which was afterwards appropriated by Cowper. The former wrote:

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home;

while the latter, in his poem 'Conversation,' has the suspiciously similar couplet :

His wit invites you by his looks to come ;
But when you knock, it never is at home.

It is not often, however, that we encounter so awkward-looking a parallelism as this ; and critics in the detective line of business, who are never so happy as when they think they have caught a writer in the act of decking himself with borrowed plumes, are generally content with evidence of a much weaker order. No literary man of our own day suffered more than Alexander Smith from these policemen of the press, who, like their prototypes in blue, seemed to think that their promotion depended upon the number of convictions they could secure. Some of the instances they collected had of course a more impressive look than others, and gave an air of respectability to the prosecution ; but the attempt to prove Smith a mere literary shop-lifter was a miserable failure. Perhaps one of the most striking hits was the discovery that while the Scottish poet had written of

The torrent raging down the long ravine,

Mr Tennyson had some years previously published the very similar line :

The long brook falling down the cloven ravine.

It is very probable that this was really an instance of unconscious reproduction ; but even supposing that Tennyson's line were consciously present to Smith's mind at the moment when he wrote his own, his offence was not one which called for any great display of critical severity. Sir Arthur Helps, in a cordial consolatory letter which he addressed to Smith, said very happily, that 'really, if people were at all critics, they should be able to distinguish between the man who *conquers* and the man who *steals*.' The so-called plagiarism just quoted is surely an example of conquest rather than of theft. With all respect to Mr Tennyson, whose poetical position has long been assured, one may express an opinion that the later line is stronger and more picturesque than the earlier one. The words 'torrent' and 'raging' harmonise better with the idea of a ravine, which we naturally think of as rugged and precipitous, than the tamer 'brook' and 'falling.'

Mr P. P. Alexander, in the appendix to his interesting biographical sketch of Smith, points out another instance of this kind of conquest ; and very truthfully remarks, that 'in adopting an image from a previous poet, and in so doing ennobling it, as much genius may be shown as in the invention of an original image.' Keats in one of his poems speaks of a

Gold vase embossed
With long-forgotten story ;

and one of the characters in Alexander Smith's 'Life Drama' tells how

An opulent soul
Dropt in my path like a great cup of gold
All rich and rough with stories of the gods.

Who does not see how much more of fullness and distinction there is in the image of Smith than in that of Keats ?

Enough has been said of this one victim of

unfair criticism. No one whose opinion is worth anything believes in the validity of the charges made by the irresponsible, if not exactly indolent, reviewers ; indeed, Mr Alexander in his elaborate defence of his friend, proves that by the use of their method almost every writer of eminence might be shown to be a systematic thief. He points out that Burns's lines—

An' my fause lover stole the rose,
But ah ! he left the thorn wi' me,

find their original in Shakspeare's 'All's Well that Ends Well,' where Diana exclaims :

Ay ! so you serve us
Till we serve you ; but when you have our roses,
You basely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.

He shows that just in the same way as Smith was supposed to be indebted to Keats and others, so Burns might be supposed to be indebted to Shakspeare. In the same sense, Tennyson has been indebted to Burns and to Hogg, Wordsworth to Milton and even to Byron, Browning to Shelley, and almost every great poet to some predecessor. The whole controversy is a childish one. If a new writer has anything to say worth hearing, there is no reason for our feeling injured should he happen to clothe his thought in phrases that remind us of some mighty master. Absolute originality of the kind demanded by superficial critics would not please us even if we could get it ; it would fail to move us, because it would never touch the electric chain of familiar association ; and would prove not the greatness of the mental power of its producer, but rather his vanity, conceit, and utter want of reverence for the past. This is particularly true in the realm of poetry, from which almost all our illustrations have so far been drawn ; the fact being, as Arthur Hugh Clough puts it, that 'poetry, like science, has its final precision ; and there are expressions of poetic knowledge which can no more be re-written than could the elements of geometry. There are pieces of poetic language which, try as men will, they will simply have to recur to, and confess that it has been done before them.'

A later writer remarks, with special reference to a charge of plagiarism from Shakspeare, that the great dramatist 'belongs to us all. Whenever he expresses a thought, his expression becomes a part of the thought ; and if we take the thought, we must needs take it in Shakspeare's clothing, for no other will fit.' These passages without doubt tell the truth concerning a matter about which there is a great deal of careless thought and writing. We are all of us indebted to our predecessors, and the men who contribute the greatest amount of new material to the common stock are always the first to be accused of plagiarism, because they boldly and honestly confess their indebtedness. They do not, to use Sheridan's words, 'serve your thoughts as gipsies do stolen children—disfigure them to make them pass for their own ;' they let them stand as they find them, and the small critic has no difficulty in swearing to the identity of the conveyed property.

The deliberate thief is too clever a person to be caught so easily as this. The literary watch-cases and silver-spoons which he purloins are

always sent to the melting-pot and made unrecognisable before they are permitted to be seen in his possession; but they have generally lost so much in the process, that the recovery of them is a game which is hardly worth the candle. The theft which is a theft indeed is probably to be discovered in the chapter or sentence which is generally supposed to be the most original in the book where it happens to be found.

Though a hunt after plagiarisms is a fruitless sort of business, it is very interesting, and not altogether unproductive, to gather together the parallelisms and coincidences of which literature is full, and which seem to hint at some law of mind in virtue of which a given thought naturally clothes itself in one particular dress, and a given relation between two things tends to suggest some one image. We take two of the passages just quoted, and we easily find their duplicates within the range of our own reading. Clough, as reported above, says that 'there are expressions of poetic knowledge which can no more be re-written than the elements of geometry;' and the other day, when re-reading Emerson's essay on Art in the volume entitled 'Society and Solitude,' we came across a sentence in which he affirms that 'good poetry could not have been otherwise written than it is.' No one would accuse Emerson of plagiarism; but here Clough certainly anticipated him; and Sheridan's figure was in like manner anticipated by Churchill, in whose works we find the couplet:

Like gipsies, lest the stolen brat be known,
Defacing first, then claiming for their own.

In Emerson's poems is to be found a parallelism more generally recognisable than the one given from his prose. We are all familiar with the line in which Wordsworth declared that

Nature
Never did betray the heart that loved her;

and in the 'wood-notes' of the American poet-philosopher we read:

For Nature ever faithful is
To such as trust her faithfulness.

Wordsworth himself, indeed, poetical innovator as he is, now and then becomes a reproducer; and one instance of his reproduction is so striking, that one wonders it was not pounced upon by some of his ferocious contemporary critics. Both Milton and Wordsworth use the phrase 'married to immortal verse,' the one in 'L'Allegro,' the other in 'The Excursion.'

Just one more instance we shall give. In Herbert's collection of maxims, published under the title of 'Jacula Prudentum,' there is included the beautiful proverb which tells us that 'To a close-shorn sheep, God gives wind by measure.' This proverb was adopted and improved by Sterne, from whose 'Sentimental Journey' we learn that 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb'—a form in which the proverb has passed into the inner sanctuary of our religious thought.

A collection of parallelisms such as the above might easily be extended to the dimensions of a volume; but it would be curious rather than valuable, for the psychological law which these things illustrate betrays itself as clearly in a

score of instances as in a thousand. That the likeness between men's minds is more striking than the difference, seems to be the fact which is hinted at by the greater number of these literary coincidences; and if we are right when we say 'Many men, many minds,' we are equally right when we say 'Many men, one mind;' for it can hardly be doubted that the great American thinker from whom we have already quoted announced a great truth when he spoke of a supreme reason which we do not possess, but by which we are possessed—an 'over-soul' which is the common intelligence of mankind, and which at times, through various mediums, utters duplicate messages, not merely identical in substance, but nearly so in form and expression.

PLAYING THE WRONG CARD.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

THE good people of Fieldenham were advised by printed bills, that owing to circumstances over which the manager had no control, the entertainment announced for the second night would not be given. The townsfolk bore this disappointment with great equanimity. The day was marked with a white stone in the memories of Professor Regaldini and Mademoiselle Lucile—to recur once more to the dignity of professional names—for, on the strength of the windfall which had dropped so unexpectedly in his path, the former treated his little friend with an excursion to a very famous spot some few miles from the town. If the scenery from this point was scarcely appreciated at its real worth by the pair, so much could not be said of the cakes and syllabubs for which the resort was so noted.

On their return, which was in time for early tea, the Professor was in time to see his coadjutor set forth on his errand, duly prepared for the impersonation of this unknown foreigner. It had indeed been arranged that Styles should return in time to see Charley and give his opinion. The latter was first to call at Myrtle Villa; and then, if his assumption were pronounced satisfactory, he would proceed at once to Elms Knoll. Styles—we find we have descended again to the prose of real life—was anxious to see his friend in character, not only to give his opinion as to its success, but to aid him by suggesting some improvements—suggestions which his own experience would render valuable.

Mr Charles was sitting in the little parlour at their lodgings, his back to the light, and leaning his head upon his hand in a thoughtful attitude. Mr Styles stepped briskly into the room, hesitated, faltered out two or three doubtful words; then Charles looked up and smiled.

'My eye!' exclaimed Styles. He was almost speechless from astonishment, envy, and admiration. He drew a long breath, and repeated his ejaculation: 'My eye! How you *do* mug up, Charley! You might go through this town, ah! if you owed money in every shop, and I don't believe a soul would know you.'

'It is good, then?' said the musician.

'Good!' repeated the other. 'It would puzzle your mother and father to swear to you. And what's more extraordinary than all, Charley, is

that you have hit on just the expression of that photo.'

'You think so?' asked the musician again.

'Think! my boy! It's a certainty!' almost rapturously exclaimed Styles. 'Of course it's an accident, a lucky accident; but I don't believe—I really don't, Charley—that I could have made you up better myself, if I had been here.'

Charles smiled his quiet meaning smile again, and after receiving some further congratulations, started on his errand. Mr Styles, in the fullness of his admiration, was anxious to show Lucile so splendid a 'make-up,' that young lady being quite as good a judge of such matters as her elders; but it appeared she had gone out with the landlady. Mr Styles was vexed at this; for, as he said, the girl might never have such another chance.

A very few minutes sufficed to take the musician to Myrtle Villa, where, on inquiring for Mr Hythe, and giving his name as Mr Carlos Villada, he was shown into the presence of that gentleman, who was of course expecting him to call.

'Pray, be seated, sir,' said Mr Hythe, as his visitor bowed. 'I have not the pleasure—I think—of knowing you. May I ask what you wish to see me for?'

The face into which he was looking as he spoke, gradually changed in expression; a familiar light played in the eyes, and the lips curved into a smile.

'Is it possible?' exclaimed Hythe. 'Well did your friend say that I might safely intrust the business to your hands, for the transformation is wonderful. Let me hear if you quite understand the history; if you do, all the rest is safe.'

'I am fully certain of the business,' returned Charles. 'There is no merit in that, for all is so simple. Your brother having been foolish enough to throw himself away on a foreigner—contemptible and worthless of course—justly punished her presumption in allying herself with the respectable English, by deserting her. That she was left in a strange country with an infant helpless, only made the position more disagreeable for your worthy brother; yet now he weakly repents of his conduct; and if not judiciously taken care of, he will squander much money on this foreign person's memory, to the detriment of his family. That is not respectable—not English! If the foreign person did not die, she ought to have died.—Am I right so far, sir?'

'You are right so far,' returned Hythe with a good deal of emphasis; 'you are perfectly right, sir. But, whether it is from your not being thoroughly acquainted with our language, or not, I can't say, you put the matter in as disagreeable a light as possible.'

'Pardon. I am very wrong, no doubt,' said Charles with a bow. 'It must be as you say, because I have had acquaintance with the English language. Well, sir, then I have to see Mr Maurice Hythe, tell him I am the relative of this foreign person, whom he married under the name of Wilstone'—

'Why, confound it! I did not tell you that last night!' interrupted Hythe.

'Tell me what, sir?' asked the other, with another smile; he smiled each time he spoke.

'Why, I did not tell you the name under which he married,' continued Hythe. 'I know we talked about it; but I have been trying to manage without explaining that point.'

'Well, sir,' replied Charles, with another smile and a shrug of his shoulders, 'if you did not tell me, how shall I know? Consider, sir, and without doubt you will recall what you say to me in this very room, just before we leave you.'

'I suppose it was in this room, if anywhere,' growled Mr Hythe; 'and now you mention it, I seem to think we did refer to it again. Well, I must have told you, and forgot about it; and was a fool for telling you, that is all.'

'That is all, certainly,' assented the other, with a cheerful, satisfied smile, as though he had just confirmed the speaker in the most flattering of assertions. 'I tell him, then, that the foreign person is dead. I shall tell him, as you advise, that she marry again, and live happy; that she tell me all about it, and ask me to find him if I ever go to England. To explain how I know him, I shall say I have find a letter addressed to him in his right name; I say this was among the foreign person's papers, and she think it refer to some one else. I think not—so I keep it, and see. I have find him by this; and now I find him, I tell him the person dead, and her baby dead too; that after he desert them, and she marry, she live seven years, and—I think this very fine point—she ask his forgiveness for having married again. Being, as I learn from your description, a gentleman of very honourable and sensitive feelings, easily moved to pity, and so on, I should think that would be very effective. Do you not agree?'

'Yes,' returned Hythe, after a pause, during which he had eyed the musician with a look of no great admiration—'yes, that will do. In fact, Mr Charles, or whatever your name is, you may say and do what you like, for it's my belief that the Evil One himself could not hold a candle to you.—That's plain speaking.'

'Ah, sir, you flatter me,' returned the musician. 'Yet, after all, it is but natural. We foreigners are cunning and deceitful, I know. I know it well; I have heard it said five hundred times since I have been among the English. Alas! it is our misfortune; we cannot equal their truth, their candour, their faithfulness. Certainly not! Well, good afternoon, sir. I shall now present myself to the Elmees Knoll, and hope to have much agreeable interview with your brother. Adieu, sir.'

Saying this, the musician bowed himself out, a good deal to the relief of Mr Hythe, who drew a long breath as he disappeared, and exclaimed in an undertone: 'Confound the fellow! I hate him worse every moment I am in his company. I compared him last night to a hyena. Some crawling poisonous snake would be more like him, to my thinking now. But he is just the man I want, for all that.'

The musician, on leaving Myrtle Villa, did not follow the high-road on his way to the Knoll, although this was the nearer, but took a somewhat devious path which led across the fields; and by the stile which bounded this path, and separated it from the main road, he found seated on a bench under a tree, evidently awaiting him, his landlady

and Lucile. With scarcely a word, he took the girl's hand and led her away, pausing, however, after crossing the stile, to make certain that the landlady had really gone back, and was not lingering to watch them. Apparently the girl was used to his silent mood, for she accompanied him without question until they reached the Elms Knoll gate. This the musician opened unhesitatingly, and went quickly towards the house. Some large shrubs stood outside the chief door of the building, so large and so close that it was impossible for any one in the house to see a person sheltered by them even if the door were opened. At the brief direction of her conductor, the girl stood quietly behind the trees while he knocked at the door, which was promptly opened by a maid-servant. In answer to the visitor's inquiry, he was informed that Mr Hythe was within. Giving his name as Mr Joinville, the musician requested the favour of a few minutes' interview on business. The maid civilly asked him to enter; but the musician preferred to wait where he was, until her return. When she did return with a message to the effect that Mr Hythe would be happy to see the gentleman, the servant was startled to see a girl standing by the visitor's side. 'May I ask the favour of the young lady being allowed to wait in the house until I have spoken to Mr Hythe?' said he.

'Certainly, sir,' replied the maid. 'I did not see the young lady at first, so did not mention her to Mr Hythe.'

'That is of no consequence,' returned Mr Joinville. 'If you will kindly take her in your charge, and let me know where I can find her in case Mr Hythe should desire to see her, I shall be much obliged.'

This was soon arranged; Lucile being taken into a parlour on the ground-floor, which doubtless served as the housekeeper's sitting-room, for here she found a middle-aged lady, to whom the servant paid much deference.

The musician was ushered into a library, where, surrounded by a chaos of papers and books, sat the worn, enfeebled figure of the master of the house. He looked up with an air of some curiosity as his visitor entered; but the weary, disappointed expression so common to his features, was not brightened or changed. The man was a stranger.

'You wished to see me on business, Mr Joinville,' he began; 'so I understand from the servant. Is it?—'

'Excuse the interruption, sir,' said the stranger; 'but my name is not Joinville. I sent that in, being my professional name, thinking you might probably have heard of me as a musician.'

Mr Hythe shook his head with a slight, sad smile.

'It does not greatly matter,' said the other, seating himself in compliance with a gesture made by Mr Hythe, 'as my business here has certainly no reference to professional affairs.—I believe, Mr Hythe, you were married abroad, about twelve or fourteen years ago, to some foreign girl. Lucia, her Christian name was, if I am right.'

Hythe roused himself, and gazed with mingled surprise and alarm at the speaker; 'I was. Is your business connected with that?'

'Finding yourself saddled with a wife for whom you had ceased to care—quite properly, I grant—'

and burdened with an infant whom you hated, as interfering with your prospects in England—quite properly on your part, I again grant, you left them to their fate in a country which was as foreign to them as to yourself'—

'You misunderstand, if you do not misrepresent what occurred,' interposed Hythe. 'I have borne with your comments so far, as you are the first man who has ever spoken to me concerning that painful period of my life. I own my wrongdoing; I bitterly regret it; I would give the world to restore the wife and child I lost. But my conduct was not so inhuman as you describe it.'

'Well, no; I daresay not—from your view; from what I perceive is the respectable, and therefore the British view of the case,' returned the other, in unmovable accents. 'But I believe the foreign girl had a different impression. She was of a violent temperament, as these foreigners, who know no better, often are; and she eventually hated you with an intensity equal to the fierceness of the love she bore you at first—women, you know, are always in extremes—and she cursed you in her dying hour.'

'Impossible!' cried Hythe. 'Badly as I behaved, she would never have done that. But even if she did, how could you have known it?'

'You will hear, sir. To tell you what I know, and how I know it, is my business here,' said the stranger, dropping his half-mocking tone for one of greater earnestness. 'She had friends, but they were at a great distance. Robbed by those among whom you left her, she made her way under great privations, and through such trials and hardships as ought never to have fallen to any woman's lot, especially to one so dearly loved and tenderly nurtured as she had been. Among her relatives, Mr Hythe, she had a brother—a brother, who would have given his life to have saved her; and to him she came. He first believed she had erred, as women have erred too often; but he received her with his kindest love even then; and when he learnt the truth, he felt—But you shall hear more of his feeling presently. Her privations and her trials killed her; she died in his arms. To him she told her story; to his care she left her unprotected child. To him, also, she bequeathed her betrothal ring—a diamond which I here submit for your inspection.' He drew a ring from his pocket as he spoke. 'To him she intrusted her revenge. He was poor, very poor, sir, although not always had he been so; yet he resolved to visit England, and to spare no trouble to find out this man, and avenge his sister. He kept his word; he came to England accompanied by the child—your daughter.'

Hythe started, breathed quickly, while the gaze he fixed on the speaker's face grew wilder and more intense.

'You have, I believe, seen a portrait of this brother,' continued the musician; 'given to you by your wife. She was a foolish, trusting girl, as you too well know, and loved her brother dearly. His name, as you must often have read on the portrait, was Carlos Villada; he it is who is now in England—he it is who now speaks to you. I am Carlos Villada.'

Hythe thrust back his chair, drew a long breath, and fixed his eyes resolutely on the

stranger, as though expecting some violent movement.

'Oh, fear me not, sir!' exclaimed the musician, or Villada as we may now call him. 'It is true that I sought England to be my sister's avenger, and that, baffled by your change of name—you were Mr Hildred Wilstone in those days, you know—my search was unavailing, until an accident discovered you at this obscure town; but I find my purpose practically achieved. I have heard enough of you to know that your greatest punishment will be to live—to live consumed by remorse, and the unavailing desire to atone for the injury you have inflicted; a desire and remorse which shall be a hundredfold bitterer to you when you know how nearly it has been in your power to repair the wrong you have done. Yes; when you shall once, for the last, the only time, have seen your daughter, your only child; when she leaves your sight for ever, having once stood under the roof of your accursed house'—

'Under my roof! Is she here now?' cried Hythe. 'I do not doubt your story; I believe it, and will forgive all you have said, if you but tell me she is here!'

'You have your wish, sir, for she is here, and you shall see her,' returned Villada. Then rising, he opened the door of the room and called Lucile. The girl came at once; and the musician taking her hand, led her into the apartment. 'This, Mr Hythe,' continued Villada, 'is the daughter of the foreign person who called herself Lucia Wilstone. Does she resemble her?'

'Herself again!' gasped Hythe. He strove to rise from his chair, but sank back, and clasped his hands for a moment before his eyes. 'An instant,' he said, 'and I shall be myself again. Had you shown me one from the dead, you could not have thrilled me more!'

'You are satisfied, then?'—began the musician. 'I am.—Lucia! come to me! Let me beg a mother's pardon through her child,' entreated Hythe.—'You will not, cannot dream of taking her away?'

'She leaves your presence now, and for ever!' was the harsh return.

'She shall not! She is my child, and I dare you to remove her.—Lucia! I am your father! Come to me, my child.—I will not be stopped!'

Villada had thrown himself before the girl, and now thrust Hythe back with such force as to stagger him.

'Let the gentleman come to me, Carlos!' exclaimed the girl, speaking for the first time. 'I am sure he does not wish to harm me.'

'My child—my dear child! I am your father—your most unhappy father!' cried Hythe.—'Stand aside, sir!—Help!'

A brief struggle accompanied these exclamations, which, from the vengeful expression on the stranger's face, might have had some terrible termination, but the broken strength of Hythe gave way, and he fell unconscious into his chair. A glance was sufficient to assure Villada that he was really insensible; then grasping the child tightly by the wrist, he led her from the room and the house, telling the servant who opened the door that he thought her master was unwell.

The shadows had gathered; twilight was past

and gone, and night had come, while Mr Styles sat at the little parlour window of Back Church Row smoking his pipe, and looking anxiously for the appearance of the musician with the girl; for the landlady having returned without the child, had been obliged to tell how she had parted from her; and, to quote exactly from the current of Mr Styles's reflections, that gentleman was 'blessed if he could see what sort of game Charley was up to now. In fact, when you once got in with them foreigners, there was never any telling what would come of it.'

While sufficient light remained for him to distinguish figures at the corner where Back Church Row joined the larger thoroughfare, the Professor sat at the window and watched; but at last with a sigh, he drew down the blinds, turned away and lit the gas. He had not done this three minutes, before a knock was heard, a knock he well knew; and the next instant the musician entered, leading Lucile.

'I am glad to see you both,' exclaimed Styles; 'for I have been fancying all sorts of things.—Well, is it all right? Have you managed the business and got the money?'

'Money! Ha, ha, ha!' laughed the musician. —His laugh was so strange and wild, that Styles started and changed colour.—'Money! Better! I have had revenge! I have seen your Maurice Hythe, and he has seen me. He has seen the brother of the woman he deserted! He has seen her child—his child. I have left him to live! The miserable wretch is to live! Her brother has spared him—to live!'

'Yes, yes; I know,' said Styles uneasily. 'You were to represent her brother, of course; but in reality, did you?'

'Represent!' cried the other. 'Talk not to me of represent. I scorn and throw away all your poor plays and acting grimace! I have done with them for ever! We say farewell! We leave you for ever!'

'Are you mad?' exclaimed Styles, seriously alarmed by his associate's manner. 'Where is the twenty pounds? And what is the use of your talking about leaving me, when we are to open at Bingleton to-morrow, and when Lucile is articulated to me?'

'I leave you, Styles; Lucia leaves you,' continued the musician. 'We laugh at your articles; we laugh at your towns of Bingleton. We are revenged, Styles; that is enough! All is settled; we go.'

'But you can't—you shan't go like this!' exclaimed the hapless Professor. 'What am I to do? I can't keep my engagements; you must not!'

'Styles! Señor Styles,' said the other, dropping his voice, and speaking in a low, penetrating tone, which the Professor instinctively felt was dangerous; 'you will remain with your pipes and your beers, if you are wise; for if you hold out a hand to stay me, I will cut that hand off at the wrist; and you know it; I see you do. Ah! You will be careful of yourself, and run no risk. That is well!—Come, Lucia—Lucile no more. We quit for ever this wretched mimicry.'

'But where are you going with the child?' said Styles. 'You have no money. How will she live? Where will you take her?'

'Fate will decide,' replied the musician; 'our destiny may lie in this world or in the next. We go to fulfil it, whatever and wherever it is.'

And with this they were gone.

QUEER CASES.

BY A SURGEON.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

THE old adage, that truth is stranger than fiction, is seldom verified in a more marked manner than by the annals of modern surgery. In these days of extirpation of spleens and kidneys, of skin-grafting—when not only new noses, lips, and eyelids owe their origin to plastic operations, but even artificial windpipes, are attempted by chirurgical art—the prophecy of the American humorist, that we shall shortly go into a shop and get measured for a new set of 'works' with as much nonchalance as we now order a suit of clothes—to say nothing of false teeth and glass eyes—is not so very wild after all, looked at by analogy. In the following papers, I propose to relate some curious incidents and accidents of surgical practice, which, although on record in the literature of the profession, are not generally known to the public. Those instances in which no authority is quoted, have either occurred under my own observation, or have been related to me by various surgeons of eminence under whom I studied, as having happened within their personal experience.

When I was a student at St George's Hospital, a man was brought in one night with a compound fracture of the thigh-bone—that is to say, the bone was not only broken but exposed to view through a wound in the skin—a very serious state of affairs. He had been detected by the police in the act of stealing lead off the roof of an empty house in Pimlico; and being surprised and chased, had dropped into an area, and sustained the injury which occasioned his removal to the hospital instead of a police station. An unsuccessful attempt was made to save the limb; amputation was then performed; and after lingering some weeks, the patient died. So far there was nothing in the case to call for remark; but after death, a curious fact cropped up. This was the discovery, at the *post-mortem* examination, of a rough jagged piece of lead, weighing several ounces, in the stomach, which could not possibly have been swallowed after his reception into the ward. It must have been bolted by him in the fright and confusion of the chase, or possibly, may have been bitten off a larger fragment in his agony while he lay in the area; but however that might be, its presence had never been suspected; the man had never mentioned it; and it had set up no symptoms while he was under treatment. It is now preserved in the Museum of the Hospital, side by side with the famous half-sovereign which got into Brunel's windpipe, and which was extracted by Sir Benjamin Brodie by means of an operation, combined with the action of a swivelled table designed by the sufferer himself.

Some years ago, a poor woman was discovered lying dead on the floor of her room in a low part of Westminster, with such marks of violence upon her body—notably a deep longitudinal cut on

the head, which had incised the bone of the skull itself—as to point to the conclusion that she had been the victim of foul-play. Her husband was taken into custody, and put upon trial for murder. In making his defence, he accounted for the bruises, blood-stains, and other collateral evidence in various plausible ways; and for the scalp-wound by showing that the room was an attic with a broken skylight in the roof, and insinuating that a sharp-edged piece of glass must have fallen on his wife's head as she stood underneath. The surgeon who had been called in to view the body, in giving his evidence expressed his opinion that a piece of glass in falling would not have sufficient force to cut into a bone. Notwithstanding this and other facts tending to prove that there was no moral doubt as to the guilt of the accused, the balance of legal testimony against him was not strong enough to convict, and he escaped. The surgeon—long since risen to the top of the professional tree, and now a man of European reputation—was at that time curator of an Anatomical Museum, where, in the department devoted to Zoology and Comparative Anatomy, stood the skeleton of a cow. A few weeks after the trial above quoted, a violent thunderstorm, accompanied by hail, burst over London one night, and much damage was done; amongst other things, the Museum skylights were extensively shattered. When the curator arrived next morning, he found a spiculum of broken glass actually sticking upright in the very edge of one of the sharp prominences of bone—technically, the *spinous processes*—projecting from the vertebræ of the cow! I have often heard him narrate the incident at lecture, as a warning to young men against conclusions jumped at on the strength of preconceived ideas, instead of patient investigation and experiment. The wound in the woman's skull *might*, after all, have been produced by falling glass.

A lad was once admitted into St Bartholomew's Hospital upon whose head a brick had just fallen from a considerable height. He was wounded, bleeding, and insensible; and an examination with the probe revealed 'exposed bone'—that is, yielded the rough grating sensation characteristic of the head-bones from which the covering membrane has been rudely stripped. But there was no apparent fracture or depression of the skull, and the medical men were at a loss to account for the marked symptoms of compression of the brain, which became more and more apparent every minute. These grew so severe at length that it was determined to enlarge the wound in the scalp, and inspect the parts beneath. This having been done, the mystery was explained at once. A corner of the friable brick, pyramidal-shaped, had broken off, and was driven into the bone, the apex of the pyramid piercing it, and splintering it inwards; while the base actually filled up the aperture, and was just on a level with the surrounding bone; and this it was which had come in contact with the probe. The brick being removed and the bone elevated, the boy recovered.

Being dresser to Mr Pollock in May 1870, I was fortunate enough to have under my charge one of the first cases of skin-grafting performed in England. The idea had already been mooted in

Paris and Vienna, but had never been carried out successfully. It must be borne in mind that this so-called *skin-grafting*—a process nearly analogous to the sowing of seed in the earth for the reproduction of a plant—is not to be confounded with *transplantation* of skin, which has been practised from a very early date in the history of surgery. To cover a large raw sore, a flap of healthy skin has often been dissected from the adjacent part, leaving a pedicle of attachment to the surrounding surface; this, slid over or twisted round on to the wound, will stick and grow there, under favourable circumstances, receiving its life through the pedicle until it has formed a perfect attachment to the parts beneath. Noses are built up in the same way with three triangular flaps cut from the forehead and cheeks; and occasionally whole pieces of skin are taken bodily away from one part and transplanted to an unhealthy wound; the new sores caused by their removal being presumed to heal more rapidly than the ulcer. But these measures were not only severe in themselves, but resulted in many failures, and were attended with the disastrous condition, that a want of success left the patient in a doubly worse plight than before the operation. Grafting, however, is a wholly different thing; and perhaps a short account of the case to which I have alluded will convey a better idea of the process and its effects, than a dissertation on the mere physiology of the subject.

The patient, a pretty little girl of eight, was admitted into the Wellington ward of St George's Hospital with the history that, two years previously, her dress had caught fire, burning both legs from the hips to the knees severely. After a year's treatment the left thigh had healed up; but the right had never got better, and presented a terrible ulcer, extending all down the outer side. She was a bright intelligent little thing, and her sad condition excited much sympathetic interest. For four months she lay there without any signs of improvement. Though nourishing food, with wine and strengthening medicines, were freely administered, and all manner of local remedies applied, particularly that most excellent dressing, carded oakum, all was in vain; and when, on the 5th of May, the child was brought into the operating theatre, and placed under the influence of chloroform, it certainly appeared to us to be as unlikely a case to afford a fair criterion of a new treatment as could well be imagined. Two small pieces of skin were then snipped from the back with a pair of sharp-pointed scissors, and imbedded—planted, in fact—in the granulations or 'proud-flesh' of the wound—two tiny atoms, scarcely bigger than a pin's head, and consisting of little more than the cuticle or outer skin which we raise in blisters by rowing or exposure to a hot sun. Five days later, no change was visible; and by-and-by the operation was considered to have failed, since the pieces of skin had disappeared, instead of growing, as had been expected. But twelve days after the operation, two little white cicatrices appeared where the seeds had been sown; and in my notes I find that a week later these were, big enough to be dignified as 'islands of new tissue.' The most wonderful part of it was that, not only did these

islands grow and increase rapidly in circumference, but the fact of their presence seemed to stimulate the ulcer itself, which forthwith took on a healing action around its margin. Several more grafts were implanted subsequently, including morsels from Mr Pollock's arm, from my own, and from the shoulder of a negro; the last producing a white scar-tissue like the rest. In two months the wound was healed, and the little patient was discharged cured.

Skin-grafting is now performed daily in surgical practice, and a special instrument—a combination of knife and scissors—has been invented for the purpose. It is impossible to estimate the immense benefit of this discovery to mankind in many different aspects. Poor people, hitherto incapacitated from labour by 'incurable' ulcers, and for years a burden on their parish, or inmates of workhouses and asylums, will now again resume their place in the great toiling hive, from whose daily work is distilled the prosperity of a nation. Von Gräfe's operation of iridectomy, whereby hundreds of people, who were formerly considered irremediably blind, are now restored to sight by a simple proceeding, is said to have exercised a very appreciable effect on the poor-rates of the country. As an instance of true transplantation, John Hunter's celebrated experiment of causing a human tooth to take root and grow in the comb of a cock, is a well-known instance. Dentists nowadays often remove teeth, and having excised diseased portions, replant them in their sockets with frequent, though not invariable success; and cruel plastic operations have been performed on rats, by which they have been joined like Siamese twins, or their tails caused to grow from their shoulders, or between their eyes. The late Mr Frank Buckland, in his *Curiosities of Natural History*, gives an amusing account of an action-at-law brought by M. Triguel, a French naturalist, against a Zouave who had sold him what was termed a 'trumpet-rat' for one hundred francs; the said trumpet-rat proving to be an ordinary 'varmint,' with the tip of another rat's tail planted in its nose, and growing there.

A watchmaker in Piccadilly was afflicted with suicidal mania of rather an extraordinary description. So far from seeking death as a refuge from trouble, it was only at such times as the world was running along smoothly with him that he was not to be trusted with lethal weapons. Did sickness or domestic affliction cast their shadow over him? did pecuniary embarrassment, or even the ordinary worries and vexations incidental to business, harass him? then there was not a saner man breathing, nor one better qualified to cope with his difficulties, and withstand manfully the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. But directly the 'bad time' was over, and his horizon was unchecked with a single cloud, an irresistible propensity to destroy himself seemed to seize hold upon him. He had taken poison twice, had thrown himself into a canal, and had made an attempt to shoot himself, but all ineffectually. Several times he had been imprisoned, and once had spent some months in a lunatic asylum; but the very trouble which his act entailed upon himself appeared on each occasion to do away with all desire to repeat it. At length he cut

his throat so badly that for many months his life was despaired of; he recovered eventually, and expressed the greatest abhorrence of his conduct; but a small fistulous opening in the windpipe remained obstinately unclosed in spite of treatment, and became a source of great annoyance to him, rendering it necessary for him always to close it with the finger when he wanted to speak, and giving rise at times to dangerous attacks of inflammation. This went on for three years, during which time he steadily attended to his business, and was in conduct, conversation, and every other respect as rational a watchmaker as might be encountered between John o' Groat's and Land's End. But a successful operation was performed at the end of that time; the aperture healed up; and the man was relieved of a distressing infirmity. Within two weeks, he left his shop one afternoon, and committed suicide, this time in determined earnest.

THE CONTENTED MAN.

THE unassuming cabbage growing up to maturity amidst the alternate showers and sunshine of spring, may be regarded as the prototype of the Contented Man. He would only be too glad if, like Joshua, he could make the sun and moon stand still; for, unmindful alike of the future and the past, he considers the present as his elysium. Change is hateful; it disturbs his placid repose, and casts a misty shadow of futurity into his sluggish mind. Through his roseate glasses he looks out upon the world and pronounces all things good; the thorns and the thistles are hidden from his view, and there remain but the flowers to rejoice his eyes and to gladden his nostrils. The works of sculptors, painters, and authors bear the marks of the individuality of their originators; and we all of us have a not unnatural tendency to liken the lot and dispositions of others to our own. The task must be an especially delightful one to the Contented Man, in the still but muddy waters of whose mind float only the well-fed gold and silver fish of fanciful prosperity. Thus it is evident that he can scarcely be endowed with a highly reflective nature, nor indeed with an unselfish one.

The misery in the world is sufficiently apparent for the blindest to see it, and sufficiently deep and widespread to make the least unsympathetic of mortals sorrowful, and to appeal to their feelings to alleviate it as far as possible. The man who is thoroughly contented must also be thoroughly selfish; and thus it is hardly matter for regret that there should be so little real contentment in the world. This so-called virtue is too frequently but a synonym for sloth, indifference to the feelings of others, and mental feebleness. It is not the stuff of which heroes are composed. No Contented Man has ever yet made, or ever will make, his mark in the world. He stolidly sits on the rung of life's ladder on which the accident of birth has placed him, and gazes above and below him with equal indifference. Why should he stir hand or foot? he asks himself. He has got all that he wants; though, should a chance wind bear any good thing in his way, he accepts it, provided that no trouble be essential to the act of acquisition. The 'toilers and moilers' are

in his opinion but silly fools in pursuit of some Will-o'-the-wisp of fortune, which will vanish, to leave them in the darkest slough of despond. He sees others go past him hand-over-hand up the ladder; but it is without a pang. And when some less fortunate strugglers around him are engulfed in the dark waters of ruin, and pray to him for a helping hand, he moves not an inch. Why should he? Is he not himself, contented?

'Hope springs eternal in the human breast;' but the Contented Man has nothing to do with hope—unless, indeed, it be that his condition may remain unchanged to the end of the chapter. Its bright star does not shine for him, and he is happy without it. He is a phosphorescent individual, emitting sufficient light for himself, though it may be darkness for others. Egotism is his salient characteristic; not an obtrusive egotism, for that would be much too energetic to accord with his disposition, but an egotism which is nevertheless none the less real. On the whole, he may be considered a comparatively harmless individual; and whilst doing no injury to others, he does them but little good. To be hurtful, requires a certain amount of the *potential*; and this the Contented Man does not possess. After the fashion of the chicken in the egg, he is provided with his own pabulum, and cares nothing about the outside world. Gallio is his model; and to drift with the tide, is his motto. But the time may come when the Contented Man finds all is not sunshine and balmy breezes; and when he does suddenly discover an incentive to action, it is to be feared that the capacity for undertaking it may have long disappeared. In the contest for the 'survival of the fittest,' the Contented Man will, like the sleepy old mammoth, become extinct.

RICHES AND FRIENDSHIP.

A CERTAIN man of vast estate,
And generous mind withal,
So freely spent it on his friends,
He soon had none at all.

His fickle friends discovered this,
And then their worth they showed;
They left him, nor e'en paid the debt
Of gratitude they owed.

Ere long the man got rich again—
Much richer than before;
And those who then received so much,
Came now—expecting more!

The man had by this time, howe'er,
A lesson great been taught;
And straight he sent them all away,
With the large sum of—naught!

Friends, he had learned, do round us flock
When we are rich and great;
But when want comes and troubles rise,
They leave us to our fate.

And he had learned what oft is seen
When friends are in request,
That those of whom we think the least,
Turn out to be the best.

J. H.

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A TENNESSEE SQUIRE.

THERE is perhaps no part of the United States where life goes on more calmly than in the region of the Cumberland Mountains, Tennessee. This beautiful wilderness is thinly peopled by a race of 'natives'—that is, white settlers and squatters, who are as unaffected by the fierce activities of their fellow-citizens in the Eastern and Western States as if they were inhabitants of another continent or men of another age. Their homesteads are remote from highways; and these highways are so little frequented, that weeks may pass without a stranger appearing. Having very imperfect means of transport for corn or cattle to paying markets, they grow just sufficient for their own use; and simple wants are easily satisfied in a subtropical climate.

Maize is the staple food, wheaten bread being rarely eaten. Swine-flesh of the toughest and least nutritious sort furnishes much of the animal food. Milk is little used. Intoxicating drinks are rarely partaken of, though a good deal of peach-brandy and corn-whisky are said to be made illicitly. But these are sold to saloon-keepers in by-places, and the money expended in powder, shot, and the few articles required for a primitive household.

Tea and coffee are the favourite stimulants of Tennessee natives, particularly the latter. When whisky is not made, game is sold at the nearest town to obtain what is needed; and often the hunter will go ten miles with a pair of deer-hams, half-a-dozen turkeys, rabbits, or other spoils of the chase; and glad is he to bring back a few pounds of green coffee in exchange.

Hunting is indeed the real business of the Cumberland Mountaineer, farming being a mere incident. To roam in the boundless wilderness with a long rifle, accompanied by a dog, is the occupation and the joy of the half-wild men of the Tennessee forests. Wonderful shots are they, rarely failing to bring the deer down by a bullet through the heart. But though loving solitude

more than society, the hunter is kindly, hospitable, and anything but a misanthrope.

In a sparsely peopled country where there are no hotels, the traveller must either carry a tent and provisions, or seek shelter and food from the dwellers in the land. I took the latter course; and never was refused the best that the house afforded. Many hosts repelled all attempts at payment; some even objected to be thanked. The system of demanding and giving hospitality is so common that it is never considered as a benefaction or a favour. What the squatter gives to-day, he himself may have to ask for to-morrow. Business, the chase, a political errand, sends him a day's journey from home, or leaves him belated. That causes him no disquietude. The wanderer goes to the nearest house, assured of a frank and hearty reception. It matters not that he is a stranger. He is received without embarrassment, with genial politeness. But it is necessary to observe that a change is coming over frontiersmen. A host of tramps are prowling over the United States, worse than their fellow-vagabonds in England, and perhaps more difficult to reclaim. The maraudings and brutalities of these men have made farmers suspicious, and chilled something of their native kindliness. Still, the honest stranger is welcomed in a manner that compares favourably with the hospitality of cities; for in these remote wilds, poor people living hard lives, are more neighbourly than the inhabitants of London, Paris, or New York.

One of my pleasantest remembrances of Tennessee travel is connected with a short stay I made at the house of a certain Squire named Harker, who lived on a lonely road some distance from Jamestown. The weather was very hot, and my horse and self were tired with a five hours' rapid ride through forest and fell. It was nearing noon, the Tennessee dinner-hour, as I came in sight of the Squire's log-cabin, to which I had been directed by those who had marked out my itinerary. The barking of a great wolf-hound brought out the Squire. He appeared about sixty

years of age, tall, spare, and lithe as a young man. His hair was steel-gray, face close shaven, skin browned by weather; his eyes light blue, calm and benignant in expression.

'I come to ask for something to eat for my horse and myself,' I said.

'Yes, sir,' he replied, expectorating deliberately. 'Come in.'

With that he led my horse to a trough fed by a mountain stream; and afterwards put the tired animal into the stable, throwing before him some corn-cobs and a bit of coarse hay. Then we went towards the house.

Sitting by the fire was a woman, of dubious age, fifty-five or sixty-five. Although the weather was so hot, she was crouched over the blazing logs. Her face was yellow-olive in colour, thin to emaciation, haggard and wan. Her eyes had a dreamy quietude in them, like those of a person habituated to soothing drugs. Her figure was gaunt as a skeleton, and scantily draped in a faded cotton gown; the outline of her long angular limbs being rendered more observable by an obvious lameness. In her mouth was a long and much used clay-pipe, the bowl black as ebony. She paused an instant in her puffing as I entered, then proceeded to smoke without the least embarrassment.

In the chimney corner near to the mistress of the household stood a beautiful young girl of fifteen, tall as my host, slim as a poplar, with dark pensive eyes, pale olive complexion, and dark hair loosely gathered into a knot. She smiled a childish welcome, which had the effect of destroying the charm of her innocent beauty, for it displayed teeth repellently black. She did not reply to my inquiries respecting her health; for a sudden disquietude passed over her face; her dark dreamy eyes were suffused; she passed hastily to the door. Quick as light she extracted a quid of tobacco from her pretty mouth, and then returned to her mother's side. I tried to appear oblivious of these little incidents, and advanced to shake hands with a young man coming from an inner room. He was shorter and more squarely built than his parents and sister, but the contour of his face and his eyes left me in no doubt that he was the son of my host. A lump of tobacco was in his lower jaw, giving him the aspect of a man suffering from excessive gum-boil. He greeted me with kindly gentleness, and sat down.

The interior of the house was extremely rude. Evidently, from its dilapidation, the cabin had been built many years. The logs were blackened by the weather; the floor was patched and uneven; and through many a cranny the sunlight gleamed. Four beds were visible, two in the general room where I was, and two in a little room half-screened by a curtain. The beds were clean, covered with patchwork quilts, but humbler than the couches of our superior peasantry. A few thoroughly uncomfortable chairs were scattered about; a round table was in the middle of the floor; a rough culinary bench was under the window near the back-door. The fireplace was a stony chasm, without grate, oven, or other cooking apparatus. A large pot, like that used by gipsies, stood upon the hearth. Such was the furniture of this home in the wilderness.

I cannot say that the house was dirty, untidy,

or in any way wretched. It lacked altogether that snugness and comfort that English people associate with home. There was no sign of poverty, of that pathetic confession of a desperate fight with circumstances, so often seen in the neat homes of the poor in England. And the family had no semblance of being 'hard up.'

Mrs Harker was badly, meanly, scantily dressed, worse, indeed, than any labourer's wife in rural Britain. But she did not seem to be aware of it. Miss Harker wanted a new gown, better shoes, a competent hairbrush, and a general reformation in her ideas of attire, though evidently unconscious that she was at variance with correct standards of taste. The worthy Squire wore a pair of pants that had deserved retirement long ago. His shirt was coarse as sailcloth; and though clean, wanted the skill of an abler laundress than his household afforded. His Wellington boots, into which his pants were thrust, were hoary with the mud of years. Blacking is unknown in the Tennessee wilds, and is as superfluous as hair-powder. Shirt, pants, boots, comprised the whole costume of the Squire and his son; as gown, shoes, stockings, seemed to do for the ladies. Let no fastidious dame or scrupulous dandy find fault with such heretical notions of dress. I was myself at that time wearing simply shirt, trousers, and shoes, and feeling that these were a burden grievous to be borne. The temperature was ninety-eight degrees in the shade; in the sun, one hundred and twenty degrees. Teufelsdröckh might have learned something more of clothes-philosophy had he been Squire Harker's guest.

The doors and windows were wide open, permitting a faint current of air to pass through the room; air laden with the perfume of azaleas, growing like rank weeds in the forest, and with the faint odour of the prairie-rose. A humming of bees and buzzing of flies came rhythmically athwart the pauses in the conversation. Outside, the intense white sunlight glittered on every reflecting surface; and the ineffable violet sky soared to an immense height. Across it, here and there, swam rolls of snowy cloud, like pillows of carded wool. The remote firmament, the slow-gliding clouds, the hushing sun-glare, the droning insects, the quiet talk of my entertainers, the stillness of the forest, seemed all harmonious with the calm of a tropical noon.

Hurry here was impossible, rapidity of thought an absurdity, rapidity of action suicide. Life was a wakeful dream, in which to smoke lazily, to exult serenely at the dawdling pace of Time hobbling along on padded sandals, were the only duties.

My hostess informed me that she had long suffered from ague and rheumatism. She had taken all sorts of doctor's stuff, but with little relief. She rose to fetch the bottle containing her medicine, and then I saw how lame she was. Her left hip appeared to have lost its power of articulation. She moved with pain and difficulty, using a strong stick. I was very sorry for her, and we soon became confidential. In talking over remedies, it was clear that the quack was mighty in the land, and that Mrs Harker had suffered much therefrom. And the schoolmaster was feeble. The commonest news of the time was unknown to the family, or had

filtered in by small drops of hearsay. All literary, scientific, or other culture was absent from this household. I was nonplussed at every step, having to begin *de novo* with almost every topic. But I thoroughly interested my friends, who began to look upon me as an extraordinary person, when I tried to explain the genesis of malaria and rheumatism. Diseases were accepted by the Squire's family as mysteries, which no knowledge could fathom, and which medicine could only mitigate.

'I guess you'll like to eat?' said Mrs Harker after a while.—'Get dinner ready, Susan.' This to the daughter.

During the conversation, which was not interrupted, I observed how the meal was prepared; indeed, I could not help it, as it went on under my eyes. After throwing more wood on the fire, Miss Harker half-filled a tin bowl with Indian meal; into it was dredged some 'raising-powder'; water was added, and a paste made in a few minutes. The pot on the hearth was partly filled with hot ashes, and small lumps of dough placed on them; the lid was put on, and the bread-baking was in process. A kettle was placed on the fire, and while the water was heating, the coffee was ground. Afterwards, thick slices of bacon were cut from a rusty fitch, that looked like a section from a pine-slab. A huge heavy frying-pan was filled with the bacon, placed on the fire; and soon the odours of the pan pervaded the room, effectually overwhelming the fragrance of the azaleas and roses. Meantime, from a hidden storeroom, an up-piled dish of apple-jam was brought, and a strange-looking substance resembling cream-cheese. A few cracked cups, plates, and small dishes, very heavy and thick, furnished the table equipage.

The meal was soon prepared; and I took the place assigned me by my host, who immediately sat down on the one side of me, his son taking the other. I waited for the ladies to take their places; but they showed no disposition to do so. Feeling uncomfortable, I ventured to suggest that Mrs Harker should take my seat, which seemed to surprise my friends. No; the women would dine afterwards. The Squire did the honours of the table in a generous fashion, piling my plate with bacon, filling my dish with jam, and pressing the hot cakes upon me. Miss Harker supplied the coffee. Her mother continued to smoke and talk in the chimney corner.

The experience I had subsequently of Tennessee manners and customs showed that the Squire's family was much like others. In no instance did mothers and young children sit down with the father, elder boys, and myself. The old paternal system, which has almost died out in Western Europe, flourishes in the American wilds. No doubt, when strictly *en famille*, the members of the household eat together; but before guests, mothers and youngsters retire into that subjection out of which the race has slowly emerged. But there was no brutal ignoring of the feeble members of the family, no attempt to pass them by. Politeness towards the stranger and the devotion of the host to his guest, seemed to be the reason for this arrangement. I must say, however, that hospitality loses much of its charm when women and children become servitors

and spectators instead of fellow-banqueters. And in the settled parts of America there is such an equality in the family, that I found the squatter's custom more singular than if I had been in another country.

I had made acquaintance with American 'pork' prior to meeting it at my host's table. Its harsh fibre, its rancid fat, its want of all that is gracious in looks and in flavour, and particularly its immense demands upon gastric energy, were well known to me. But it was the *pièce de résistance*, and must be eaten. The cream-cheese turned out to be butter, such as would have made an English dairymaid stagger, and British butter-eaters grateful for oleomargarine or other product of the chemist's workshop. Out of respect for its author Miss Harker, and at the pressing request of her father, I strove to do it justice, but failed totally after one trial. Few people in our islands are condemned to 'corn-bread'; and I sincerely congratulate them. It is altogether wanting in the charm and the sustenance found in our staff of life. Perhaps were it fermented and baked like our wheat bread, it might be more agreeable and nourishing. The cakes prepared by the hands of my young hostess left much to be desired, not for me, but for herself and family, who had to eat them three times a day for life. The apple jam was neither sweet, sour, nor savoury—the completest neutrality in preserved fruits I had ever tasted. Sugar is dear in the United States, and many other plants besides 'cane' are utilised for obtaining saccharine matter. One of these is sorghum, much cultivated in the South; and I suppose my hostess had preserved her apples by this means.

Coffee strong, fragrant, and abundant, was the refreshing and invigorating item in the dinner. Its excellence atoned for a multitude of culinary foibles and failures; and though unsupported by sugar, cream, or milk, it was a tower of strength in itself. Coffee plays an important part in frontier-life, and will advance in estimation as whisky recedes. A generation of farmers, squatters, and pioneers is growing up to whom alcohol is objectionable in any form. A solid rock of opinion is rising against strong drink in every part of America, and I found it nowhere more pronounced than in the Tennessee Highlands. Coffee gives all the stimulant the climate requires.

Dinner being over, the Squire and I went out to see how my horse was faring; then we went to see his tobacco-field, about which we had talked during the meal. Outside the house, everything was as untidy and neglected as within. Under a shed lay a rusty plough, traces, chains, harness, and other gear. A broken wagon was slowly disintegrating in one corner, a mud-splashed rickety buggy in another. An ancient loom was in an empty stall. Corn-cobs, maize-litter, and rubbish from cowhouse and stable, were lying in the yard in every stage of decay. A dismantled snake-fence had once separated this yard from the peach-orchard; but storms and rot had made many gaps, through which gaunt hogs prowled at will. Neglected as the trees were, they were thick with fruit, promising a crop that would have made a little fortune in Covent Garden. But the largest proportion of the peaches was destined

for the Squire's hogs. About fifty magnificent apple-trees were in another orchard, literally bearing as much fruit as leaves. Such trees are impossible in England. The Squire was not enthusiastic in his admiration of peaches and apples, listening to my remarks upon the coming harvest with genial indifference.

Beyond the orchards was a field of maize, so roughly cultivated, that the hogs might have made the furrows, except that there was some attempt at straight and continuous lines. A few days' work had sufficed for ploughing and sowing; a few days' labour would gather the corn; then the Squire's duties as a husbandman would be fully discharged.

Near the maize-field was the tobacco-patch, covered with vigorous plants, upon which the owner glanced with a complacent eye. Beside them was a long strip of cotton-plants revelling in the sun, but sorely hampered with weeds. Cotton was grown to supply the family wants, the women picking, spinning, weaving, dyeing, and making the garments. About half an acre of potatoes completed my host's cultivated land.

It is not considered impertinent to ask a land-owner in America the extent of his possessions; and in reply to my inquiry, the Squire told me he owned about eight hundred acres. Not one hundredth part of this was tilled; but that did not strike Mr Harker as uneconomical.

What surprised me most was the absence of a kitchen-garden. No salads, no cabbages, no beans or peas, none of the herbs cultivated by the peasants of Europe. And not one cultivated flower, save the rosebush by the front-door, and that appeared to be an accident. A ragged, ignored vine scrambled over a corner of the house, the only natural embellishment.

Such was the home of Squire Harker, a justice of the peace, an intelligent man, a sober, industrious American citizen, in whose veins ran the impulsive, domineering Anglo-Saxon blood. Sequestration from society, the infatuations of a hunter's life, want of culture, had made him indifferent to the hopes and ambitions of his age. He had his compensations in such health and vigour as no city dweller can know; he had, too, a peace of mind that passes the understanding of this restless age. He bore his sixty years with greater ease than many an Englishman half the number. He enjoyed the present hour calmly, and looked with absolute undismay at on-coming age, confident in himself and trusting in Providence.

But it was different with his wife and daughter; theirs was the fate of the squaw, mitigated by the tendency of the race. Life for them and others similarly situated, was a narrow and unembellished drudgery, though not of killing hardship. Rude and monotonous diet, which suited hunters, destroyed all the graces and sapped the vitality of the women. Rarely did they quit the precincts of the house; there was no change of scene for them, save the leafing and unleafing of the forest. They had work enough to keep the mind from stagnating, but not varied sufficiently to excite invention, not severe enough to rouse slumbering energies. Fancy had no exercise, and thus speech was ungraced by the common elegancies of language. By the way, it is remarkable how taciturn and slow of utterance the backwoods people are.

Vacancy of mind, deficient exercise of the imagination, and loneliness, tempt many of these women to seek the soothing delights of tobacco. The perfidious anodyne becomes a tyrant necessity, and damages the health, ruins the beauty, and increases the torpor of soul. America is said to be the land of faded matrons. But from my own observation, I believe improper diet, especially the invariable 'hot biscuit,' does more damage to face and figure than the rigours of climate. Bad water, malaria and various febrile diseases do great mischief to form and colour; but rough and ungraceful homes are greater foes to female loveliness. I have seen ladies of middle age, who have lived in superheated rooms amid the excitements of New York's perfervid existence, confirmed toppers of ice-water and devourers of 'candy,' who were nevertheless quite as well preserved as English ladies of the same age.

The fact is, women need the society of their own sex more than men. Body and mind degenerate for want of sympathy, criticism, and emulation. Six months' residence in Cincinnati would have developed Miss Harker into a brilliant young lady, as incapable of chewing a 'quid' as of cannibalism; and the same environment would have cured her mother of the languors and vapours which oppressed her like an atmosphere of carbonic acid. The progress of civilisation in America, in another half-century, will render the fate of women wholly free from the privations endured by Squire Harker's worthy wife and charming daughter.

VALENTINE STRANGE

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—I HAD THE PLEASURE OF MEETING YOU, SIR, ONE HOT DAY LAST SUMMER, WHEN YOU PAID ME THIS IDENTICAL HALF-SOVEREIGN.

GERARD, grasping Hiram tightly by both arms, faced him beneath the gaslight. Hiram, scarcely understanding as yet who had got hold of him, faced Gerard. The two looked at each other curiously.

'I reckon, mister,' said Hiram, 'that you've made some sort of error.'

Gerard seemed to be of that opinion too, if his face were trustworthy. As to who Hiram might be, he had not at that moment the remotest notion.

'Perhaps I have,' he answered, with a touch of dubious sarcasm in his tone. 'We shall see.' He released Hiram, and warned him. 'Stand there. If you attempt to make a move, I'll throw you out of the window.'

'Then,' responded Hiram, 'I will not attempt to make a move. Your diggings air too lofty.' He kept his eyes on Gerard, but stooped for his hat, warily, and having secured it, brushed it with his elbow, and set it on, a little on one side. Gerard, regarding him, stepped sideways to the letter-box and took out the packet. He knew by the look and feel of it what it was; but he was in a mood to do strict justice. He opened the package, therefore, and found the half-crown in it, and the inscription on the paper, as before.

'Now,' he asked, tossing the half-crown on the table, and looking dangerously at Hiram, 'who set you to do this? Don't prevaricate with me, or I'll break every bone in your body. Tell me who sent you here with these insolent messages.'—Hiram returned no answer, but held him with his glittering eye, watchful of every movement.—'Out with it!' cried Gerard.

'Keep your hair on,' returned Hiram, in a tone of soft expostulation. 'You're in no hurry to get bald.'—Gerard made a swift motion towards him. Hiram made a swifter in retreat. The two being on either side a round table of considerable size, it was not easy to get at close quarters, unless both were so minded. Hiram in his flight contrived to possess himself of a poker, and held it in an attitude of defence; improvised and amateurish, but unpleasant for an assailant to look at. Gerard, even in his heat of anger, recognised the loss of dignity inevitably accruing to a chase around the circular table, and stood still, devising means of approach. Hiram took advantage of this pause, and prepared to offer suasive counsel. 'This is not a reception,' he began, 'calculated to feed the enthosiasm of affection.' At that second, Gerard vaulted the table, closed with him, and wrested the poker from his grasp. Hiram, more fortunate than in their first encounter, eluded his hold, but left a portion of his coat behind. 'Look here!' said Hiram from the other side of the table; 'you ridiculous madman. What do you mean by it?'

'Who sent you here?' cried Gerard again.

'Nobody sent me here.'

'What do you mean by dropping these confounded things in my letter-box three nights running? Who are you?'

'Now,' responded Hiram, in soothing tones, 'this is reasonable. If you'll put that poker down and listen to reason, I'll explain. And if you won't, and will insist on strife, I ain't goin' to let you maul me how you like—mind that. I'm loath to hurt you, and bein' a sensible man myself, I am not hungry to be hurt. You don't know me?'

'I don't know you from Adam.'

'I am not Adam. I had the pleasure of meeting you, sir, ten miles from Brierham, one hot day last summer, when you paid me this identical half-sovereign for carrying a note to Valentine Strange, Esquire.'

'Well?'

'Well. You may remember I told you that you had given me the only streak of luck I had ever had since I landed on these shores. You may recall likewise, that I remarked that if ever you were in a real hole, you might do worse than apply to Hiram Search.'

'Well?' This reiterated inquiry began to assume a dogged and threatening tone.

'I am beginning to see,' continued Hiram, 'that thistles are my proper diet. I own up, straight, that if anybody had offered me help on the sly like this, I should have rode rusty with him. But if you think that my half-crowns are so plentiful that I can afford to play jokes with 'em, you are prob'ly a greater ass than I am. Mister, let me lay it out straight for you. You helped me, when you was that squeezed in with money you could hardly move. Then

I happened to read in the papers about Garling—I won't distress you if I can help it—then you happened to come and dine at my employer's restaurant—I was that mudheaded.—Well, now, between man an' man, you can't ask more. I'm sorry I offended. You can call me anything you like, if it relieves you. I deserve to be kicked, though I should not, as a friend, advise you, or any man to kick me. I apologise with all my heart; and if you fancy that I am mean enough to have offended you willingly, you do me a greater wrong, sir, than I have offered you.'

There was positively a real dignity in Hiram's tone as he concluded. His manner was conciliatory, frank, independent, yet submissive, as became his apology.

But Gerard was an Englishman, and was not going to be conciliated all on a sudden by any man alive. 'Couldn't you guess, you blundering idiot,' he said roughly, 'that you could do nothing more offensive, nothing more insulting?' He was very favourably impressed with Hiram, or he would not have bestowed a word upon him.

The other felt a sort of amity in the rough words and tones, and half unconsciously advanced to meet it. 'Let me make my excuses as clear as I know how,' he said. 'It's partly the smallness of the sum that aggravates the natural feelings of the British aristocrat.'—Gerard laughed outright, his first laugh for six weeks.—'It is indeed,' said Hiram. 'Seriously now, it is. There never was anything I tried to do with my fingers I couldn't manage, worse or better; but in respect to feelings, I haven't got a sense of touch at all, and that's a fact. But now, look here! I am real grieved, but— Look here! Don't you mind me because I can't grease it and make it run smooth, and scent it and make it smell nice. You helped me, and you told me a lie when you did it. Yes, sir. Says you: "I've got no silver, dern it all;" and I saw the shine of silver in your purse. Then says you again: "I suppose you don't earn half a sovereign so easy every day;" and you put that rather harsh, to save my feelings and make me think it wasn't charity. I've thought of that often; and I've said to myself: "Send that man round to me if ever he's in trouble, and I am game to my bottom dollar." I have not your sense of touch, sir, in these matters, but I was deeply grateful, and I've had a liking for you ever since. I took a foolish way of showin' it, and hurt your feelings. But now, I've apologised, and you have looked over my clumsiness, and now—clean straight—I'm worth five pound. Is half of that any use to you?'

'My good fellow,' said Gerard haughtily, 'you are quite mistaken in supposing that I am in want of money. If I were, I should find other means of getting it, than by taking your earnings from you.' He was somewhat touched, in spite of his hauteur. Perhaps he was a little loftier in manner because he *was* touched, and did not care to show it. He read incredulity in Hiram's face; and to put an end to his doubts, he sent his hand into his pocket and drew out a mingled handful of gold and silver. 'I am not in immediate danger of starvation,' he said lightly and in a kindlier tone.—Hiram felt the friendliness of this revelation, instinctively. He did not stop to think it out, but he knew that Gerard

would rather have submitted to any misapprehension, than clear it in this way unless at the bidding of an impulse altogether friendly.—‘You are a good fellow, Search,’ said the gentleman, reaching out his right hand. ‘You misunderstood my position—that was all.’

Hiram pushed out his lean claw at arm’s length and executed a solemn shake-hands.

‘I am glad to see,’ he answered, ‘that I am not such an ass as I thought I was. You laughed just now when I called you an aristocrat. But I was not mistaken.’

Gerard laughed again. ‘This open expression of opinion is a little embarrassing, Mr Search.’

‘I beg your pardon,’ said Hiram gravely; ‘I will not offend again. I have not your sense of touch, sir. I am not an educated man, and I am not acquainted with the ways of society. But I will not offend again.’

‘What have you been doing since I saw you last?’ asked Gerard, anxious to atone for his misunderstanding of Hiram’s gratitude. The man’s downright simplicity and truthfulness attracted him. Hiram began to tell his story. Neither of them noticed that the outer door had all this time been left unfastened, until, in the midst of Hiram’s narrative, a great hammering began upon it, and Gerard arising to open it, met Val Strange and the lawyer in the lobby.

‘Mr Lumby,’ said the old lawyer, directly he set eyes upon him, ‘let me congratulate you! We have recovered everything that villain Garling ran away with. You are a wealthy man once more.’ This was a burst of singular indiscretion for so discreet a man; but the old boy had had the news pent in him for ten minutes; he had been a dear friend and old schoolfellow of Gerard’s grandfather; he had been his father’s adviser this thirty years past or nearly; and he was more puffed out and explosive with joy and triumph than a legal authority of threescore years and ten can endure to be with safety.

The result of the communication thus made was alarming; and Gerard, beneath the little gaslight in the lobby, turned so pale, and made so blind a clutch at the doorpost, that the lawyer caught him on one side, and Val Strange on the other, and led him back into the room, where he sank into a chair, hid his face in his hands, and sobbed hysterically.

‘Really, my dear Gerard,’ said the little old lawyer, standing over him, patting his shoulder, and trying to cover his own error by disregarding the effect it had upon the other, ‘we must have a little jollification on the strength of this discovery. Really we must. Perrier-Jouet must flow for this, sir. Pommery-Greno?—the life-blood of the Widow Clicquot?—what shall it be?’ All this time, he was patting and smoothing away at Gerard’s shoulder.—‘Mr Strange,’ he cried, not ceasing this friendly attention for a minute, ‘we ought to have supplied ourselves upon the way. It is all due to our friend Mr Strange, under Providence, that this amazing discovery was made, Gerard. Your friend Mr Strange is answerable for it.—Come, come, come; you’ll get up and say “Thank you” to Mr Strange, surely. A quarter of a million is worth saying “Thank you” for. Come, come, come.’ Running on thus, to cover Gerard’s confusion and his own, he patted

and soothed until Gerard raised a pale face and looked around him.

‘What hit me,’ he said, ‘was the thought of the poor old governor. If it all came back, it would be too late for him.’

‘No, no, no!’ cried the little lawyer. ‘Let us hope not—let us hope not. Let us trust in Providence. He will recover, and spend many happy years, I trust—many, many happy years.’ And that ancient lawyer, in spite of his face of parchment, and the legal inner dust of fifty years, sat down and wept for joy. In all his threescore years and ten he had known no greater grief than the fall of the great House. A placid equable life of threescore years and ten, with a little love-making in it, so far back that his old love’s grandchildren were common-councilmen, and nothing to mark its even tenor since those far-off days, but two strong friendships. The two dearest friends he had ever had were Gerard’s grandfather and father. Why should he not feel a touch of sacred, friendly joy again? But the old man’s emotion killed Gerard’s; so far as show was concerned at least. The two young men shook hands with each other and with the lawyer; and he, conscious of human frailty, made great efforts, and pulled himself together, and the three sent out for wine, and made bright speeches, and tried to be merry—with the ghosts about them. Constance for Val’s ghost. Gerard’s father with wrecked intellect and blighted life for the old lawyer’s. Both for Gerard, and his pale mother seated between the two. And so the wine ran dull somehow in spite of its sparkle, and suddenly Gerard, in his attempt to be gay, bethought him of Mr Search, and made inquiry for him. Hiram had disappeared.

Hiram indeed was by this time in his own lodgings, pulling at the black clay by the side of a guttering tallow-candle. ‘I am glad of his luck,’ he said heartily; ‘and it’s a sort of weight off of me somehow that Mary’s father has dropped that ill-got load. I’d have liked to have congratulated him; but I daren’t stop for a word. It might pay a waiter too well to look honest, to congratulate a millionaire, when you’ve just lent him seven-and-sixpence.’

When a second bottle had been opened, and one libation poured to Fortune, the lawyer took his leave, and the two young men remained together. Val was very bitter inwardly, and Gerard’s thanks were wormwood to him. Gerard was all gratitude and grief and hope, a very compound of contradictory emotion; Val, all rage, watchfulness, and despair. In his weakness, he was for a moment enraged at his own fealty to honour. Why should he have played such a card as he held into Gerard’s hands, until he was sure of his own end? He was keenly on the watch to draw forth or catch the news of Constance’s whereabouts. He half despaired of winning now, for he had cast the winning card away, and so for once he drank deeply, talking the while with a feverish attempt at gaiety, and pushing the conversation, whenever he could, in the direction of Gerard’s hopes. For a long time, nothing came of this, but at last Gerard said: ‘I shall cross to Paris to-morrow, after seeing the governor.’

‘Ah!’ responded Val, with well-concealed interest. ‘What is going on there?’

'Why,' said simple Gerard, 'you know of course that when this smash came, I was engaged to be married. That went by the board, with everything else. And now it's the only thing I care for, that it sets me right in that respect again. We shall have to divide with my cousins, of course—the poor old governor is out of it for ever, I am afraid—but I shall have enough left. You heard what was said just now. Their share is not more than fifty thousand apiece. That leaves a hundred and thirty-three thousand to the governor, and the old house and my mother's property, besides what is saved from the smash. We are as well off as ever, thanks to you, old fellow. We haven't as much money, of course, but we have more than we shall ever want to spend.'

'And so you're going to Paris to-morrow?' said Val, bringing the conversation round again. It was horrible to listen to Gerard's talk of certainty, but he must listen, to learn what he wanted to know.

'Yes,' said Gerard. 'I shall see my mother in the morning, and break the news to her, and see the governor, and then cross over.'

'Are they all staying there?' asked Val, pouring out a glass of wine, and pressing the neck of the bottle tightly against the glass, to prevent them from clanking in his agitated hands.

'Yes,' responded Gerard. 'Constance has not been well lately, and Miss Jolly—that's her aunt, you know—insisted on going to Paris for a change.'

'Where are they?' asked Val. His voice veiled his own tremor and despair so ill, that he was almost amazed to see it go unnoticed.

'At the Grand Hotel,' Gerard answered; and being no further questioned, slipped into silence.

Val sat on thorns a while, and then took leave. Once in the street, he ran until he found a hansom, and was driven to his chambers at full speed. His luggage was undisturbed. He bade his man carry it out to the hansom, and side by side with his valet, drove to St Katherine's Docks. The boat for Boulogne started that night at eleven-thirty, and was caught at the moment of departure. An eighteen hours' passage would land him at Boulogne at half-past five, in time for the six o'clock slow train for Paris. Even that gave him some faint hope of seeing Constance before she retired for the night. Gerard, starting on the morrow, would leave Charing Cross at half-past seven in the evening, would reach Paris at six in the morning, and would possibly go to bed to snatch a few hours' sleep. There loomed another chance.

Half the gloomy night, Val paced the deck; and at last, with a greatcoat and a rug, lay down upon it, beneath the clouds and the solemn rifts between them sown with earnest stars. There was but half an hour to win by, and the thought kept him awake, in a panic of hope and fear. Slowly the stars faded; the intense depths of sky grew gray; the clouds, which had been gray, grew black; the bleak sunlight touched the sulky Channel billows. He rose again, and paced the deck, and looked at the Kentish coast, still in sight, and sickened for the journey's end. All day long, time crawled, and his veins fevered, and his watch seemed to stand still. But five

o'clock saw Boulogne harbour; and then, whilst the hands of the watch suddenly ran with great rapidity, the boat seemed to crawl on the water. Half-past five, and the harbour scarcely seemed nearer. At six minutes to six they moored beside the Port, but on the wrong side for the railway station. Seven minutes later, Val stood upon the platform, and looked after the last carriage of the retreating train.

He waited with racked patience for the next train. Perhaps after all Gerard might miss it—might somehow be delayed. The slow deliberate seconds, the leaden-footed minutes, the dreary, dreary hours, went by. The mail-train drew up at the platform, and he took his seat. Everything was silent, and the place seemed asleep, until the sudden flare of gas and the sudden rush of storming feet, told the arrival of the mail passengers. He would not look to see if Gerard were there or not. Fortune had been against him all along, and would be against him still. He set up the big collar of his travelling-coat, and pulled his cap down upon his eyes, to escape a possible recognition. The clamour and bustle died away on the platform. The signal sounded. The carriage answered with a jerk to the first motion of the engine, and at that instant a passenger opened the door of the compartment in which Val sat, and leaped in lightly. It was Gerard Lumby.

(To be continued.)

QUEER CASES.

BY A SURGEON.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

WHAT is more troublesome to surgeon or patient than a needle broken off short in the flesh—unless it be two broken needles? Such articles 'travel' terribly. There is so little to lay hold of with the forceps, that any touch which does not effect its extraction is bound to give it an onward impulse. Thus it often happens that a medical practitioner can find no trace of the needle, when his assistance is sought, the patient having already pushed it completely in, in his efforts to withdraw it; and it may become a matter of doubt whether such a thing is really underneath the skin or not. To cut open the flesh on a mere chance of finding it, would be obviously unjustifiable; examination of the part by pressure and squeezing is nearly as bad, from the risk of making matters worse; so an ingenious plan has been devised for ascertaining whether a portion be really impacted or not. A powerful magnet is held upon that part of the body for a quarter of an hour, so as to influence the fragment; then a finely-hung polarised needle is suspended over it, when, if any iron be present, deflection will ensue. In Italy, a kind of ivory probe traversed by two wires has been used for the detection of foreign bodies of this nature in a deep wound, it being connected with an electric battery in such a way that directly the probe comes in contact with anything metallic, the circuit is completed, and its presence announced by the ringing of a bell!

Not many years ago, a remarkable experiment

was tried at the Hôpital dos Lazaros, São Christovão, near Rio de Janeiro. A Brazilian physician pretended to have discovered that 'beriberi,' the mysterious and deadly malady of that country, half-dropsy, half-leprosy, was identical with the true *Elephantiasis Græcorum*, which the ancient exponents of the healing art used to cure by inoculations of snake-venom. An inmate of the hospital, knowing his state to be hopeless as it stood, consented to allow the trial to be made on his body. So a vigorous rattlesnake was accordingly brought to his bedside, and made to bite his swollen and hypertrophied hand, in the presence of a large number of doctors, both native and foreign. It was noted at the time that the reptile displayed great apparent reluctance to use its fangs, and it was not until after much irritation that it could be induced to strike. The punctures were inflicted near the base of the little finger; but the patient was not aware that he had been bitten till the bystanders told him, so lifeless was the part. For some hours, no results were apparent; the characteristic evidences of blood-poisoning nevertheless set in, and before night the man was a corpse.

The case excited a great deal of interest at the time; but the experiment has never been repeated; nor is there any reason why it should be. The reception of the venom into a mass of fibroid and degenerate tissue such as would compose a leprosy limb, would retard and might altogether prevent its absorption into the current of the circulation; while it was pure fancy to attribute the snake's hesitation in biting to anything connected with the disease. Many poisonous reptiles will bear much annoyance, and even ill-treatment, before they can be persuaded to use their fangs; and the case in question really presents no anomalies whatever beyond those to be readily accounted for by the existing circumstances. But what a marvellous thing the venom of a serpent is! In the whole range of pathology, probably nothing presents such an instance of small causes producing great effects. An infinitesimal quantity of a clear, apparently harmless fluid, introduced by a puncture no bigger than the prick of a pin, and with awful rapidity—a few minutes, it may be—a strong man with the thews and sinews of a bull, becomes lifeless clay, already far on its way to decomposition. Perhaps the 'germs'—if such really exist—of deadly fevers and other maladies might be found to be just as insignificant in amount, could they be isolated; but it must be borne in mind that there is a certain period of latency or 'incubation' after their reception into the system, and that neither they nor almost any other known poison take effect with the same fearful celerity as the worst snake-venoms.

The accidents, fortunate and unfortunate, that have occurred within the practice of celebrated surgeons about whose skill there can be no two opinions, would fill a volume. Dupuytren plunged a knife into a man's brain, and relieved him of an abscess in that situation, snatching him from the very jaws of death; yet he killed a patient whose shoulder-joint he had set, by lancing an aneurism in mistake for a simple gathering. And for every such accident which has happened, probably a hundred might be

found, were the truth known, that have been prevented only by what we are accustomed profanely to term 'sheer luck' or 'chance.' I was once clinical pupil of a great London surgeon, one who even then was quoted universally as the greatest authority on the disease of which the case I am going to relate was an instance, and whose public appointments had long testified to the general recognition of his talents. In one ward of the hospital he had a patient who, he told us, was suffering from an abscess in the region of the hip; carefully demonstrating this to us, as he was wont to do, and explaining how such a disorder was to be diagnosed from other things with which a want of due precaution might cause it to be confounded. He then ordered me to get ready his instruments and chloroform by the bedside, as he proposed to incise the swelling when he had finished his round of visits in the hospital, and proceeded on his way; but before he returned, the man suddenly and mysteriously died, without a movement or a groan. There was a *post-mortem* examination of course; and it was then found that what had been mistaken for an abscess was in reality an aneurism, which had burst of itself internally, and caused instant death by loss of blood. An aneurism is a localised dilatation of an artery, which goes on increasing in size quite out of proportion to the blood-vessel itself, so that the sac may be as big as an orange—as it was in this case—or even larger, upon an artery no bigger than a goose-quill. The chief danger in such a tumour lies in the possibility of its bursting at any time, and to lance it would, of course, be almost necessarily immediately fatal. 'Gentlemen,' said our Professor, as the mystery was revealed, and the terrible position from which he had so narrowly escaped became apparent, 'the French have a proverb that there is a special providence for drunkards and children. I say there is a special providence for surgeons!'

Nature is a wonderful surgeon; she commences a conservative process of repair directly after an injury. 'Never too late to mend,' is her motto. An old man, of the enormous age of one hundred and two, came under my notice with a broken hip—that commonest of fractures among elderly people, whose bones are dry and brittle, often caused by accidents so slight as tripping the foot in a loose fold of carpet. No active treatment could be adopted; mechanical appliances would have caused mortification of the skin in a subject enfeebled by senile decay; so he was placed on a water-bed and kept wholly at rest. He lay there for twelve months, suffering but little pain, and then peacefully passed away, having ended his long life in comparative comfort. After death, it was found that the fracture had actually healed, though naturally in a false position.

A disagreeable little *contre-temps* happens sometimes to young practitioners who are called upon for the first time to set a dislocated jaw. It rarely happens twice to the same operator. When the jaw is 'put out,' the hands, to effect its reduction, must grasp it over the teeth as far back as possible, so as to exert force in the necessary direction on the angle. It is often no easy matter; but when it *does* slip in, it goes back so suddenly that the mouth shuts to with a snap like a rat-trap; and the young surgeon

draws an inference that for the future it will be better to shield his fingers with cork or india-rubber in dealing with cases of this kind.

It is a well-known fact that people whose limbs have been amputated tell you that they can feel their fingers and toes for a long time afterwards—for years, sometimes—and will even describe pain and definite sensations as affecting certain joints of individual digits. This is readily understood when we remember that the brain is the only part of the body that *feels*, all sensations and impulses being conveyed to it from different parts by nerve-fibres. Feelings of pain, heat, cold, touch, and the functions of the special senses are telegraphed to it; and when the connecting nerve is divided, it may be some time before it learns to localise truly the seat of the sensation it appreciates. When we knock our 'funny-bones,' we experience a thrill in the little finger and inner border of the hand; the fact being that we have stimulated the bundle of telegraph wires—known as the ulnar nerve—which transmit sensations from that finger and part of the next, in the middle of its course, as it winds round the joint of the elbow.

Some years ago, a nurse in one of our Metropolitan hospitals, mistaking one bottle for another in the dim dawn of a foggy morning, gave a poor woman a teacupful of concentrated carbolic acid, instead of black draught. The unfortunate patient drank half of it, and might have taken it all before discovering the mistake, had she not paused for breath. She died in great agony in a few minutes. Medical men were of course on the spot; but nothing could be done. There is no antidote to carbolic acid; and the mouth, throat, and—as we afterwards found—the stomach were so burnt that it was impossible to use the stomach-pump; they were in fact charred white, like a stick. It appears extraordinary that any one should drink such a quantity of a fluid so intensely corrosive as this acid without finding the mistake directly it touched the lips; but medicines, never agreeable, are usually swallowed as hastily as possible, and the patient does not stop to analyse any specially unpleasant sensations, when he knows that some such are inevitable.

A curious parallel to this case was brought before me at sea, where a quartermaster went into the cabin of an officer on watch in the middle of the night, and seizing what he took to be a bottle of brandy, drank about six ounces of the contents. It was pure carbolic acid, and the man fell dead before he could summon assistance; but here, too, we may account for the large amount swallowed before the character of the liquid was recognised. He was consciously in the commission of a theft, and being, moreover, in danger of detection every moment, no doubt hurried to secure the brandy as rapidly as he could, the expected fluid being also of a burning nature to the palate and throat. In this last case, the carbolic acid, though not in its own characteristic bottle, was labelled 'Poison,' and was kept in the officer's washing-locker. The quartermaster had no doubt caught sight of the bottle there, and imagined it was stowed away for concealment. About a tablespoonful of this excellent disinfectant in the morning's bath is a great luxury in the tropics, not only allaying the

maddening irritation of existent 'prickly-heat' and insect bites, but acting as a preventive to other eruptions, and offering a discouragement to mosquitoes and other pests of these regions.

PLAYING THE WRONG CARD.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

MR STYLES sat silent and stupefied, after the departure of his colleague. The pipe had gone out, and was not rekindled; while the jug of beer, which had given point to the sarcasm of Charley—as he still called him in his reverie—remained untouched at his elbow. The situation was indeed a serious one for the 'unlucky Professor.' He had been buoyed up by the prospect of this unexpected windfall; he had seen his way to taking larger halls, and 'working' larger towns for the next week or two at anyrate, by its help; and now it had utterly vanished, plunging him, as a matter of course, as deep into despair as its prospect had raised him into hope. He had sent the baggage-man and the properties on to Bingle-don, where he was announced to open the next night; a deposit was paid on the large room at the Town Hall; bills by this time were circulated, his posters had been out for some days. And now all this trouble was lost; his outlay was forfeited. He could not open by himself. Even if a musician could be found in Bingle-don, a thing hardly likely in so sedate and prim a town—such a musician as would suit *him*—what was he to do without Lucile? Her loss was utterly fatal to the speculation; in fact, her loss would be fatal to his business altogether. His slender resources would not, could not, hold out until he had replaced her. His properties would be seized, and he should be ruined. 'My health's a-going,' he muttered, as he reached this stage of his reverie; 'and I shall have to go to the workhouse. I little thought when I took old Ben Boley half-a-crown and a pound of tea last year, that I should so soon come to be where I saw him; but it's what I am coming to.'

A tremendous knock at the street door interrupted and startled him. He listened with a foreboding of some fresh evil; but ere he could determine who was the visitor, the door of his room was thrown open, and Mr Ignatius Hythe came hurriedly and excitedly in. 'Here's a pretty go!' exclaimed that gentleman, who could scarcely gasp out the words—'here's a pretty go! Where's that confounded foreign scoundrel? He has done it! A nice thing I have made of it by employing him.'

'What has he done? I should really be glad if you would tell me,' returned Styles; 'for he has been here talking in a crazy style about being revenged, and says he is actually the person we employed him to represent.'

'So he is!' cried Hythe. 'The vagabond was just the last man in the world we ought to have spoken to. He has nearly killed my brother, and has entirely ruined me.'

'What *has* he done?' exclaimed Styles, who was partly excited and partly frightened, as his visitor plunged frantically about the room. 'How

has he killed your brother? How has he ruined you?

'He has given my brother a shock from which he will never recover,' said Mr Ignatius; 'he has had a fit in consequence, and in his weak state it will be fatal. But he has actually seen his daughter! This abominable foreign musician, or whatever you choose to call him, is her uncle. He showed her to Maurice. He took her away with a threat that Maurice should never see her again. What is the consequence? My brother now knows that she is alive, while previously he only dreamed it. His conscience, which was morbid and troublesome enough before, is now irresistible. He means to telegraph for his solicitor to-morrow. He will alter his will in favour of this child, so that now we shall get nothing at all! If she had remained here, it would not have mattered, as he would have been content with providing for her, and compensating by kindness for any wrong he had done; but he regards what has now happened as a judgment, and that on account of it he is bound to mortify himself and all his friends.—And by Jove, sir, it is mortifying!' concluded Mr Hythe, with an abrupt change of tone.

'Well, what are you going to do? What do you want me to do?' asked Styles. 'He has entirely broken up my tour. I have billed my two next towns, paid a deposit on the hall at Bingleton; and here am I without a chance of giving the show, and hardly enough money left for my railway fare.'

'Oh! here's some money; take it; I want your help,' exclaimed Hythe, throwing a number of sovereigns on the table.

With sparkling eyes, the Professor scrambled them up. 'Well, what help do you want from me?' he asked.

'We must find this fellow; we must get back the girl!' returned Mr Hythe. 'Confound him! He has no right to keep her from her parent. It's unnatural—it's atrocious. If I can get hold of her, I have not the least doubt, from what I know of my brother, that we can manage him very well. So we will follow this foreign scoundrel, and catch him if we can. I will claim the girl, and call in the police if necessary. Gad, if it's necessary, I will seize her by force, and you must back me up!'

'Oh!' ejaculated Styles, with a perceptible lengthening of his visage; 'I don't altogether like that idea. He's a dangerous fellow, and he carries the ugliest knife you ever saw out of a butcher's shop.'

'I don't care for his knives or any of his foreign tricks!' exclaimed the desperate Ignatius. 'I'll knock him down with my stick, if we really come to a fight. But for the matter of that, I would just as soon be run through the body as not, if we don't get the girl back.'

'Ah! but I wouldn't,' said the cautious Styles; 'and I give you fair warning that while I will do all I can in the way of persuasion, or will back you up in case we fetch the police, if it comes to fighting—keep me out!'

'I'll do that part of the business,' said his resolute visitor. 'Rather than not keep my brother from altering his will, I would face twenty foreigners with twenty knives apiece.

—Now, come on. How shall we get on his trail?'

'That won't be very difficult to begin with, at anyrate,' said Styles. 'He must have gone by rail, if he has gone at all; and a little gossiping place like this has one advantage—everybody knows everybody; and I'll defy such conspicuous characters as Charley and Lucile to take tickets without their being known and their destination remembered. We are right for the first stage, I am certain.'

'Then on with your coat, and off we go,' continued Hythe. 'If there's a train any time to-night in the direction they have taken, we follow.'

'But about Bingleton?'—began Styles.

'Let Bingleton shift for itself! The people at Bingleton can do without you, I daresay. Telegraph in the morning, or do what you like; but let us lose no time now.'

Thus urged, Mr Styles had no option but to comply. The sovereigns that had been so lavishly thrust upon him softened in a wonderful way his feelings regarding the disappointment of the good people of Bingleton.

In a few minutes they had left the house, and were at the railway station, where the correctness of Mr Styles's judgment was at once made manifest. The clerk and porter each recollected the departure of Mr Joinville, as they called him, accompanied by Mademoiselle Tuscano, and recollected also that they had taken tickets for a station named Bushfield. The night-mail, due in about an hour and a half, stopped at that station.

'He will change there, and go across to Stumpley, which is on the South-western line,' said Hythe. 'He means to go on to Southampton, and take a steamer for America; that's his game.'

'But I don't think he has enough money'—said Styles.

'Oh! there's never any telling with these foreigners,' interrupted Hythe. 'He may have been screwing and saving up ever since he has been with you.'

Mr Styles made no reply to this suggestion; but by an expressive frown and shake of the head, he might have been of opinion that 'Charley,' as he still called him, was not likely to have saved much while in his company.

To follow their journeyings in quest of the fugitives would only weary the reader. Suffice it, therefore, to note that Mr Hythe and Styles at length found themselves—*en route* for Southampton—at Bushfield Junction.

The junction was at a very lonely spot; a straggling village was the nearest approach to a town for several miles; while out on the bare downs beyond, or in the narrow dull lanes which served for byroads, there were but few cottages to be seen, and still fewer buildings which deserved the name of farmhouses. So there was little to invite any one to go strolling about in the quiet light of the sinking sun, which was now just visible above the low hills which bounded the view to the west. Thus argued Styles; but Hythe was of a different opinion. Luckily, however, he did not deem it necessary to insist on the Professor accompanying him in his ramble; and so, comfortably ensconced in the village inn, with the London paper to

read, his legs resting on the long seat, the oft deferred meal at last served, Styles awaited his companion's return without impatience.

Mr Hythe, restless as before, soon got beyond the limits of the village, and crossed the wide common which lies immediately beyond. He then turned to retrace his steps, as twilight had set in; and the occasional barking of dogs reminded him that it might be unpleasant to find his way back after dark. Passing one of the few houses which were of somewhat better grade than the poorest labourers' cottages, he saw a woman standing at the door, who looked so earnestly at him, that he thought she was about to speak. Slackening his pace, he looked fixedly at her in turn. The woman noticing it, said apologetically, and dropping a rustic courtesy, as she spoke: 'I thought, sir, you might be Dr Camm, or some one from him; that's what I was looking out for, sir.'

'I am sorry you are disappointed,' replied Hythe. 'I hope you have no serious cause for wishing to see a doctor.'

'Indeed, I have, sir,' said the woman; 'and I am afraid Davy—that's my boy, sir—hasn't found Dr Camm at home, he has been so long gone.'

'I have been a doctor, although now retired from the profession,' said Hythe. 'If I can be of any service till your own doctor comes'—

'You are very kind, sir,' replied the woman, as Hythe paused; 'and if you would not mind looking in, I should be a great deal easier in my mind. We have had a gentleman and little girl staying here for a day or two.'

'Eh? a gentleman and little girl!' repeated Hythe, roused into the keenest attention at once.

'Yes, sir,' she continued. 'They are foreigners, I think; and he is mortal bad to-day. I think he is going out of his mind, as well as being dreadful ill, sir; and the little girl is so frightened.'

'Where is he?' exclaimed Hythe, in a decided tone. 'I will see him at once.'

'I don't know, sir,' said the woman hesitatingly, 'whether he has got any money; and we are too poor'—

'Oh! that is of no consequence,' returned Hythe, with a readiness which at once impressed the poor woman with a sense of his generosity. 'Just show me to his room.'

The woman turned, and led the stranger into the front-room, which, meanly furnished as it was, was evidently the best parlour of the house. A low moaning sound was audible as he entered. 'That is the poor gentleman, sir,' she continued. 'He is in the back-room. I will go and see if he is sensible.—This gentleman is a doctor, my dear, and will cure your uncle.' This last phrase was addressed to a girl who sat cowering and shy in the darkest corner of the apartment.

Hythe had not seen her until he followed the direction of the woman's eyes. 'Ah! it's all right! I have her now,' was his mental ejaculation. The girl looked up at him without any recognition in her eyes.—'This is a strange place for you, my dear,' said Hythe. 'I know from the landlady that you have not been here long. Were you about to settle in this village?'

'No; I think not, sir,' replied the girl. 'I hardly know what Mr Charles was going to do; I think he meant to go back to America.'

'I was not far out in my guess, then,' thought Hythe.

The return of the woman stopped further conversation; and he accompanied her to the bedroom, where, restlessly turning on his couch, lay the man whom he had sought.

As would have been the case with every other doctor, personal feelings, likings and dislikings, all ideas of danger to himself from this man, were instantly banished, and Hythe saw in him only a suffering patient. 'His brain is dreadfully affected, and he is in great danger,' said he to the landlady presently. 'I think it is more than probable that he will die here.'

'O dear me! deary me!' exclaimed the poor soul, wringing her hands. 'Whatever shall we do? My husband has been out of work these four weeks with a bad hand.'

'I will wait until I see your local doctor,' continued Hythe; 'and will ask him to send a nurse down to assist you. As it strangely happens that I know this man, I will be responsible for all expenses, and will take the girl to her friends. There is a person waiting for me at the *Half Moon Inn* at Bushfield, to whom the little girl is well known. Can you send for him?'

'O yes, sir!' exclaimed the woman, whose face had brightened considerably. 'I do think I hear our Davy outside now. He will go.'

She was correct. Davy came in with the news that he had been waiting until Dr Camm returned; that he had seen that gentleman, who had promised to follow him in a quarter of an hour. Stimulated by the promise of a shilling, Davy lost no time in hurrying back to Bushfield as fast as his heavy, clay-clogged boots would carry him, bearing Mr Hythe's card, with a request for the immediate attendance of Styles.

The doctor arrived first, and promptly coincided with the opinion already expressed by Hythe as to the fatal nature of the illness. He readily agreed to find a nurse, and took charge of a few pounds which Hythe left in his hands for current expenses. As he did so, a little bustle was heard in the parlour, followed by an exclamation of delight and surprise from the girl. With a word of apology for his abruptness, Hythe hurried to the room, where he saw, as he expected, the girl clinging round Styles's neck in a transport of delight.

'Have you come to take me back?' said the child. 'I do not love Mr Charles as I love you.' (She had been taught to speak of him always as 'Mr Charles' in the company.) 'He does not love me at all. Do not send me away again!'

'No, Lucile, never; you shall never leave me again,' said Styles; 'that is,' he added, as he recollected the claims of Mr Maurice Hythe, 'you shall never go anywhere but where you please, and where you are happy.—She always took to me, you know,' he continued in a low tone to Mr Hythe. 'We have been together these two years, and I always considered her as my daughter.'

The girl would not part from Styles; and so, holding his hand, she presently set out to walk to the junction, Hythe following closely, after a final consultation with the surgeon, who

promised to let him know, by telegraph, the patient's state in the morning—if he lasted till then; but unless some unlooked-for change took place, he probably would not hold out.

Catching an early train, the three reached Fieldenham by midnight, where, under pretence of not disturbing their landlady, and after repeated promises from Styles to call for her the next day, the girl consented to go to Myrtle Villa to sleep, and there met with a warm reception, Mrs Hythe being quite as much alive to the importance of her restoration as was her husband.

In the morning, Styles came round punctually; and as he came to the gate, there arrived also a telegraph messenger, whose tidings were brief, but final—Villada was dead. There was an unavoidable shock in hearing this; but both Hythe and Styles were secretly conscious of a feeling of relief. Lucile—we shall for the brief remainder of our story preserve her old name—who had had no idea of his danger, was not told of his death for some days.

Early in the forenoon, as may be supposed, Mr Hythe took the girl round to his brother, who was now so weak that he could not stand, and was lying on a couch which faced the window; but the interview which followed shall be outlined in the description given of it by Mr Ignatius to his wife.

'It was like a resurrection, Maria! If you had seen a ghost, you would not have been more frightened than at seeing that panting, hollow-eyed fellow rise up with a sort of scream.—But she wasn't frightened; not a bit. How she knew he did not mean her any harm, I can't say, but she took to him directly. He says he shall get well now; and I believe he will.—I had a long talk with him, and it will be all right, Maria.'

It was all right, from the Myrtle Villa point of view. Delighted at the restoration of his daughter; thankful for the opportunity of undoing his wrong in part, at least, Maurice Hythe became a new man; and never forgetful that it was to his brother's energy and wonderful sagacity he owed these boons, his lawyer was again summoned, and the will was this time altered in a manner which gave general satisfaction.

A very handsome present to the poor woman at Bushfield Common raised her to the seventh heaven of delight, as it did also her husband who had the bad hand, and 'Davy' the messenger; while Mr Styles— But he also shall speak for himself. He often did speak of himself as he sat over his glass of grog in the select parlour of the *Three Blind Mice* at Kentish Town, N.W., which hostel stands at the corner of the street in which were situated Mr Styles's apartments. 'And that's how it was, sir,' he would say, when finishing his oft-repeated narrative. 'The tour which I thought was going to be a complete bust-up for me, was the making of me. The loss of my dancer and my pianist, which made me think of the workhouse, was the only thing, as it turned out, which could have kept me from it. I never went a tour again, and never shall now, and I don't want to. She don't forget the old man, sir; and if I ain't rich, I ain't poor, and I can jog on quiet and comfortable, as long as I've got the breath

to do it. This is the only time, sir, I ever knew a game won by playing the wrong card, which was what we certainly did when we put Charley on the business.'

BOOK GOSSIP.

THE study of history seems to be increasing both in attractiveness and popularity. This may be due as much to the brilliant literary talent which has been brought to its service, as to its own inherent interest and value as a subject of study and means of culture. There were great names associated with the literature of history in the last century—Gibbon and Lord Hailes, Hume and Robertson; but of these, the first two have alone maintained their places as historical authorities; Hume and Robertson being now read more perhaps for their manner than their matter—for their lucid and original style, rather than for the accuracy of their historical presentations. If we have not many greater writers in the present century, we have at least better historians. Moreover, the methods of historical investigation have improved so much within the last fifty years, that history may almost be said to be an invention of the nineteenth century. To more accurate and scientific methods, also, have been added many attractions in regard to the style and treatment of historical narrative. It is not now confined simply to the relation of state intrigues and great military conflicts; it is recognised more and more as a means by which the life of a *people*, rather than the history of a kingdom, is to be traced to its sources. The story of the political struggles and social throes which gave birth to the most precious of our constitutional and civil rights, is of more interest, because fraught with more instruction, than the record of armed conquest and battles and bloodshed. The simple narrative of the Ship-money episode in the reign of Charles the First, is more illustrative of a people's progress, and hence of greater value to the historical student, than the history of all the battles that were fought and won in the campaigns of Marlborough.

Nor is it alone to the more mature minds and the more advanced readers that modern historians appeal. We have short histories by men like Green and Freeman, in which all that is essential to an intelligent appreciation of the historical problems presented, is laid before readers in language which the youngest need not fail to understand. Other writers have followed the example of these greater names; and among works of this kind we have pleasure in noticing the volume entitled *Charlemagne*, by the Rev. Edward L. Cutts, B.A. (London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge). This is really a history of the Franks from their first inroad into the Roman Empire in the reign of Gordian, down to the death of the great Teutonic emperor whose name gives title to the book—a period of about four hundred and fifty years. The life of Charlemagne embraces the period between 742 and 814 A.D.; but some knowledge of the early settlement and inroads of the Frankish barbarians is necessary to an intelligent understanding of the reign which forms the central subject of the book. This the author gives with commendable brevity,

and at the same time with clearness and spirit. The style is familiar without being flippant; and the author draws for his materials upon the more picturesque among ancient and modern authorities. The story of Charles the Great, as thus told, will not fail to be useful to many who have not the leisure or means for studying more elaborate works. A knowledge of what this great Emperor did, and what he aimed to do, is essential to a clear understanding of European history in mediæval and modern times, and may be said to lie at the very root of it. This volume by Mr Cutts will render the subject accessible to any who have the desire to acquaint themselves, briefly, clearly, and comprehensively, with the leading characteristics of the person and history of this great mediæval monarch.

A vivid idea of some of the treasures of the Boolak collection of Egyptian antiquities at Cairo, may be gleaned from a book recently published from the pen of Mr Villiers Stuart of Dromana, M.P. *The Funeral Tent of an Egyptian Queen* (London: John Murray) is the title of this work; the greater portion of the book consisting of a description of the remarkable tent or canopy which—as we have noted in our article on Recent Egyptian Discoveries—belonged to one of the royal mummies recently brought to light at Deir-al-Bahari. A representation of this wonderful work of art, composed of hundreds of pieces of leather carefully dovetailed together, is printed in colours; and we learn that the tints of the original work, here reproduced, are almost as fresh as they were when first the pigments were coaxed into such quaint characters nearly three thousand years ago. There are many other features of this book which will cause it to be valued as an addition to our knowledge of the treasures of ancient Egypt.

The beetle, as is well known, figures prominently on all Egyptian monuments, and is represented in the above canopy as flying with a ball upon his head. Mr Villiers Stuart gives a plate representing in various attitudes a beetle of this description which was caught by himself, and he accompanies it with an interesting description. The male is furnished with horns, these horns enabling him to perform a duty which is peculiarly his, namely, to carry balls of wet Nile-mud balanced on his head, for his mate at home to deposit her eggs in. The female is without these horns, and therefore cannot carry the pellet necessary for the security of the egg. The Egyptians, says Mr Stuart, having seen the beetles industriously rolling the globe of clay, like their emblem of the sun, and seeing them also during flight decorated with the horned disc, their emblem of divinity, came to the conclusion that they were worshipping the sun, and held them in corresponding veneration. Again, the egg deposited in the mud-pellet, after passing through the usual transformations, broke forth into life as a perfected scarabæus, and gave the Egyptians the emblem of life out of death. Hence its frequent appearance on the tombs and funeral vestments of ancient Egypt.

In the City of London—that is, the City proper, as distinguished from the Metropolis in general—there is a large population which appear within

its bounds during the day, but disappear at night. They have offices in the City, but they do not sleep in the City. Consequently, when the census of London was taken in April last year, it was felt that, as being a *night* census, it failed to represent the true condition of that portion of London known as the City, and steps were adopted to have the defect rectified by the taking of a *day* census. The sum of twelve hundred pounds was voted for this purpose by the City Corporation, and the census was taken between the 25th and 31st of May following the Imperial census. The results of this special counting of the people have been published under the title of a *Report on the City Day-Census, 1881* (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.). Under the Imperial census, the number of people found to be in the City of London during the *night* was 50,526; but this number under the *day* census is found to be 261,061. That is, there are more than five times as many people within the City of London during the day as there are sleeping therein during the night. And not only may the City be said to be thus depopulated during the night, but this tendency of things is constantly on the increase. In 1871, the night census showed a population of nearly 75,000, as against the 50,000 of 1881, being a decrease of fifty per cent. within the ten years. No wonder, therefore, that the old City churches, notwithstanding their many sacred and historic associations, are nearly empty on Sundays; seeing that the suburbs and surrounding towns connected with the Metropolis by rail and omnibus, draw more than two hundred thousand persons out of the City every working day at the close of business hours. The book affords many points of curious study to those who are fond of statistical information.

To the number of popular books on science, in which the scientific spirit is not sacrificed to the mere demand for an hour's amusement or relaxation, we must add *Talks About Science*, by the late Professor Thomas Dunman (London: Griffith and Farran). Mr Dunman was one of the men who had to toil upwards more by his own energy and application than by the assistance of others; and like many more who have thus had the bloom of life rubbed off in the friction of their early years, his health was undermined, and he died young, leaving the world just at the moment when he was best equipped to serve it. This little volume has been prepared rather as a slight memento of his method of teaching, by which he was endeared to a wide circle of students, than as containing any original contributions to the general knowledge of the subjects of which it treats. These subjects are such as the mechanism of sensation, prehistoric man, volcanoes and coral reefs, ice and the ice-age, how the earth is weighed and measured, with papers on the stars, on atoms and molecules, and on the lobster and common frog. His lectures, of which the papers here printed are examples, were, says his biographer, enlivened by allusions to poetry and romance, and full of living interest; while here and there were flashes of quiet humour which won his audiences, and afforded abundant explanation of his popularity with his students. This applies to the papers in the book before us, which are

at once clear and precise as regards the information that is to be conveyed, and interesting and attractive in respect of the style in which that conveyance is effected. We have no doubt the book will prove eminently useful in arousing in the mind of readers a renewed interest in questions of popular science.

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A FEW artists, bearing well-known names, wrote a joint-letter to the *Times*, praying that, if possible, precautions may be taken to save picturesque Cairo from the fate of Alexandria. A somewhat similar cry was heard from archaeologists, owing to the rumour that the well-known Boolak Museum—which in their eyes is the most valuable, if not the most picturesque adornment of Cairo—was to be sold to replenish the coffers of Arabi Pacha. This Museum owes its existence to the French antiquary Mariette Bey; and, as our readers are aware, it contains the principal part of those treasures and curiosities which the Egyptian tombs have from time to time revealed. In one way, the dispersion of these memorials of ancient Egypt—provided they found their way to the safe custody of European Museums—need not be regretted, for the building which at present holds them is said, from the undermining of the Nile, to be in a rather dilapidated state. But the mere suggestion that such a man as Arabi has cast a wistful glance upon them, raises fears that some of his fanatical followers may from utter wantonness destroy relics of their country's past which can never be replaced. It is to be hoped, however, that such a catastrophe may be averted.

Although civilised nations have left the records of their former greatness in their tombs and other monuments, those whose lives were spent in a savage state, and who had no such heritage to leave behind them, have not passed away into silence without leaving very distinct traces of their whereabouts. The 'kitchen-middens,' or vast heaps of shells which are now found on so many coasts, together with the bone and flint implements buried in them, tell us of the food and mode of life of these very early dwellers on the earth. Many attempts have been made to calculate the time which must have elapsed before these heaps of refuse could have attained the dimensions which they now exhibit; though a writer in a recent number of the *American Naturalist* endeavours to show in a very interesting manner that these calculations are likely to exaggerate the time necessary for such accumulation. His observations are directed to the Inuit tribes on the Alaska coast, who, in common with other savage people in various parts of the world, are at the present day contributing to its surface these remains of their daily meals. He tells us how he has watched a healthy Inuit family despatching their meals of echinus or sea-urchin—how their teeth crack the spiny shell, and how the luscious contents are licked out before the debris falls in a continuous shower to the ground. He says: 'The heaps of refuse created under such circumstances during a single season were truly astonishing in size. They

will surely mislead the ingenious calculator of the antiquity of shell-heaps a thousand years hence.'

The recent bombardment of Alexandria naturally gives a zest for naval and military information, and the following note, communicated to a contemporary by the Superintendent of the Royal Laboratory at Woolwich, giving as it does the particulars of the cost of each charge fired from one of the *Inflexible's* eighty-one ton guns, will be of interest:

Cartridge filled, 425 lb. P ₂ powder.....	£10	2	0
Bag, bursting, filled.....	0	12	6
Shell, Palliser, 16-inch.....	11	16	5
Gas-check for do.....	2	17	9
Tube, electric.....	0	0	4

Total cost of one round.....£25 9 0

That is, in round figures, £100 for every four shots fired from the *Inflexible*.

It is reported that the Council of the Royal Geographical Society contemplate the equipment of another expedition to the 'Dark Continent,' in order to explore the mountains Kenia and Kilimanjaro, and the country which separates them from the eastern shores of Victoria Nyanza. This expedition is to be under the command of Mr Joseph Thomson, and will start on its mission early next year.

The Royal Agricultural Society have been very unfortunate of late years, owing to the persistent rain which has driven sightseers from their annual shows. The present rainy year has proved no exception to the rule; but as a set-off, the wet weather has called attention to two new modes of hay-making which would perhaps have been forgotten, or lost sight of, if the sun had been more generous with its beams. One plan which has already been in vogue for some years is that of Mr Gibbs, who by passing wet grass through a hot-air machine, is able at once to convert it into valuable hay. At the late Agricultural Show at Reading, six acres of grass, estimated to yield twelve tons of finished hay, were converted into dry hay in six hours; whilst, had it been allowed to lie on the ground, and left to the tender mercies of such weather as we have since had, it must have rotted and spoiled. The other process of saving wet grass is that of Mr J. Coultas. Mr Coultas does not use hot air, but directs all his attention to the construction of the haystack and to means for keeping it cool. His method of procedure is briefly as follows: In building the stack, an aperture, or rather inner chamber, is formed, by placing in the midst of the material a stuffed sack, which is withdrawn before the stack is complete. From the lower part of this chamber there is carried an air-shaft or pipe to an exhaust fan outside the sack. Apertures are also made in the stack for the insertion of thermometers. When the heat from the wet mass rises above a certain limit, the fan is set in motion; and while it extracts the saturated air from the stack, the outer atmosphere is dragged into it from every pore. In this way the temperature is rapidly reduced and the grass quickly dried into sweet hay.

The unseasonable weather has perhaps had something to do with the invention of a very clever little contrivance for recording the duration of rainfall. Most of our readers must be familiar with the form of the ordinary rain-gauge or

pluviometer, which may be roughly described as a funnel leading to a graduated glass vessel, by which the amount of liquid collected can be easily read off in hundredths of an inch. This rough-and-ready apparatus, although it has been improved upon so as to prevent loss by evaporation, &c., leaves much to be desired. It would take no note, for instance, of very light showers, which would therefore pass unrecorded. The new rainfall recorder, the invention of M. Schmeltz, appears to meet this want, for it will register the falling of a single drop, provided that drop falls upon its sensitive surface. It consists of a box containing a slip of chemically prepared paper, which moves by clockwork from one reel to another, a certain length of the paper passing, as in the Morse and other printing telegraphic machines, within a given time. The paper in question is first treated with a solution of sulphate of iron, and after being thoroughly dried, is brushed with tannic acid. A drop of water on such a surface is sufficient to bring the two chemicals into nearer relationship, and a dark mark is the result. (Our chemical readers will see that the two agents named are the constituents of common writing-ink.) It stands to reason that if the paper be graduated into hours and minutes, the exact time and duration of the rainfall will be recorded. It will be noticed that this rainfall recorder does not afford any means of judging of the amount of water received by the soil, and perhaps for this reason it will serve as an aid to the ordinary rain-gauge, rather than a contrivance destined to supersede that instrument.

Whilst the English farmer has had much cause to anticipate the prospect of another bad season, the Americans have had as much reason to rejoice at the splendid weather with which they have been favoured. But the transatlantic farmer has enemies to guard against such as his English rival knows nothing of. Thus, in the *San Francisco Call* newspaper, we find a curious account of the means which are found necessary to protect the wheat-crops from the invasion of wild-geese, in a certain farm of seventy-five thousand acres in Colusa County, California. Forty men armed with rifles patrol this farm not only in the daytime but on every moonlight night. Flocks of geese—which, we are told, look from a distance like huge white blankets—settle down upon the wheat-fields, and make havoc of the crops, unless the riflemen are on the alert, and knock over a few of them by way of example. Sometimes a thick fog will come on, and then is the time that the geese will feed with impunity, for the men are afraid to use their weapons in case of mutual injury.

The electric light has found a novel employment in the hands of some ingenious Frenchmen, who have lately, by permission of their government, been experimenting with it as a lure for fish. The lamp was contained in an air-tight globe, and was lowered at night into the sea, with the result that thousands of fish of all sizes were attracted to its brilliant light. Boats furnished with nets gradually closed in upon the living mass and made a great haul of fish. We hardly know whether this mode of enticing the finny tribes will be considered quite legitimate by the angling and fishing fraternities.

At the recent distribution of prizes and awards in connection with the late Smoke Abatement Exhibition at South Kensington, it was stated that the Committee have determined that their labours shall not yet cease if they can obtain the support of the public to carry them on. They hope to be able to form a permanent Institute, which would have for its chief objects the promotion of schemes for the better utilisation of coal and coal products, the improvement of means for heating houses as at present constructed without producing smoke, and to deal with those subjects generally for the public information and benefit. Such a scheme should most certainly meet with cordial support from the dwellers in our large cities, where the increase of smoky chimneys is doing such damage to health and property.

In an article 'Simple Facts concerning Water,' we recently pointed out how hard water can be made soft by the addition of lime, and the theory of the chemical changes which occur. This method has long been known as Clark's process, and although thoroughly effectual, it has the disadvantage of requiring the water to be stored in precipitating tanks for about twenty-four hours before it is ready for use. A modification of this system, by which the water can be softened without being left to settle, has been introduced by the Atkins Water-softening and Purifying Company of 62 Fleet Street, London. In this system, a jet of lime-water is introduced into the liquid to be treated, which is then conveyed to a mixing-chamber, and afterwards to some rotary disc filters, where the precipitated lime is quickly collected on cloth-covered discs. The water, thoroughly softened, then flows onward for immediate use, or can be stored in reservoirs until required. This new method of dealing with hard waters has already been tried with success for some private water-supplies, and has now been adopted by the Henley-on-Thames Water-works. The Brighton Railway Company are also erecting the necessary plant for supplying their engines with softened water.

The invention and quickly increasing employment for various purposes of explosives such as nitro-glycerine, dynamite, and others of the same family, compared with which gunpowder is but a feeble agent, call for constant attention on the part of our legislature. It has been recently pointed out by the government inspectors that the railway Companies, in refusing as they do to carry such dangerous goods on any terms whatever, exhibit a short-sighted policy. Such things are easily concealed as ordinary luggage; and the railway Companies must know that in their trains, parcels containing them must often be surreptitiously conveyed. It would be far better to carry them—as acids and other dangerous commodities are now carried—by specially appointed trains, and with proper appliances to protect them from accidental ignition. It is a fortunate circumstance that most of these new explosives need percussion fuses to rouse them into full destructive fury, many of them burning harmlessly away if a simple flame be applied to them. It will thus be seen that dynamite is not such a treacherous fellow-traveller as might be supposed; still, we should be glad to see it relegated to a train of its own.

The recent exhibition at the Alexandra Palace of 'Means and Appliances for the Protection and Preservation of Human Life,' contained many inventions of a very interesting and valuable nature. It included a full-sized pair of facing-points fitted on a railway, showing the extension of the inter-locking system to all the various moving parts of the railway system; contrivances for preventing boiler-explosions; safety-lamps for use in mines, detectors of fire-damp, boat-lowering gear, and many other life-saving appliances. In the section devoted to life-belts and means for keeping the body afloat in the water, we noticed two exhibits which appeared to have the merit of novelty as well as efficiency. The first was the employment of powdered burnt cork for stuffing life-belts, ships' mattresses, cushions, &c.—giving greater buoyancy than the usual unburnt material. The other exhibit to which we refer consisted of life-saving garments. Most dresses of this kind are of a cumbrous and unsightly description, such garments, in fact, as no one would from choice carry about with him. But here we saw greatcoats, ladies' dresses, cut in the latest fashion too, so skilfully furnished in the linings with little cylinders of cork, that their presence was quite undetected until pointed out. People in the habit of yachting, or who are engaged in any occupation which brings them into daily chance of falling into the water, would do well to make further inquiries relative to this useful adaptation of the life-belt principle. The manufacturers are Messrs Wentworth & Co., of 12 Museum Street, London, W.C.

A few weeks ago, Mr Benjamin Askew delivered a lecture to the Royal Scottish Society of Arts, on the use of powdered stucco in the welding of cast steel; and in a day or two afterwards a Committee of the Society had an opportunity of witnessing at St Margaret's Works, Edinburgh, the welding of steel by the process described. The welding is done by means of powdered stucco used just as smiths are accustomed to use sand in other weldings. Four pieces of cast steel from two different makers were welded into one square bar, which was afterwards broken. The fracture showed no mark of the joining, but the grain of the two qualities of steel could be distinguished. Two old files were welded together and hammered into the shape of a chisel, which was then hardened, tempered, and sharpened, and used to cut an inch-bar of iron. The process is so simple that any skilled smith may practise it; he must use heat enough to flux, or melt, the stucco, but not so much as to fuse the steel.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

SUGGESTED CURE FOR THE POTATO DISEASE.

ALL the way from Copenhagen comes a cure for the potato-disease. The cure is simple, inexpensive, and its author—Mr J. L. Jensen—says it is effective. The potato-disease, as most of our readers are aware, is caused by a fungoid growth which destroys the structure of the plant. The generally received theory is that the spores germinate—in wet weather—on the leaves of the plants, and that the fungus then spreads through

the plant's system, reaching and spoiling the tubers. Mr Jensen's theory is that it does not reach the tubers in that manner, but by the spores being washed by rain off the leaves into the soil; where, coming in contact with the tubers, disease is induced. Mr Jensen's cure is to earth up the potatoes high enough to afford protection. His method is to remove as much soil from one side of the row as will allow of the stems being bent over at an angle of forty-five degrees, and then to heap up the soil with the hoe—or with a plough of his own invention—to a depth of four inches over the tubers. This is made steep enough to shed the rain which washes the spores, not among the potatoes, but into the ditch thus formed. As Mr Jensen claims to have secured potatoes with no more than from one to three per cent. of diseased tubers, when others not so treated were smitten to the extent of thirty per cent., the plan is well worth a trial.

A writer in the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, hailing from Devonshire, claims to have practised the above method for a number of years with decided success. He learned it from an old labourer, who had always saved his crop by such means, when his neighbours had lost theirs.

ROD AND LINE FISHING IN NORTH UIST.

With reference to the article on the above subject which appeared in last month's *Journal*, we are requested by the proprietor to state that all the lochs, &c. on the island are preserved, more especially as regards 'salmon, sea-trout, and salmon-kind;' some of which, such as *Salmo salar* (salmon) and *Salmo eriox* (bull-trout), are, we are assured, occasionally taken.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

WHAT memories come, O Heart,
To thee in the Autumn chill,
When the leaves that have done their part
Are tossed at the cold wind's will?
When the sun that beamed so bright
Goeth down ere the day is past,
What shades dost thou see in the fading light?
What sighs dost thou hear in the blast?

Bright hopes have died like the leaves,
But, unlike them, no more shall bloom;
And the voice of the wind is like one who grieves
Alone, in a world of gloom!
The shadows I see are those
Who have passed from my side away,
And I hear them speak at the short day's close,
When the light is dull and gray.

And oft in the midnight lone,
When the world is wrapped in rest,
The fond hopes I once called my own
Rise living within my breast.
But soon, with a throb of pain,
I think of the leaves that fall,
And liken their forms to the hopes so vain
Which no Spring can recall.

J. H.

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A PEEP INTO AN ANTS' NEST.

THE name of Sir John Lubbock has long been connected with the subject of ants and bees, and he has obtained a foremost place among the investigators into this department of insect life. Yet his scientific work, laborious and exhaustive as it is, does not interfere with his performance of the duties which devolve upon him in his professional and political capacities as a banker and member of parliament. Amid all the demands which these duties make upon his time and energies, and which themselves might be deemed sufficient employment for any one man, he yet finds time to pursue his favourite studies in natural history; and the books and papers which he has issued thereon are not more remarkable for their revelations of insect and plant life, than for the evidence they give of most laborious and painstaking research on the part of the writer. Sir John Lubbock has recently issued a new volume, the result of ten years' experiment and observation, entitled, *Ants, Bees, and Wasps* (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.), some of the interesting and startling facts of which, so far as they relate to ants, we propose to bring before our readers.

Ants have long afforded amusement and wonder to observers, on account of what might be called their near approach to human intelligence, as exhibited in their social organisation, their large communities, their elaborate habitations, their education of their young, their military tactics, their construction of roadways and bridges, and their possession of domestic animals, and even, in some cases, of slaves. In this country we have more than thirty kinds of ants; but they become much more numerous in species, as well as individuals, in warmer countries, more than a thousand different species being known to exist. The author tells us that he has kept in captivity about half of our British species of ants, as well as a considerable number of foreign forms, and for the last few years he has generally had from thirty to forty communities under observation. After

trying various plans, he found the best way to keep the ants was in nests consisting of two panes of common window-glass, about ten inches square, laid flat one above the other, but kept apart to a distance of a quarter of an inch or less by thin slips of wood round the edges, the space between the panes being filled up with fine earth, in which the ants devise such compartments as they require. The object of restricting the space between the panes of glass to a quarter of an inch or so, is that the ants may not be able to hide themselves from observation, which they would be likely to do were there a greater depth of earth. Moreover, there being glass below as well as above, the movements of the ants can at all times be well observed. These nests are placed on a stand, one above the other at intervals apart, but arranged so that each nest can be detached for purposes of special observation. Various means also, such as surrounding their nests with water, are taken to prevent the ants from escaping, or passing from one nest to another. These nests afford special facilities for observing the internal economy of ant-life; and especially for watching and recording the actions of individual ants. For this purpose, the particular insect to be watched requires to be marked, and the most convenient mode of marking them was, he found, either with a small dab of paint on the back, or, in the case of bees or wasps, by snipping off a minute fragment at the extremity of the wing. This, from the structure of the wing, gives the insect no pain, nor does it interfere with its flight.

No two species of ants, says Lubbock, are identical in habits; and, on various accounts, their mode of life is far from easy to unravel. In the first place, most of their time is passed underground; all the education of the young, for instance, is carried on in the dark. The life of the ant falls into the four well-marked periods usual with insects—those of the egg, of the larva or grub, of the pupa or chrysalis, and of the perfect insect or imago. The eggs are white or yellowish, and are said to hatch in fifteen days;

but those observed by Lubbock have taken a month or six weeks. The larvæ are small, white, legless grubs, which that section of the ant-communities called workers carefully tend and feed, carrying them about from chamber to chamber, probably in order to secure for these baby ants the most suitable amount of warmth and moisture. The larvæ, also, are very often assorted according to age. The author remarks that it is sometimes very curious to see them arranged in groups according to size, so that they remind one of a school divided into five or six classes. When they enter the chrysalis state, some of the larvæ are covered with silken cocoons, others remain naked. The reason of this distinction is not yet understood; but the curious fact is noted, that as a general rule, the species which have not a sting, spin a cocoon, while those which have a sting are naked. After remaining some days in the chrysalis state, they emerge as perfect insects. In many cases, however, they would perish in the attempt, if they were not assisted; and it is very pretty, says Sir John Lubbock, to see the older ants helping them to extricate themselves, carefully unfolding their legs and smoothing out the wings, with truly feminine tenderness and delicacy.

Under ordinary circumstances, an ants' nest, like a beehive, consists of three kinds of individuals, namely, workers or imperfect females (which constitute the great majority), males, and perfect females. There are, however, often several queens in an ants' nest—these queens being provided with wings; but after a single flight they tear them off, and do not again quit the nest. Very young ants devote themselves at first to the care of the larvæ and pupæ, and take no share in the defence of the nest or other out-of-door work until they are some days old. This seems so arranged because at first their skin is comparatively soft, and it would be undesirable for them to undertake rough work or run into danger until their armour had had time to harden. When they are sufficiently strong, they join the workers, and their education may then be said to have begun. The division of labour among the ants is still further developed. Among the slave-keeping species, the mistresses, for instance, never go out themselves for food, leaving all this to the slaves. Others, again, send out foraging expeditions, certain ants being told off for this purpose; and if any member of the expedition is taken prisoner or otherwise prevented from returning to the nest, it is observed that another ant is sent to replace it.

The food of ants consists of insects, great numbers of which they destroy; of honey, honey-dew, and fruit; indeed, scarcely any animal or sweet substance seems to come amiss to them. They are, however, particularly fond of honey, and one species of ants, from Mexico, take a very curious way of storing it up for use. This is by selecting certain individuals among them to act as receptacles of food—serving indeed as animated honey-pots! To them the foragers bring their supplies, and their whole duty seems to be to receive the honey, retain it, and redistribute it when required. These living honey-jars are packed till the abdomen of the creature is distended to many times its own bulk; consequently, as might be

expected, the ants so used are not able to eat food are very inactive. It is not known that any English species practise this extraordinary method of storing food.

Ants have, further, a human-like inclination for keeping domestic animals. Some species, such as the small brown garden ant, keep tiny aphides (a kind of green plant-lice) as milk-cows. They go out and ascend bushes in search of them. When the ant finds one, she strokes and caresses the aphid gently with her antennæ, and the aphid emits a drop of sweet fluid, which the ant imbibes. Sometimes the ants even build covered-ways—a kind of cow-sheds of earth—for the aphides, which moreover they protect from the attacks of other insects. But this is not all. The yellow ants collect the root-feeding species of aphides in their nests, and tend them as carefully as their own young. And they not only guard the mature aphides, which are useful, but also the eggs of the aphides, which of course, until they come to maturity, are quite useless. Nor is the aphid the only domestic animal kept by the ants. Another class of ant-guests are those which reside actually in the galleries and chambers of, and with, the ants, but which the latter never harm. Of these, the commonest in England is a species allied to the Podura—a kind of wingless insects, known, from their leaping powers, by the name of skip-jack or spring-tail. The member of this species which the ant favours is an active bustling little thing, which runs about among the ants, keeping its antennæ in a state of constant vibration. Another guest of the ants is a sort of white woodlouse. Both of these last-mentioned favourites are blind, probably, says Lubbock, from living so constantly in the dark. 'It is certain,' he adds, 'that the ants intentionally (if I may so say) sanction the residence of these insects in their nests. An unauthorised interloper would be at once killed. I have, therefore, ventured to suggest that these insects may perhaps act as scavengers.'

With the exception of the aphides, the guests just mentioned have no particular attention paid them by the ants. But this is not the case with still another favourite, which, by the way, is also blind. This is the curious little beetle called *Claviger*—from its club-shaped antennæ—which is quite blind, and appears to be absolutely dependent upon the ants. 'It even seems to have lost the power of feeding itself; at anyrate, it is habitually fed by the ants, who supply it with nourishment as they do one another.' The ants are evidently careful to keep these tiny beetles clean, as they are seen frequently to lick the whole upper surface of the body. On one occasion, an observer saw a beetle fed by an ant. Several ants were sucking a morsel of sugar, when the beetle approached one of them, and tapped her several times on the head with its antennæ. The ant then opened her mandibles, and fed the beetle as she would have done one of her own species. The beetle crept upon the sugar, but did not appear able to feed itself. The author thinks it not altogether impossible that some of these same insects may be kept by ants merely as pets.

Among ants, as a rule, each species lives by itself. There are, however, interesting exceptions, some small species being found exclusively

in the nests of certain larger species. It is not known, however, what the relation between these species is. In one case, when the large ants change their nest, the smaller species are seen to follow them, 'running about among them and between their legs, tapping them inquisitively with their antennæ, and even sometimes climbing on to their backs, as if for a ride, while the large ants seem to take little notice of them. They almost seem to be the dogs, or perhaps the cats, of the ants. Another small species, which makes its chambers and galleries in the walls of the nests of larger species, is the bitter enemy of its hosts. The latter cannot get at them, because they are too large to enter the galleries. The little species, therefore, are quite safe; and, as it appears, they make incursions into the nurseries of the larger ant, and carry off the larvæ as food. It is as if we had small dwarfs, about eighteen inches to two feet long, harbouring in the walls of our houses, and every now and then carrying off some of our children into their horrid dens.'

There is another striking feature in the social organisation of ants which we must notice; that is, their habit of keeping slaves. Most ants will carry off the larvæ and pupæ of other species if they get a chance; and this throws light upon that most remarkable phenomenon, the existence of slavery among them. 'If you place a number of larvæ and pupæ in front of a nest of the Horse ant, for instance, they are soon carried off; and those which are not immediately required for food remain alive for some time, and are even fed by their captors.' This is not, however, a confirmed habit with the Horse ant; but there is an allied species, which exists in some of our southern counties and throughout Europe, with which it has become an established practice. These ants make periodical expeditions, attack neighbouring nests, and carry off the pupæ. When the pupæ come to maturity, they find themselves among others of their own species, the results of previous predatory expeditions. They adapt themselves to circumstances, assist in the ordinary household duties, and, having no young of their own species, feed and tend those of their mistresses.

This species of slave-holding ants, while aided in their duties by their slaves, do not themselves lose the instinct of working. But there is another species of slave-holders, the Amazon ant, which do, and which have become almost entirely dependent upon their slaves. They indeed present a striking picture of the degrading tendencies of slavery. 'Even their bodily structure has undergone a change; the mandibles have lost their teeth, and have become mere nippers—deadly weapons indeed, but useless except in war. They have lost the greater part of their instincts: their art, that is, the power of building; their domestic habits, for they show no care for their own young, all this being done by the slaves; their industry—they take no part in providing the daily supplies; if the colony changes the situation of its nest, the masters are all carried by their slaves on their backs to the new one; nay, they have even lost the habit of feeding. Huber placed thirty of them with some larvæ and pupæ, and a supply of honey, in a box. "At first," he says, "they appeared to pay some little attention to the larvæ; they

carried them here and there, but presently released them. More than one-half of the Amazons died of hunger in less than two days. They had not even traced out a dwelling, and the few ants still in existence were languid and without strength. I commiserated their condition, and gave them one of their black companions. This individual, unassisted, established order, formed a chamber in the earth, gathered together the larvæ, extricated several young ants that were ready to quit the condition of pupæ, and preserved the life of the remaining Amazons." This observation,' adds Lubbock, 'has been fully confirmed by other naturalists. However small the prison, however large the quantity of food, these stupid creatures will starve in the midst of plenty rather than feed themselves.'

We must now say something about the military tactics of these wonderful little creatures. Different species have their several peculiar modes of fighting. One species, for instance, never attack, and scarcely ever defend themselves. Their skin being very hard, they roll themselves into a ball. Another species has the habit, like reynard, of feigning death as a means of self-protection. But there are other species who are regular Zulus. Amongst these is the Horse ant, before mentioned. This ant, when it goes to war, attacks in serried masses, seldom sending out detachments, while single ants scarcely ever make individual attacks. They rarely pursue a flying foe, but give no quarter, killing as many enemies as possible, and never hesitating, with this object, to sacrifice themselves for the common good. Another species have a similar mode of attack, and when in close quarters they bite right and left, dancing about to avoid being bitten themselves. When fighting with larger species, three or four of them seize upon an enemy at once, and then pull different ways, so that their big antagonist cannot get at any one of her foes. One of them then jumps on her back, and cuts, or rather saws, off her head. The Amazon ants, whose dependence for food and comfort upon their slaves has been already described, are, however degraded in a civil sense, terrible gladiators when there is fighting to be done. Their jaws are very powerful and pointed: and if an individual of this order is attacked, she at once takes her enemy's head into her jaws, closes her mandibles, so that the points pierce the brain of her enemy, paralysing the nervous system, the victim falling dead in convulsions. In this manner, a comparatively small force of these Amazons will fearlessly attack much larger armies of other species, and themselves suffer scarcely any loss.

We cannot conclude without some allusion to the more strictly social—we had almost said moral—behaviour of ants. As regards their treatment of their distressed neighbours and friends, Sir John Lubbock, after numerous interesting and amusing experiments, is unable to give the little creatures a very good character. Hatred is much stronger than affection among them. He has indeed often been surprised that in certain cases ants render one another so little assistance. If an ant is fighting with one of another species, her friends rarely come to her assistance, passing by, and not even stopping to look on. In the case of ants in a half-drowned

condition, which the author placed in the way of their friends going between the nest and their feeding-ground, individual ants would pass their insensible neighbour eighteen and twenty times, and never once pay the slightest attention to her. Our author thinks there is evidence that ants are less tender to friends in distress than previous observers have stated to be the case; though at the same time he finds such individual differences existing as to warrant him in concluding that there are good Samaritans, as well as Priests and Levites, among them, as among men.

The general carelessness or heartlessness of ants to each other when in distress does not arise from their inability to recognise each other. Although a community of ants will sometimes number as many as fifty thousand individuals, yet the ants of the community all recognise one another. Even when ants are removed from a nest in the condition of pupæ, but tended by friends, if reintroduced into the parent nest, they are recognised and treated as friends. Pupæ taken away in the same manner, and brought up by ants of another species, are, when returned to the parent nest, equally well recognised by the general body of their friends, though occasionally some relatives are puzzled. How this recognition between ants is effected, cannot definitely be said. Lubbock's experiments do not lead him to think that ants of the same nest recognise one another by means of a sign or password. It has been supposed by some observers that ants recognise one another by smell; but this does not meet with our author's support; as it is difficult, considering the immense number of ants' nests, to suppose that each community can have a separate and peculiar smell.

There are many other features in connection with ants and ant-economy that might prove of interest to our readers, but which space does not permit of our entering upon. The book, however, which has formed the subject of this notice, is sufficient to satisfy the most rapacious inquirer; and the numerous experiments which are here so carefully and elaborately detailed, enable the reader, almost equally with the author, to judge for himself as to the conclusions that are drawn. The book cannot fail to add largely to the already high reputation of Sir John Lubbock in the scientific world.

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—'DID THE RETURN OF ONE OF HER LOVERS PLEASE HER, EVEN THOUGH HE WERE NOT THE CHOSEN?'

WITH no more than a casual glance at his solitary travelling-companion, Gerard folded himself in his rug and disposed himself to sleep. Val found the situation eminently trying. He had made a sacrifice to honour on the clear and definite understanding that he was not to lose by it. It was a direct bid for a bargain with Fate, and Fate had declined to accept the bond of the bargain. He was positively losing by his sacri-

fice after all, and for once in a way, honesty was not the best policy. It is undeniable that Honour is a hard mistress to such as serve her with divided hearts. She will have everything her own way, or—she punishes. She will not tolerate anything done for reward. She is the desert of reward, and not the payment of it. Val had obeyed her with a divided loyalty, and was already far advanced on the track of repentance. Mr Charles Reade says, with that savage incisiveness which belongs to him, that our truest repentances are reserved for our best actions. That is a hard and bitter saying; but there is truth in it, if it is not altogether true; and here was Val bewailing himself that he had not held the master-card and played it, though the Knave's face grinned from the cardboard. If honour's path were smooth, would we not all rather tread in it than otherwise! Who will invent some scheme of self-sacrifice-made-easy, and invite us all to purchasable saintship? No man elects to be a rogue, for the sake of being one. To despise one's self is no luxury.

If you desire to know how all the obstacles he met with swelled Val's passion, you may find for yourself a world-old illustration by dropping an impediment in the first country streamlet or town gutter you may come to. How the small stream suddenly swells and rages! Do but grant that its sources will not dry up, and that you go on building up impediments, and out of any village runlet you may secure a flood which, breaking loose at last, will sweep away houses. And Val's love, which, if its current had run smoothly, might have been a placid stream enough, had long since grown torrent-like and overwhelming.

Gerard had been in his way all along, but now he barred Val's physical egress from this unpleasant corner. Placidly sleeping, he stretched his legs from one seat to the other, and there was no getting past him without the chance of recognition; and Val, for his own purposes, was anxious not to be recognised. Constance was free to accept the proffer of any man's hand, and Val was of course equally free to make proffer of his own; but it was natural that he should not care to be met by his rival on a journey which had that end in view. The train made its customary stoppages, and at each of them he would willingly have escaped to another carriage; but he did not choose to venture on the experiment. In spite of his loss of sleep the night before, Gerard's presence kept him awake, and at every stir the sleeper made, he fixed his protecting collar anew and gave a tug at his travelling-cap. But the sleeper went on sleeping to the journey's end, and therein took another unconscious advantage, of which Val was conscious. Sullenly determined not to be recognised, Val coiled himself in his corner until Gerard had gathered up his belongings and had left the

carriage. But if he were to preserve his presence as a secret, he must seek another hotel than that in which Constance and Gerard would alike be domiciled, and thus would he be at a new disadvantage. Well, then, he would accept the chance of observation, and with this resolve he followed into the *Grand Hotel*, and after a bath, sat down to write a note, informing Constance of his presence, and begging her most urgently to see him.

In the meantime, Gerard, having made his toilet, had already shaken hands with Mr Jolly and with Reginald. He had not been aware of the race against a rival; but he had wired that he was coming, and they had both arisen early to meet him. Mr Jolly was prepared to protect his daughter from any renewed proposals from the bankrupt lover. Reginald was ready if need were to come in as a moral buffer between the forces which seemed certain to attack each other. The elder man was posed in an attitude of conscious dignity when Gerard entered. The lad's face was radiant as he came in, and he advanced with both hands outstretching.

'Congratulate me!' were his first words. 'Everything that fellow Garling ran away with, is recovered!'—Mr Jolly's attitude of dignity went suddenly to pieces, and he was all amazement.—Gerard told the story briefly, and explained exactly how matters stood. He told by what strange accident the missing papers had been discovered; and at the mention of Val Strange's name, the younger listener hid himself behind his eyeglass and gave vent to an expressive whistle, which neither of the others noticed. Mr Jolly had a good deal to think of, and not a great deal of time in which to turn it over. The firm would start again, so Gerard said, in answer to inquiry: everybody had been paid to the uttermost farthing; the news of the recovery of the stolen capital would be bruited abroad; and the House would stand as well as ever in the eyes of the world. That was all well; but in the meantime Gerard was undoubtedly many thousands poorer than he had been. Still, at his father's death he would have everything—a hundred and thirty thousand pounds, a noble house and a fine park, his mother's fortune—whatever that might amount to—and a share in the profits of the rehabilitated firm. Yes—perhaps he might risk assent again. Constance was fretting a good deal, and Mr Jolly had a hundred times declared that women were incomprehensible. She had treated the man as if he had been one icicle and she another, whilst she was sure of marrying him; and now that she had lost what apparently she had never cared for, she was moping and melancholy, and in love with solitude. The girl was evidently grieving for him. Let her have him back. Poor Mr Jolly's life had been a burden these six weeks. From the hour of her mother's death, Constance's future had been a trouble to him; and just when, with unexpected ease and good fortune, he had shelved

the weight, and was prepared to enjoy the world—an unencumbered widower—she had come back upon him, and the brilliant engagement had ended in a tragical fiasco. Of course he did not guess that any other trouble weighed upon his daughter's mind, but the tears that seemed shed for Gerard were mainly shed for Val's desertion of her. She had not wept long, but a settled languor was upon her still, and the world seemed to have lost all charm and interest. When he had rapidly turned over such of these considerations as occurred to him, Mr Jolly spoke.

'My dear Gerard,' he said, in his Disraelian manner, 'when you first approached me upon this question, I did myself the justice to assure you that I had but one object to achieve, and that that object was my daughter's happiness. If I had not thought you likely to promote the attainment of that object, I should never have encouraged you in your approach to her affections.'—The profane Reginald murmured 'Hear! hear!' and his undertone was so ill-measured that the interruption was audible to his father.—That ideal parent turned a glance of reproach upon him, and continued: 'Approach to her affections. For I am not one of those who would consent to see marriage degraded to the level of a sordid tie, or reduced to the baseness of a business negotiation.' He felt himself to be in fine oratorical form, and would have been glad to admit all English-speaking people then in Paris, that they might see how well he bore it off. There was always a shadowy audience in his mind when he laid himself out in the pursuit of conversational excellence. He felt now—in a nebulous, vague way, be it understood—as if he harangued the inhabitants of listening spheres, and that he was more like his model than common. 'With that candour which has always seemed to me one of your most attractive characteristics, you tell me that your financial position is not altogether what it was. If the financial position'—he said this with a playful flourish and a smile—'had been your only recommendation, that would have weighed against you. But, as matters stand, I resume my old position. I take a position of friendly neutrality, Gerard. You did not consult me when, in pursuance of the dictates of an honourable delicacy, you withdrew from your engagement; or perhaps I might have been unworldly and unwise enough to combat your resolve. You do me the honour to consult me now; but I waive all right of veto, and I refer you to the person most interested. I preserve my neutrality strictly, but I wish you well. I have no influence, or if I possess influence, I conceive that I exercise my parental duties best by refusing to exert it. God bless you!' Mr Jolly suddenly and unexpectedly wrung Gerard's hand, and producing his handkerchief, gave it a solemn flourish and hid his countenance. It is probable that he had not the remotest notion of being a humbug. If he began by expressing his own magnanimity, he always ended by believing in it.

Gerard knew him better than of old; but he was not keen in observation; and he liked to believe in people; being himself of a most honest and faithful nature. So he returned the grip

with interest, and left the model father's knuckles limp and aching. Reginald meanwhile smoothed his baldness with a doubtful grin, expressive of a sentiment half-way between shame and amusement. And if he kept silence with respect to his father's emotion, it may be that he thought the more. His own congratulations were brief and hearty.

'Look here,' he said; 'I'll go and tell Constance you're here;' and with that intent he sped in search of Miss Lucretia's maid. It so happened that Val's servant was at the moment of Reginald's arrival on the scene in search of that damsel, being intrusted to deliver to her care his master's note. The wily youth saw him, and marvelled. 'Is Val here?' he asked himself. If he were there, it could be for but one object. Reginald's sympathies, like other things human, were liable to fluctuations. He had been moved by Val's distress when he parted with him; but he had been moved since then by the tremendous calamities which had fallen upon Gerard. Val had not acted altogether well in pursuing Constance after her engagement to Gerard; whilst his rival had borne himself, to Reginald's mind, splendidly, beneath misfortunes almost unexampled. So that now the balance of Reginald's sympathies was with Gerard. But bethinking himself that Strange had had it in his power to delay his rival's good-fortune, he appreciated his honour at the full, and being thus tugged by both, he decided not to interfere with either. 'Let 'em fight it out between 'em,' he said viciously. But by intercepting Miss Lucretia's maid, he interfered without knowing it. 'Is my sister up?' he asked.

'O yes, sir,' the maid responded; 'she took coffee half an hour ago.'

'Did she, my dear?' he returned with a fatherly air. 'Well, it's of no use for me to make love to you, because I know the noble Duke your father won't let you marry out of the Harry-stocracy, and I'm as poor as Job. So just you run and tell her that I want to see her. Will you? There's a darling!'

The damsel murmured something, of which 'Imperence' alone was audible, and departed on her errand with an air of scorn. But being out of sight, she stopped to giggle.

'They're very nice,' said the bald-headed young man, putting up his glass to look after her—'they're very nice, all of 'em; but are they worth the trouble we take about 'em?'

The maid returned before he had found an answer to that query. 'Miss Constance says you will see her in her dressing-room.'

'I'll say nothing at all about Val,' Reginald decided as he entered his sister's room. Constance sat at the window, and looked at him with a languid and uninterested air as he entered. To her surprise, he kissed her before sitting down. 'Con, my dear,' he said, 'I have news for you. Who do you think is here?'

'I never cared for riddles,' she answered. 'Who is here?'

'Gerard came from London this morning. He has recovered all the stolen money, and is nearly as well-off as ever. He wants to see you. Will you come to him?'

Now, this was not altogether leaving the rivals to fight it out between themselves; but then you

and I are not the only inconsistent people in the world. He was beginning to get interested in spite of himself. Constance was very pale of late, but at this news a gentle colour stole to her cheek. Did the return of one of her lovers please her, even though he were not the chosen? The six weeks and more which had gone since Val's departure had not left her unchanged. For six weeks she had been free and lonely. Val had expatriated himself, and at his going, she had done her deliberate best to root him from her heart. Then she had pitied Gerard, and had felt more kindly to him since his misfortunes. She had seen his honest clear gray eyes clouded with the agony of his sorrows. She had thought often of that despairing gesture with which he had turned away from her, and the eloquent cry, low yet terrible, with which he had released her. She did not love him; but she was not devoid of pity, and she was left alone. And operating with these factors of pity and loneliness was the fact of his former claim. Had the two men stood side by side, she would not have chosen Gerard. But the man she would have chosen had gone away on purpose to forget her, and she had schooled herself to know it. She remembered how deeply interested her father had been in Gerard's success, and supposed the interest renewed. In these late days, life had had neither salt nor savour. And so in brief she resigned herself, and when Reginald asked his question, she responded 'Yes,' and arose languidly, yet with a little blush upon her cheek, born of I know not what emotion.

She was dressed in some light-coloured diaphanous stuff which had soft and graceful folds, and she wore just a touch of warmer colour at the throat. To Gerard's eyes, as she approached him, her pallor and her languor lent her a new beauty. But he had never seen her without thinking that she looked more beautiful than ever. And now he was lover all over, and trouble vanished, and care took flight. He kissed her hand, purely and simply because he could not help it, despite the presence of her father and her brother. Mr Jolly made a second oration in parliamentary form. Reginald left the room to escape it, and neither Gerard nor Constance paid much heed to it—Gerard, because he was filled with his own happiness; nor Constance, because her father's heavy solemnity of platitude was always wearisome. Pleasantly unconscious of this tacit disdain, the model father flowed along. He took Constance's approval for granted, and evidently regarded a renewal of the engagement, under the conditions, as a thing needing his own consent and nothing more. She had supposed that this was his view of the affair; and, for her—what did it matter? By-and-by, the model parent having sufficiently aired himself, withdrew, and there came an hour which made Gerard an atonement for his griefs. He knelt at Constance's side with both her hands in his, and eloquent for once in his life, he told her how more than happy he was; and how more than wretched he had been.

'And you have grieved for me too,' he murmured, kissing her hands again and again. A man whose scholarship goes no further than the Latin quotations at the end of a pocket edition

of Johnson, knows—*Credula res amor est*. She was pale, and ah! it was sweet to think she had grown pale in grieving for him, so sweet he could but think it. And she would give no denial. Why should she pain him? He had suffered, and he loved her, and it was in her power to make him happy, and it was worth something in a world so forlorn to be able to make anybody happy. And let not the male reader accept this as a commonplace. It was proof of a nature which was at bottom indubitably noble. For, as a rule, a woman—as the greatest Englishwoman of this century has told us—discerns not a sex as we do, but an individual. She loves one—one who belongs to her: she has no passion for humanity. Loving Dick, she deifies him, but is quite contemptuous about Tom and William, who are all round ten times better fellows; and should Tom or William make love to her, she snubs him, and despises him for it. That Dick loves her, is Dick's glory and her own; but a planetful of outside males might kneel and she deride. It was, then, anything but a feminine trait in Constance that she listened with pity and yielding to the love-tale of a man she did not love. Her hands were cool in his grasp. Her pulse beat no faster because of his kisses and his vows. Since Fate resigned her to him, she would be true to him; and if she could make him happy, it was something. But she—had she ever been happy? Would she ever be happy any more?

Then, not to break, but to continue Gerard's dream, came breakfast. It was his first happy meal for so long, and it is true, as John Dryden sang, 'sweet is pleasure—sweet is pleasure after pain.'

'I protest,' said Reginald, scrutinising a cutlet, and appropriating it, 'that I feel Arcadian. Let us go and picnic somewhere. It is going to be a lovely day. Let us go to St-Cloud or to the Bois. Let us go to the Bois, and take a hamper, and lunch in the shade like M. Lebon Epicier and his house on a summer Sunday. —Eh, governor?—What do you say, Aunt Lucretia?'

'Let us go to St-Cloud by all means,' returned the old lady. She was in a condition of tremulous happiness at Constance's recovery of her lover, and had already taken a fancy to Gerard. To be sure, his affairs were no longer colossal, which was of itself a pity; but he was so big and genial, so bright and tender and devoted, that her heart warmed to him.

'Shall we go, Constance?' asked Mr Jolly.

'By all means,' said Constance, trying to look as if the proposal pleased her.

'I haven't seen St-Cloud since I was a boy,' said happy Gerard. So the jaunt was reckoned settled. The sleeping and dressing rooms occupied by Mr Jolly and his son were *en suite* with the breakfast-room, but the ladies slept at the end of the corridor. Constance gave her arm to Miss Lucretia, and the faded old woman and the beautiful girl went out together, making a pretty picture. The rooms Val Strange had taken opened on that corridor, and he saw them as they passed his open door. All this time whilst Gerard had been happy, Val had been waiting in suspense, and torturing himself with fears, which were better grounded even than he feared, for his hope

fought them half down, and would not give them sway. Two minutes later, Gerard passed, elate, with his head high and a radiant smile upon his face, humming *La donna e mobile*. The broad staircase faced Val's door, and Gerard went springing up it three steps at a time.

'He has won!' cried Val wildly; and with a savage gesture, he slammed the door and cast himself into a chair. The very carriage of Gerard's figure bespoke triumph; the gay air he hummed, the smile upon his face, sang triumph! 'Won? Has he won? He laughs best who laughs last, and I will win or die. She does not care for him. Fool that I was to run away. Had I stayed in England, she would have been mine by now, and no man could have come between us. O Constance! Not a word yet? not a line? Do you know that I am here?'

When Constance reached her own room, Miss Lucretia's maid presented her with a note. The handwriting was not known to her; and turning first to the signature, she was seized with a sudden tremor, so that the very paper rustled in her hand. The maid looked at her curiously. 'You may attend your mistress,' said Constance quietly. 'I shall not trouble you this morning.'

Mr Jolly, after the failure of Lumby and Lumby, had begun to retrench. He had spent a good deal of money on the strength of Constance's engagement, and when it seemed that nothing was to come of it, he retrenched. With Mr Jolly, retrenchment naturally tended to the docking of other people's little comforts rather than his own, and one of his economic measures was to refuse vote of supply for Constance's maid.

'I returned to England two days ago,' ran the note, beginning thus abruptly and without preface, 'and learned that you were free. I should have been here a day sooner, but I waited to restore Gerard's fortune to his hands. I could not rob him of everything. I will explain this when I see you. You will let me see you for a moment? You know my love already. I can speak now without dishonour, and can tell you that I love you still, that I have loved you from the hour I first saw you, and shall love you to the last hour of my life. You know all this already. I have waited, and I have despaired; but new hope brings new pain. Forgive me, if I seem to say too much, or if I seem to say it too unguardedly.—Yours, V. S.'

She sat for a long time over these impassioned words. To you or to me, they may seem no more than words, and 'like a tale of little meaning, though the words are strong.' But eloquence is in the ears that hear more than the tongue that speaks, and with every word she read—true sign of love—she heard Val's voice pleading in it. He had been so near after all; and in place of mere cold duty, she might have had love and no breach of duty with it, had she been spared from Gerard for but two hours. Her tears fell heavily upon the paper, like the drops that fall at the beginning of a storm. She kissed the honeyed cruel words that told of the love she longed for; and suddenly starting up, she thrust the letter in her bosom, and began to dress. She would tell Gerard how unhappy she was, and beg him to release her. Her plighted word of half a year since still bound her after this morning's

tacit re-acceptance of the bond. But Gerard was a man and a man of honour. He would release her if she claimed release, and she would claim it. She could almost love him if he let her go.

Her mind being made up to this, she recurred to the mysterious phrases in Val's letter—'I waited to restore Gerard's fortune to his hands. I could not rob him of everything.' Being unable to find any meaning for them, she sought her aunt's room. 'Aunt dear,' she said, 'I have not heard how the fortune came back again. Can you tell me?'

'I am not a business woman, my dear,' said Miss Lucretia, whose gray locks were just then in the hands of her maid; 'but, as I understand the matter from your father, a friend of Mr Lumby's found the money—a Mr Grainger. I wonder if he were one of the Essex Graingers? I knew the Essex Graingers years ago. They were very prying people, and quite likely to find anything that was hidden anywhere.'

'Was it not Mr Strange who found the money?' asked Constance—'Mr Valentine Strange?'

'Was it?' cried the old lady. 'Valentine? What a stupid way of speaking, your father has, my dear. He puts *er* at the end of everything. O yes, my dear. Of course it was Valentine Strange. He has a paper-mill. O yes, of course. And he found the money in bank notes—a million pounds' worth, only some of it belongs to other people—and the poor mad gentleman is supposed to have hidden them in the waste-paper after the other gentleman had stolen them. Although of course it is absurd to speak of *him* as a gentleman. I am so glad to know that it was Valentine Strange.'

Constance was not greatly enlightened as to the history of the case, but she understood enough. Val would not rob Gerard of his fortune for an hour, or take away his chance of an appeal to her. 'He shall not be unhappy,' she said to herself, 'because he has acted so nobly, and has waited to give his rival a chance before he spoke. How splendid of him! How manly! How chivalrous!'

She resolved anew that she would appeal to Gerard; but she had reckoned without herself, for when he and she were left alone that day at St-Cloud, she could not find courage to speak. She put it off. She would write to him. It would be easier to write. And Val meantime went unanswered, and saw them going away, and watched them, hours after, as they came in again, himself unseen. As Constance walked along the corridor to her room that night, Gerard overtook her at Val's door, and not guessing who waited and listened there, he said good-night with a tender triumph in his tone at which Val clenched his hands and maddened.

'Good-night, darling,' said Gerard. 'Can you guess how happy you have made me? Good-night.'

'Good-night, Gerard,' returned Constance. She wanted so much to propitiate him, she dreaded so much to give him pain, that her voice was tenderer than she knew. How could she be so cruel as to dismiss him? How could she be so cruel to herself and Val as not to dismiss him? Gerard with one foot on the staircase watched

until the door closed behind her, and then went slowly up the stair. Val's pale face from his dark chamber doorway looked after him.

'She has left my note unanswered all day long,' he moaned. 'If I have been mistaken! If she loves him after all! If'—

RECENT EXPERIMENTS IN SCIENTIFIC AGRICULTURE.

PHOSPHATE of lime, as found in bones, has long been a favourite manure with farmers, especially for root-crops, and so great has been the benefit derived from the use of 'dissolved bones,' that the supply has had to be supplemented from mineral sources. At first, bones were simply crushed, or ground to a coarse, sawdust-like powder; but latterly, superphosphate has been found more active and beneficial to the crop to which it has been immediately applied. The consequence of this is that bones are now generally treated with sulphuric acid, whereby most of the phosphate of lime is rendered soluble; and by this process the superphosphate is obtained. By reason of its solubility, this substance is very easily distributed through the soil, where it speedily takes up lime, and becomes again of the nature of bone-earth. The old idea was that it was quickly absorbed by the roots of plants, by reason of its solubility; but it is now generally agreed that its superiority lies in its distributive powers.

In practice, it has been found that soluble phosphates from bones, and from such mineral phosphates as coprolite, are identical in composition and in value; hence, manufacturers use mineral phosphates largely in the use of phosphatic manures; indeed, such have become necessary, for the demand is so great, that bones sufficient to supply it are not forthcoming. But while dissolved phosphates have always been valued, undissolved mineral phosphates have been regarded with but scant favour. Even the bone-ash which manufacturers have so largely imported from South America and elsewhere—derived from the cattle which are slaughtered for the sake of their hides, tallow, and bones, and the dried bones and flesh used as fuel—has been hitherto considered of little value unless treated with sulphuric acid. That this conclusion has been too hastily arrived at, seems evident in the light of recent experiments, some of which we propose laying before our readers.

The question is an eminently practical one, for the preparation of phosphates by sulphuric acid is a costly process. If—as there seems little room to doubt—phosphates can be rendered equally efficacious by a much cheaper method, and equally large crops raised for considerably less outlay, the question becomes one of national importance, and supremely so to farmers and landlords. In some recent experiments in Aberdeenshire and in Sussex, 'economy was reached by mixing the cheapest phosphate (*ground coprolite*) with that sold at a moderate cost (*steamed bone-flour*). Of roots only—not taking into account the wheat-crop—there were about seventy-one thousand acres in Sussex, and assuming that out of thirty shillings which is calculated to be annually spent per acre, one-third, or ten

shillings, could be saved by using *undissolved* phosphate, the saving in Sussex alone would be over thirty-five thousand pounds annually.' These words are from a Report by an able chemist specially deputed to experiment with manures in the county of Sussex; and the results amply bear out what has been quoted. As a universal opinion is almost wholly against this view being realised, we will quote some of the results obtained.

The first experiments that we are aware of where soluble and insoluble phosphates were fairly pitted against each other, were those conducted in Aberdeenshire a year or two ago. After some preliminary experimenting, it was resolved to try a mixture of coprolite and steamed bone-flour against an equal quantity of crushed bones and dissolved bones. The results were practically the same—only the first mixture cost twenty-eight shillings, while the other cost forty-two shillings.

After the experiments had been repeated for some time on the same soil, it was found that the disease which attacked the turnips was invariably aggravated on the plots to which *dissolved* bones had been applied. The evidence went to show that the disease was associated with a fungus on the one hand and with sulphur on the other. As turnips are distinguished from other plants by a volatile oil rich in sulphur, the inference is, that the application of bones treated with sulphuric acid does mischief, by providing sulphur to feed the disease.

When phosphates were applied to the hay-crop, the increase was at the rate of twenty per cent., whether applied dissolved or undissolved, whether derived from the animal or mineral kingdom. This seems to prove that the low value put upon undissolved mineral phosphates has been arrived at too hurriedly and without due trial. It also shows that further experiments are needed to throw light on the manner of assimilation of plant-food, as well as its absorption by roots.

Last season, at Preston (Sussex), artificial manure, the phosphates of which were rendered soluble, produced fourteen tons seven hundredweight of Swedish turnips per acre at a cost for manure of five pounds. On the same ground, under the same conditions, with the same manure, but with *undissolved* phosphate—a mixture of bone-flour and coprolite—fourteen tons two hundredweight were produced at a cost for manure of two pounds seventeen shillings and ninepence. The difference in the crop was slight; in the cost of the manure, very considerable. When pure dissolved bones were employed, the results were only eleven tons four hundredweight, and the cost three pounds three shillings and ninepence; when undissolved coprolite and sulphate of lime, the result was twelve tons eight hundredweight, and the cost two pounds one shilling and ninepence. On this soil, nine tons fourteen hundredweight were produced without any manure. The difference over that weight must therefore be looked upon as increase.

In 1881, at Preston, a mixture of *ground* coprolite, bone-flour, and sulphate of lime, along with twelve and a half tons of farmyard manure per acre, produced seventeen tons five hundredweight of white turnips, the cost of the mineral matter being twenty-eight shillings and eight-

pence. When commercial *dissolved* bones, costing forty-five shillings, were substituted, the yield was only fourteen tons two hundredweight. When to the mineral *undissolved* manure, there were added potash and magnesia, twenty tons an acre were secured, at a cost of two pounds four shillings and elevenpence. As Mr Jamieson, says in his Report of the experiments: 'True economy in agriculture, however, is not to be attained by a simple lessening of expense, but by attaining the greatest production with the greatest profit. The use of the bone-flour and coprolite is but one step in this direction; another step was essayed in making the mixture "complete" by the addition of potash and magnesia.' And further on: 'Probably one of the reasons why dissolved manures have been able to maintain the position generally given to them, is that they give a flush of leaf and an appearance of healthy growth in the earlier stages of growth. Not unlikely, the same reason hinders the acceptance of the *undissolved* mineral phosphates; for, when used alone, the crop is always rather backward at first. When used along with steamed bone-flour, however, the early growth is accelerated without being hastened to an unhealthy extent, and the quality of the produce is generally better.'

Chemists are generally agreed that plants require seven different elements from the soil in order to enable them to make healthy growth. These elements are—phosphorus, potash, magnesia, lime, sulphur, iron, and nitrogen. Experiments have been repeatedly made to prove that these are essential to plant-growth. Others are often found, even in great quantity, such as silica, soda, chlorine, &c.; but as many plants have been grown to perfection without them, their presence is considered accidental, and not essential. At one of the stations in Sussex where experiments were conducted last year, namely, Hassocks Gate, the soil was particularly suitable for strictly scientific investigation, for it was a pure sand, containing hardly any traces of plant-food. On this soil, turnips, even when supplied with everything except phosphate, merely lived without increasing in bulk. When ground coprolite was applied in addition, the produce, even in this miserable soil, at once went up to twenty tons an acre!

When potash salts are used along with other matters to form artificial manures, the chloride is invariably chosen, because it is cheaper and more soluble than sulphate of potash. In America, and we believe in this country, chloride salts of any kind have been found to produce watery potatoes. At Hassocks Gate, the use of chloride of potash proved utterly destructive—it killed everything. After-experiments proved that in ordinary soil, containing black mould, the remains of decaying vegetation, it was perfectly harmless. This fact is worth noting by farmers whose land is very light and sandy. It was also found that mixing nitrate of soda with the salt rendered it harmless. Mr Jamieson considers that the plants use the nitric acid of the nitrate and the potash of the chloride, and that the soda left over from the nitrate combines with the chlorine left over from the chloride to form common salt, which is not injurious in small quantity, and is easily washed away by rain.

Apart from the question, whether it is more economical to use dissolved or undissolved phosphates for turnips, these experiments go to show that it is best to use artificial manures as auxiliaries rather than sole manures. The best results generally follow when half stableyard and half artificial manure is used. It is unnecessary to dwell on this, as it is only a confirmation of what intelligent farmers have observed.

At Easter Ardross, similar experiments were made, also proving the value of undissolved phosphates, but not so markedly as in Aberdeenshire and Sussex. At the same time, it ought to be added that at Easter Ardross it was as much a trial of the different forms of nitrogen as of dissolved and undissolved phosphates, and as no precautionary mixture—that is, everything else—was added, the results were hardly so trustworthy. However, it may interest our readers to know that when undissolved phosphates alone were applied, the increase in the crop was at the rate of seventy-eight and a half per cent. When dissolved phosphates were given, the increase was one hundred and forty-six per cent. And when an 'ammoniacal phosphate of magnesia' named 'fimur'—manufactured from the sewage of Birmingham—was applied in quantity sufficient to make the nitrogen combined with it equal to the nitrogen in the other plots, but with only half the phosphates, the increase was one hundred and sixty-six and a half per cent. When sufficient was given to make the phosphorus equal to that in the other plots, the increase was two hundred and thirteen and a half per cent., or twenty-six tons thirteen and a half hundredweight per acre. From different sources, we learn that this 'fimur' has produced extraordinary results in all kinds of field and garden crops, especially benefiting poor worn-out pastures. Agricultural chemists have hitherto paid more attention to phosphoric acid—as found in phosphates—potash, and nitrogen, than to the other necessary elements of plant-food; but the wonderful success of 'fimur' raises the question whether magnesia be not equally important. As we understand special investigations are being made this year in different quarters to ascertain the true value of magnesia, we will not in the meantime refer further to the question.

While scientific experiments in England and Scotland have proved that phosphates are particularly favourable to mangold-wurzels, turnips, and cereals, and that a proper use of undissolved phosphates is preferable to dissolved phosphates, because more economical; in Ireland, the value of potash salts for potatoes has been demonstrated. While open farmyard manure, applied at the rate of thirty tons per acre, gave thirteen tons fifteen hundredweight, and the same amount collected under cover gave sixteen tons thirteen hundredweight; two hundredweight of kainite (crude potash salts from mines in Germany) gave thirteen tons nineteen hundredweight, and four hundredweight gave fourteen tons six hundredweight. (Without any kind of manure, the yield was only five tons.) When, however, two hundredweight of kainite was mixed with an equal quantity of American phosphate, the resulting crop was in one instance as high as fifteen tons fifteen hundredweight; and with Curaçoa

phosphate, fifteen tons nineteen hundredweight. When Alta Vela phosphate was used, the result was fifteen tons. When bone superphosphate (the dearest phosphate) was used, the result was fourteen tons six hundredweight; and with mineral superphosphate, in one case thirteen tons nineteen hundredweight; and in another, fourteen tons two hundredweight. When phosphates alone were used, the crops were much smaller, the very largest being a little over nine tons, but the majority being much less. As the withholding of potash from turnips does not markedly lessen the produce, we can here see that potash salts have a peculiar influence on potatoes. Indeed, speaking broadly, potatoes demand potash; turnips, phosphates; and cereals, nitrogen. In no case in the Irish experiment did the addition of nitrogen in the form of sulphate of ammonia or nitrate of soda, increase the potato crop, but rather the reverse. This should be noted, because farmers are apt to look upon these as the artificial manures *par excellence*. In the case of turnips, the crop is apparently, but not really increased by their use. The gross weight may be, and is, increased; but the increase is only water, the dry weight being very seldom increased. This is an evil; for the firmer roots are, the better do they keep, and the less work there is in carrying and handling a given weight of a given amount of nourishment. Money thus spent is misspent—thrown away, and worse. When these manures are applied to cereals, however, the increase is real and substantial.

It has long been known that animal organisms are the agents whereby organic remains are quickly resolved into their component elements, and 'dust returned to dust.' Only lately, however, has it been discovered that germs have the power of changing such a semi-mineral substance as ammonia into nitric acid. That the chemical change did take place, was known; but under what condition and how, was mere guesswork. The discoveries of Schoelosing and Muntz on the continent, confirmed as they have been in this country by Messrs Lawes, Gilbert, and Warrington, leave no room to doubt that the work is done by those minute organisms termed bacteria.

The discovery is one of great importance to agriculturists and sanitarists alike. Briefly stated, it explodes the current belief that ammonia once fixed by the soil remains there till the roots search it out and utilise it. The fact proved is, that no sooner does ammonia become fixed in the soil, than the bacteria seize it, and, quicker or slower, according to the temperature, convert it into nitric acid, which, seizing on lime, potash, or other base, becomes a salt that is very easily, and indeed is, to a great extent, washed away and lost. This discovery should do much to prevent the waste of the most valuable constituent of manure—for ammonia is worth one hundred pounds per ton—and when its bearings are realised we shall find the preparation and application of manures carried out in a way very different from the present.

To sanitary authorities, the matter is no less interesting. Bacteria only exist in the presence of decaying organic matter; they swarm in all fertile surface soils; they are probably absent

from all subsoils and pure sands. To pass sewage through subsoil or sand—as is the usual way in sewage-farms—is merely to keep back matter in suspension, and allow soluble nitrogenous matter to pass into and pollute drains and streams. When—as has in some cases been done—deep filters are made of *surface* soil, this objectionable matter is got rid of by being converted into nitrate, which is unobjectionable. Moreover, filters so constructed require a small area as compared with sewage-farms, for now that the matter is better understood, *depth* may be made to take the place of width.

AN AMUSING EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF A POET.

PARNY the French poet, who enshrined in charming verse the graces of Eléonore, the woman he loved, is perhaps not much known to the English reader. He bore the title of Chevalier, afterwards Vicomte de Parny; and was a native of the Isle of Bourbon, where he was born in 1753. At the age of nine he was sent to France, with the view of entering the Church; but after a time he resolved to exchange the cassock for the sword. After completing his studies in the Military School, he returned to his native isle. He was then twenty years of age. Here he fell in love with a young Creole lady, whom he named Eléonore in his verse, but whose real name was Esther de Baif. Their mutual love inspired his first poetical effusions, which are graceful and sincere, though possessing a degree of warmth which, to English readers, may seem to savour somewhat of affectation. In France, however, his love-poems were received with the utmost enthusiasm; and when, in 1775, he published his first collection of elegiac verses, he was speedily spoken of by his numerous admirers as the French Tibullus. In the after-course of his life, he experienced various reverses of fortune, and died in Paris in 1814.

Parny, whose nature was timid and retiring, once met with an amusing adventure in Paris, which is worth relating. He was in the habit of buying his books of a certain M. Frocard, a learned and upright man, who took delight in procuring for Parny rare works of great authors which he met with at sales, charging the poet only the commission. His shop was small, his business somewhat injured by the Revolution. He had been forced to establish a secret warehouse in the Rue de Verneuil, where he kept rare volumes, and those works which were at that time prohibited. One day Parny came to him for a book which he urgently required.

'I haven't it here,' said Frocard; 'it is at the warehouse. If I were not alone, I would go and fetch it.'

'Go, pray,' said Parny; 'I will keep shop for you.' So saying, he seated himself on the counter, and began to write some verses of a new poem upon which he was at work. As he was in the very heat of composition, there entered one of those pretenders to learning, who, having picked up a little of the jargon of society, mingled with a few quotations, and a few well-prepared phrases, manage to hide their ignorance till they meet with a scholar. This person, seeing a pale, dried-

up-looking man, half bald, dressed in an old gray coat, in possession of the counter, naturally took him for the bookseller, and asked him in a perfectly assured tone of voice to let him see a copy of the Marotic poems. Parny felt bound to supply the place of M. Frocard, and not to permit him to lose a customer; so, searching for the works of Clement Marot, he handed them to the unknown buyer, who, opening the first volume, read a few lines.

'What does all this mean?' cried he. 'This is not what I want.'

'Did you not ask me for the Marotic poems?' asked Parny.

'Those are not the poems, my good fellow, nothing like them.'

'I do not know of any others.'

'I want the Marotic poems, those about Eléonore.'

'I only know of some by Parny,' said the poet, reddening and hesitating.

'Parny! That's the man—his Marotic poems.'

'Erotic, you mean, do you not?'

'Erotic, Marotic—well, they are much the same thing.'

'Yes; much the same,' said Parny, repressing a smile as he reckoned up his man.—'Here they are,' he added, handing him two elegant volumes, morocco bound and gilt-edged.

'The price?'

'Upon my word, I hardly know.'

'What! you don't know the price of your books?'

'The binding of these two little volumes may be worth more than the text; but I think they must be worth six francs.'

'You will allow me the discount to literary men?'

'No; I cannot, conscientiously,' said Parny significantly.

'Well, if you cannot, I suppose I must pay the full price;' and the unknown paid his money and left the shop, bestowing a patronising glance on the person, whom he little dreamed was the author of the charming poems he was carrying away, and from which he intended to cull the fresh beauties that would help him to shine, that should establish his pretension as a *bel esprit*.

In a few minutes, M. Frocard returned, carrying the book he had been seeking. Parny laughingly related the comical scene which had just taken place.

'And what did you ask for your books?'

'Six francs.'

'Not half their value!'

'What! two little vols in sixteenmo!'

'Vellum paper, illustrated initials, Courteval binding—twelve francs, I can tell you; the edition is exhausted, and it was my last copy.'

'Upon my word, I did not think my works'—

'You are the only person who does not know their value.'

'Listen, Frocard. You must not lose by my ignorance. My customer has so amused me, that I most willingly indemnify you for the loss I have caused you.'

'By no means, Monsieur de Parny.'

'Yes; I insist. I was your substitute. I ought to have understood my duty.'

As they were settling the matter, a carriage stopped before the door, and a lady entered—a lady as remarkable for her beauty as she was distinguished by her noble and graceful bearing. The calm succeeding the revolutionary tempest, had brought her to Paris. She addressed the bookseller as if she esteemed him; and he welcomed her with a respectful deference that announced a change of scene, and that this lady was as well informed as the would-be scholar was self-sufficient.

'My dear Monsieur Frocord,' said the lady, 'I want you to help me to repair a great loss that I have sustained in my travels. That rich chest which you transmitted to me so carefully, and which contained one hundred volumes of our finest poets, was, I suppose, badly fastened to the carriage, and has fallen off in the night. I have lost my best friends, my dearest travelling companions. I entreat you to renew this precious collection for me as soon as possible; and meanwhile give me the most precious among them, the works of the Chevalier de Parny.'

'I have not one copy, Madame; I have but a few minutes ago sold the last. I would, however, much rather see it in your hands than in those of the person who has bought it.'

'Well, then, pray get me another. It is my favourite book. I rank the author of *Eléonore* on a level with Ovid and Tibullus.'

'That is ranking him high, Madame,' ventured Parny with a smile, that seemed ironical and disdainful in the eyes of the fair unknown.

'You think so, sir?' said she coldly, taking him for one of those mediocre writers who too often are jealous of genius. 'I think you would find it difficult to name one of our poets, ancient or modern, who excels Parny in the purity and excellence of his style, his graceful softness and delicious *abandon*.'

'O women, women! The poet who sings of love has so much influence over your hearts.'

'Parny is doubtless dear to women; but he is equally dear to all who know how to appreciate true talent. His erotic poems are simply perfect; his elegies deeply touching. He is no servile imitator; his model is in his warm heart, his brilliant imagination. Like Tibullus, he is the poet of lovers; but less monotonous, more rich, more versatile. Like Catullus and Gallus, he is facile, ingenious, and often rises to the sublime. His *Dégagements de Vénus* rival those *Veillées* portrayed by Longus, with a charm, a touch that Parny alone can imitate.'

'Ah, Madame,' replied Parny, moved in spite of himself, 'I did not expect such an eager adversary. *Eléonore* herself, if she were here living, could not defend him more faithfully.'

'If I have convinced you, sir, of the merits of him who sings her charms, I shall congratulate myself on this interview; but if you persist in running him down, I warn you we shall quarrel every time we may chance to meet.'

'Such meetings, Madame, will have so much value in my eyes, that I should not wish to destroy their charm.'

'Your compliments will not change my opinion of Parny, whom I have never seen, and am dying to know. I consider him a scholar of the very first rank, an honour to the age. I declare that he has no living rival, and I pity

those who can neither understand nor appreciate him.' And so saying, the unknown beauty quitted the shop, casting on Parny a parting look, which showed him that she classed him with those wretched detractors whose business it is to deny the talent of their contemporaries, who attack reputations which are a torment to them, because they cannot hope to rise to such distinction.

'Who is this charming woman, who so warmly defends me against myself?' asked Parny of the bookseller, who was almost as much flattered as himself by this scene.

'It is the favourite pupil of Duclos and D'Alembert, a friend of letters, an ardent protectress of talent; delighting in surrounding herself with artists and literary men, honouring those already celebrated, helping them when they are struggling, assisting them with her countenance, her fortune. In a word, Monsieur, it is the Duchesse de R—.'

'Ah! I have often heard her name; but the idea I had formed of her, was nothing in comparison with the reality. What brilliant elocution! what fire in her eye! what irresistible grace! and what a perfect acquaintance with the elegiac poets!'

'It was the possession of all these charming qualities which made her capable of defending your charming productions. I tell you again, Monsieur de Parny, you are the only person who does not know their value.'

Our poet left his bookseller's, carrying with him the ineffaceable impression of this unforeseen rencontre.

Several months after, the re-organisation of the colleges took place under the titles of Primary Schools. Parny and another were appointed to the work. Professorships were eagerly sought. One day, among a crowd of applicants, a man presented himself whose pompous self-assured air was worthy a minister of state, or at least a member of the Institute. Being shown into the presence of Parny's colleague, he presented a petition requesting the post of Professor of Belles-lettres in the new establishment about to be founded. He was told that as the petitioner was quite unknown, it was indispensable that he should be recommended by some public functionary, who would attest his capacity.

'But I am my own referee,' said the petitioner. 'I thought true talent needed no other recommendation. I am astonished that you do not know me.—Parbleu!' cried he, as he perceived Parny, who just then entered, 'here is my bookseller, who will answer for me.'

'What!' cried Parny's colleague; 'Monsieur, your bookseller?'

'Yes,' replied Parny promptly, making a sign to the other; 'I had the honour, some time ago, to sell this gentleman the Marotic poems of Parny.'

'Erotic, my witty friend.'

'Erotic or Marotic—they are much the same thing,' replied the French Tibullus, with a grim smile.

At these words, the man seized his petition and disappeared without venturing on another word.

A few days after this occurrence, a lady entered

the office. She came to solicit a place for a well-known and highly respected Professor who wished to be established in Paris. She was told that the schools of the capital were under the direction of Monsieur de Parny.

'What!' cried she. 'Is Monsieur de Parny in the Office of Public Instruction? It is a post worthy of him. I rejoice in the chance which at last procures me the pleasure of knowing him.'

As she spoke, Monsieur de Parny appeared, dismissing several applicants. 'What!' cried he involuntarily, 'have I the pleasure of seeing the Duchesse de R——?'

'Who has come,' replied she, with a charming smile, 'to dispute with you again as to the works and genius of the Chevalier de Parny.'

'Ah, Madame,' said the poet, 'where shall I find weapons worthy of combating you? Now you know me, I have no longer the same advantage I had at my bookseller's. It is difficult to hear one's self praised by such lips, without modesty giving way to gratitude.' He then related to his colleague the scene which had passed in Frocard's shop.

The Duchess embellished the story with details in the most piquant manner. She obtained for her talented friend the place she solicited, and thenceforth felt for Parny an attachment and esteem that spread a grace and charm over his career, and contributed ultimately to open to him the doors of the Académie Française—a reward worthy of his genius.

THE GROWTH OF A PORT.

CARDIFF, now popularly termed the Metropolis of South Wales, is a striking instance of the rise and progress of a modern British port. Within living memory little better than a village, it now proudly vaunts itself our chief port in point of foreign coal shipments. One by one, other ports have been passed—even Newcastle itself lags behind in coal exportations to foreign countries—and the little Welsh place of two thousand inhabitants in 1801, has become a fine town of nearly ninety thousand inhabitants in 1882. The relative importance of Bristol is being continually lessened by this local growth of the nineteenth century, and there are not wanting those who boldly assert that Cardiff bids fair to become a second Liverpool. Of late years, too, there has been a more strenuous effort on the part of Cardiff merchants to secure an import traffic; and the development of this branch of trade is fraught with great good; for experience has taught most commercial men, that in the best colliery districts fluctuations will inevitably occur, chiefly from the disputes which unfortunately take place between employers and employed. The South Wales coal-field, whence Cardiff derives her vast coal-supplies, has not been exempt from disturbing influences; and in 1875 a prolonged strike and lock-out gave a most disastrous check to the tide of commercial prosperity. But a period of peace between the disputants has supervened, and the wages of the colliers are now amicably regulated by a Sliding Scale Committee, consisting of representatives of employers and workmen.

We have before us a book published in 1888, which states that Cardiff was a town upon the Taff, two miles from the sea. This brief description would have sufficed for a hundred years afterwards, as it was not until 1798 that the condition of the place underwent a change. In that year, the old Glamorganshire Canal from Merthyr to Cardiff—the proprietors of which still hold their meetings at the latter place—was opened, and its construction was due to the strong presumption that the black diamonds which lay in the adjacent hills and valleys demanded more adequate means of conveyance for shipment than that afforded by wagons and mules, which had hitherto brought the coal down to Cardiff in sacks. The canal was no doubt looked upon as a great enterprise, but it has since been dwarfed by other undertakings. The vessels that frequent the canal lock are necessarily of moderate capacity, and the canal itself as a means of conveyance has been superseded to a large extent by railways. But the promoters of this old auxiliary to Cardiff trade are deserving of remembrance, inasmuch as they were the first to assist the development of what is now the chief port in the Bristol Channel. Captain Smyth, R.N., writing in 1840, said: 'This port (Cardiff) was held to be in extreme activity half a century ago, when the comparatively scanty supply of iron was brought down from the hills in wagons, each bringing two tons, drawn by four horses, and attended by a man and a boy. Even Mr Bacon's contract guns in the American war were thus conveyed for embarkation to the side of *Gwlad Quay*. . . . Coals at the same time were brought chiefly from Caerphilly Mountain, in bags weighing from one hundred to one hundred and thirty pounds, on horses, mules, and asses, with a woman or lad driving two or three of them.'

Three years after the opening of the canal, the population of the town, which still occupied its old site near the Taff, was 1870. In 1839, the West Bute Dock, built at an immense outlay by the late Marquis of Bute, a great land and coal owner in the neighbourhood, was opened. This gave a great impetus to trade, the facilities of the port for coal shipments being very much increased by this sheet of water, which has an area of twenty and a half acres.

The railways that were now made played an important part in the development of the port, and very soon the docking accommodation already provided was rendered inadequate. It became necessary to build a new dock; and the completion in 1859 of the East Bute Dock, by the same noble proprietor, marks indeed an epoch in local history, a fact which will be at once understood when it is pointed out that whereas in 1851 the population was eighteen thousand, it had increased in 1861 to over thirty thousand. The area of the new dock was forty-five acres. In 1874 the total acreage of the Bute Docks had been brought up to seventy-seven and a half by the construction of the south basin. And now the port awaits the building by the present Marquis of Bute of another and a still larger dock.

The rapid growth of the port has called for the closest attention of the corporation to the general requirements of the town. Even in recent years, many central streets were narrow, and

partly blocked by ancient impediments. Improvements in these respects have been effected at great cost, and the town has undergone radical alteration. Several Improvement Acts have been obtained; but the most important was that which authorised the amalgamation in 1875 of Cardiff with its out-growths, Canton and Roath, and the expenditure of a very large sum of money in street-works. Whole blocks of houses have been pulled down, the Cardiff bridge has been widened, and other alterations of great utility brought about under the provisions of the Act. The inhabitants move with the times, and there is much public spirit in the amalgamated borough, which manifests itself in every direction, as the records of the daily press constantly show.

With regard to the shipping-trade, the position of Cardiff will perhaps be better understood when it is stated that the value of exports in 1880 was L.4,161,778; and the imports, L.2,338,133. In 1881, the coal exports amounted to 5,496,442 tons; iron exports to 124,591 tons; coke exports, 17,669 tons; patent fuel, 117,449 tons; coal coastwise, 933,500 tons. In 1845, 414,159 tons of coal were shipped coastwise, and 32,498 tons to foreign ports.

Cardiff may no longer be described simply as a Welsh town. The making of the docks was the means of attracting to it a large number of Irish labourers, who have permanently taken up their residence in the locality. English and Scotch capitalists help to swell the accessions, and many of the leading ship-owners and merchants are now of the 'north countree.' Yorkshire and Lancashire are well represented. But although the town is of a composite character, it must not be supposed that the Welsh element is eliminated. Far from it. There are many Welshmen who, individually, demonstrate considerable business capacity, and who conduct very large establishments in the town and at the docks.

About twenty years ago, it was stated in a local guide-book that 'the greater portion of the inhabitants are labourers and persons engaged in trade. A great many Irish have settled in the town, and herd together in the lanes and alleys, where abundance of filth is to be met with.' What we have already said shows that this description, as applied to the present state of the town and its inhabitants, would be misleading. As to the lanes and alleys, they are being gradually got rid of, or improved; and sanitary inspectors have assiduously looked after the dwellings where people have been suspected of 'herding' together. It is true there is yet need for improvement in some of the lower quarters of the town, but we are not aware that Cardiff is dirtier in this respect than some other large ports. But in this case, special allowance should perhaps be made for the rapidity with which the population has increased. As the shipping has outgrown dock accommodation, so has the demand for houses been greater than the supply. In the memorial of the Cardiff Corporation in favour of the establishment at Cardiff of the proposed University College for South Wales and Monmouthshire, it is mentioned that during the five years 1875-79, nearly one million pounds is believed to have been expended by speculative builders alone in the borough,

and it is a certain fact that Building Societies are doing an extensive business in the locality. During the six years ending August 31, 1881, one hundred and forty-five new streets had been constructed; three thousand eight hundred and twenty-nine new houses, and eleven places of worship, were built; new schools numbered twenty; shops, one hundred and sixty-one; other buildings, nine hundred and sixty-four: total new buildings, four thousand nine hundred and eighty-five. And yet there is scarcely an empty house to be met with, and many small tenements are occupied by two or more families.

The general aspect of the town is admirable. On all hands are to be seen business and residential premises of an elegant character. Churches and schools abound; and there is every indication of an earnest desire to provide as fully as possible for the moral and social necessities of the port. The town generally is not consolidated, in a topographical sense. Situated in the first place two miles from the sea, it has extended seawards. The docks prevented its direct extension to the south-east, and its northern suburbs have spread in an easterly and westerly direction, intervening spaces being occupied on the west by the river Taff, and in other parts by large spaces of land not available for building purposes.

Of the local landowners—chiefly the Marquis of Bute, Lord Windsor, Lord Tredegar, and Mrs Macintosh of Macintosh—it may be said that their policy is spirited; and their liberality has been evidenced in a number of important public gifts. Although Cardiff has grown so rapidly, it is felt that the town is yet in its infancy. With its rise and progress, the multiplication of collieries and iron-works—more especially the former—has been contemporaneous in the landward districts of the port; and as the supply of coal and iron is practically inexhaustible, it is not unreasonable to suppose that a great future is in store for the locality.

SOME TESTAMENTARY CURIOSITIES.

Of curious bequests, there would seem to be no end; indeed, any one bent upon making a complete collection of such singularities, has a hobby that will last a lifetime. For the newest specimen of eccentricity in this line we are beholden to Signor Pasquale Favelle, a well-to-do gentleman, 'late of Naples,' and still later of London, where his will was proved not very long since. By this document, the testator leaves three Italian municipalities four hundred and fifty pounds each, and the Corporation of London seven hundred and fifty pounds; the interest in each case to be given every year to three poor girls between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five, by way of marriage portion, the claims of the candidates to be decided by lot, not by favour. The Corporations concerned may save Signor Favelle's executors any trouble regarding these matrimonial premiums; but they have a more unthankful task in deciding where to place a legacy of two hundred and forty pounds bequeathed 'to the Editor enjoying the

greatest repute in any town of Europe; a legacy the selected one is likely emphatically to decline, since it is burdened with the obligation of printing and publishing the testator's French novel *Zuleite*, his four-act comedy *An English Election*, besides sundry poems, including one on the Final Judgment. Although a voluntary exile from his native land, and taking the last opportunity afforded him to proclaim that he died as he had lived, a hater of tyranny and corruption, the Signor had nothing in common with the Democracy, for it is to 'Her Imperial and Royal Majesty of India and of the United Kingdom of Great Britain,' that he bequeaths his most cherished production, a tragic opera entitled *Alzira*; trusting that Her Majesty will order it to be performed for the benefit of the poor of London.

We fear the Neapolitan's hope of achieving posthumous fame is as little likely to be fulfilled as that of Dr Borne, who has left all he possessed to the University of Lausanne; conditionally that the bequest be allowed to accumulate for a hundred years; at the end of which time it is to be expended in translating his *Maxims and Aphorisms* into every known language, and supplying every library in the world with a copy of that doubtless wonderful but utterly unknown literary masterpiece.

Senator Baker, of California, had a very bad opinion of married men. After expressing the hope that his mother had too much respect for his father's memory ever to marry again, he yet provides for that eventuality by directing the bequest he made her to be paid 'free and independent' of any husband she might take to herself. Fully alive to the difficulties attending the efforts of women to gain a livelihood, he left his sister Lulu sufficient to insure her the comforts of life 'beyond any peradventure;' and knowing the tyrannical and unmanly conduct of many husbands towards their wives, desired that what he left her should be her own absolutely. Fearing this proviso might not prove sufficiently protective, this provident brother added: 'Should my sister be at any time so unfortunate as to have a husband addicted to gambling, intoxicating liquors, or other vices, or be of lazy or spendthrift habits; then I direct that my executors, or the Court having control of my estate, shall personally or directly expend such money in paying the living expenses of my said sister Lulu, and the maintenance and education of any children she may have. I trust that no such necessity will arise; but unforeseen calamities overtake the best of wives who are so unfortunate as to be wedded to depraved and unmanly men, who forget their vows and their duty, becoming monsters and brutes, when they should be companions and protectors.'

The Californian displayed anxiety to protect his womankind from the wickedness of his own sex. A Maine farmer, a man after Sir Wilfrid Lawson's own heart, sought rather to protect his legatees from themselves. By the terms of his will, he decreed that such of his sons, grandchildren, 'born or yet unborn,' or great-grandchildren, who should be detected smoking or chewing tobacco, or drinking ardent spirits or alcohol, unless prescribed by a physician under oath, should, as he phrased it, 'be cut off from

their dower in my property for six months for the first offence, and one year for each subsequent offence; and for one year of total abstinence, his or their dowers to be restored.' By a codicil, the limitations and conditions regarding tobacco and alcohol were extended to 'gambling in the ordinary sense of the term, or betting money or other valuable consideration.'

Without going to any such length, a German named Bechtel provided against those coming after him indulging in his pet aversion, by excluding any of his male descendants from sharing in his estate so long as they persisted in wearing a moustache. Not such a reasonable provision as that made by a Mr Stokes, whereby any person named as a beneficiary under his will lost all claim upon his estate if he or she raised any contention respecting it in a court of law.

If testators can do pretty much as they please in disposing of their property, they have no such power as to the disposition of their remains. Dr Crittenden, a London physician, directed that within three days after his death, his body should be handed over to his dear friend Eliza Williams, to be dealt with in such a manner as he had set down in an authoritative letter to the said Eliza Williams; any expenses incurred by her in carrying out his instructions to be paid by his executors within three months after his decease. In the letter to his lady-friend, the Doctor expressed his desire that his body should be burned 'when dead,' by being placed over and surrounded by fagots of wood; the calcined bones and fragments to be collected together, and placed in a Wedgwood vase, which he had already given into her keeping; or if that were not large enough, in a vase, metallic or otherwise, but, as she was aware, he had a preference for earthenware.

Taking no heed of the Doctor's instructions, his executors buried him in Brompton Cemetery. Three months afterwards, the lady petitioned the Home Secretary for a license to exhume the body for cremation, or, if that could not legally be done, for burial in another place. Sir R. Cross refused to grant a license for the purpose of cremating the body, but gave permission for its removal to a churchyard in Wales. Having got possession of the body, Miss (or Mrs?) Williams conveyed it to Italy, where she had no difficulty in fulfilling her friend's cremation instructions. Her conscience satisfied in this respect, she sued the executors for her expenses. The Court, however, pronounced that a man could not dispose of his dead body by will, the executors being responsible for its proper burial; besides which, the body had been obtained by illegal and false representations; and the action was dismissed with costs.

In 1877, a man who died in Berlin, leaving behind him a fortune of thirty-four thousand marks, surprised all who knew him by devising that thirty-two thousand marks should go to the authorities of his native place, and that the remainder should be divided between nine relatives and a friend with whom he had quarrelled, the share of any one of the legatees becoming forfeited if he followed the testator to the grave. His relatives religiously obeyed the dead man's decree; but the estranged friend,

remembering old times, could not refrain from going quietly to the churchyard and paying his last respects to the deceased. By-and-by, a codicil came to light directing that if any one of the ten

tees under the will should be found regarding the last will, he was to receive the bulk of the money left to the testator's town; and thanks to the shrewd device, the man who thought more of his old friendship than his old friend's money, found himself comfortably provided for, for the rest of his life.

A strange freak was played by a citizen of Brooklyn who died and left seventy-one pair of trousers. In accordance with his will, these were sold by public auction, for the benefit of the poor of the parish, no purchaser of one pair being permitted to bid for another. This odd stipulation excited no suspicion at the sale; but some days afterwards, one of the buyers, on making a close examination of his purchase, came upon a small canvas bag sewn in the waistband; on opening which he discovered therein ten hundred-dollar notes. He spread the news of his find abroad, and set the remaining seventy trouser-buyers inquiring into things, the result being that each one of them found himself richer than he had been by a thousand dollars; as welcome a windfall as came to the widow of a miserly Rhode Island livery-stable keeper, who left her two hundred thousand dollars, after separating from her for indulging in the luxury of a silk dress.

Captain Hartmann, a retired officer, well known in Jamaica, and noted for his fondness for animals, was as brave a fellow as here and there one meets; but while he did not fear death, he was possessed with a great dread of being buried alive, and made sure of escaping premature interment, by ordering his body to be kept in an open coffin till the last moment possible, when his head was to be cut off by a surgeon, who was to be paid ten pounds for performing the operation. That he considered life itself a great blessing, was further shown by his appointing a person to look after his dogs, cats, and birds, and see they wanted for nothing; while for the many horses, mules, and asses calling him master, they were to be released from labour for evermore, and made free of his acres of grazing-ground as long as they lived. When the last of these animal legatees dies, and not until then, the estate is to be realised, and the proceeds handed over to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

It will be some years before the Society enjoys the handsome bequest; but its patience is not likely to be as sorely tried as that of the heir of an old Canadian farmer who is bound to work the farm for his stepmother's advantage as long as she lives, and then commence paying the rent to the family—fifty dollars a year—until three thousand dollars have been so distributed amongst them, when the farm will become his own. He is now thirty years of age; his stepmother is a woman in the prime of life, and reckoned good for another forty years. After her death, it will take him sixty years to pay off the encumbrances on the farm, so that he may cheerfully calculate upon being its sole possessor when he has attained the patriarchal age of a hundred and thirty. So may it be!

THE LABOURER'S WIFE.

SHE took her trouble in her heart, and went,
One spring-time Sabbath evening, from her door,
Shadow it leaves in drooping folds,
Not spreading yet broad welcome to the sun;
And through the meadows, and the hawthorn lanes,
Whose fragrance yet was closed within the bud,
To the wide fields, rich with up-springing corn.
Beneath the hedges, thickly tangled, spread
Vivid spring verdure. In the budding copse,
Hedged by thick sloe-blossoms falling white like snow,
Ere the black stems were gemmed with emerald leaf,
The birds sang out their welcome to the spring.
The dappled greensward, with pale primrose tufts
Of gold enamelled, and the wind-flower's pearl,
Lured her aside a moment, and she stood
Beneath a budding oak, and heard the burst
Of rich bird-music, carolled loud to God,
The God who cares for sparrows, and who hears
The ravens when they call. She list'ning stood.

Not one of all the gracious influences
Of peaceful Nature given by God to soothe,
Could His child recognise, or knowingly
Receive into her heart. No poetry
Within her sad and labour-hardened soul
Welled up, as though a stone were rolled away,
In tender presence of the Beautiful.
She seeing, saw not; yet she was not dulled
By God-sent trouble, but by many years
Of this world's work, and this world's prose, until
The prose had eaten into her like rust.
Still, soothed unknowingly by glory of spring,
She took her trouble with her, and went on
Through one field more, where cowslips stood in groups
Like fairies routed, flocked together in fear,
And shining grass awayed in the evening air,
That gave soft breathing to the tremulous lark;
And reached the village, and the lowly door
Of the small village chapel. Entering in,
She heard the songs of Zion; and the heart
Of the poor drudging woman rose with these,
Winging its way to courts celestial, raised
In praise with angels, who for ever praise
And cast their golden crowns (as seemed to her)
Before the Throne, and wave wide golden wings,
And love the Lord, and love His labouring poor,
Although their own white robes shine like the sun.
They, following His command, through His dear cross,
Shall welcome yet to seats already named,
And known by them, the weary of the earth.
Ye songs of Zion, rise up higher, higher!
O trembling voice, O calm and trustful heart,
The Lord is with thee! sends His poetry,
Not through the door of Culture, but of Faith!
To Him sing praises, for He giveth light—
And that not only light to see to work,
But light to beautify: and freely gives!

The service over, and her trouble less
(God helping her to bear it), she arose,
And going from the chapel, saw rose-stains
Of glory from the setting sun, fall fair
On the rough whitewashed wall, poured through the panes
Of lattice windows flashing gems and gold;
And seeing, saw not knowingly, but saw
Instead of God's great sunset, pearly gates
Of heaven, and His heaven's golden floor;
Saw no material sun, yet saw that Sun
Which never setteth, the blest Sun which bears,
For each and all, kind healing in His wings.

C. G.

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THE WORK OF RIVERS.

THERE is no series of actions occurring in the physical world around us of greater importance in the eyes of the geologist than the work of rivers. The high value which science is led to place upon the action of running-water as a geological agent, is by no means difficult to understand. We require firstly to bear in mind that the geologist endeavours to explain the past history of the earth by an appeal to its existing condition. The present of the earth is, in his view, the key to its past. This is the underlying principle of every detail of modern geology; and it is this method of explaining the past by an appeal to the existing circumstances of the earth, that constitutes what is known in geology as 'uniformity.' The geologist thus assumes that the actions and operations of Nature have been of uniform character, and that when differences have existed between the earth's past and its present, they can be proved to be differences, not of kind, but merely of degree. Thus he maintains, and with every show of reason, that rivers have always acted in the past as they act now; that rain and the sea have worn and wasted the land in the æons of long ago, as they wear and waste it still; and that volcanic eruptions, earthquake-action, and the rise and sinking of land, have served to modify the earth's surface in the past, as they are certainly seen to alter the contour of the land to-day.

In the work of modifying the earth, rivers have always held a prominent place. The early geologists invariably assumed that rivers were powerful agents in producing change, although they did not credit them with their full power as disclosed by modern research. Even Job speaks of the 'waters wearing the stones,' and of the 'mountain being moved out of his place;' and the observation shows us that in patriarchal days, the power of running-water to 'erode,' or to eat out and wear away the earth's crust, was a recognised feature of physical history. But it has certainly been left for the modern

geologist to show the full capabilities of rivers to effect changes upon the earth's surface; and to note the part they play in that well-nigh universal action, named 'denudation.' This action, as the etymology of the word indicates, is one of 'laying bare' the surfaces of the earth. But it is likewise something more. The 'laying bare' of rock-surfaces is only the prelude to them being wasted and worn, and to their being carried off, slowly or the reverse, to the sea and to lakes, there to form the rocks and foundations of the future.

In this work of denudation, there are employed a large number of natural agencies, which act ceaselessly upon the world's substance. There is hardly a feature of the land—hill, valley, river-course, basin, cliff—which does not represent either the direct or indirect result of the process of denudation. In this work of 'wear and tear,' the sea, of course, plays an important part. The ceaseless action of the waves affects the coasts, occasionally in an alarming fashion, by sweeping away large tracts of valuable land. The atmosphere also is ever at work, denuding the land by the action of the oxygen and carbonic acid gas which it contains; whilst ice, frost, and snow exercise a powerful effect upon the earth, whether in loosening the soils by the action of frost, or in the shape of the glacier, slowly cutting and carving its way from the mountain-tops to the valley below.

To rivers, however, must be ascribed the chief part in this action of 'denudation,' which it must be borne in mind is hardly a phase of pure 'waste,' inasmuch as the matter worn away from the land is being re-formed into rocks in the quietude of the lake-beds and in the abysses of ocean. Geologists have made elaborate calculations of the amount of waste matter which various rivers wear and bring down from the lands through which they flow, to the sea which receives them. It is obvious that the power of any river, however, will depend upon a variety and combination of circumstances; and it is needful to take these into account in estimating

the river's work. For example, the river that has to operate upon soft material will naturally possess a more evident effect on the district through which it runs, than that which flows over a rocky course. And similarly, the river which has a steep and precipitous course, interspersed with waterfalls, must act more powerfully on the land than the winding and slow-flowing river, whose meanderings are in fact due to the lack of force to sweep obstacles away.

On the basis afforded by such considerations, calculations of a river's work may be made with some degree of certainty. Thus it has been estimated that the Mississippi reduces the level of the country through which it flows at the rate of one foot in six thousand years. Supposing that this rate of wear and tear could be made to extend over the whole surface of North America, the average height of which is seven hundred and forty-eight feet, the continent would be reduced to the level of the sea in four and a half millions of years. This latter period, which seems, humanly speaking, of well-nigh inconceivable duration, is, in geological eyes, a mere fraction of the estimated total duration of the earth itself. Various rivers are found to wear the land at a greater rate than others, according to the circumstances detailed above. In the case of the Po of Europe, for example, the wear and tear are nine times as great as in the case of the Danube; and in the Mississippi, the rate is only one-third of that exercised by the seething and tumultuous Rhone. The latter river, according to the best calculations, removes one foot of rock in one thousand five hundred and twenty-eight years; the same work being accomplished by the Ganges in two thousand three hundred and fifty-eight years; by the Po in seven hundred and twenty-nine years; by the Danube in six thousand eight hundred and forty-six years; and by the Nile in four thousand seven hundred and twenty-three years. At the above rate, the Ganges would remove the Asiatic continent in five millions of years; assuming the average height of the continent above sea-level to be two thousand two hundred and sixty-four feet. Similarly, Europe would be worn down by the Po to the water-level in less than a million of years, provided the whole continent were denuded as rapidly as the Po-valley is worn to-day.

Some highly interesting statistics have been given regarding the amount of water and of sediment of all kinds which various rivers bring down to the sea. In the Tay of Scotland, for instance, it is assumed that the area of drainage is two thousand five hundred square miles; the annual discharge of water being one hundred and forty-four billions of cubic feet; and the sediment amounting to nearly fifty millions of cubic feet per year. The Clyde is credited with bringing down nearly nine millions of cubic feet of sediment per annum; whilst the Forth, with a drainage area of four hundred and fifty square miles, is estimated to carry to the sea nearly five and a half millions of cubic feet. Our own British Islands are estimated to possess an average height above the sea of six hundred and fifty feet; and it has been calculated that as things are, our rivers will have worn our territory down to sea-level in about five and a quarter millions of

years. Sir Charles Lyell calculated that the amount of matter brought down by the Ganges in one year would 'raise a surface of two hundred and twenty-eight and a half square miles, or a square space, each side of which should measure fifteen miles, a height of one foot.' Another estimate gives the work of the Ganges as equal to the collection of an amount of matter which would exceed in weight and bulk forty-two of the great Pyramids of Egypt. To transport a mass of solid matter from the higher country of the Ganges to the sea, equal to that brought down by the river in the four months of the wet season, would require a fleet of over eighty ships, each carrying fourteen hundred tons; the whole fleet sailing 'down the river every hour of every day and night for four months continuously.' These calculations, based on data which cannot be questioned, serve to show the rapid rate at which the earth's surface is being worn down by the rivers of the world. And the action loses nothing of its significance when we reflect that the action of the merest brook does not differ in kind from that of the largest river. For brook and river alike run seawards or lakewards; each laden with matter from the land, and each in its own way serving to alter, modify, and reduce the land-surfaces to which it serves as a drain.

The influence of waterfalls, as serving to aid the wearing action of the river through the increased velocity of the water, has already been alluded to. The most notable example of the effects of running-water when associated with cascades, is found in the celebrated Falls of Niagara. These consist, as most readers know, of two cascades, having a small island (Goat Island) intervening, and presenting a total breadth of nine hundred and fifty yards. The height of the Falls is one hundred and forty and one hundred and sixty feet respectively. About six hundred and seventy thousand tons of water are shot over the verge of Niagara every minute. The river itself flows over a comparatively flat table-land, in the course of which Lake Erie forms a well-marked basin. Near the Falls, it rushes over an uneven and rocky bed of limestone, and exhibits a striking difference from its comparatively quiet and even upper course. Now it is a matter of common observation that every waterfall tends to cut its way backwards or towards the source of the river; and an examination of the Niagara Falls shows that the water after leaving the Falls passes through a comparatively narrow limestone gorge, extending to Queenstown, where this limestone overlooks a plain. Sir Charles Lyell calculated that Niagara wears away the limestone cliff over which it falls at the rate of one foot yearly; hence, as Queenstown lies some thirty-five thousand feet down the river, it may be assumed that it has taken that number of years for the Falls to cut their way backwards from their original position at Queenstown to their present site. Evidence is not wanting to show traces of river-action at a height of nearly three hundred feet above the present ravine in which the Niagara flows. Hence Sir Charles Lyell concluded that the river once ran between the present Falls and Queenstown at a height of some three hundred feet above its present level—that is, before the gorge was

excavated, and at a time when the Falls were situated at the latter place.

One of the most remarkable examples of river-action, both as regards the extent of the water's work and its uniformity, is found in the Rio Colorado of the Western American States. This area has been thoroughly and scientifically explored by the Survey of the United States Government, and the results of the examination testify anew to the power of running-water as an agent in modifying the earth's crust. In part of its course the Rio Colorado runs through rocky ravines of immense extent named 'cañons.' The Grand Cañon of the Colorado is in itself a magnificent spectacle. It is a chasm two hundred and seventeen miles in length, and with an average depth of one mile, or five thousand two hundred feet. This cañon cut through rocks, is only one amongst many through which the river finds its way, and at the bottom of which it appears to the observer above as a mere silver streak. What, let us ask, would have been the opinion of the geologists of former years, had the query been put to them concerning the means whereby these great gorges have been excavated? The answer would have borne that the river merely occupied the gorges which had been formed for it by some eruptive force. But an examination of the cañons shows this opinion to be untenable in the face of facts. Everywhere there are to be seen traces of the river-action on the sides of the cañons; at all points, the geologist is met by evidences of the plain fact that the river has actually eroded and worn out the gorges it has come to occupy.

Are there any circumstances in connection with the Rio Colorado River, it might be asked, which serve to explain the powerful nature of its action on the rocks? The answer to this question is of the most interesting kind, since it serves to illustrate a new circumstance in river-action, and one which renders it highly powerful in its effects on the earth's surface. The Colorado is undoubtedly a fierce torrent. Within the cañons it has a fall or slope of between seven and eight feet per mile, which is twenty times as great as that of the Ohio and Mississippi. But running-water alone will hardly accomplish a work of such magnitude as the Colorado has evidently been able to effect. Hence, when the geologist surveys the Colorado more closely, he notes that its work and power are largely due to the quantity of sand and like debris it carries down, and which borne along with its currents, serve like a natural saw or file, to wear and eat out the rocks over which it runs. The immense power of sand borne by running-water, as an agent in eroding rocks, is thus clearly demonstrated. But the sand must be present in proper quantity, that its work may be thoroughly accomplished. There must neither be too much nor too little sand in the river, if its work is to be thoroughly performed. Too much sand will block up its currents and impede its work, will lie in its bed, and will thus protect the rocks, instead of contributing to their wear. Too little sand will be swept onwards and leave no impression on the river-course. Hence, it is when the river, as is the case with the Colorado, possesses just that modicum of sand which it can keep moving with dire effect to the rocks, that the wear and tear proceed most quickly, and

that the work of water is seen at its best. Curiously enough, a tributary of the Colorado illustrates the case of a river which cannot erode its course because of the great amount of sand which it carries. This is the river Platte, which has a fall equal to that of the Colorado, but which is *overloaded* with sand. Hence its action on its course is feeble as compared with that of the Colorado, and its work can never, as things are, compare with that of its neighbour-stream, which has silently but effectually hewn out the land into the great gorges, which are amongst the most wonderful of Nature's gigantic works.

It is evident that rivers, entering lakes and seas, will deposit therein the debris and waste derived from the land. As has already been shown, this waste matter will be deposited as sediment, to form the rocks of the future; but when it is placed in lakes or in shallow waters anywhere, its effects are seen in the 'silt' or filling-up of lakes, and in the formation by rivers of tongues of land, which may jut out to sea for long distances. We know, for example, that the Rhone has formed new land in the Lake of Geneva, at the river-estuary, by the deposition of solid matter in the lake. An old town, called Port Vallais, which about eight hundred years ago was situated close by the borders of the lake, is now placed a mile and a half inland, through the river-deposits having come to intervene between it and the lake. So also the Italian Adria, which in the time of Augustus was a seaport—giving, in fact, the name to the Adriatic Sea—is now, says Lyell, 'about twenty Italian miles inland. Ravenna was also a seaport, and is now about four miles from the main sea.' But by far the most interesting case of the formation of river-land is that of the Mississippi. If we look at a map of North America, we shall be able to see the 'delta' of the Mississippi stretching seawards into the Gulf of Mexico, as a long tongue of land through which flows the river, and which allows the river to pass to the sea by three chief mouths. The South-west Pass is the broadest and deepest mouth; Pass à L'ouest points eastwards; and in the middle is the South Pass. This river brings down debris in a year sufficient to build a mass one mile square, and two hundred and sixty-eight feet thick. Each 'pass' has a 'bar' at its mouth, and the obstruction to traffic which once existed may be conceived, when it is mentioned that in 1859 fifty-five vessels were blocked at the South-west Pass, the freight of those bound outwards being seven million three hundred and sixty-seven thousand three hundred and thirty-nine pounds; whilst several had been waiting for weeks in the hope of getting to sea. It was little to be wondered at that the commerce of New Orleans was found to be seriously impeded by the state of matters at the mouth of the Mississippi. The advance of the tongue of land it may be mentioned takes place at the rate of about a hundred feet per annum at the South Pass; whereas at the South-west Pass, which latter is the chief entrance to the river, the river-sediment gains at the rate of three hundred feet yearly.

The problem how to keep one or more of the 'passes' open for traffic, so as to allow vessels to enter or leave the river at all states of the tide, has been solved by the ingenuity and enterprise of an American citizen, Captain James B. Eads,

whose name deserves to be handed down to posterity as a true benefactor of his own and other lands. Seizing upon the idea that the river keeps its own course clear so long as the rush of water, confined between banks, is great, Captain Eads resolved to simply extend the banks of the South Pass, so as to secure the requisite flow and force of water. After much opposition, Eads at length obtained government consent and permission in 1875 to carry out his scheme. He thereupon constructed a series of 'jetties' or extensions of the river-banks of the South Pass, by means of willow-frames, which were duly sunk in the river, and which the river itself filled and coated with sediment, thus rendering the whole structure solid. The work was completed on July 9, 1879, with the result that a new channel thirty feet deep, seven hundred feet wide at its surface, and two hundred feet wide at bottom, had been constructed. This channel is kept clear by the 'scour' of the river itself; the Mississippi has thus been rendered navigable at all states of the tide, and a great commercial success has been attained through a persevering study of the conditions wherewith Nature secures her own ends in the matter of river-action.

The study of rivers is thus seen to be fraught with instruction and interest, not only for the general reader, but for the student of the earth's structure and history. Many an interesting chapter in the world's history can be written by aid of the geological information supplied by the river and its work; and there can be no better introduction to geological science itself than a study of river-action, as a preliminary to the understanding of some of the changes which this world of ours is ever undergoing.

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER XXXV.—'COMES OVER HERE TO SEE CON, AND FINDS HIMSELF TOO LATE.'

CONSTANCE did not appear at the breakfast-table next morning; and Miss Lucretia, in answer to inquiries, shook her curls with a world of young-lady-like emphasis at Gerard, and declared that the poor darling was quite worn out by excitement, had passed a broken night, and was now happily asleep. Gerard was sheepishly discomfited by this intelligence, since he, in Miss Lucretia's eyes, was the evident source of mischief. The old lady sat but a little time at breakfast, and withdrew to keep watch and ward over the sleeper. To her surprise, the young lady was seated in her peignoir at a table, writing. She huddled away the paper guiltily on her aunt's entrance, and locked it in a writing-desk.

'You silly child,' said Aunt Lucretia with mild severity, 'you will spoil him if you write to him every half-hour when you cannot see him. Go to bed. You are quite flushed. You have had a bad night, and you must sleep. I shall bring my work here, and sit beside you until you do it. And I shall keep guard over you until you are fit to get up again.'

The lovely defaulter made no answer to this

rebuke, but crept into bed submissively, and after a time, feigned sleep. She was glad that her aunt suspected nothing. The note had not been intended for the accepted lover, but for Val Strange. To be compelled to stillness, to lie unbound, yet fettered by the eye of affectionate watchfulness, whilst the storm of feeling heaves the soul, and the soul strives to stir the body as the wind heaves the sea, to suffer the torments of anxiety, of remorse, of despised or unfruitful love, and yet to feign sleep and make no sign, is an agony added to an agony.

Miss Lucretia stuck to her post gallantly, and embroidered and watched with much combined industry and vigilance. She was of course without an idea of the restraint her presence inflicted, and in her kindly heart regarded herself as an unmixed blessing. Val in the meantime was settling down into the waters of despondency; but before absolutely surrendering himself for lost, he determined to make one more essay. So he wrote again; and this time, fearing and almost hoping that the last note might have miscarried, he gave the bearer definite instructions.

'You are sure you know Miss Jolly's maid, Richards?'

'Yes, sir,' said Richards. He was a romantic middle-aged person, a little given to drink in lonely hours, and much addicted to the perusal of imaginative literature of a certain type. He had been known to weep above his whisky-and-water and the woes of Lady Ella, in that tender romance 'Her Golden Hair,' in the *Boudoir Journal*; and he was beginning in his ridiculous old head to make romances for his employer, and was interested in the intrigue. 'I seen the young person once before at Miss Jolly's in town—the helder Miss Jolly, sir.'

'Very well,' returned his master. 'Take that note, and give it to the maid. Ask her to give it to Miss Jolly when she is alone—not the elder Miss Jolly, mind.'

'Certainly not, sir,' said the observant Richards. Val, who found the clandestine business oppressive, could almost have kicked the body-servant for his ready appreciation of the condition of affairs. Don Giovanni seems to have had no compunctions about taking Leporello into consultation; and all Vanbrugh's dashing young gentlemen are at home in the confidence of their valets; but Val was a gentleman of nicer notions, and found no pleasure in imparting the secrets of his soul to Mr Richards. He glared angrily, therefore, at that sympathetic menial, and briefly bidding him do as he was told, turned his back upon him. It is an old-world story that when the master marries the mistress, the man weds the maid, and Mr Richards had lived until his time had come. Miss Lucretia's maid, now devoted chiefly to Constance's service, was a bright little brunette, with a pretty figure and a neat foot, a peachy cheek and sparkling eyes; and she wore that modest and becoming dress of female servitude which ladies might copy with advantage to their looks. If the thick-set hazel were dying from Richards's topmost head, and the hateful crow had already trodden the corners of his eyes, he had still a heart, and he was still a bachelor. He had saved a little money. He knew of a public-house, a really respectable concern, in

which, as landlord, it might be pleasant to settle down to the *otium cum dignitate*. The respectable concern would want a landlady to brighten it; and why—cried Richards's heart aloud within him—should this charming little creature not be rescued from the restraints of a servant's life? So Richards, bent on his master's prosperity, did also a little love-making on his own account. In short, like a good servant, he identified himself with his master's cause. But inexorable Fate makes no allowance for good intentions if you steer your barque on the rocks, and the valet's shipwreck involved the master's. Of all delusive coquettes, Fortune is the most delusive and the most coquettish, and she must needs at once throw little Selina in the way of romantic Richards. Now, it stood to reason that if Richards at once intrusted his master's note to the maiden's care, he would have less chance of prosecuting his own suit than if he delayed the delivery a little while.

'Good-morning, miss,' said Richards.

'Good-morning,' replied Selina; and since Richards occupied the greater part of the way, she stood still. Richards, like other people, began to find the art of conversation more difficult than he had fancied it. But it seemed altogether safe and politic to say that it was beautiful weather for the time of year. Selina agreed to that proposition amiably enough, but evinced a discouraging desire to get by and go about her business.

'You haven't been long in Paris, have you?' asked the middle-aged valet.

'Longer than you have, if it's the school of politeness they say it is,' answered the maid. 'You needn't take up the 'ole of the corridor.'

'I shouldn't ha' stopped you, my dear,' pleaded Mr Richards, 'only I'd got somethink important to say.'

'Well, say it then,' responded the damsel pertly. 'My dear, indeed!'

In oratory, the best of all rules is to have something important to say, and to say it. But Richards was not an orator, and the appeal took him somewhat at a disadvantage. 'Very good orators, when they are out, will spit,' said Rosalind; 'but for lovers, lacking matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.' Mr Richards had never studied Shakspeare; but he followed his recipe, or strove to follow it. But as, with the slow grace of middle age, he essayed to circle the jump and taper form before him—with insinuating air, bent downwards, and had almost won his purpose, swift and sudden, the damsel slapped his face, first on one side and then on the other, and bounding past him, rapidly traversed the corridor and disappeared. The discomfited Richards prowled about in vain for a second sight of the scornful beauty. Little Selina might have resented his advances in any case; but it is within the narrator's knowledge that a gentleman out of livery, who resided, when his master was in town, in Chesterfield Street, had saved a little money, and knew a public-house, and was of opinion that Selina would make a capital landlady. The Chesterfield Street gentleman had breathed his moving story in the maiden's ear. Selina was 'engaged.'

So Val's second note miscarried; and Richards, being interrogated, made false declaration con-

cerning it, and said it was delivered; hoping, like others who have failed, to make failure good before he could be detected. All that day, the wretched valet pervaded the corridor, with the note lying on his conscience like a weight, and once meeting Selina, implored her to stay but for a moment. But she, with head in air, went by; and he, like the parent in Mr Campbell's poem, 'was left lamenting.' Then the miserable man, being a person of no resources, burned Val's letter, and wrote by that evening's post in application for a vacant 'place,' and so prepared to escape the day of reckoning. He was the readier to do this that he was a bad sailor, and had been compelled to live at sea so much of late, that the possession of a stomach had become a burden to him.

No response to Val's second appeal. She scorned him, then? Had he not deserved to be scorned? She had told him that she did not care for him; and he, in his vanity, had believed, in spite of her protestations, that she loved him. Well—he was rightly served. So the cold fit followed the hot, and in due time again the hot fit followed the cold. He had been so desirous of escaping Gerard hitherto, that he had remained almost a prisoner; but now, growing reckless, he wandered uneasily about the building, and suddenly encountered Reginald. He professed great preoccupation of manner, hoping to go by unnoticed; but being hailed, he turned, and with well-acted surprise, cried: 'Hillo! What brings you in Paris?'

'Oh, we're all here,' returned Reginald, linking his arm in Val's. 'I heard from Lumby that you had come back again. What an extraordinary chance by which you found those papers, wasn't it?'

'Yes, it was curious,' said Val, striving after a casual air—'very curious.—And so you're all here, are you? How's the governor?'

'Oh, as usual,' said the little man, with unfilial carelessness.

'And your sister?'

'Pretty well,' was the answer. Reginald made no account of female headaches.

'You spoke of Gerard just now,' said Val. 'Is he here?'

'Of course,' the little man responded—'of course. Directly you gave him the papers, he came racing over here. When that fellow Garling bolted and the smash came, the first thing Gerard did was to go to Constance and tell her about it, leaving her to cry-off. She has been a good deal cut up, and of course they've made it up again.—Seen Chaumont in *Toto-chaz-Tata*?—No? It's the best thing here.' Reginald, like the rest, had been misled by his sister. He had indeed had some clue to the maze in which she walked, but he had lost it. Her second acceptance of Gerard was unforced and spontaneous, and he supposed she was pleasing herself, and that Valentine Strange had been vain enough to deceive himself. But though he could not understand his sister, the little man was keen enough to make out his companion's condition. 'Will you come to see Chaumont to-night?' he asked.

'No,' said Val hurriedly; 'I am engaged. I must be off at once. How long do you stay here?'

'We leave to-morrow morning,' said Reginald.

'We should have gone back to-day, but for Gerard's coming.'

'Remember me to all of them,' said Val lightly. 'I must be off. Good-bye, old man. I shall see you in town shortly, I daresay.' He shook hands with nervous haste, and ran rapidly downstairs. The little man, drumming with his fingers on the top of his hat, looked after him thoughtfully.

'Didn't want to see me,' he mused. 'Walking languidly and apparently without a purpose, when I met him, and in a dreadful hurry now. M-m-m. Hasn't got over it yet. Comes over here to see Con, and finds himself too late. I'm very sorry for him, poor beggar; but if ever I am taken like that, if ever I fall in love, I'll try to hide the symptoms; and if the young woman doesn't want me, I'll try my hardest not to want the young woman.'

Val's persistence in a cause so evidently lost seemed a little disgraceful and unmanly, and even to Val himself it wore that complexion at times. The matter appeared to be growing hopeless enough now, and it seemed that Constance had resolved to hold no communication with him. If she were so resolved, Val was not yet so far gone that he could not see his way to the final cure of love. It was his belief that she had cared for him, which had so dangerously drawn him on all along; and he felt now that if he could but convince himself that he had been mistaken, he could go away and take his punishment like a man. But if he could, he would have a last glimpse of her before going for ever into the desert. So he went to see *Toto-chaz-Tata*, and sitting in a dusky corner of the house, he watched for Constance. Had he looked to the stage and listened, he might have found a reason for her absence; but anyhow she did not come, and the fascinating Chaumont tripped and smiled and warbled, and Val heard nothing and saw nothing but misery and stupidity. Paris laughed and applauded. Val for once thought the Parisian judgment nothing worth. Reginald was there alone, with no eyes for anything but the stage, and Strange got away unnoticed. He saw Mr Jolly and his party leave the hotel next morning, and, himself unseen, watched Gerard and Constance as they drove away. In the evening, he disconsolately followed, and arriving in London, learned that they had all gone down to the Grange. Well, he would go to Brierham, and there might meet with her. Let him only learn that she was happy, and he would be content. The unsophisticated credulity of the human conscience is a thing to wonder at. All life long a man may lie to it, and it will believe him in spite of countless detections. Val's new fraud was harmless and natural enough. So much may be admitted.

In the course of their journey to London, Gerard and Reginald had a talk which resulted in a movement important to this story.

'Do you remember the first night we met?' asked Gerard.

'Yes,' said Reginald. 'It was at Val Strange's.' He half sighed 'Poor Val' under his breath; but Gerard, who had ears like a fox, overheard the exclamation.

'Why poor Val?' asked unsuspecting Gerard. 'What's the matter with him?'

'That's his secret,' said the little man—'not

mine. I don't think he's happy.—I didn't mean to interrupt you. What about the first time we met?'

'Do you remember a visitor that evening?'

'No.—Ah, yes. The Yankee fellow, who threw back Val's money, because Val supposed that he might have peeped into your letter.'

'That's the man,' said Gerard. 'Do you know, I shrewdly suspect that Yankee to be one of the finest fellows alive?' And Gerard, with much enthusiasm and some humour, told the story of Hiram's clandestine benefactions. With the honest fervour natural to youth, Reginald declared that Hiram was a brick, and protested loudly that something should be done to reward gratitude.

'I don't think it's a common virtue,' said Reginald; 'and where you find it, I think the soil is likely to be generally good.' And indeed there are few of the virtues which are less inclined to be solitary. The two agreed to take advantage of their passage through London to call upon Hiram. They had but a few hours to spare; but not being hindered by other business, they drove Strandwards, and alighted at the restaurant. When they entered, Hiram was deftly distributing a pile of plates before a tableful of hungry guests. He recognised Gerard at once, and bowed to him with the waiter's gesture of welcome, and having disposed of the hungry tableful, hurried to the new arrivals.

'Good-day, sir,' he said to Gerard.—'Good-day to you also, mister. I had the pleasure of seein' you, sir, I remember, when Mr Lumby sent me on a message to Valentine Strange, Esquire. You was in the billiard-room in that gentleman's mansion.—What shall I have the pleasure of bringin' you, gentlemen?' They had not eaten a meal since leaving Paris, ten hours before, and they were each ready for a beefsteak. Hiram bustled about and brought up the steaks in prime order, tender and juicy, flanked by floury potatoes, crisp little loaves, and the foaming tankard.

'And now,' said Gerard, 'when you can spare a moment, I want to speak to you.' In a little while, Hiram found a lull in the demand for edibles and potables, and presented himself before the friends. 'What sort of a berth have you here?'

'Wall, sir,' returned Hiram, with the tone of a man who declines to commit himself, 'it's the bridge that's kerryin' me over a strip of time's tide, and I haven't got anything to say agen it.'

'Nor much for it, eh?' said Reginald.

'Yes, sir,' returned Hiram; 'lots for it. But it ain't the sort of theme to stimulate eloquence, and that's a fact. It's greasier than I like, for one thing.'

'Would you care to change it?' asked Gerard.

'Well, mister,' responded the cautious Hiram, 'that depends. I don't want to leap out o' the fryin'-pan into the streets.'

'Would you like to take service?'

'And go about in a pea-green vest, and have my head floured?' inquired Hiram with decision. 'No, sir; I should not.' He looked a little offended at the suggestion.

'No; thank you,' said Gerard; 'I don't want a flunkey. If I offer you a post, I shall not ask you to have your head floured. But I want a smart faithful man, whom I can trust; a handy

fellow, who has no objection to travel, and who won't object to do what he's asked to do.'

'Well, sir,' returned Hiram, 'if you're shootin' my way, it's a bull's-eye. I'm all that. But what should I be asked to do?'

'I want a man to attend me personally, to travel with me when I travel, and to act generally as a sort of combination of valet and confidential man. I shall offer you a liberal salary; and if you treat me well, I shall treat you well.'

'Very good,' said Hiram. 'I'm engaged. But if you don't mind, I'll make a stipulation—two stipulations. Number one: If I don't like the berth when I've tried it, I'm not to be regarded as ongrateful if I throw it up.'

'Certainly not,' interjected Gerard.

'And number two,' continued Hiram: 'That my own private proceedin's air not curtailed, so long as they don't interfere with my duties.'

'What private proceedings?' inquired Gerard, with some misgiving.

'Wall,' said Hiram slowly, looking from one to the other and stooping to fold a napkin on the table, 'the Apostle Paul says matrimony's honourable. As soon as ever I can manage it—I've got a little gell to take care of, and I'm going to take that way with her. And if you give me a berth that lets me marry, I shall do it.'

'Oh!' said Reginald, seeing Gerard a little dashed by this intimation. 'And who's the lady?'

Hiram straightened himself and looked at the little man keenly, insomuch that Reginald felt embarrassed, and took refuge behind his eyeglass. 'Yes,' said Hiram, as if in answer to an inward inquiry, 'I'll answer that question.—The lady is the daughter of a bitter enemy of your family's, Mr Lumby. Her father is— Well, mister, the long and short of it is, her father's about the biggest thief unhung. His name's Garling.'—At this the two friends glared at him and at each other.—'That is so, gentlemen,' said Hiram with great gravity. 'I know something about it, and part of it I guess. Mr Garling married under a false name, and deserted his wife and daughter, when my little gell was a baby.' And in answer to Gerard's amazed inquiries, he told briefly all he knew of Garling, detailing with the rest the scene in the offices of the great firm.

'I think it possible that I may owe you something,' said Gerard enigmatically, when Hiram's narration was closed. The date of Hiram's interview with Garling was that of the elder Lumby's last visit to town. Gerard more than half-guessed the truth. 'I must leave you to arrange your own domestic affairs,' he said after a pause. 'I shall not interfere with them. And now—as a matter of form—though I could scarcely forego it, I must ask to see your employer, and make some inquiries about you.'

'That's only fair to me,' said Hiram drily; and retiring, sent up the master of the restaurant. Gerard made his inquiries.

'Well, gentlemen,' said the restaurateur, 'I should be very unwilling to give him a recommendation.'

'May I ask why?' demanded Gerard.

'Because,' returned Hiram's employer, with

a twinkle of his beady foreign eyes, 'he is the best servant I ever had, and I should be sorry to lose him.'

The two friends laughed at this; and the restaurateur, pleased at the success of his little jest, laughed also.

'He is honest?' said Gerard.

'As I have found him,' said his employer, 'as the day.'

'Sober?'

'Remarkably. He is good fellow,' declared the restaurateur, returning to his joke; 'and I am sorry to say it, if it is to lose me my Hiram Search.'

'You don't object to his bettering his position?' asked Gerard.

'No, sir,' the foreigner answered heartily. 'He is good fellow. He will get on.'

On the strength of this, Hiram was recalled, preliminaries were completed; and the waiter formally gave his employer a week's notice. It was agreed that he should present himself at Lumby Hall in complete readiness to enter upon his duties.

'You will have a good servant, sir,' said the little foreigner.

'And I shall have a good master,' said Hiram.

'I thought you had no masters,' said Gerard, 'you Americans?'

'If you call beef mutton, it don't alter the flavour much,' responded Hiram; 'and when I'm in a country, I reckon to try to speak the language.'

'Oh,' said Gerard, 'and how many languages do you speak?'

'I shan't take the cheer for languages at nary one of your universities yet awhile,' returned Hiram; 'but I've spent five years in the Lee-vant, and I've picked up a bit o' five or six—French, Italian, Spanish, Greek, German, and a smatterin' of Turkish. I can talk any one of 'em fit to be smiled at; but I can't read one, wuss luck.'

'Gerard,' said Reginald when the two were outside, 'it's my opinion that Mr Search is a jewel.'

'I think so too,' said Gerard; 'but we shall see.'

The week sped by rapidly; and Hiram at the appointed hour appeared at Lumby Hall. In less than a week after the date of his appearance, the cook and the upper-housemaid, who were both comely young women, and had hitherto been close companions, quarrelled over him. 'Ladies,' said Hiram, having observed this, and desiring to live at peace, 'I feel myself kind of shaking down in this charmin' society of yours. After a rovin' life, how sweet is do-mestic felicity! The view of the feminine character which you have afforded me sence I first entered the present abode of bliss, has sort of crystallised the notions of matrimony which up to that time were floatin' in my soul. I'll ask you to excuse the poetry; but that's the fact. And in consequence of the impression prodooced upon my mind by you two charmin' angels, I am goin' to get married.'

'Indeed, Mr Search,' said the upper-housemaid. She was a courageous woman, and bore the blow steadily. The cook was *hors de combat*. 'May we hask,' said the upper-housemaid, 'who is the 'appy bride?'

'The happy bride, as you air so flatterin' as to

call her,' returned Hiram, 'will next week assume a position in the household of Mr Jolly.'

This was true. Hiram had already interested Gerard in his sweetheart's fortunes, and little Mary was elected as Constance's maid.

DR SALVIATI'S GLASS-WORKS.

THE last of the grand palaces having been built, and the Republic of Venice having touched the zenith of her glory and greatness, she thenceforth began to decline. The arts and art-industries for which she had hitherto been famous, shared her fall, and gradually sank into decay; while the old masters of Venetian mosaic, whose works survive to this day, finding that the world had no longer any work for them, died out and became extinct. Nor was this all; for their secrets died with them, and the art of mixing and colouring glass after the manner of the old masters was entirely lost to their posterity.

The glass-blowers of the neighbouring island of Murano did not fare much better than those of Venice; for their once extensive workshops dwindled down into a few poor huts, and that which had once ranked as an art, sank down into a common handicraft, dragging out a miserable existence; while the glass-makers of England and Bohemia easily drove them from the market even in their own land.

It was when things were at this very low ebb, that Dr Salviati, a native of Vicenza, who had studied the law in Padua, and had had a good practice in Venice for twenty years, chanced one day to come across 'George Sand's' novel, *Les Maîtres Mosaïstes*, in which she describes the brilliant period of the Venetian picture-mosaics.

It is well known that the five domes of St Mark's were once adorned inside with glorious pictures in glass-mosaic on a gold ground. The pictures themselves were well-nigh indestructible; but, most unfortunately, the building which contained them rested on a very unstable foundation; the vaulted domes were the first to sink, and parts of the mosaic cracked and fell out. There had already been some talk of repairing these pictures; but no one was bold enough to make the attempt; and in 1859 fresh lamentations were raised over the continued decay of such valuable works of art. It was just at this time that Dr Salviati's interest had been awakened in the subject; and being firmly convinced that the art-genius is hereditary, he first looked through the 'golden books' of the old Republic, in which the names of the best masters were formerly entered, and then made inquiries in Venice and Murano, where at length he had the pleasure of discovering certain descendants of the two famous families of Radi and Bonvico, who were still connected with glass-making. They were induced to join Dr Salviati; and a series of experiments was instituted with the object of re-discovering the old lost secret of colouring and mixing; the result being that one is now simply amazed at

the number of tints in use. The seven colours of the rainbow are now subdivided into twenty-two thousand shades, of which two hundred are flesh-tints alone. The lawyer spared no pains to accomplish his purpose; and in one way a layman has an advantage over others, for he is not fettered by traditions, and is ready without prejudice to take up what is new and original, as the history of discoveries very generally shows.

The gold paste which almost always formed the background of the old mosaics, was said by technical workmen to be especially difficult to imitate; but the Doctor solved the enigma in a very simple manner by placing a very thin plate of gold on a sheet of glass, covering it with a thinner sheet of the same, and then fusing the three together. This process has not been found to answer with silver, and the silver paste, so far as we are aware, has yet to be discovered. A few years after the work had been taken in hand, the Academy of Fine Arts in Venice announced that Dr Salviati's colours equalled and in some instances even surpassed those of the ancients, while he had doubled the number of tints. The raw material was therefore now ready; but unexpected difficulties arose as to the method of using it. The old masters worked from cartoons, which they copied bit by bit, putting each cube of glass at once into its place in the wall; but they were not mere servile copyists; quite the contrary; they were real artists, the only difference being that they painted with glass instead of with the brush. Men such as these with their skill and experience, as well as their ability, were not to be conjured up out of the ground even in Italy, where art is said to be indigenous; but necessity is ever the mother of invention, and Dr Salviati contrived a method of producing the mosaic pictures, which has an immense advantage over the old one, and insures the most faithful reproduction of the original design, as the work does not need to be done on the spot or on an unsteady scaffolding, as was previously the case; and it is no longer necessary for the copyist to be an almost greater artist than he who makes the design. As only technical skill is required, the work can be done at a much cheaper rate, and may be more extensively employed.

The modern mosaic-worker lays his cartoon or working-drawing on a table, face upwards. By means of a sharp hammer and anvil, he divides his pancakes of coloured glass into small dice, measuring a centimètre—a little over one-third of an inch—each way, and then places them on the picture, matching each tint and shade with the utmost exactness. When the design is entirely covered, he pours over it a fine cement, which penetrates every crack, and unites the whole into one solid mass. It is then placed in a shallow zinc tray; the design is washed off, and the picture appears, a true copy of the original, but with greater warmth of colour. The effect is so life-like and artistic, as Herr Gampe says, and the

work is of such a lasting nature, that its value was soon generally recognised. Scarcely twenty years have passed since the revival of the art, and already specimens of Salviati's glass mosaics are to be seen throughout the civilised world; for example, in the new Opera-house in Paris; Parliament Buildings, Washington; Kensington Museum; Windsor Chapel; the Cathedrals of Aix-la-Chapelle and Torcello; the Rotunda of the Vienna Universal Exhibition, &c.; to say nothing of the private mansions and palaces which may be seen thus adorned throughout Europe, in Cairo and Alexandria, and even in the giant cities of the West.

The astonishing success which had attended his efforts, induced Salviati in 1862 to consider the possibility of reviving the glass-manufacture of Murano, which had fallen into a state of such dismal decay; and to this end he ransacked old churches, castles, and museums, to find some of the ancient Venetian models; his idea being that the first thing necessary was to accustom the eye of the glass-blower once more to beauty of form, and that then his artistic skill and feeling would revive spontaneously. It was quite certain that glass itself had not altered during the lapse of centuries, and was just as ductile, just as plastic in its red-hot state, as ever it had been in the days of the Doges. And here let it be noted that glass-making in Venice is a very different thing from glass-making in England and Bohemia. *Glass-cutting*, which is so extensively practised in both these countries, is quite unknown in Murano, as are also painting and gilding. The Venetian glass-blower models his article entirely while the glass is in a state of fusion, and has nothing more to do with it when it has cooled. He never puts the colour on afterwards, but mixes it in the liquid paste; and he has to complete the most elaborate articles in a few minutes—every second being valuable, as the glass would become brittle if allowed to cool rapidly, and if kept too long out of the annealing oven. It is therefore essential that the eye and hand of the workman be trained to the utmost precision; for though he may find no great difficulty in making a dozen wine-glasses of exactly the same height and size, with nothing but his eye to guide him, it requires a very high degree of skill as well as artistic feeling to enable him to bring out all the delicate lines and curves equally, considering the rapidity with which he is obliged to work.

The Bohemians and the English, again, make their crystal glass of very decided colours, such as the Venetian glass could not stand, its paper-like delicacy and elegance requiring much more aerial tints, if form and colour are to be harmonised as they should be. Every furnace in Murano is accordingly surrounded by a regular laboratory, where the æsthetics of colour are carried to such a wonderful degree of perfection, that a visit to Dr Salviati's extensive premises in the Palazzo Swift sends one home amazed at the beauty and variety of the flower-like tints employed. All is brilliant, but nothing is glaring, and even the ruby-glass, which owes its peculiar brilliancy to an admixture of gold, shimmers with subdued radiance. Endless experiments have been necessary before certain shades of colour could be obtained, and there has been considerable diffi-

culty in reproducing among others the opal glass of the old Venetians, which has no value at all unless it has a tinge or rather *suspicion* of red playing through it. The play of light, which is often surprisingly beautiful, depends in great measure upon the thickness of the glass, which requires the most careful regulation.

With regard to form, it must be admitted that Salviati sometimes overshoots his mark; there is a certain hyper-delicacy about some of his drinking-glasses, which look not merely fragile but weak, and one feels uncomfortable in the presence of such super-sensitive articles. Some of the showy glass chandeliers, too, are as much overloaded with leaves, flowers, and ornamentation as a German inn on a fête-day.

Another highly decorated article, which must disturb the peace of mind of its owner, is the Venetian mirror, which is actually made in Belgium, and only sent to Murano to be adorned with its wreath of flowers. It is impossible to help thinking of the unfortunate housemaid whose duty it will be to keep it clean, and one foresees that some fine day her duster will catch in the prickly leaves and blossoms, and then down the whole thing will go with a crash.

It is hardly possible to describe the process of modelling, any more than that of painting and carving. The visitor sees a workman dip his blowpipe into the molten glass, and take thence a shapeless lump, which a few dexterous touches and a little breath convert into an exquisite little sea-horse, a vase, or a filigree glass, which looks exactly as if it had been woven; but how all this is done he cannot say, for it looks like the result of magic. Larger articles require re-heating, and this has to be done with extreme caution, lest their shape should be spoilt.

We may mention by the way, that most of the precious and semi-precious stones are imitated at Murano, and are bought by the Arab merchants, who sell them to the negroes. A handful of common glass mixed with certain earths and colours will produce what are to all appearance splendid specimens of agate and malachite.

But to return to Dr Salviati. The most difficult part of his enterprise has been, not the re-discovery of the secrets of the old masters, but the prosaic business matters inevitably connected with the establishment of his young art-industry. There is nothing of the tradesman about him; if there had been, if he had begun by calculating his chances of success from a commercial point of view, he would probably soon have given up the whole thing. Instead of calculating, however, he experimented, and so it happened that in 1866, he found that the whole of his very respectable fortune had been turned into glass. Thereupon, John Bull came to the rescue, and an English Company was formed, with Dr Salviati as its technical director; but though no doubt this was a great blessing for poor helpless Murano, it was hardly likely that the inventor would look on with equanimity while the large profits won by his own talents and great personal sacrifices flowed steadily into England. After a while, therefore, he resigned his post, and in 1877 founded a business of his own, and opened dépôts in all the chief capitals of Europe. A number of his old workmen gladly returned to him, while others set up

for themselves; and now Murano is once again the busy place it was in the olden days, while Dr Salviati has been loaded with orders, medals, and diplomas.

THE CLIFFORD DIAMONDS.

CHAPTER I.—WHAT WE THOUGHT OF THEM.

WE were a family of quite middle-class people, not in the rank of the Cliffords at all; and yet our dear father and our uncles were Sir Arthur Clifford's most intimate friends. That was how we came to know anything about the diamonds. We lived close to Grange, the grand old home of the Cliffords. It was a superb old North-west of England house, set in magnificent woods, overlooking the Irish Channel. Thorp Uplands, our home, was just a rambling place, which had grown with the growth of our family, from the squat farmhouse where our grandfather, Hugh Thorp, lived in his comfortable yeomanly style, to its present condition, when it might be termed a 'commodious residence;' not the least pretentious, but oh! so snug, with its long passages and unexpected staircases, and windows stuck in anyhow.

Besides our father and mother, there were six of us. Tom, our eldest brother, was in Uncle Thomas's cotton mill, which was situated quite near our farm; Paul, who was next to him, was in the navy, a messmate of Jack Clifford, Sir Arthur's second son; and our youngest boy Joe was in Uncle Hugh's warehouse at Liverpool. As Tom lived with his uncle at the factory, we girls ruled the roast at Thorp Uplands. There were Ruth and Naomi, the twins; and Olive, my humble self. Every day one or other of us went across the park to sit with Lady Clifford and read to her for an hour or so; then, if the day were fine, we would take her out for a walk round the quaint old garden, or drive her about the lovely park; for Lady Clifford had no daughters of her own, and was blind.

That was not the only trial which weighed heavily upon the great family of Clifford of Grange. There was a sadness, a blight upon them, which shadowed and oppressed them all; for they were poor, miserably poor for people of their condition. I have heard my uncle say that when all claims on the great estates were paid off, Sir Arthur Clifford had scarcely four hundred pounds a year to live upon. Young Arthur Clifford, the heir, was in the Guards, and Jack, as already mentioned, in the navy. Only that Lady Clifford had been an heiress, the sons must have done as our boys did—gone into business. Uncle Thomas said it would have been the wisest thing they could have done. Perhaps he was right; but then Sir Arthur and my Lady were old-fashioned folks, proud as Lucifer, and very tenacious of old ideas. I think the sight of her son with a pen behind his ear, perched on an office stool, would have driven Lady Clifford mad.

We were just yeoman folks a hundred years ago, we Thorps; but our grandfather was a clever, far-seeing man. He cast his eyes upon the rapid brook which summer and winter went babbling down the glen at the back of 'Thorp's Farm,' as the house was then called. An artist

might have thought of the beauty of the rushing stream; a poet might have jingled words to match its rhythm; but the practical Yorkshireman saw in it so much power running to waste; and after much bargaining, he obtained the use of it from the Sir Jasper Clifford of his time, a youth who was spending his income after the reckless fashion of the day, and who was glad to get the big sum Hugh Thorp laid down for the signing of the lease. The money went in a night at Brooks's; but the mill my grandfather built stands to this day.

We own a fair share of the Clifford estate too, and Uncle Tom is one of the chief creditors who have claims on the property. I often feel deeply for the Cliffords, because we seem to have risen upon their downfall. And yet the glamour of the old grandeur clings to the ancient house; to the handsome middle-aged baronet, and his still beautiful wife; to the Hall, with its great shadowy galleries, where generation after generation of painted Cliffords look down from the walls upon the decay of the family. But especially does the magic linger over the ancient chest wherein, fast locked in an iron-bound casket, reposed unseen the Clifford diamonds.

As children, we used to hear about their splendour from our dear mother, who had seen them gleaming in a flaming ring around Lady Clifford's slender throat, springing in an arch of fire above her gentle brow, and burning on her arms and bosom with a blaze like the sun at noonday. Wonderful things, too, were blent with those magnificent jewels in our imaginations: such as the magic gem which lit up a whole chamber by its glow, in one of those tales of wonder and delight, the *Arabian Nights*; Sindbad's Valley of Diamonds, from the same delicious volume; and pictures we had seen of Solomon's Temple; all which were brought to our minds by the mere mention of Lady Clifford's diamonds.

They were historic stones too; for the necklace and coronet had been in pledge to raise money for the king in the sad times of the Civil Wars; and the bracelets were a gift of King Charles II. to a fair Lady Clifford of his time. Then the earrings were made of jewels won by an heroic Clifford upon Indian battlefields in a later generation; while the stomacher was a trophy gained by another son of the house—his share of the plunder of a great galleon in the war with Spain. There were stars and pins and brooches too; and local valuation set down the diamonds as being worth a perfectly fabulous sum; but Uncle Thomas used to say they were not worth quite so much as people thought; and we somehow felt that he understood their value to a farthing. One day, when we were talking of them, he said abruptly: 'I say it is a sin and a shame to keep so much money lying idle in a box. Twenty thousand pounds-worth of senseless stones locked up, never seeing the light of day, while the Cliffords are in such want of money. It is simply madness.'

'Oh, Uncle Thomas, are they worth so much?' I cried. 'I thought they were not so very valuable.'

'Eh?' he said, turning sharply on me; 'you have more sense than I gave you credit for. Now, Ruth and Naomi there are firmly persuaded that those baubles are worth treble what I said.'

The twins lifted their voices in indignant protest. Uncle laughed, and went on: 'Yes; I call it a crime of the Cliffords to keep that large sum lying there while they are in such need.'

'But, uncle,' I said, 'surely things are no worse now than they have been for some time. The Cliffords do not seem to be in greater need of money than usual.'

'Humph!' uncle said, casting a meaning glance at the twins.

I understood him. He meant that there was something to be told which would not bear telling in the ears of 'the children,' as we still persisted in calling our two youngest and prettiest. Taking up his hint, I suggested a game of Spoil Five, an old-fashioned pastime, of which our good, kind-hearted, hard-headed uncle is exceedingly fond.

Uncle Thomas has never been married. He lives in a cosy unpretentious house close to the mills; and brother Tom, as already mentioned, lives with him. Of ourselves, I may say that I am older by three years than the twins, that is to say, I was five-and-twenty past that evening when we sat and played Spoil Five, and the twins were just twenty-two. They were wonderfully pretty girls; and alike in features, although quite different in colour; Ruth's hair being a deep russet brown; and Naomi's flaxen, with just enough of a warm tinge in it to light it up. Both had clear gray eyes; but Ruth's looked darkest, being shaded by very thick and long lashes the colour of her wavy hair. If I could choose between them, I should have called her the prettier of the two. She had more warmth and colour about her, and certainly she had the sweeter disposition; but every one called Naomi the beauty, and sometimes I joined the popular opinion. I myself am not a beauty; I never was. Only just a plump, good-humoured little lass; very brown and healthy-looking, with nothing special about my face save and except the Thorp eyes. We all had rather good eyes, and mine were no worse than the rest of them.

We were a very happy household; but for my own part, all the poetry of life lay at Grange. To go up the long winding avenue, under those beeches, which were planted in the days of the Restoration in place of the more ancient ones hewn down by Cromwell's troopers in the troublous times—to enter the grand old hall, where once the 'Merry Monarch' had banqueted with the young and fair Lady Clifford—to walk on tiptoe through those great rooms, silent and sad, but so wonderfully suggestive in their faded splendour—this formed the greatest pleasure, the fairest romance, of my young life. At home was honest prose; at Grange was an inexhaustible source of poetry and romance. And then dear Lady Clifford was so fond of me! Ruth came next in her affections; Naomi last; not that she was not fond of Naomi too; but then, of the three of us, she was the one who went least often to read and walk with her.

I think the first wave of the great tide of change which swept round us and altered everything, touched us that evening as we laughed and made merry over our old-fashioned game of Spoil Five. Once it was done, uncle kissed the twins, bade them good-night; and then, when they were gone, he turned to mother.

'Frances,' he said, 'can you spare me Olive for a

day or two? That house of mine is in a sad state for want of a woman in it, and she has such a way of bringing things into order.'

Mother smiled. 'Well, I can scarcely spare her,' she said. 'But as she is not going very far, I suppose I must do without her for a little.'

I was much surprised. Uncle never had made such a request before; and even to my unobservant eyes, it was plain that something underlay the trifling reason he gave for requiring my presence.

'When do you want her to go?' mother asked.

'Now—to-night, if possible,' Uncle Thomas said; and when mother demurred at the suddenness of the request, father cried from behind his newspaper: 'Yes, yes; let the child go. Why, it's only a step.' And I knew that there was some good reason why I should so instantly make a change of residence.

My preparations were not extensive. In half an hour, uncle and I were walking slowly along the winding path which led from the Uplands to the mills, a servant having preceded me with my box.

Once well away from the house, uncle stood still, and turned me round so that he could see my face in the silver light, for the moon was almost at the full. 'Olive,' he said huskily, 'I know you are a girl of sense.—Now, don't make any protest, because I have great faith in you. I've brought you down to my house. What for, do you think?'

I said I had no idea.

'Well, then—to entertain an unexpected guest.'

'Uncle?'

'Yes; that unhappy boy, Arthur Clifford.' Uncle spoke in a tone of deep vexation.

'Arthur Clifford! Why is he not at Grange? What has brought him home?' These and a host of other questions I poured out as we stood face to face in the moonlight.

He drew my arm through his, and we walked slowly down the path in silence for a few minutes, before he answered me. 'He has come home because he is in great trouble,' said my uncle in a low voice; 'and he has taken refuge with me because he dare not face Sir Arthur or my Lady.'

'In great trouble?' I questioned eagerly. 'What kind of trouble, uncle?'

'Money trouble.'

'Oh, that is the least of all troubles,' I said lightly, in my ignorance.

'Is it?' said Uncle Thomas bitterly—'is it? Child, how little you know! No matter. This unhappy lad has been driven to do a very foolish and dangerous thing in order to raise money. Now, he feels the consequence; and in mortal dread of an exposure, flies to me. Silly boy! I was very angry with him when he came this evening—very; but now I am beginning to pity him. He was placed in a very false position. Sir Arthur never should have put him in the Guards, amongst rich young fellows who need never give a second thought to what they spend.'

'What has he done, uncle?' I asked.

'I may as well tell you, knowing you to be a sensible little girl, and that what I say will go no further. He put his father's name on a bill for three hundred pounds, and now he

has not a ha'penny to meet it. The bill may be in Sir Arthur's hands to-night, for all we know.'

'Three hundred pounds is not such a very large sum is it, uncle?' I said gently.

'Do you mean that I might give it to him? Eh puss? I can't say I see my way to that at all,' uncle replied. 'No; I'm a fool about some things, I grant you, but not such a fool as all that.'

I walked beside him silently for a few paces; then he spoke again. 'Just see what want of money has done in that family. Here's this thoughtless youth just ruined; and'—uncle stamped his foot on the path—'here is a fortune under us—coal, my girl, coal and iron enough to make the Cliffords millionaires. No capital to work the mines; no energy to start them; and two as fine lads as ever lived just lost for want of money, while twenty thousand pounds lie idle in a box! It's enough to drive a man mad!'

'Why don't you start the mines yourself, uncle?' I said. 'You have energy enough, and money too.'

'Ay, but not years enough, my girl. No, no! I've got too many irons in the fire as it is.—Here we are. Meet the lad as if you knew nothing.'

It was easier said than done, for, as we entered the library at the Mills House, Arthur Clifford sprang forward eagerly to meet us. I fancied his countenance fell as he saw me; and an instantaneous flash of memory recalled sundry little things I had observed between him and Naomi when he was last amongst us. I remembered, even while I was shaking hands with him and saying how surprised I was to see him, that they used to play croquet together a good deal in those days, and that they danced together whenever opportunity offered. Could it be possible there was any kind of understanding between them?

Uncle Thomas had left us together, and for a while neither of us said much. At length Arthur lifted his dark curly head, and said abruptly: 'I did not expect you to-night, Olive.'

'Did you not? I suppose just as little as I expected to see you.'

'Well, no; not in that way, my dear girl. I knew Mr Thorp would bring *some* one back; but'—He stopped short, and cast a shy embarrassed look into my face.

'You did not expect *me*?' I said laughingly.

'No; I did not.'

'And which of us, then, did you expect?'

'Naomi.'

I laughed again—a forced laugh. Here were my suspicions proved true.

'I know she would have come over had she thought I was here,' he continued. 'Never mind. I'll see her to-morrow.'

I did not say anything; but perhaps he saw by my face that I thought it was not likely. He rose from his chair and sauntered to the hearth, where he stood leaning his arm on the mantel-shelf, and looking into the red depths of the fire for a few moments; then: 'This is an unlucky business, Olive,' he said moodily.

I do not know why, but it seemed to me as if he looked upon his evil deed rather in the light of a misfortune, than in that of a grave,

fault; and now a feeling of half-contempt mingled with the pity I had at first felt for him.

'Yes,' I said coldly; 'it is a bad business.'

'Pon my word, Olive, I had no idea it would turn out like this, when I just jotted down "Bart." after my name on the dirty scrap of stamped paper. See here; I give you my honour I wasn't responsible that day. We had been keeping it up rather hard—Pedder and Wilcox and one or two other fellows; and I—Well, the fact is I had been having too much liquor—don't look so shocked, my dear Olive; hundreds of fellows do it—and when old Shylock came bothering about the cash I owed him, in desperation I signed the governor's name to a bill.'

'Oh, Arthur!'

'Ay, you may say so; but you'd cry louder if you knew it all.' He lounged across the room to the buffet, poured out half a tumbler of sherry, drank it at a draught, and returned to the fireside. 'I've shocked you terribly, I'm sure of it,' he said, and paused moodily. 'What tempted the governor to put me into the Guards, I'd like to know?' he asked in a low bitter voice. 'It was like flinging a man into the fire, and not expecting him to be burned. Such folly!'

'It strikes me that you are ready to blame every one but yourself, Arthur,' I replied, for I was beginning to feel more and more contempt for the man as he stood there trying to vindicate himself. And could our dear Naomi care for him? My heart ached as I thought of it.

'Well, why shouldn't I speak the truth? It was madness of them to let me mix with a swell set of fellows without sixpence in my pocket. Look here, Olive—did you see the mother to-day?'

'No,' I answered abruptly. 'Ruth was at Grange to-day. I am going to-morrow.'

'Are you?' His face brightened. 'See here. One of those diamond stars of hers would pay up all, and set me on my feet. Perhaps you'd ask her?'

'I! ask her to sell her diamonds? Are you mad?'

'No; not the least bit in the world. I'd sell them all, the whole lot, if I had it in my power.'

'Arthur Clifford, I'm ashamed of you,' I said haughtily, and left him to his own devices.

A STATE BANQUET IN MADAGASCAR.

'Mr Frost, you are wanted for duty with the Admiral this afternoon, sir,' was announced with a grin by old Blowhard, our venerable quartermaster.

'That's rather a kill-joy for you,' sung out a voice from a neighbouring cabin, owned by C—, my opposite number.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, it may be as well to explain that one's 'opposite number' is the man who keeps the 'opposite' watch, or next watch but one, to one's self, and consequently the man to exchange duty with. Truly, it was rather a kill-joy, for C— had undertaken my duty that day, and I had made every preparation for an expedition to the marshes after duck.

I was soon enlightened as to the nature of the duty by a supplementary order brought by the midshipman of the watch, and delivered in what little Beckford thought a really officer-like style. 'Tail-coats, epaulets, white waistcoats, and swords, is the rig for officers going on shore with the Admiral, sir,' said Beckford.

'What's it for, Becky?' I asked.

'Oh! a feed, I believe, sir, with some of the nigger swells'—by which I understood Mr Beckford to intimate that I was to attend the Admiral to a state banquet given to him by the representatives of the Hova government at Tamatave.

Our good craft *H.M.S. Who's Afraid* had cast anchor in Tamatave Bay, Madagascar, a day or two before, and towards the end of as jolly a cruise as ever ship had the good fortune to sail; Tamatave being one of the last places we had to call at in the cooler and more southerly latitudes, before running up into warmer regions again.

Most of our hearts and some of our pockets stood sadly in need of repair. I was in the pitiable condition of suffering from both.

During the few days we had been lying in Tamatave Bay, I had found time for a cruise of inspection on shore, and had succeeded in discovering good chances of making a fairish bag of duck in the marshes. I had subsequently made all the necessary arrangements with my 'opposite number' for a free afternoon, when, as I have just described, my pleasant anticipations were shattered at one fell swoop by old Blowhard opening the wardroom door behind me and making the announcement already recorded. I believe, judging by the happy expression the old wretch wore, that he took a malicious pleasure in extinguishing the one bright spot in my otherwise gloomy prospects.

Half-past three is an awful time for a square meal; but the Hova government are evidently not of Sydney Smith's opinion with regard to lunch being 'an insult to one's breakfast, and an injury to one's dinner,' and had fixed upon an hour which heaped insult and injury on every other meal of the day.

There was no shirking it; and half-past two saw us all arrayed in our 'war-paint,' packed in boats, and towed ashore by the steam pinnace. It was a lovely afternoon in the cool season, with a light southerly monsoon blowing, and a regular fleecy trade-wind sky. About twenty minutes' steaming of the sturdy little pinnace brought us to the principal landing-place of the chief town on the west coast of Madagascar.

It was apparently a grand day amongst the inhabitants of Tamatave. A large crowd of those who had nothing better to do had assembled on the strand to see the Admiral and (as the newspapers have it) his numerous and brilliant staff. Those 'who have nothing better to do' seem to form the major part of the population of an African town.

The costume of the natives is simple and inexpensive; not being an artist, I cannot say whether it is picturesque, but I should say it is cool enough. It struck one that the intelligent Malagash had flung himself head-foremost into a grass-cloth pillow-case, and had succeeded in boring his round woolly black head through the closed end of it, and in poking his arms out at the sides.

Comparing, however, their costumes with our heavy blue cloth and gold lace, I was bound to admit that the natives in that respect were really the more civilised race of the two. Standing on the hot sand under a blazing sun, in the same dress we are accustomed to wear in the Channel, made us feel very 'Turkish-bathy,' and possessed of less wisdom than our dusky brethren.

All that was to be seen of the great city from the landing-place was a row of huts, with a wooden building kept as a restaurant by an enterprising Bourbonese. But in front of the row of huts was a sight which the natives thought could not fail to strike even us with awe. It was the guard of honour! The men composing it were drawn up in line facing us, and as the Admiral stepped out of the boat, they went through their performance in grand style. They were a guard representing, I imagine, all the military forces of the island, for they were dressed in every conceivable uniform—cavalry, hussar, artillery, grenadier. Even a marine uniform was in the ranks. They were rigged out in cast-off English uniforms. Trousers seemed to have been issued only as a mark of distinction, for they were not universally worn. I thought it a doubtful benefit, comparing the temperature of Madagascar with that of the country they had been originally meant for. The arms seem to have been provided on the principle on which a boy collects postage-stamps, namely, to get as many different sorts as possible. The most impressive part of the proceeding was the salute. The commanding officer stepped out and yelled his orders in English. (This was perhaps meant as a compliment to the British Admiral, or resulted from the fact that a retired sergeant of our army had been instructor-in-chief to the Madagascar army). 'Silence in the ranks!' he bellowed forth. No talking was going on at the time; if there had been, the order would not have been understood, being given in English; but I suspect, as Jack says, 'It's in their gunnery-book, and they has to say it.' 'Rear rank, take opin ordah!' was next yelled out. There wasn't any rear rank, so I don't know how the commanding officer got this order executed. As there was no appearance of a hitch anywhere, and he made no pause, it was apparently done to his entire satisfaction; and the next moment he sung out, 'Shoddah ums! Present ums!' and the Tower musket, the old flint lock, the chassépôt, the double-barrelled gas-pipe, the German gun, and the rest of the collection, came up to the 'Present' more or less together.

The Admiral returned the salute with an immovable face. He loved a joke, and had as keen an eye for the ludicrous as most people; so the command of his countenance must have cost him an effort.

The scene of our banqueting was some way off, and the governor had provided chairs and the usual team of four bearers for each officer, to convey us from the landing-place. These chairs are simply seats with a back, which are secured to long poles, and a small board slung underneath to rest the feet on. The bearers are fine sturdy fellows; and the distance and pace they go at are simply marvellous, especially

when one considers the simple fare they live on.

Our road lay along the principal street, which runs the whole length of the town. The houses on each side are nearly all one-storied wooden houses, occupied by French residents from Mauritius and Bourbon. They seemed cheerful, clean, and tidy little houses enough. Our mode of progression may be an every-day sight to these good folks; but the sight of an English Admiral and all his officers in full fig carried shoulder-high on apparently nothing but two long poles, struck me as rather comical.

As we approached the entrance to an old and rather dilapidated-looking fort, a coated native dashed past us to turn out the guard stationed by the narrow passage through which we were to enter the courtyard. The guard consisted of one man in the uniform of a dragoon, but without trousers, followed by another with a sword, as officer of the guard. The latter seemed rather put out that his guard was so small, but determined to do his best before the foreigners, and make up for the smallness of the guard by the extra grandeur of his orders. The guard visibly trembled at the sight of us, but the officer was equal to the occasion. 'Silence in the ranks!' he roared out, standing on the right of the sentinel, and putting his mouth about an inch or two from the poor fellow's ear. 'Rear rank, take opin ordah!' he next shrieked out to the unhappy warrior. The sentry stood the yelling in his ear pretty well, and at the third order, 'Shoddah ums!' he threw his old gas-pipe about in capital style. When the salute was over, the order for the other part of him to take close order was given, and the guard dismissed. He looked a happier man, and retired into the kennel which was his guard-house with the air of having done something to deserve well of his country.

We alighted in a courtyard just inside the walls, and a narrow flight of steps brought us into a mud-built room over the fort. It was a very long low room, with few windows. The table was spread for between twenty and thirty guests, and I could not help meditating prospectively on its stuffiness when all should be present. We were received by the governor, who, with a Princess of the blood-royal, did the honours. She was a stout, cheery little body, with curly hair, nearly white, who spoke French perfectly, having, I believe, been educated in France. The Minister for Foreign Affairs of the Hova government had come down from the capital to meet the Admiral, and was also there to receive him.

Madagascar is rather strangely divided into two races—the Hovas and the Sakalavas. The former are recognised by us as the ruling race, and their government is held responsible in all dealings and treaties with our government. The Hovas are not, however, entirely masters of the island, for the Sakalavas hold a great deal of the southern and western parts of it; but they must eventually come under the Hova rule, for the latter, in place of being divided into innumerable tribes, are united under their Queen Ranavalamanjaka, and are certainly making rapid strides in civilisation.

The governor of Tamatave, the judge and

other officials, the principal inhabitants, our consul, a missionary gentleman, and ourselves, completed the party. The Hova gentlemen were dressed in sober black of Parisian fashion of a former date. We were received as if we had been entering a European court, our hosts bowing profusely. A few of the Hova officials could speak a little French; one could even speak a little English as well—he was, I think, the Minister for Foreign Affairs.

The usual introductions being over—a thoroughly British method of shaking hands was adopted—small-talk, and very difficult small-talk, was attempted. English-French and Madagascar-French don't fit in at all well; so, after a few remarks which we neither of us understood, my Hova friend and I dropped into a mutually accommodating plan of 'Oui, oui,' and a smile after each other's stuttering attempts. After some interesting conversation of this description, we took our seats, or rather stood behind them; for, as a sort of preliminary grace, the healths of Queen Victoria and Ranavalamanjaka were proposed. Certainly the good folks in Madagascar are more loyal than we are; there is much greater merit in thinking of one's Queen when hungry before a meal, than after it, when one is usually—that is, if the dinner has been a good one—rather inclined to think well and kindly of all. The toast was received by all with loud applause, though the liqueur in which it was drunk was poured out of a bottle looking suspiciously like 'hair-oil,' and tasted like a mixture of lime-juice and glycerine. The health-drinking over, we settled down to the real business of the day. The governor sat at one end of the table, and the other end was pretty well filled by the fat jovial little Princess—Julie by name.

There was a long pause after the soup, and an uneasy stir was perceptible amongst our hosts. There was an occasional inquiry from the governor, and a message sent off by a slave; but with no satisfactory result. Our laboured attempts at polite and easy conversation made every minute seem an hour, for even 'Oui, oui,' grew a trifle uninteresting, after being repeated a few hundred times. Things must have been looking serious indeed; for in about ten minutes, the governor despatched the Chief-Justice to the kitchen to discover the cause of the delay. He returned from his mission looking very blank, and no ray of hope cheered the heart of the governor. Punishment is severe and summary in Madagascar, and I trembled for the fate of the cook and his staff. Another local swell, a species of Lord Mayor, was next sent posting down to the kitchen, but he returned ere long, having been as unsuccessful as the Chief-Justice. There was a decided hitch somewhere; and I was beginning to congratulate myself on a happy escape, when the fat little Princess jumped off her seat, and accompanied by the Minister for Foreign Affairs, toddled out of the room, no doubt making for the kitchen, to discover the cause of the delay. Either her charms had been irresistible, or the Minister for Foreign Affairs had taken up a very decided 'Stand-no-nonsense' sort of tone with the head of the culinary department, for they returned triumphant in a few minutes. They each headed a column of blacks who streamed into the room after them, bearing huge dishes,

on which lay enormous roast turkeys, geese, ducks, and guinea-fowls. The number of dishes was something stupendous. After the first detachment had deposited their burdens on the table, there was a slight confusion, for there was no room for the second instalment which was being carried in by the next column of slaves. However, by dint of squeezing and shoving, they were all located, and three roast animals per guest were provided by our hospitable entertainers.

Now the battle raged fast and furious. The slaves bustled about, placing the good things before us. The various dishes were, I believe, excellent, all cooked in the French style; but one could not get over a certain nervous feeling about them—an Englishman is so absurdly squeamish about his food. (By the way, I presently discovered that the cause of the delay in the appearance of our second course had been a block in the street between the French restaurant where the dinner was cooked, and the banquet-hall; a most probable occurrence, seeing the crowd of slaves who were employed to bring the viands.)

We were pretty merry in spite of all; and as our remarks could not be understood except by the Minister for Foreign Affairs, who was well away from my part of the table, we managed to indulge in a little innocent chaff. Our harmless prattle was flowing smoothly, when suddenly a crash was heard in the courtyard below, which almost lifted us off our seats, and made us look wildly round the table and at each other, to find out what on earth it could mean. The crash was followed by a braying, drumming, and shrieking, as if three regiments of drums and fifes and about fifty buglers were all practising their several calls at the same time, entirely independent of each other. I wondered if they had designs on bringing the roast turkeys, &c., back to life. When we had recovered from the first shock of the thing, we could trace the faintest suspicion of a tune running through it. One of us, who affected an ear for music, pronounced it to be an attempt at *God Save the Queen*. We loyally stood up. It went on for an unconscionable time; but at length they stopped—I thought for want of wind.

Before starting for this entertainment, the Admiral, who is an awful old wag himself, had told us very solemnly that there was to be no laughing, and that our deportment was to be one of great gravity and decorum. It was a precious severe trial of our discipline in this respect when after a short pause the band set up a more hideous bray than ever, and when, at the end of the performance, we heard him remark very blandly: 'Ah! that's very pretty, very pretty indeed. What is the name of this piece?' To which His Excellency of the Foreign Portfolio replied: 'Him no got proper name; him only Malagash tune.'

The 'Malagash tune,' mercifully varied with a few 'brilliant flashes of silence,' was resumed and continued till the period for the toasting and speechifying arrived. The little Princess left the end of the table—as a sign, I suppose, that the ladies had withdrawn—and took her place next to our consul in a semi-official capacity as interpreter; and most efficiently did she perform that

office. Our consul made the first speech, and, as far as my knowledge of French would allow me to judge, it seemed a particularly good one. He had to pause every now and then, to allow the little Princess to translate what he had been saying into the Hova language. The speechifying being over, that pitiless band again pealed forth its terrible thunder; but as soon as politeness would allow, the Admiral, to our infinite delight, made a move to go. We found our 'four-in-hands' in attendance, stopping the way below. The bearers, no doubt, had been enjoying the dulcet strains of their native music while we were at table.

We were on board again by seven. It had been something entirely new, and something to fill a letter home with; so, though I had missed my duck-shooting, I was not altogether sorry I had gone.

THE SERVANT-GIRL QUESTION.

How to obtain good domestic servants, who will give their services for reasonable periods of time, and so reduce to a minimum the necessity for those repeated changes which disturb the even tenor of our family life, is the perplexing problem which is vexing heart and brain in thousands of households in our country. That it may ere long occupy a foremost place on the list of social questions pressing for solution, is no doubt the devout wish of many a matron who can think and speak feelingly on this subject.

The domestic-servant difficulty has already been dwelt upon in the pages of this *Journal*, and hints touching mutual relations have been suggested to mistress and servant, for the consideration of both. But although satisfactory results may be expected, and do in some instances flow from efforts mutually put forth in the direction indicated, it is still a discouraging fact that they are exceptional in the experience of a considerable number of mistresses. Within the remembrance of many persons now living, it used to be no uncommon event in the life of a servant-girl for her to remain five, ten, and even fifteen years in her situation. It is an event of more frequent occurrence nowadays for a kind-hearted lady, actuated it may be in the first place by motives of charity, but none the less anxious to secure the services of a good servant, to admit some waif or stray into her household, teach her a servant's duties, and after having brought her to a fair degree of efficiency, to have the mortification of seeing her protégée at the expiration of six months quit her service for that of another mistress.

The difficulties which beset the domestic-servant question would seem to call for the application of some extraneous means—some established, organised methods, by means of which we could reach out a friendly hand to our servant-girls, appeal to their self-respect, promote their interests, and hold out to them inducements to exercise zeal and diligence in the discharge of household duties, to aim at excellence and fidelity in the performance of them, and, moreover, to seek to attach themselves with greater constancy to the service of their employers. We have already pointed out that the great want of the present day is some extended organisation by which young girls could

be trained for household duties. Once established and fairly set in working order, such an organisation would, under able management, soon make its influence felt in the Metropolis, and its example be followed in country towns where branch Societies would be established, which might derive certain advantages from affiliative association with the parent organisation. Some modification in the nature of the work done, and in the rules and regulations in force at the latter, might be necessary in the case of branch Societies, the rules and regulations of which should be adapted to meet the special requirements of each district.

Leaving the task of formulating a plan for establishing a Metropolitan organisation to the residents in London, it may not be out of place here to attempt a brief though imperfect sketch of the organisation of a Society such as we hope to see at some future day established throughout the country. We will begin by appointing a managing Committee, composed of ladies and gentlemen, and by laying down the wholesome fundamental principle that our Society shall be self-supporting. Perhaps it is too much to expect that our intentions will be realised directly; but our aim should be to make the Society self-supporting. Our rules and regulations—to be amended and improved, as wisdom and expediency may suggest—might for the present take something like the following shape, namely—

1. Members of the Society to be composed of girls who are candidates for domestic service, and girls who are already in service. Before being admitted as members, girls are to satisfy the Committee that they are honest, sober, and of good moral character—qualities essential to membership. A small entrance fee and annual subscription to be charged. Age of members on entrance, and the amount of fee and subscription, to be determined by the Committee.

2. With the object of promoting habits of providence and thrift, each member shall, on joining the Society, be expected, or even required to become a depositor in a savings-bank, and continue so during membership.

3. One year's unbroken service in her first, or failing that, in her second situation, with a good character from her mistress, shall entitle the member to an official certificate of character. The service to date from membership.

4. Two years' continuous service in her situation, dating from membership, with a good character from her mistress, shall entitle the member to a good-conduct certificate. This certificate to constitute a recommendation to situations where higher wages are given, and to be issued by the Committee.

5. Three years' continuous service in her situation, dating from membership, with a good character from her mistress, shall entitle the member to a first-class certificate of merit, in which may be inserted any special qualifications or recommendations applicable to her case. This certificate to be issued by the parent Society in London, and to constitute a recommendation for superior or first-class situations in the country.

6. Facilities shall be afforded to members in situations to attend at half-price—with the sanction of their mistresses—lectures or enter-

tainments of an instructive and elevating character: a limited number of tickets to be issued from time to time, as the Committee may determine.

7. A Servants' Register shall be kept, in which entries are to be made of the names and ages of (1) members who have not yet been out to service, and are eligible; (2) members who have served one year in a situation; (3) certificated members who have been in service for two years and upwards; (4) members who wish to avail themselves of the instruction and training afforded at the parent Society, with a view to obtaining situations in London; and (5) the names of ladies in the town and neighbourhood requiring servants.

8. Arrangements for interviewing servants to be made on certain days.

9. Registration fees to be charged as determined by the Committee.

It may be urged, and not without reason, that large sums of money, and possibly much labour, would be necessary in order to establish and carry on an organisation of this character. But nothing of this nature is free from trouble and expense; and if these were found to be fruitful of good results, it need hardly be said that the organisers might be considered as amply rewarded.

W O N.

SHE was so young and fair,
I could not choose but love her. At her feet
I laid my heart and life—an offering meet.

And when with sweet assent
She let me kiss her trembling lips divine,
I thought that none could part us—she was mine!

Alas, poor hope! Stern words
From sterner parent came: 'I cannot yield;
Go thou and fight in Life's great battlefield.

'Fresh laurels win. When rings
Our land from east to west with thy great fame,
Come then and ask me may she bear thy name?'

With weary hearts and sad,
Beneath the summer stars we bid good-bye,
And vowed to love, through weal or woe, for aye!

Year after year passed on,
And yet, alas! still flowed the changing sea
Between my heart's desire—my life's one love—and
me.

At last, with willing feet
And glad, I homeward turned. My task was done.
Once more within my arms I held her—won!

White-robed, like angel pure,
She came—my bride—to gladden all my life.
I cried: 'They cannot part us now, sweet wife.'

The joy-bells rung o'erhead,
The birds sung on, as hand in hand we passed
Into a strange sweet life—love-crowned at last.

CARRADORNE.

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NEWSPAPER EDITORS AND THEIR WORK.

NEWSPAPER editors are personages with whom, in the mind of the public at large, there has always been associated a certain degree of mystery. There is no class of men whose work passes so directly and so constantly before the public eye; yet there are few with regard to whose real position and functions more vague, confused, or erroneous notions are entertained, even on the part of persons otherwise well informed. This is no doubt largely due to the anonymity which is preserved in the newspaper press of this country. Readers come to identify the opinions of a particular organ more with the sheet of printed paper, and with its distinctive name and features, than with the individual or individuals by whom it is directed, and of whom, it may be, they know nothing.

The power and influence, with their attendant responsibility, exercised by the editors of our great newspapers, are enormous. Thomas Carlyle once described journalists as the true kings and priests of the nation. The office so described is a most attractive one for young men in search of a career, especially if they be fairly educated, and believe they are imbued with the fire of genius. The commonest mistake of such aspirants to the editorial chair is that they greatly under-estimate the attainments requisite for such a position. They speak of 'taking to journalism,' as if it were a very simple matter, to be accomplished without much personal trouble or inconvenience, and never thinking of the long years of patient work and varied experience which will have to be undergone before they can reach the point they have in view. Journalism is now, and is becoming more so every year, a profession for which a special training is required. There have been instances in which men of brilliant parts and profound erudition have proved signal failures in the editorial chair; while men of inferior education and meaner intellectual powers, but with those indispensable

qualifications—tact, judgment, and experience—have succeeded admirably under the same conditions. It is, therefore, quite erroneous for a young man to suppose that because he has had the advantage of a good education, writes with facility, and has a notion of such work, he can 'take to journalism' and surmount all difficulties, as it were with a pair of seven-league boots.

Some years ago, a young man wrote to an American paper that he wanted to be an editor; and the reply which he received is well worth reproducing here. 'Canst thou,' asked the editor, 'draw up leviathan with an hook thou letest down? Canst thou hook up great ideas from the depths of thine intellect, and clean, scale, and fry them at five minutes' notice? Canst thou write editorials to measure? Canst thou write an editorial to fit in a three-quarter column of the paper, which shall be in length just twenty-two inches, having three inches of fine sentiment, four inches for the beginning, and nine inches of humour in the middle, and an outburst of maxim and precept, six inches long, at the close?'

This will of course be regarded as a bit of facetious exaggeration on the part of the editor, and no doubt it was; but it really reflects certain necessary phases in the work of a journalist. Important intelligence frequently arrives at the newspaper office within a short time of the paper going to press, and if the editor wishes to be up-to-date or ahead of his contemporaries, as most editors do, he must have a leading article on the subject in the same issue as that in which the news appears. There is not a moment to be lost; indeed, there may be scarcely time to perform the mere mechanical operation of writing what has to be said, not to speak of hunting about for an idea, an appropriate quotation, or a choice form of expression. These must all, in the language of the American editor, be hooked up, cleaned, scaled, and fried without delay.

Most leading newspapers have one or more political articles in each issue, and these, while parliament is sitting, often deal with the previous night's proceedings in the House of Commons. It

frequently happens, however, that the Cabinet minister whose speech is to be commented upon does not rise till the night is far advanced, or it may be that the division which is to determine the whole drift and tone of the article does not take place till one or two in the morning. In the former case, the speech has to be reported, transcribed from shorthand into longhand, and despatched to the various newspaper offices—by telegraph, of course, in the case of provincial papers—the respective editors meanwhile fretting and fuming over the delay which is keeping back from them the material upon which their principal leader is to be based. In such emergencies, an experienced journalist may construct a considerable portion of his leader by anticipation. To use a slang expression, he 'knows the ropes.' He is familiar with the subject, can form a pretty shrewd idea of what the minister is likely to say, may even have had some private hint on the question from official quarters; and leaving to the last his more particular references to the speech of the evening, successfully accomplishes his task. This, however, is a kind of sharp practice which cannot always be indulged in with safety or convenience.

Some editors who possess great facility in composition, employ a shorthand amanuensis, to whom they dictate their leading articles and reviews. In an emergency such as that we have described, or on any occasion when time presses, the editor would dictate to his amanuensis a portion of his leader, writing the remainder himself while the first half was being transcribed from shorthand into printer's 'copy.' The editor's work is not, of course, always done at this high pressure, which would soon wear out the mental and bodily powers of any man. Nor is the ability to turn out good work thus rapidly all that is required of the successful journalist. Upon the editor of a large daily paper devolves the direction and oversight of a complex system, which, properly conducted, produces what may justly be described as one of the marvels of the nineteenth century, but which, if badly or injudiciously managed, would soon involve its promoters in financial ruin.

Of some of the difficulties against which the editor has to contend, none but practical newspaper-men have any conception. Take, for example, the question of space. It is a common fallacy among the general public that it must be a very difficult matter to find news to fill each day's paper. So far from this being the case, the ingenuity of editors and sub-editors is continually on the stretch to find space for even a selection of the most important news at their disposal. In the office of a leading daily newspaper, there is often more matter thrown into the waste-basket, or struck out of manuscripts, than would suffice to fill the paper; while interesting telegrams, for which not only the Post-office, but the correspondents who have sent

them, will have to be paid, are consigned to the same receptacle almost every night, simply because it is impossible to find a corner for them. The calculations of the editor, moreover, are liable to be upset in a hundred different ways. Some great crisis, storm, crime, or disaster occurs, or an important debate suddenly arises in parliament, or some great man dies, or there is an extraordinary and unexpected influx of advertisements—perhaps a combination of these—and all the arrangements of the office are correspondingly disturbed.

An entirely different set of difficulties and dangers beset the editor from without, and to meet these, no little tact and discernment, as well as an extensive knowledge of men and things, are necessary. The acquaintance, or at all events, the favour of a man in whom so much power is vested, is naturally courted by public and official personages in almost every order of social and political life; and not by these alone, but by a still larger constituency of busy-bodies and adventurers—place-hunters, men with hobbies, men with inventions, philanthropists, reformers, literary and poetic aspirants; men indeed—and women sometimes as well—of every class, whose purposes and interests can be promoted in any way by 'favourable mention' in the paper. Only a small proportion of these appeals elicit any favourable response on the part of the judicious editor, who knows that he must exercise the utmost vigilance to escape the snares which are laid for him by those self-seekers.

Though these competitors for favour are a great bore to the editor, their anxiety to stand well with him is occasionally the means of his procuring valuable information which he could not otherwise obtain. It is to them he is often indebted for communications as to the proceedings of private meetings and 'close' corporations. It is owing to their propitiatory offerings that he is now and then enabled to burst a bomb-shell in the camp of his political opponents, by disclosing their secret machinations, and explaining all the details of their little schemes. It is through them that he is sometimes enabled to expose, to the derision of an amused and edified public, the intrigues of official and municipal life.

But what kind of people are editors personally, when the mysterious curtain which hides them from the public gaze has been drawn aside? The question is one to which no specific answer can be given, for a more heterogeneous class of men does not exist anywhere. The diversity observable in the newspapers which issue from the press daily, weekly, or otherwise, is nothing to that which exists among those who direct them. If all the editors of newspapers published, say, in the English language were brought together in one vast assemblage, they would form a curious gathering, not the least remarkable feature of which would be its heterogeneous composition.

In such an assemblage, it would be interesting to pick out the comparatively few who may be regarded as having reached the very top of their profession, who conduct the most powerful organs of public opinion, who enjoy the confidence and friendship of the greatest statesmen

of the day, and who move in the highest literary and artistic circles. After them, we might perhaps be able to recognise a few of the more notable among a much larger number, who, though stars of lesser magnitude as compared with those in the first rank, enjoy a very considerable share of honourable distinction, and who, both personally and professionally, exercise an influence which is neither dubious nor circumscribed. We should then have to contemplate the most numerous class of all, who may be described as the rank and file of our great editorial army, composed of men who, though perhaps but little known or recognised beyond their own particular sphere, are doing good and admirable work, and who, only within a more limited radius and in more localised affairs, exercise an influence little less than that of their more distinguished brethren.

Last of all, we should be curiously interested in a considerable number who, hanging on, as it were, to the outskirts of the concourse, may be said to belong to a somewhat nondescript class, each section of which is made up of men of the most opposite views, acquirements, and methods, carrying on their operations under the most diverse conditions. Yet there is this most interesting feature to be noticed, that though in each of these various sections we find men who have reached the limit of their possibilities, and some who have at one time held higher rank in their profession than it is now their lot to fill, there are at the same time to be found in each, even the lowest grade, men who may yet aspire to the highest, and in the highest, men who have risen from the lowest. This is no doubt true of almost every profession; but the fact has this peculiar significance in regard to journalistic work, that steady and sustained promotion can never be the outcome of anything apart from genuine worth and efficiency.

There is no profession in which a man stands more supremely on his merits than in that of journalism. In many others, promotion is more a question of influence, of good fortune, or of time, than of actual working capacity. In journalism, influence goes for little or nothing, unless there be on the part of the aspirant real efficiency to perform the work that has to be done. There never was greater competition in the press than there is at the present day, and that competition is more likely to become keener than to diminish. It is becoming more and more a question of the survival of the fittest, and special eminence is ever more difficult to attain. The incompetent and inexperienced, therefore, must inevitably go to the wall.

We have said that there are men now occupying the highest ranks of the journalistic profession who have risen from the lowest. As illustrating the various stages of such promotion, it may not be out of place to mention a case in point. We could name the editor of one of the most powerful daily newspapers published in the United Kingdom who began life as a lad on the bottom-most round of the ladder—in the printing office; who, by his own unaided industry and perseverance, entered, through various stages of preferment, upon the work of reporting, and passed from one grade to another in that department, till, after a wide experience of provincial and general work, he reached what is in many respects the most im-

portant sphere in which that arduous calling is exercised—that of parliamentary reporting; and who, throughout an extended experience in the Gallery of the House of Commons, acquired a knowledge of political affairs, of the relations of parties and of statesmen, and of the intricacies of parliamentary procedure, which must have proved invaluable to him in the subsequent periods of his career. The remaining stages of sub-editorial and editorial work were duly passed through, and his present position attained. The majority of our most successful journalists are self-made men.

The press is every year becoming a greater power in the land; it is already one of the greatest 'resources of civilisation,' and we might as soon try to get along without steam, or railways, or the post-office, as without our newspapers. If we are to have newspapers, we must have editors to direct them, and the editors must march with or in advance of the times. There is therefore good reason to hope that better things are in store for the coming generations of journalists than there have been for those that are gone, and that on the newspaper press the best talent, the maturest judgment, and the most cultivated taste will yet find congenial and appropriate work.

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—AND NOW HE BEGAN TO KNOW HOW FUTILE HIS DISHONESTY WOULD HAVE BEEN EVEN HAD HE SUCCEEDED.

OVER London a dull gray sky, obscuring the last sun that shines this month of May. Over Lumby Hall a leaden sky that weeps and weeps; and round about it, a maudlin wind that moans. In London City, beneath that dull gray sky, the great House of Lumby and Lumby once more flourishes, and lifts a head the prouder for defeated shame. In Lumby Hall there are hearts that beat in answer to the City triumph, and throb with sweeter and more human joys; for in Lumby Hall there is this great joy, that the master of the house, long stunned by terrible calamity, is beginning to know the forms and faces round him and to remember names.

You who are old, and have lived your lives, and bred your children to usefulness and honour, do you remember any happier times than those when your children began to know you, and to reach out chubby arms for you, and to make lingual stumbles over 'father' or 'mother'? None sweeter, I dare answer for you. Yet in this house was a still deeper and more sacred joy; for the head of it was coming out of a dreadful dream of childhood, that had been renewed too early; the brain that once had concocted great schemes, was again active; the weak heart that had led large enterprises, was once more beginning to pulsate aright. He was coming back slowly to conscious life, and would by-and-by hear glad tidings—as though some mariner who had suffered utter shipwreck should wake to find his good craft whole again, and the drowned comrade's hand holding his with the grasp of friendship.

Wailing wind and clouded sky around and over Lumby Hall; and such gay and tender

hearts within it. Low-lying skies above the great refurbished house of Lumby and Lumby in the City. Strike fast, free wings, and bear us on. The British Channel gray and misty; the coast of France with a glint of sunlight on it; the fields of France bright with broad sunshine, and many a cornfield waving in the wind. On southward and westward, till we pass the awful hills, and hover beneath a blazing sun and in the burning summer air of Spain. And southward now to Cadiz, where we drop, swooping downward with sure flight to strike our fancied quarry—Garling!

Garling on the shady side of a narrow street, walking with bent head and hands behind him as of old, looking an incarnate secret here, as in London City half a year ago—Garling self-banished, with all his wicked schemes foiled and broken, and his heart broken with his schemes—Garling among his ghosts again.

'Do you love me well enough to trust me?'

'I have no words to tell you how I love you.'

Then a chamber with a dying woman in it, and a cheap clock hurrying on the time and stumbling in its haste to get the horror over. Then a dream-journey by cab and rail and sea. Then a real journey by cab renewing the dream-journey; a railway station filled with hurrying crowds, faces showing here and there in the gas-light, and lost here and there in the gloom; a platform almost deserted; a green light turning a sudden eye upon it; a lamp swinging; a whistle sounding; a hand upon his arm, and a heart which seems for a second as though it ceased to beat. His own. If it would but cease to beat! If it would but cease!

Lost—all lost. The game played quite in vain. Familiar voices in the street laugh at the lost gamester—familiar faces smile derisively. He hears the voices—'When did ever villainy thrive? There is a fate in these things.' He reads the meaning of the smile. 'We were fools enough to believe this shallow fellow a financial genius.' Is it bitter? Is wormwood bitter? He would rather live on wormwood than face that smile. And it mocks him always, awake and in his dreams, and there is no escape from it.

A night at sea, with a moon struggling to pierce a bank of clouds; the sea crying with waste voices. The game played out, and played in vain. A figure on the deck of a ship which floats a black hulk on the waste gray heaving waters—a figure with bent head and hands folded behind him, ghost-tormented. Garling, in this lonely narrow Cadiz street, walks with bent head and hands folded behind him, and knows that figure on the ship's deck and knows the ghosts that haunt him. He knows the figure, flying with false passport for the swindler's refuge, Spain. 'EDWIN MARTIAL, aged 49, height 5 ft. 6 in., complexion sallow;' and so on, and so on. He has that phantom's passport in his pocket. He sees the gray ghost landing at the quay; he sees him taking lodgings, walking the streets of Cadiz day by day, eating his phantom heart out as he goes. Then in fancy the ghost shoulders him, and as it were melts into him, and he and the ghost are one. He and the ghost walk on together to a café in a by-street, and go in together.

Years before, when the cashier first meditated on his crime, he had begun to qualify himself for a residence in Spain. There is but little pleasure to be got in any foreign country if you are a resident there, cut off from communion with your own countrymen, unless you know the language spoken by the people round about you. Garling was not a common villain, and had set to work, having once made up his mind to flee to Spain, to learn Spanish. It is not a difficult language; and though he spoke it like a stranger, he learned to read and write it as glibly and correctly as his mother-tongue. But though he was not a common villain, and though his majestic plot had been wrecked by chance, and not by any fault inherent in it, he had fallen into the one curious blunder of fancying that perpetual leisure would bring with it unrestricted pleasures. Well, he had got perpetual leisure, and it was gall. The bare fact that he was without employment crushed him. He had lived plainly, though to his very heart a gourmet, promising himself the pleasures of the table. He was not so poor even now, with the honest savings of his lifetime, that he could not command those pleasures, and he had no joy in them. He had loved good wine, and though holding himself back from it, had lusted after it. It had lost its flavour and its sparkle. It did but upset his Spartan stomach and make his head ache. He had lived for the World and the Flesh, and he was here surrendered to the Devil; and the world was empty and ashen and gray; the joys of the world were years and years behind him.

And now he began to know how futile his dishonesty would have been even had he succeeded, and he groaned inwardly many a time, and acknowledged the truth of that base but salutary proverb which says that honesty is the best policy. He began to feel the proverb base as well as true, for a plain reason. It is but a poor reason to be honest—that it pays. Honesty has a better plea than that. It is honest, whether it be a good policy or not. And so this able scoundrel—this swindler of genius—was crushed before the last blow fell upon him. And here and now the last blow was to fall.

Spain is not an advanced country, and has done her best or her worst to sweep the tide of human progress back from her shores. Spain is the staunch old uncompromising Tory among nations. Yet even Spain could not shut out that glorified and beatified Paul Pry we name 'the press.' She could fetter Paul. But for once in a way he brought the truth home, and struck it deep to the heart of a remorseful, but not yet repentant, villain; for Garling took up from the marble-topped sloppy little table in his café a Spanish journal, and therein read this narrative. Paul had garbled the story a little, as you will see, but he was right in the main.

'A singular romance has just transacted itself in London. The last chapter of this romance reserved itself for Madrid, and is therefore of especial interest for our readers. The great company of Lombardo Brothers, who probably take their name from Lombardo Street, the great

banking quarter of England, was lately compelled to suspend payment. For more than twenty years the affairs of the Company were conducted by One Garling. The name and the persistent character of the criminal alike point to Scandinavia as his birthplace. One Garling was a gentleman of the loftiest repute, and was chancellor of the City Exchequer. He was completely trusted by the Company and was believed to conduct their affairs with unequalled skill and probity; but in reality he was a criminal of daring genius. During the whole of the time for which he was intrusted with the conduct of affairs, he was engaged in the elaboration of a scheme for the ruin of his employers, a plot to which he appears to have been stimulated by a hatred of the City institutions. The result of defalcations spread over a long series of years, amounting to twenty-five millions of reals, was deposited at Madrid, and One Garling himself escaped to this country. It now transpires, however, from the statement of the English journals, that he was detected before his flight and compelled to sign a confession of his misdeeds, by Sir Lombaro, the head of the City Company. Sir Lombaro also succeeded in extorting from One Garling a complete restitution of the stolen moneys. But now begins the romance of the story. Sir Lombaro, who is presumably old and frail, was so affected by the emotion of the time, that he lost his reason, and having mislaid the drafts, he allowed the City Company to become ruined.

Garling dropped the paper on the little marbled table, and stared before him with a ghastly face. He saw already that he had a second time missed his prize. He took up the paper and read on.

'The establishment was therefore declared bankrupt, and its properties were seized by the law officers. The books containing the accounts of the association were sold for waste-paper; and in one of them, the confession of One Garling, and the drafts made by him upon the Spanish Bank at Madrid, were miraculously discovered. Application was immediately made to the Madrid authorities, and it was discovered that in spite of all his cunning, Mr One Garling had allowed the money to rest in their hands. It was therefore withdrawn by the authority of the miraculously-recovered drafts, and the City Company is thus re-established. It is seldom'—And the Spanish Paul glided from history to morality, and preached the natural sermon.

Garling read on steadfastly to the end. With that marvellous fatuity which attends and produces crime not yet crushed out of him, his spirit writhed in incredible bitterness under this final misfortune. Since his flight, he had never until now taken up a newspaper. He had supposed that as a matter of course the merchant had communicated with the Madrid Bankers long before he himself had set a foot in Spain, and now he found that the money had been still lying at his call until within a few days ago. He had told himself a thousand times since his exile from England, that money was valueless to him. He had discovered beyond any chance of denial that the time for such enjoyments as he had promised himself had gone by—that his appetites were effete, that the life he had led in London had

so moulded him that his leisure was an agony, and his heaping up of money the foolishness of all possible blunders. And yet he writhed in spirit at what he read. He was Fate's fool, it seemed, he who had thought himself so cunning. Cunning? The man's belief in himself crumbled. Where were the fertility of resource, the unshaken constancy to self which he had boasted all these years?

He felt a singular curiosity to know how long a time had elapsed between the loss and the recovery of the drafts. He sat for an hour, thrumming on the table, with bent head, seeing nothing that went on about him, and scarcely thinking. Nobody to look at him would have supposed that any very dreadful trouble weighed upon him. Trained so long to impassivity, his face kept a fair copy of its usual expression, and he passed for an idle gentleman whiling away the time in mere reverie. But the curiosity he felt drew him to the Spanish Paul. He paid for his coffee, inquired his way to the office of the journal in which he had read the news, and in due time reached it. Señor Parria, a courteous-mannered gentleman, received him. Garling explained his mission. He was Mr Edwin Martial, an Englishman, having business in Cadiz, and for the present residing there. He had had transactions with the great House, and had known Mr Garling. Perhaps his curiosity as to the authenticity of the story might be pardoned. Assuredly, replied the swarthy Señor. The facts as related had appeared in a journal published in the Spanish capital. Since then, the English mail, by some cause delayed a day, had brought the English journals to Cadiz. The swarthy Señor regretted that he himself did not read English, but—would the inquirer care to search the papers, and if need be, go back on the foreign file and discover any reference to the story? Mr Edwin Martial was obliged. He declined the cigarette proffered by the courteous editor; he sat down with his hat on the floor beside him, and looked through the file of a London daily preserved for the past three months. There he made out the whole of the story. He saw himself denounced in a slashing leader as the Prince of Modern Swindlers. The lash of the virtuous leader-writer's indignation fell harmlessly upon him. The eulogy of his artifice brought him no comfort. He saw of course through all the guesses the virtuous leader-writer made, and passed on calmly to search for the next article. For two or three days he made a figure in the world's news, and then he dropped out of it for five or six weeks. Then he came back again with a burst, and for another day or two he made the most interesting item in journalistic intelligence. The leader-writer was at him again, and rejoicingly denounced him as the Prince of Modern Dullards. He brought his leader to its proper length by an affecting eulogium upon the virtue of honesty, and the paying properties of that attribute; and he pictured with considerable pathos, the restoration of British Mercantile Honour to its old place in the confidence of the trading communities of the world.

Garling read everything he could find, and the courteous editor cast an eye upon him now and again, and never made the remotest guess as to his identity. It was natural enough that any British mercantile person should be interested

they are conical in shape, much sharper than the canines of a dog or cat. When a fish is caught, the otter immediately transfixes it through the head with his sharp canines, the action of which is such that the fish is held by them as in a rabbit-trap, and cannot escape. The otter holds the fish for some little time between the canines before he begins to eat, waiting till it is quite dead and quiet. In eating, he never uses his canines at all, but bites at the fish with the side of the mouth only. The molars and premolars are also very sharp, but capable of crushing any substance into very small bits.

While engaged upon the Herring Commission Inquiry, Mr Buckland made a voyage to the north in H.M.S. *Jackal*, and he gives a graphic description of his experiences while visiting Orkney and Shetland, together with Fair Island. The last-named island seems to be a general rendezvous for many of the sea-fowl which migrate to and from the far north. 'The common and Black-backed gull and the Kittiwake are here the whole year, but are much more numerous during the breeding season than at any other time. The eider-duck, the guillemot, the puffin, and sheldrake come about the middle of April, and remain till October. The puffin and guillemot seem by general consent to have fixed on the 12th of August as the day of their departure. Thousands may be seen a day or two before that date, but only a few solitary birds after it. The black guillemot remains here the whole year. The gannet and fulmar come after the breeding season. The stormy petrels breed here; but though their young are frequently seen, the nests are rarely if ever found. Swans and many different kinds of geese visit the island yearly for a few days in spring and the beginning of winter. Both kinds of cormorants are found here the whole year round; they often drift ashore in considerable numbers, dead or very much weather-beaten, during long-continued storms.'

Frank Buckland was great at shows, and seldom lost an opportunity of visiting them. Being in Yarmouth on business, 'of course,' he says, 'I went to the shows, where the best thing by far was the Hairless Horse. Yes, he was perfectly hairless, as bald as a billiard ball. His hair had not been shaved; he had never had any. Some part of the skin was white, the rest black: the white was very white, like the skin of a sucking-pig; the black was the black of the edible Chinese dog, also called the "India-rubber dog." There was also on view a "Living Skeleton"—certainly a skeleton something awful to look at. He was said to be thirty-four; he might have been any age. He was awfully thin. His wrist would pass through a gauge of one inch and one-eighth. I asked the skeleton what he lived on. He said: "Rump-steaks and porter." Anyhow, he certainly did not grow fat on it. I went also to see a "Petrified Mummy," about which the showman of course had a long yarn to tell. This was an old friend that I am continually coming across at penny shows—namely, the "Abogine." The history of the "Abogine" is as follows: He is a dried Australian native, thrown in as a bargain with some spears, shells, &c., in a lot, and bought by a dealer. The shells, &c., were sold,

but not the dried Australian, and the dealer got quite tired of his bargain. At last he called him an "Abogine," and chopped him to some penny showman for some monkeys. The poor "Abogine" does not get on; showmen can't make money out of him. The "Abogine" of course means "aboriginal native," only the word has been a little twisted.'

In a chapter on the London Birdcatchers, Mr Buckland gives a number of interesting particulars relating to the notes of various songsters. Thus, his friend 'Mr Davy's call-bird goldfinch was a very good one, and Mr Davy put his song into words. By listening attentively, I could make out that the goldfinch did really say the following words. There are two songs of the goldfinch; one is—

Sippat-sippat-slam-slam-slam-siwiddy.

The other is—

Sippat-widdle-widdle-slam-siwiddy-kurr-hurotle-chay.

Goldfinches are now becoming very scarce, because the cultivation of land is exterminating the thistles. At the end of the year, the birds lie up in quiet feeding-places, and remain there as long as the food lasts; they will not be seen on flight again until April.

'The song of the wild linnet is thus written by Mr Davy:

Hepe, hepe, hepe, hepe,
Tollaky, tollaky, quakey, wheet,
Heep, pipe, chow,
Heep, tollaky, quakey, wheet,
Lug, orcher, wheet.

'The toy linnet is a bird that has been taught to sing by the titlark, woodlark, or yellow-hammer; they are educated at an immense amount of trouble. The linnet is taught "in-and-in," "in-and-in;" that is, by constant repetition; and only a very few take the perfect song. The song begins thus:

Pu poy, tollick, tollick, eky quak,
E wheet, tollick, cha eyk, quake, wheet.

This is one stave of the song. Then follow in due order the following staves:

Phillip, cha eke, quake, wheet.
Call up, cha eke, quake, wheet.
Tollick, eke, quake, chow.
Eke, eke, eke, quak chow.
Cluck cluck, chay, ter wheet tollick, eke quake,
wheet.
Echup, echup, pipe chow.
Ah, ah, ah! J-o-e.
Eke quake, chow rattle.
Tuck, tuck, wizzy ter wheet;
Tolliky, quake wheet.

This is the finish of the toy linnet song. When the above song is put together by a properly trained bird, it is just like a flute.

'To get these birds to take the song, they must be taken from the nest very young, before they get the call of the parent-birds.

'Perfect toy linnets are worth almost any sum of money; fifteen to twenty pounds would be given readily for a thoroughly good one. Broken song-birds are only worth thirty to fifty shillings each. A broken song-bird will not make his stops in the song as given above; he will run one stave into the other. Good toy linnets are very scarce, and their trainers are getting old and dying off.'

In 1878, the new lion-house at the Zoological Gardens was built, space being left for large outdoor playgrounds for the animals. The transfer of these large carnivora from their old dwelling required great care and a thorough knowledge of the habits of the animals, more especially as they are extremely suspicious, and very frightened at anything having the appearance of a trap. Formerly, the animals were made to move from one den to another by setting fire to some straw, and thus starting them; but in this instance Mr Bartlett preferred to employ stratagem rather than force, and had a strong box constructed called a 'shifting-den,' which was placed opposite the door of the cage. A tempting bit of meat placed between the bars at the far end of the box, eventually induced one of the animals to enter, when an attendant pulled a cord, and the slide fell down, thus making him a prisoner. In this way all the animals were transferred without much trouble to the new house. Singular to say, it was found more difficult to trap those which had been born in menageries and lived all their lives in confinement, than others which had come to the Gardens after being in a wild state. The difficulty of transferring the animals from the indoor dens to the playground was overcome by constructing an iron box, both ends of which could open or shut at will. This box was placed upon wheels, and by means of a tramway, shifted along the wide passage which runs between the dens and the playground, allowing communication between any two of the doors as required.

The carnivora were released for the first time in June 1879, when it was found how well the tunnel plan had answered. The tigers having ascertained that the door at the back of the den was wide open, and apparently communicated with the open air, naturally took advantage of what they thought to be a sure means of escape. The first tiger that went through the tunnel belonged to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. 'This tiger was a cautious gentleman. He approached the tunnel with the greatest caution, testing its stability with his huge paw at every step. The spectacle of the four tigers coming out into the open was really grand. First, there appeared the head of a tiger; he surveyed everything outside for a minute, and then cautiously came out, creeping along cat-like, without the least noise. It was indeed a beautiful sight to see these lovely gigantic cats, the four tigers, gradually emerge one by one into their new, large, open playground. By a little imagination, one might easily fancy that the scene was situated in the middle of India, and that the tigers were coming out from their fastnesses to seek their food.

'When they arrived at the open, it was very beautiful to watch them crouch down, making themselves appear as small as possible. Finding nothing to hurt or alarm them, they curiously examined the trunks of the trees and rockwork placed there for their especial benefit. They trusted to their sense of smell and touch for objects near them, and to their sense of sight for objects distant from them. When the four tigers were loose in their playground, and the door closed behind them, they at once began to play, and very beautiful were their movements as they ran after each other, tumbled, and gambled like young kittens, their coats looking like

satin in the warm sun. All of a sudden, a new and, to them, a most interesting object made its appearance. This was a young and very white zebu calf of a few days old, which came out of its shed in full sight of the cage only a few yards off. The moment the Prince's big tiger saw it, he crouched to the ground, and remained stationary, watching the innocent-looking baby zebu. He was all fixed and statuelike, perfectly motionless except the very tip of his tail, about two inches of which kept jerking from side to side, signifying great anxiety, expectation, and readiness for immediate action. Presently the other three tigers perceived that their comrade had seen something. They also instantly assumed various attitudes of contemplated attack, indicating their intense desire to kill this young zebu calf and eat him. This group of four magnificent tigers, all intent upon one and the same object, was grand in the extreme. It was also very interesting to observe that the mother of the young zebu seemed to know instinctively that her calf was in danger, as she appeared to warn it in her own peculiar way. I left the four tigers still looking at the zebu calf, when we adjourned to watch the lions come out into their playground at the other end of the four large iron cages.'

In a paper upon singular accidents to animals, which had come under the author's observation, the most curious is that which occurred to a stag in Windsor Forest. The forefoot of the animal having become fixed in the fork of a tree, possibly while he was searching for food among the lower branches, he was unable to extricate himself; and the limb breaking, he had fallen upon his back, and probably died slowly of hunger.

The efforts of Lord Bute to acclimatise the beaver in the west of Scotland, which have now met with success, are touched upon by the author, who narrates several interesting anecdotes of this most industrious little animal which he noted while upon a visit to Mount Stuart House; a notice of which appeared in our columns several years ago.

Mr Buckland in the course of his book has some amusing notes on the sea-serpent, together with observations on the habits of the manatee, and a valuable chapter on the structure of whales. In speaking of the *Beluga* or white whale, an example of which was lately at the Westminster Aquarium, the author mentions some curious facts in connection with the breathing functions of these immense creatures. After explaining how seals and other lung-breathing animals have the power of remaining under water, he says: 'In the whale we find altogether a different kind of self-acting breathing-valve. The wind-pipe does not communicate with the mouth; a hole is, as it were, bored right through the back of the head. Engineers would do well to copy the action of the valve of the whale's blow-hole; a more perfect piece of structure it is impossible to imagine. Day and night, asleep or awake, the whale works his breathing apparatus in such a manner that not a drop of water ever gets down into the lungs. Again, the whale must of necessity stay a much longer period of time under water than seals; this alone might possibly drown him, inasmuch as the lungs cannot have access to fresh air. We find that this difficulty has been anticipated and obviated by a peculiar reservoir in

the venous system, which reservoir is situated at the back of the lungs.'

We will not draw further upon the many interesting topics which Mr Buckland places before his readers, but would recommend the book itself, not only to all lovers of nature, but to the general reader as well.

THE CLIFFORD DIAMONDS.

CHAPTER II.—WHAT WE SAW OF THEM.

WE were not a very pleasant party at breakfast at the Mills House next morning. Uncle's brows were knit. My brother Tom could not conceal his disgust at young Clifford's conduct; and I felt miserable when I thought of Naomi. Yet I had one crumb of comfort—the preference might be all on one side. I had never seen anything in my sister's demeanour to warrant the supposition that her affections were engaged; and then, how could she help a young man's fancy for her? I had just reasoned myself into a quiet frame of mind about her, when uncle announced that he was going to Grange, and that he must have a few minutes' conversation with Clifford. I thought Arthur followed uncle with a very bad grace; and I was not surprised to see the two men issue from the library with set, angry faces.

Surely never was there so slow and weary a morning. The gardens were a good way off, beyond the great mills. I did not care to go there, lest uncle should suddenly return and require me; I could not talk to Arthur Clifford; and I had not the heart to play the piano. As a last resource, I took down a volume of Ruskin, and forgot my worries.

'Olive, I've brought you your letters.' Naomi was standing at my side, with half-a-dozen letters in her hand, looking uncommonly well and bright. 'I've got such a jolly letter from Uncle Hugh,' she went on. 'There is to be a delightful fancy ball in Liverpool next month. He wants us to go as "Night and Morning"—Ruth in very dark blue and silver; and I in pale blue and gold. He says he'll give us our frocks if papa only will let us go.'

'And what does papa say?' I inquired, well pleased that her mind was full of such thoughts.

'Oh, he said he'd think of it; which is, being interpreted, we'll go.'

'Now, Naomi!' I cried, lifting a warning finger. 'Oh, you dear old tabby, I don't mean anything profane, only—Arthur Clifford!' She drew back, looking so white and startled, that I felt startled too.

He came gaily forward, a bright smile on his handsome face, a proud light in his full dark eyes. 'Yes, my dearest girl; just Arthur Clifford, and no one else. Are you not glad to see me?' He extended both his hands and caught hers. 'Have I startled you out of even a word of welcome, Naomi?' he asked.

She recovered herself in a moment. 'Yes,' she said; 'I am surprised. I did not think you would have come so unexpectedly.'

'How could I tell any one I was coming, when I did not know it myself until ten minutes before I left London?' he said.

'And what brought you home?' she asked, gently disengaging her hands.

He made a grimace.

'I suppose you have been going a little too far with one of your numerous flirtations?' Naomi remarked, very coolly.

'Now, I call that horribly unkind of you, Naomi,' exclaimed Clifford in an angry tone. 'I've never had a single flirtation since you told me that you'—

She lifted her hand ever so slightly; but I saw the gesture, and drew my own conclusions. I felt grieved to the soul. These two had been carrying on an underhand courtship.

'I am shocked—shocked and surprised, Naomi,' I said; and like a goose, I began to cry.

She put her arm around me. 'Don't cry, Olive, pet. Really, there's nothing to cry about. It's half fun.—Now, isn't it, Arthur?'

'O yes—only fun altogether,' he answered with a laugh.

But what they said to comfort me, only made my pain the keener. I restrained my tears, however; and seeing there was no help for it, I endeavoured to wrest a promise from Clifford that he would confide in uncle. I talked myself almost hoarse before I could get a reluctant half-promise from him to that effect; and then I partly coaxed, partly ordered, Naomi to return to Uplands. Arthur would have insisted upon accompanying her across the lawn, had not uncle's burly form appeared in the avenue.

I was leaving the room as uncle entered, with a look on his face such as I had never seen before. 'Stay!' he said, in a voice which made me shake.

I returned to the chair I had left a moment before. Uncle closed the door, and walked to the fire without a word. Clifford watched him with varying colour and flickering eyes. Through the profound stillness of the room, I could hear the slow tick-tock of the clock and the hum of the adjacent mill. My heart began to beat heavily as I looked at the two men.

At last Clifford spoke. 'Well, sir, you have seen my father?' he asked.

'Yes.' Uncle's voice was harsher than I could have believed.

'Am I to go to Grange?' the young man said.

'No. Sir Arthur will never see your face again.'

It was I, and not the young man, who cried out in horror at uncle's words. What Clifford said was: 'Never's a long day.' And I thought there was most unseemly lightness in both tone and words.

'You have broken his heart,' uncle answered sternly; 'and for my part, I will never touch your hand in friendship again. Arthur Clifford, I'd rather have followed your father's eldest son to his grave, than stand here to-day knowing what I know of you.'

Clifford's face grew livid, his eyes seemed to contract into two fiery points, and his mouth worked convulsively. 'I suppose you know the whole affair now?' he said recklessly, turning on his heel.

'I do,' uncle said. 'The bill to which you put your father's name, unauthorised by him, was not for three hundred pounds, but for three thousand.'

'That's the whole business,' Clifford said; 'and all the rascally Jew gave me was two thousand, and some rubbish of pictures.'

'And for this you have spoilt your life, ruined your prospects, and broken your father's heart.'

'O sir, it's not so bad as all that.'

'Quite as bad. In your father's name, I have telegraphed to Lord Learmount, asking him for leave of absence for you—as your father's old friend, he will not refuse it—and then, you must flee the country.'

'Flee the country?' he cried amazed.

'Yes,' said uncle sternly; 'or remain here to be arrested as a felon—a forger.'

He winced at that. His teeth clenched so sharply on his under lip that the blood sprang, and his hand clutched the back of a chair fiercely.

'And where can I go, sir?' he asked hoarsely.

'To Liverpool—to my brother Hugh. He will put you on board his ship, *The Twin Sisters*. She sails for Brazil to-morrow. I have settled all with your father.' Uncle spoke in short sharp gasps, as if prolonged sentences were beyond his reach.

Clifford made two or three paces up and down the floor. 'I cannot go. I have no kit, no money,' he said.

'Hugh will supply anything you require for your journey. You shall have one hundred pounds lodged in the hands of our man of business at Rio; and—well, the same sum paid to your credit twice a year, so long as you remain away.'

Clifford gave a bitter laugh. 'When do I start on my swim?' he asked.

I never saw such a look as uncle darted at him. It made me tremble. 'You leave this house to-night at seven o'clock. I will go with you to Liverpool, and see you off in the ship.'

Two days after, uncle returned, and Arthur Clifford was on his way to Brazil.

Well, there was no scandal. The man in whose hands the bill was, lost nothing; he got his three thousand pounds, and a little over, to hold his tongue. No one ever knew the magnitude of the young man's crime save Uncle Tom, Sir Arthur, and myself; for Lady Clifford thought, with the rest of the world, that he had got into a scrape, as young men will, and that in a boyish freak he had run off to see the world; and that he would come back a steadier and a wiser man. I dreaded meeting Naomi, however. How was I to tell her what manner of man this was to whom she had pledged her faith? And yet, when we met, I felt deeply amazed at her gay and careless demeanour. The fancy ball, her beautiful dress, and the enjoyment she was to have at Uncle Hugh's, seemed to occupy her mind, to the exclusion of everything else. And yet, my mind misgave me.

To me she never alluded to the secret I had discovered, and the subject was too keenly painful for me to open it to her; and so a month went by, and the day of the great ball drew near. Ruth was to go as 'Twilight,' Naomi as 'Dawn;' and the dresses were designed by an artist-friend of Uncle Hugh's. They were really beautiful—one all cloudy, dark-blue tulle, and silver gauze; the other, pale blue, with gold stripes flashing through it. In her floating azure robes, with her golden

hair turned back from her white forehead, and a cloudy gauze veil floating over her shoulders, Naomi looked supremely lovely; while sweet Ruth's fair face gleamed like a star on the edge of a soft night-cloud from her misty draperies. Lady Clifford seemed to take a strange pleasure in hearing about the dresses; and the day before the ball, she called me to her side.

'Olive,' she said, 'I have asked Sir Arthur if I may add a little to the beauty of your sisters' dresses to-morrow night. He has given me leave to do what I will. Come with me, dear.'

Half expecting what was to come, I attended her through the familiar room; and then at her direction led her down the wide hall; and through many winding passages to a little dark closet off Sir Arthur's office. She gave me a bunch of keys, pointing out the one I was to use first, and then the others one by one. I opened four great iron-barred doors before I came upon a square box, which, at her bidding, I carried out and set on the desk in the office. The key which opened it hung on her watch-chain; she gave it to me, and I opened the box. For the first time in my life, I saw the Clifford diamonds. There were eight trays in the box. The upper one contained the tiara, seven stars set on two glittering bands of gems. How they beamed out at me, as if glad to catch the light of day upon their glittering facets; and how they gave back light for light in that dim sombre little room, before the beautiful eyes that could not see! I could not speak for a moment, because thoughts came rushing upon me which took my breath away.

'The tiara is uppermost,' Lady Clifford said, softly and sadly, her slender fingers touching the blazing jewels gently, regretfully.

I told her yes, while tears I could not restrain fell silently down my cheeks. To the blind, what worthless things are diamonds, after all!

'The necklace comes next,' she said.

I lifted the tray, and saw it. Nor could I repress a cry of wonder and admiration. It was superb. Three rows of blazing stones formed a collar for the throat; and from that collar depended nine stars, more brilliant, more gorgeous than those in the tiara. The centre star hung low in front; and from it descended three smaller ones, each vying with the other in brightness; while looped from star to star, forming a continuous festoon of flickering splendour, ran a diamond chain, like a river of light.

'Beautiful, is it not?' Lady Clifford said, with a sad smile. Yet I would give it and all the rest for a sight of your little face.' It was the only murmur of discontent or plaint I ever heard from her dear lips.

After she said it, I lost all care for the splendid jewels; their glory seemed dim, their beauty worthless. I lifted tray after tray, and looked at the glittering baubles with contempt. What were they worth, after all? Their radiance could not heal a broken heart, or purchase for their owner one moment's peace of mind.

'Have you come to the last tray, Olive?' Lady Clifford said, in her gentle level voice.

I told her 'yes.'

'You will find a star and crescent there,' she said. 'They do not belong to the Clifford diamonds. They were a bequest from my dear

mother, so that they are my own, to be given as I please. You'll give Naomi the star, as a little remembrance of a poor blind woman, whose darkened hours she has brightened a little. And the crescent is for my sweet Ruth. I'll send her no message, because she'll understand. And you—you, Olive—lift the case containing the star and crescent; your gift is there.'

Apart from the rest, it lay in a case of its own, a cross of pure flame. Not diamonds this, but rubies—rubies, set in a crust of tiny diamonds, burning like living fire. I clasped my hands.

'Oh! dear Lady Clifford! this is too much,' I cried, scarcely knowing what to say.

'Take the three cases; put the rest back, and come,' Lady Clifford answered, with a sad smile. 'Olive, you have helped me so long to carry my weary cross, that this shall be a token to you of my gratitude. Dear, you know whose price is above rubies; you are one of the few.' She kissed me tenderly, and we seemed to grow nearer to each other after that, than we had ever been before.

Reserving the dear lady's gifts, I put the rest of the diamonds back into their prison, and left them there. Many days went by, many changes came to us all, before I saw them again.

Ruth and Naomi went into ecstasies over their superb presents. Dear little Ruth ran up to the house to fling herself at Lady Clifford's feet, half crying, half laughing, wholly charming, in an ecstasy of delight.

Naomi took her gift much more coolly. 'I suppose I'll have them all some day,' she said. But she wrote Lady Clifford a very graceful letter; and she wore the star set in her golden hair at the ball; while Ruth's cloudlike veil fell from her sparkling crescent, and floated from her bright face like a mist behind a week-old moon.

After the ball, we seemed to slip back into the old smooth-running everyday life. Uncle Thomas came and went as usual. Sometimes I went to the Mills House and spent a few days there. Sometimes Ruth went, but never Naomi. Had uncle guessed her secret? Often I felt guilty concerning it, and yet I never had courage to ask the truth of him. Between my sister and myself, there was never a mention of Arthur Clifford's name; and yet, by some woman's instinct, I knew full well that she heard from him. Lady Clifford heard from him too. He was in Brazil, at first; then he went northward; and about a year after his departure, a letter from San Francisco told his mother he was settled in California.

Was it that spring or the next one that our brother Paul and Jack Clifford returned home? I can scarcely be certain; at anyrate, they came amongst us with the daffodils; and with the falling leaves, sweet Ruth went from us to the Hall, Jack Clifford's wife. Jack was as unlike his elder brother as two men born of the same parents could possibly be. Unlike in face, in form, in disposition; the soul of honour, truthful, straightforward, incapable of deceit, brave and daring, yet gentle as a woman. He and I were of the same age; we had been boy and girl together, and I loved him; but he was not to blame. He had his choice; and if it fell upon my sweet sister, it was no fault of his or mine.

I think Lady Clifford knew, for she grew more

loving and tender with me than ever, and now that the families were so closely linked, made me her confidante in many ways. Uncle Thomas and Uncle Hugh both added their splendid share to our dear Ruth's dower. She went to her husband nobly portioned; and the stately old baronet received her as his daughter with open arms. We all rejoiced in her joy; but I—I wore my blood-red cross in silence.

Naomi's temper did not grow sweeter for dear Ruth's happiness. I think that the contrast between the brothers was an evil thing to her, and that Ruth's perfect happiness cut her to the soul. She heard from Arthur Clifford pretty regularly, although he wrote from a different place almost every time. Now he was in Mexico, now at New York, now at Boston. Twice he wrote from some unknown place in the Far West. Once he told her he had been amongst the Mormons. Sometimes she told me little bits out of his letters, but oftener far she merely said where he was. So two years went by, and in the third year, the letters began to grow fewer and fewer—at last they ceased.

She only set her red lips more proudly and held her head a little higher. No one could observe any other alteration in her lovely face or self-possessed demeanour.

I was standing one morning that year by the library window, when I saw Tom come flying up the avenue from the mills. He must have seen me before I saw him, for he came running towards me, and leaped through the open window. 'Go at once to Grange. Sir Arthur is'—

I filled up the pause he made, crying out: 'Dead?' as the room seemed to spin round with me, and I reeled back into a chair.

'Now, that's just the way of all you women,' cried Tom impatiently; 'going into faints all over the place, instead of having your wits about you when they're most wanted.'

His impatience roused me to a sense of all Sir Arthur's death involved. 'I am not fainting, Tom, not a bit. Tell me what I can do—tell me how,' I could hardly speak.

'There you go again. Pick yourself up, and go to the house as quick as you can. My lady is in a terrible state.'

I knew she would be stricken to the soul; and so I made an effort, and ere the news had spread far, I was at her side.

Sir Arthur's end was sudden; but for years he had known that it might come at any moment. As to his poor wife, she knew the parting could not be for very long, and she took comfort. Ruth and her husband were abroad, at Malta. Of course they came as soon as possible; but Arthur Clifford's whereabouts was not so easily discovered; that he was somewhere in the States, we fancied, but nothing more. Nor did we hear anything of him until the grass was green upon his father's grave. The Uplands was but a dull house for bright Naomi in those days, and so she made frequent long visits among our friends. She happened to be at home when Sir Arthur died; but feeling bored, as she called it, by the cloud which fell upon us all then, she went to Liverpool, as the nearest harbour of refuge from the dullness of home. Just one

month after her departure, Ruth came down to Uplands on a summer morning with a letter in her hand.

'Olive,' she said, 'I have some wonderful news to tell you. Arthur has written to his mother, telling her of his marriage.'

'O Ruth, his marriage!' I gasped.

'Yes. Why shouldn't he marry if he chooses? He is married to a Miss Almeria Scadder, a great beauty and a great heiress. They are on their way home. Here is the letter; read for yourself.'

I took the paper out of her hand, and read it, amazed. How was I to tell Naomi?

WOLF-CHILDREN.

IN depicting the temper and disposition of the wolf, such adjectives as 'ruthless, cunning, and treacherous' are invariably used, and with perfect justice. It would appear, therefore, at first sight almost incredible that there should be many instances on record where children have been carried away, and instead of being devoured, as would assuredly have been the case had the marauder been a panther or leopard, they have been suckled, tended, and reared by them. Some of these have afterwards been recovered; and at this moment there exists a specimen wolf-child at Secundra, a small missionary station a few miles from Agra; so that the story of Romulus and Remus may not be so entirely without foundation as we have hitherto been led to suppose.

Wolves as a rule prey upon the flocks and herds of the inhabitants of the villages in whose neighbourhood they have made their dens, and upon such wild animals as they can hunt down and capture. Among these latter may be mentioned the gazelle-antelope and the black-buck; and many and ingenious are the devices they resort to in order to achieve their purpose. But in the North-western Provinces of India, as about Agra, in Oude and Rajpootana, they are also very destructive to children. Hindus of all classes are exceedingly superstitious regarding the destruction of these predatory brutes, and consider the individual who has been unfortunate enough to shed a drop of wolf's blood, doomed to suffer some grievous calamity. Hence, though a government reward of three rupees per head is offered, it is only the very lowest of all castes—the 'Domes or Dungars,' as they are called—who will take the trouble to snare and destroy wolves. These people lead a vagrant life, and bivouac in the jungles, and have no superstitious dread of killing any living thing.

The following hypothesis may explain how it comes to pass that so cruel and relentless an animal as the wolf should sometimes be found enacting the interesting part of foster-mother to one of the human species. A female with cubs goes prowling about in search of food for its young, and succeeds in ravishing an Indian home of its infant for that purpose. The cubs,

for some reason or other—not over-sensitiveness, certainly, but perhaps because their carnivorous instincts are as yet comparatively dormant—merely lick the child all over. This probably, according to the code of wolfish etiquette, is equivalent to having eaten salt with an Arab, and the infant is henceforth adopted by the parent, and suckled and brought up with the cubs. Although the human tendency is to go on two legs, we know that even amongst ourselves babies commence by crawling. Now, man is essentially an imitative animal, and seeing the wolves going on all-fours, the alien naturally tries the same method of progression. It would appear, however, that it has found the hands ill-adapted for use in lieu of forefeet, and as a rule the elbows are employed for that purpose; in consequence of this choice, the knees too have to be used instead of the feet, and hence horny excrescences are usually found on both the knees and the elbows.

Perhaps the two subjoined true narratives of wolf-children that have been captured in India, may prove interesting.

One morning many years ago, Mr H—, who happened at the time to be magistrate and collector of the Etawah District, was out riding, accompanied by a couple of sowars or mounted orderlies. They were passing over a portion of road that lay in the vicinity of the ravines of the river Jumna, when two half-grown wolf-cubs crossed their path; and following them more slowly, came a very remarkable-looking creature, which shambled along on all-fours in an extraordinarily uncouth fashion. This turned out to be a wolf-child. Letting the other two go unmolested, the three men proceeded to hunt down the human cub, and succeeded in bringing it to bay. As they wished to take the creature alive, and were altogether unwilling to hurt it in any way, they found the greatest difficulty in attempting to secure it; for it fought, bit, and clawed with extreme fierceness and pertinacity; indeed, having driven it into a corner, Mr H— and one of the sowars had to mount guard, while the other native proceeded to the nearest village, and got a stout blanket, for the purpose of throwing it over its head; and it was by this means that the capture was at length effected. All the way home, the wolf-child behaved like a mad thing, screaming and howling, now piteously, now in a paroxysm of impotent rage. It was, however, taken to Mr H—'s house; but it would not be comforted, and for a long time refused all kinds of food, including raw meat. The creature was a boy of about nine years of age; and it may here be stated that no female wolf-child has ever been heard of or seen. It is not easy to assign a sufficient reason for the fact that females have never been so discovered, unless we suppose that, being less vigorously constituted, they have been unable to withstand the terrible hardships of such an existence, and have very soon sickened and died.

In appearance, this boy was exceedingly repulsive; his features were blunt and coarse, and

their expression brutalised and insensible. As for his habits, they were exactly those of a wild animal.

Mr H— caused minute inquiries to be made throughout the neighbouring villages as to whether the inhabitants had lost any children through their being carried off by wolves, and if so, whether they could recognise the human waif that had been recovered, by means of birth-marks, moles, or other such indelible tokens. In the course of a few days the father and mother of the lad were discovered. They identified him by certain well-defined marks about the breast and shoulders, and stated he had been carried away when about two years of age. His parents, however, found him very difficult to manage, for he was most fractious and troublesome—in fact, just a caged wild beast. Often during the night, for hours together, he would give vent to most unearthly yells and moans, destroying the rest and irritating the tempers of his neighbours, and generally making night hideous. On one occasion, his people chained him by the waist to a tree that stood near the hut, which was situated on the outskirts of the village. Then a rather curious incident occurred. It was a bright moonlight night; and two wolf-cubs—undoubtedly those in whose companionship he had been captured—attracted apparently by his cries, while on the prowl, came to him, and were distinctly seen to gambol about and play with him, with as much familiarity and affection as if they considered him quite one of themselves. They only left him on the approach of morning, when movement and stir again arose in the village.

The wolf-boy, however, did not survive long. Accustomed to the wilds for at least half-a-dozen years, captivity and the change in his mode of life appeared not to agree with him, for he gradually pined away and died. He never spoke a word; nor did a single ray of human intelligence ever shed its refining light over his poor debased features.

The next story is taken from a work published some five-and-twenty years ago, by a then well-known Indian political officer.

‘There is now at Sultanpore a boy who was found in a wolf’s den, near Chandour on the Goomtee River, about two and a half years ago. A trooper, sent by the native governor to the district of Chandour to demand the payment of some revenue, was passing along the banks of the Goomtee, when he saw a large female wolf leave her den, followed by three whelps and a boy. The boy went on all-fours, and was on the best possible terms with the dam and her whelps; and the mother seemed to guard all four with equal care. They went down to the river and drank without perceiving the native, who sat upon his horse watching them. As soon as they were about to turn back, the trooper pushed on, intending to cut off and secure the boy; but the latter ran quite as fast as the whelps, and kept up easily with its foster-parent. Eventually they all re-entered the den. The trooper then assembled some people with pickaxes and attempted to dig them out. When they had dug some seven or eight feet into the bank, the wolf escaped with her cubs and the boy. They were pursued by the trooper, followed by the fastest young

men of the party on foot; the former headed them, and turned the boy back on to the men, who then captured him. They took him to the village and tried to make him speak, but could get no answer save an angry growl or snarl. He was some weeks at the village, and large crowds assembled each day to see him. On the approach of a grown-up person, he became alarmed, and tried to steal away; when, however, a child came near, he rushed at it with a fierce snarl and attempted to bite it. He rejected cooked meat with disgust; but when raw meat was offered, he seized it eagerly, put it under his paws like a dog, and ate it with evident relish. He would not let any person approach him while he was eating, but had no objection to a dog coming and sharing his food with him.

‘The lad was handed over to the Rajah of Hasanpore, and soon after was sent by him to Sultanpore, to Captain Nicholetts, the European officer commanding the first regiment of Oude local infantry. The latter made him over to the charge of his servants, who take great care of him, but can never get him to utter a syllable. He is inoffensive, except when teased (Captain Nicholetts says), and will then growl surlily at the person annoying him. He now eats almost anything thrown to him, but prefers raw flesh, which he devours greedily. A quilt stuffed with cotton was given to him, when the weather became very cold this season; but he tore it to pieces and ate a portion of it, cotton and all, with his food every day. He is very fond of bones, particularly uncooked ones; these he masticates apparently with as much ease as if they were meat. He continues to like dogs and jackals, and permits them to feed with him, if he happens to be eating when they approach.

‘Captain Nicholetts, in letters dated 14th and 19th September 1850, told me that the boy died in the latter end of August, and that he had never been seen to laugh or smile. He understood but little what was said, and appeared to take no notice of anything going on around him; nor did he form any attachments whatever. He never played with the numerous children around him, nor did he seem wishful to do so. When not hungry, he used to sit petting and stroking a *pariah* or vagrant dog, which he used to allow to feed out of the same dish with him. A short time before his death, Captain Nicholetts shot this dog, as he used to eat by far the greater part of the meat given to the boy, who in consequence was getting quite thin. The lad didn’t seem in the least to care for the death of his companion. He used signs when he wanted anything, and very few of them. When hungry, he pointed to his mouth. When his food was placed some distance from him, he used to run to it on all-fours; but at other times, not frequently, he would walk upright. He shunned human beings male and female, and would never willingly remain near one. To cold, heat, and rain he appeared alike indifferent, and seemed to care for nothing but eating. He was very quiet, and required no kind of restraint while he was with Captain Nicholetts’ servants—that is, for the space of about two years. He was never heard to utter a single word, till within a few minutes

of his death, when he put his hand to his head and said "it ached;" he then asked for some water, after drinking which, he died. This boy when caught was about ten years of age.'

JIM FLANNERTY'S GHOST.

'So you really believe in ghosts, Brian?' said I.

'Sure, your honour,' returned Brian with a grin, 'it's not for me to disbelieve what I've seen wid my own eyes.'

'Do you mean to say,' exclaims my friend Smith, 'that you have actually *seen* a ghost?'

'Faith, thin, an' it's myself saw one not two weeks ago, as plain as I see you at this minit. More by token, 'twas that same ghost got me my Mary, the purtiest girl in the whole village; not to spake ov an illigant cottage an' a thrifle ov gowld beside.'

'Come, that sounds interesting. Couldn't you give us a description of this obliging apparition?'

'Is it an account o' the ghost that ye're wantin'? Sure, an' I'll give it ye wid the greatest playsure in life, only ye'll not be repateing it to any livin' crature, or, faith, I'd niver hear the last ov it?'

We promise silence; and accordingly Brian, duly fortified with a glass of his favourite liquor, proceeds.

'Ye were maybe acquainted, gintlemen, wid ould Larry O'Donaghue?'

Unfortunately, we had never had that honour.

'An' small loss to ye, aither,' quoth Brian. 'But he was Mary's father, an' a purty father too; but that's naither here nor there. Well, I was a sort ov relation ov his; so, whin my mother died—she was a widdy—I wint to live wi' him an' Mary. She was a girl ov twelve thin, an' myself wasn't much older; but ye see I lived there seven years, an' by that time I was grown uncommon fond ov Mary; not that she'd ever listen to me, the crature, whin I wanted to tell her so; but still she didn't seem to mislike me. Well, I'd saved a thrifle, an' I was arnin' fair wages; so I'd jist made up my mind to ask Mary to be my wife, whin who should turn up but Jim Flannerty, bad cess to him! Now, Jim was a sort ov cousin ov ould O'Donaghue; an' he'd left his ship on sick-leave, though you would not have thowt it, to look at him, seein' he was as red as a carrot. Av coorse, he wor always in an' out ov the house, an' seemed mighty sthrudd wi' Mary, an' she wi' him. Well, the long an' the short ov it was that ould O'Donaghue sent me on a fool's errand to Dublin; an' whin I come back, Mary an' Flannerty wor engaged. Av coorse, I couldn't stay at home after that, so I jist wint away; an' I didn't come back for two years.

'Well, I returns one day, an' I finds ould O'Donaghue dead, an' Mary livin' in the cottage wid an' ould aunt. "Sure, it's myself, Mary," says I. "Arrah, thin, don't be onaisy!—An' it's

Mrs Flannerty that ye'll be now?" for I wanted to make sure, ye see. So thin it comes out that Jim Flannerty's not been heard of for a year an' more, an' the ship he sailed in's lost. Well, I was mighty glad to hear that Flannerty was out ov the way; though, av coorse, I was rale sorry for Mary, an' did my best to comfort her. However, she wouldn't noways believe that Jim was drowned. "Sure, but it's on some desert island that he is," says she; an' not all my talking could git that out ov her head.

'Well, one evenin' she an' I was walking along by the river, an' says I: "Mary mavourneen, will you be my wife, for I've loved you since the day I first set eyes on you?"

"Och, thin, Brian O'Brady," says she, "but I'm promised to Jim."

"Deed, thin, Mary alanna," says I, "but it's dead an' drowned that he is; so take me instead, an' it's not repenting it that ye'll be."

"I'll not believe that he's dead," says she, "till I see his ghost!"

'An' would ye believe it? That very minit I turns round, an' sees the ghost behind us!'

(I here interrupt Brian to ask for some description of the spectre.)

'Well, ye see, I didn't obsarve it very particular, for Mary av coorse screams an' drops down in a faint; but I jist remarked 'twas mortal ugly, an' flames was comin' out ov its mouth an' nose an' shootin' all over it.'

('Oh, come now!' breaks in Smith, but subsides on my looking at him reprovingly.)

'An' there was an awful snell ov sulphur an' burnin' about it,' continues Brian, 'though I wouldn't say it to Mary, for fear ov hurtin' her feelin's. Well, she soon comes round, an' says she: "Where's the ghost, Brian?"

"It's vanished," says I.

"An' was it Jim Flannerty's?" says she, very low.

"Av coorse it was," says I.

"Did he spake to ye, Brian, darlint?" says she.

"We had a few minits' conversation," says I.

"An' what was it ye were sayin', thin?"

"Troth, an' I'll tell you the whole," says I. "The ghost says to me—(I'll jist put my arm around ye, Mary, an' thin ye needn't be afraid)—the ghost says: "Brian O'Brady!" says he.

"Jim Flannerty," says I.

"You're an honest fellow," says he.

"Troth, ye're payin' me too great a compliment," says I, for I thowt it best to be civil, ye see.

"By no manes," says he. "Will you do me a favour?"

"Wid the greatest playsure in life," says I.

"I'm engaged to a young woman," says he—(Don't scream, Mary, darlint; I'm holdin' ye tight)—"an' present circumstances don't allow ov my marryin'; will you take her instead ov me?"

"Sure, it's proud an' glad that I'll be to do it," says I.—An' wi' that the ghost vanishes. "So, Mary, darlint, there's nought against our bein' married at once."

'Well, the long an' the short o' it is, we were married that week; an' it's as happy as the day is long that we are now.'

A roar of laughter from Smith greets the conclusion of Brian's narrative.

'What is the matter?' I inquire.

'Why, I was the ghost!' replies he.—'I say, Brian, did you ever hear of "luminous paint?"'

'Sure, thin, your honour, my own grandfather painted half the houses in K—; so it's few painted that-I haven't seen, seein' he used to make me mix them.'

'Well, if he covered the houses with luminous paint, it was rather a brilliant idea of his, though I don't suppose that it did actually occur to him!—You see this mixture here, Brian? Well, if it were dark, and I rubbed some of this on any object, that object would at once look bright and shining, and appear to give out light.'

'Sure, that's mighty clever, your honour,' says Brian.

'I had been trying for a long time,' continues Smith, 'to find out of what this paint is composed, and some evenings ago I succeeded in discovering the secret. I was so delighted with my success, that I did not wait to rub the stuff from my hands and face, but rushed down to my friend Professor Nichol's, to show him the result of my experiments. I remember I went along by the river; so you see that I must have been your "mortal ugly" ghost' [Smith is a handsome fellow, and a favourite with the ladies], 'who unconsciously did you such a good turn. The ghostly "conversation" existed, I presume, only in your imagination.'

'Sure, didn't I think all the time that 'twas mighty like yourself, Mr Smith!' says Brian drily.

'Then why did you tell us that it was Flannerty?' I inquire.

'Arrah, thin, but Jim Flannerty wor uncommon like your honour's friend, as you'd see if he were standin' here this minit; so why shouldn't their ghosts be alike too?' And Brian took his departure, leaving us laughing over his ready wit and inventive genius.

OCCASIONAL NOTE.

A STRANGE STORY OF RETRIBUTION IN ANIMAL LIFE.

A CORONER'S inquest was recently held in London upon the dead body of a man who had been killed by an elephant belonging to Mr Myers, circus proprietor. The elephant in question was a female, and was known by the name of 'Blind Bill,' because she was stone-blind. The elephant was in general a perfectly quiet animal; but had nourished a prejudice against the man who fell a victim to its revenge. Eight months before the fatal occurrence, and while the circus company was performing at Reading, the deceased, who was then a hawker in that town, was one day watching the elephants, when 'Blind Bill' put her trunk into one of his baskets and ate all his vegetables. Becoming incensed at his loss and the laughter of the bystanders, the man pulled out his penknife and cruelly stabbed the elephant in the trunk. This was the beginning of an ill-will between the man and the quadruped; for the man having afterwards got employment with the company, was attacked one morning by the elephant and crushed to death against a wall.

But the most remarkable part of the elephant's

story is still to be mentioned. This refers to the manner in which the animal lost its eyesight, and was told by Mr Myers in his evidence at the above inquest. He said he had had the elephant for twenty years, and during the whole of that period she had always been of a singularly mild disposition, unless provoked. For instance, about thirteen years ago, a groom in his employment put out one of her eyes with a pitchfork; for which act of diabolical cruelty the man was dismissed. About twelve months later the animal lost the sight of the other eye, and since that time had been stone-blind. Some two years afterwards, Mr Myers's company was performing in Jersey, and while there, the groom in question came into the stable in which the elephant was, and, slapping her on the side, said: 'This is the old brute who got me dismissed.' On hearing the man's voice, the elephant pushed him up against the wall, and so injured his head and eyes that ever since that time the man had been what is termed *cross-eyed*. The coroner, Sir John Humphreys, in addressing the jury, rightly observed that this incident, as related by Mr Myers, was a curious one, and was certainly a just retribution upon the groom.

THE WEANING OF THE LAMBS.

HERE, on the trunk of this uprooted pine,
Sole barren thing amid the summer's green,
I'll rest awhile, and let my spirit take
Its fill of anguish. Oh, to heart like mine,
Deep shadowed with the gloom of present grief,
How human-like, how full of pity, come
The long loud wailings of the lambs that bleat
Their sorrows in a crowd on yonder hill!
How painfully along the twilight air
Swells the deep dirge pathetic! All the wood
Is listening breathless to the mournful sound.
The very mists with which sad Evening veils
The dewy earth, and clouds the blue serene,
Seem struck to stillness in their phantom-shapes,
And cling about the steep of yon tall crag
Like mourners round the couch they cannot ease.
The soft warm shower that but an hour ago
Suffused the vale, and cheered its drooping life,
Has left bright droplets on the shadowy wood,
And every leaf is glistening like an eye
Of silent sorrow for the fleecy fold
That give such sad complainings to the night.

O creatures, gentlest of all gentle things!
I cannot linger here, and, lingering, list
The expressive voice of inarticulate grief
Rising and falling with the ebb and flow
Of your unspoken sorrow, and not feel
Some natural throes of sympathy pain.
I would not seek to shut—were't in my power—
'Gainst any creature on God's blessed earth,
Struck down by woe, the sluices of my heart:
Nay, rather would I fling the floodgates wide,
To let my pity mingle with your grief,
And from the confluence of the sacred tides,
Like palm-tree by the desert's lonely spring,
Draw secret nourishment and hidden strength.

J. R.

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EUROPEAN LIFE IN EGYPT.

IN Cairo, Alexandria, Port Said, Suez, and Ismailia, there was before the recent events such a large proportion of Europeans to the native population, that a few words in regard to the particular class of Europeans who inhabited these towns, their habits and modes of life, may not be without interest at the present time.

Cairo was to Alexandria what the West End is to the City of London—to some extent what Paris is to Marseilles. It was a city of pleasure, and for this reason attracted a class of Europeans who are not to be found in other parts of Egypt. And its position in the centre of so much that is ancient and interesting—the Pyramids, the mosques, the tombs, the bazaars, Heliopolis and Sakkarah, the Boulak Museum, &c.—and its admirable situation as a starting-point for the journey up the Nile, all gave a distinct character to its European population. For the trades-people depended almost entirely upon the visitors, and the season extended from November to April.

There is, or rather was, a coterie formed of the residents in Cairo, chiefly composed of the Europeans belonging to the various governmental departments, and their families. These, recruited by the arrival of friends, or others bringing introductions from home, formed the 'society' of Cairo. There was plenty of lawn-tennis of an afternoon at the house of the popular Consul-general, Sir Edward Malet. Then there were dances and dinners, and a fair second-rate opera company, and returns of hospitality at Shepherd's Hotel, where theatricals and fancy balls would be arranged, or excursions planned, or flirtations carried on. Disquieting rumours were meanwhile afloat, as early as in March last, as to a contemplated massacre of Europeans, but the idea was scouted; nor was there anything in the attitude of the natives to support the rumour. During the Hadji, or procession bringing the holy carpet from Mecca, Europeans felt some little doubt as to their possible treatment by the

mob, excited by religious enthusiasm, and by the presence of some thousands of soldiers, who were known to be unfriendly; but there were only a few isolated instances of disturbance, which were as likely to have proceeded from one side as the other.

The Europeans engaged in commerce were chiefly Greeks or Levantines, with a fair sprinkling of Italians, Germans, and Maltese. It does not seem to be generally known that throughout Egypt, Italian is the only European language in common use. You may go into dozens of good shops in Cairo where French is not understood. All official notices are in Arabic and Italian. The hours of business are in the morning as on the continent, and from twelve to three nothing is done. The European Cairene of commerce spends a good deal of his time at the café smoking his narghileh and drinking coffee during the day, ready for any business that he may be called to, but not seeking it; and in the evening he likes to listen to the hideous Arabic music, to gamble at roulette or to dice with the hawkers who pass from café to café, dice-box in hand, to play you for their wares—ducks and fowls, scents and soaps, brushes and combs and writing-paper, and the like.

Alexandria was the Marseilles of the East, commercially speaking, and it had finer and better paved streets, finer houses and shops, and a drive by the Promenade and the Mahmoudieh Canal, fringed by more beautiful and luxurious gardens and villas than are to be found in Cairo. Its business character was at once apparent. The crowds of well-dressed men about the Bourse; the activity and hurry in the surrounding streets; the loaded carts at the warehouse doors; the brass plates of companies, and bankers, and merchants; the rushing hither and thither of the chevasses or messengers in their Syrian dresses; the Arab porters, with legs bent under the enormous weights they carried on their backs—all spoke of a community full of the life of business. The talk was of bales and cargoes, and consignments and exchanges; and men adjourned

to the famous café in the *Rue de la Bourse* to clench a bargain after the sociable fashion of Manchester or Liverpool. The wealthy merchants lived out in the suburb of Ramleh, about four miles from the town; and when anything particular in the form of amusement was to take place in Alexandria, the play-bills informed the public that trains would be run to Ramleh so many minutes after the performance was over, as they might do if Ramleh were a suburb of Cottonopolis.

The European young man of business—English, French, German, Italian, or Greek—was like his counterpart in our own large commercial centres, somewhat dressy and given to jewellery and rather fast equipages; but the English had their cricket, and rowing, and athletic clubs into the bargain. Then the young men had the entrée of the houses with which they were connected, and the society of the families. There were two theatres; a very fair band at the Café Paradiso, formed of fair Triestines and Bohémiennes; *trente et quarante*, if one were so disposed; capital beer at the brasseries—notably Fink's; and oysters to be had for a piastre (twopence-halfpenny) a dozen. The lower class of Europeans in Alexandria were numerically as strong and morally perhaps worse than the Arabs in the town. In the summer, all Europeans who could, came from the interior to Alexandria for bathing.

Port Said is an overcrowded little coaling-station that was called into existence by the Suez Canal. Its growth has been something marvellous in the last ten years, and, besides coal, it carries on a very brisk trade in stores of all kinds with the steamers passing through the Canal. The respectable portion of the European inhabitants, bearing a very small proportion to the disreputable, have few resources out of themselves. The main street is scarcely fit for decent people to walk in after sundown, after which time the side streets and the Arab quarter at the back of the town send forth about as pretty a mixture of Levantine and Arab blackguardism as is to be found anywhere in the world. There is no redeeming feature in this miniature pandemonium, with its gambling-houses, grog-shops, and general immorality; and the low-class Europeans, chiefly from the Greek Archipelago and the Levant, are a good deal worse than the native population. And when a khamseen wind is blowing, and Port Said is enveloped in a mist of coal-dust and sand, it is not surprising that even the better class of inhabitants should rush to the billiard-tables of the *Palatine*, and the green cloth of *El Dorado*, to get rid of the killing depression of the place.

It is pleasant to turn from the western port of the Suez Canal to the little town of Ismailia. The post-boat runs daily by the Canal, carrying mails and passengers, and takes about six hours for the journey. Ismailia is a veritable oasis in the desert waste between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. By a long avenue shaded by acacia trees, you pass from the landing-stage, cross the Freshwater Canal, and reach the public gardens, which are laid out with great taste, with a fountain sparkling in the middle. The streets of the town radiate from this centre. There are trees everywhere, and it is the cleanest town in Egypt. It is altogether French; there are no shops, except at the Arab bazaar, about half a mile

away across the sand. There is an hotel by the landing-place to which salt-water baths are attached; and a very comfortable and homely hotel near the gardens, where the few Europeans there are—nearly all French—take breakfast and dinner at the table d'hôte. They are chiefly officials connected with the Suez Canal, with a few merchants and clerks engaged in the cotton trade with Zagazig and Mansourah. M. Lesseps has a villa here which he occasionally visits. There is a deadly quiet about Ismailia; and empty houses and empty offices, the absence of shops and cafés, together with its separation (characteristically French!) by half a mile from the Arab quarter, give the town a deserted appearance, which, however, is not without its charm in a country where huddling together, and the importunities of begging natives, are notable nuisances. A few little shoe-blacks, who are ready to show you the Khedive's palace or the other lions, or to brush your boots, alone pester you for backsheesh, rather as a matter of course than with any earnestness. They are amusing little ragamuffins, with none of the sharpness and vice of the little town *gamins* of Egypt. Ismailia, then, may be described as containing a small French colony, living their life, after the manner of Frenchmen abroad, very much as they would in their own country, and having as little to do with the natives as they conveniently can. A line of rail runs from Ismailia to Nefisa on the main line between Suez and Cairo, so that it will in all likelihood become a place of some importance in the current course of events in Egypt.

Suez, with the most delightful climate in Egypt, with neither the 'damps' of Alexandria nor the dust of Cairo, might, with a particle of the taste and discrimination shown by the French at Ismailia, have been made a perfect garden. The soil is most productive, covered by a mere coating of sand; and the excellence of the fruits and vegetables that are so sparsely cultivated here, are well known. Had the docks been made nearer the town—not, it has been thought, an impossible feat—Suez might have been made nearly as busy a seaport as Port Said; and from the charm of its climate, combining the purity of the desert air and the saltiness of the Red Sea, it would doubtless have drawn many families to 'winter' there, who went to Cairo. But with the town some two miles away from the docks, business confined to the quay and the custom-house, no amusements, a generally tumble-down look, and no trace of an attempt to brighten or beautify it, it is not surprising that Suez should usually be characterised as a 'wretched hole.' The European society in Suez was composed of the agents and officials of the Canal, the large steam companies, the post, the telegraph, and various offices of the Egyptian government, and for the most part English, French, and Italian. An excursion to the Atakah Mountains, or to Moses' Wells across the Gulf, fishing in the Red Sea, shooting duck and quail in the winter, strolling up to the Freshwater Canal, donkey-riding to the docks or Terra Pleina, a sail down the Gulf, occasionally lawn-tennis, a dance, or some private theatricals, formed the sum of the amusements in Suez. As in most small communities, however, there was little 'coherence'

amongst the families, and the only really universal sentiment seemed to be that of lamenting the fate that compelled a residence in such a spot.

From February to April, the coming and going of travellers for the desert journey to Mount Sinai or Petra, and sportsmen for the Soudan or Abyssinia, would enliven the courtyard of the hotel; swarthy Bedouins in charge of the caravans, with their camels; dragomans swaggering and armed to the teeth; monkeys, jackals, and other strange beasts and birds clattering and screaming; horns, and skins, and tusks, and other spoils of the chase; spears, and daggers, and shields, and clubs, and other implements of barbarous warfare, all scattered about amongst the various *impedimenta*—tent-poles, ropes, chests, saddles, guns, &c.—of these excursions. There was a reading-room and bar off the courtyard, and here young Suez would come to see the newspapers, and listen to stories of flood and field, or hear how things fared east or west, as passengers from homeward or outward bound vessels turned up from a saunter ashore to slake their thirst. The relations between Europeans and Arabs were not always of a friendly character, and occasionally scrimmages took place. The Arabs are a truculent lot, many of them with Bedouin blood in them, and their predatory instincts have rendered them in many cases excessively troublesome to Europeans.

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—‘YOU DIDN’T ANSWER THE TWO LETTERS I SENT YOU AT THE GRAND HOTEL.’

A PICNIC party had assembled on Welbeck Head on a splendid morning in the early days of June. The picnic party leaving itself free to ramble over the sterner picturesqueness of the headland, naturally chose Welbeck Hollow to take luncheon in. Perhaps the Hollow looked its best to an artist’s eye in autumn, when the foliage of its trees had grown mellow with the tints of the dying year; but on this particular June morning it was very lovely; and he or she who demanded a fitter place for open-air delight, would have been hard to please indeed. For the whole broad expanse of blue above the headland absolutely seemed to laugh; the air was warm, the herbage dry, and the foliage in the first flush of its summer beauty. The tears of the imprisoned princess sparkled in the sunlight, and the little stream they made bubbled away through its channel of lichen-covered rock with a voice of perpetual music.

At this gathering, Gerard played host, and his mother hostess; and there were two or three score of people there, mostly young, and nearly all bent on enjoying themselves, as their time of life and the splendid weather befitted. Rising against the belt of trees, in contrast to their green, were two or three tents of striped pink and white. The girls were gaily dressed, and moved about merrily here and there, making pretty, shifting pictures, on which any eye but that of a cynic born might rest well pleased. I have said before—and I feel safe in repeating it—that the average of beauty in these favoured

islands is high. Most of the young ladies were pretty, and some one or two downright beautiful. But from amongst them all, had Paris been there to play judge again, Constance would have carried off the apple. Now, men are so constituted, that a beautiful woman in their eyes always looks as though she were something more than beautiful. Rosy cheek, coral lip, starlike eyes, all these things, charming and admirable of themselves, reveal to the gaze of the male creature inward and spiritual beauties which the fair proprietress of cheek, lip, and eye may be miles away from. ‘Sure, nothing ill can dwell in such a temple?’ My love-stricken Amandus, I know not. I am myself all too susceptible to the charms which have entrapped you. I am not stern enough to act as censor in such a matter; but the sweet eyes may not mean constancy, nor the sweet lips good temper. Go your ways, Amandus; wed the lady if she will, and be as happy as you may. The chances are she is worth twenty of you; but beware of taking her for an angel because she looks like one. Beware? Whoever did beware in such a case? Run away, Amandus, and be happy. Chloe awaits you; and though I were wiser than I am, why should you care to listen? Perhaps in a year’s time you may be able to write your own sermons.

It was not any more than lover-like folly in Gerard to set a name and a virtue together. Constance and constancy ran always together in his mind. Always the recipient receives according to his own measure. The tunes which were familiar to you in childhood move you far more than more beautiful airs since listened to, because you put your own memories and your own emotions into them. The worshipper creates his own deity. Venus, and other forms of beauty for old Greece; fetich, bits of rag or stick for modern Ashantee or Ujiji. And it is so with love. Your wisest lover is your noblest man. And if you meet this by telling me that Arthur marries Guinevere, that John Milton is three times unlucky, that Samson falls into the hands of Delilah, you have said nothing unanswerable. The blameless king worshipped purity though he knelt at a false shrine. I have no doubt that one of the Mrs Miltons stood for Eve, and gave us an immortal picture, to which she was no more like than I to Hercules. The big-limbed practical jester of old days had so frank and honest a foolish heart that he believed in Delilah when she had twice betrayed him. The true lover sees his own possible ideal best actually existent in the woman he loves, and before that he bows down and worships. You can always deceive loyalty, because it is so simple-minded where it loves. It is harder to deceive mean-eyed suspicion, that peers everywhere. And the loyal-hearted Gerard had no doubts. That other men admired Constance, was very likely; men must needs admire transcendent beauty when they see it, and there was no jealousy in him, any more than in Othello before Iago transformed him.

As host, Gerard had duties in which he was proud to be associated with Constance if she chose the association; but when she rambled away, the duties held him, and he had no complaint against her. He no more suspected Constance than he

suspected himself, because she was his very ideal possible best, and at his poorest he was loyal and honest. It clouded his sunshine a little when he missed her; he had otherwise been no lover. But he would see her again by-and-by, and meantime she was probably enjoying herself, and would be back again shortly. She did not come back so shortly as he had hoped; and after a while, he appointed a lieutenant, and set out to hunt for her, and naturally went the wrong way.

Constance, with head drooping just a little, had walked away from the white and pink striped tents, and winding up through umbrageous foliage along a path of gray rock, with green and golden lichen glinting on it here and there, had come out upon a sort of platform, which commanded a view of the whole arena of pleasure. Her cheek was somewhat paler and less full than it should have been, and her eyes were rather soft than lustrous. For a moment she paused, and through the branches which concealed her, looked down upon the Hollow, and then turned and went upward towards the hoary summit of the great headland. Life chirruped and hummed and rustled in the air and in the wood on either side. Gray rabbits frolicked across the path; the squirrel sat up impudently in the undergrowth almost at her very feet, and cracked a nut from his winter hoard; the insect tribes wheeled round and round in dizzy circles, as if drunk with sunlight; and the wanton birds sang until the leafy covert echoed to their music. The very ground she trod on was embroidered gold and green in shifting patterns, as the branches waved and the changing sunbeams flickered. Lost in her own thoughts, she wandered on until the bare shoulder of the headland heaved up from the frondage and the sea lay in view. There, in the shelter of a great boulder, washed smooth by prehistoric waters, and rolled there by some unknown agency, she sat down, and trailing her parasol point along the surface of the granite, made fanciful patterns of no meaning. At times, a faint, faint sound travelled up to where she sat from the picnic party, half a mile away. Voices called to each other in the woods. The sea, far below, made a solemn murmur. A footstep startled her. She looked up, and there stood Val Strange before her, not fifty yards distant.

There was no path up here on the bare top of the headland; but Val stood in a sort of gully, with vast irregular stones piled upon each other on each side of him; and this natural passage if pursued would have led him to the spot upon which Constance sat. But seeing her in time, and believing himself to be unobserved by her, he turned, shot behind a great boulder, and by devious ways climbed to the top of the right-hand ridge, concealing himself from her gaze all the way. He had no doubt that Gerard was with her, and was anxious to escape unseen. So he crawled stealthily from shelter to shelter, and in brief time came on a line with her, and from behind a rock peeped down. Then he saw that she was quite alone, and repented him that he had hidden; he could at least have lifted his hat to her and have seen her face. A thrice-rejected lover had so much right in the world, if fortune should favour him. For a minute or two he watched; but she was turned away from him, and he could see nothing of her face. He made a flank movement, and secured a sight of her

whole figure, and then he saw that she was not only alone, but that she was weeping. She had seen that he saw her, and she had marked him as he made away. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.* Val was ignorant; but her loneliness encouraged him, her distress touched him, his passion drew him to her, and in short he scrambled down the rocks and made the best of his way towards her.

She heard him coming; by some electric message of the heart, she knew that it was his footstep, and not that of any straying picnicker; and with feminine guile, she dried her tears, threw into the slope of her shoulders a sort of pensive air of landscape observation, and feigned to be unconscious of the intrusion. As he came nearer, her apparent ignorance of his presence chilled and repelled him, and he felt that it would have been far easier to have approached straightforwardly, since chance apparently so willed it, and have gone his way. He was half-inclined to return, and stood still for a second or two. The pause warned her. She had cried when he had seemed to avoid her; yet almost in a minute she had told herself it was best he should go by; and yet, and yet, and yet again, when she heard his approaching footstep, her heart rejoiced, and now she could not bear that he should go. With a fine pretence of negligence and accident, she turned, and seeing him standing there, she arose, as if with a little start of surprise, and holding forth her hand, advanced a step or two to meet him. Val raised his hat, and stepping forward, took the proffered hand.

'I had not thought you were at the picnic, Mr Strange.'

'No,' said Val. 'I had an invitation to be there; but—I did not expect to be in England at this time, and'— He did not finish what he had to say, if indeed he had decided to say anything; but looking at her face, he saw that she seemed happy, in spite of his suspicion that she had been weeping a minute or two back. Her eyes sparkled, her cheek was flushed, and she was all grace and beauty. Val would have been an egotist indeed if he had set down all this to his own return. Lovers do not torture themselves in real life so much as they do in novels, where, as you know, a poor author must fill up his three volumes somehow; but it is beyond doubt that they are a stupid and a self-torturing race. 'I was an ass to think she was crying,' said Val to himself. 'She is happy enough. I suppose she loves the fellow after all.'

'Indeed,' said Constance, lightly and brightly enough. 'And where did you think of going?'

'My yacht is lying in Quadross Bay,' said Val, 'and I thought of sailing somewhere, last Wednesday.'

'A vague sort of destination, isn't it?' said Constance, smiling. 'Somewhere?'

'Yes,' said Val moodily; 'vague enough.' He had not expected to meet her and talk in this off-hand way with her. 'She means to be friendly, I suppose,' he thought, 'and has the sense to let bygones be bygones.'

'Shall we talk nothing but commonplace?' thought Constance. 'Has my silence set up an unbreakable barrier?' Silence was too terrible, and she must say something. 'The Hollow is a lovely place for a picnic,' she said. (Anything does for small-talk.)

Val supposed the Hollow was well enough. 'I don't seem to care much for scenery lately,' said poor Val vacuously.

'No?' said Constance.

'No,' said Val. Then ensued a conversational break-down, and the silence became extremely awkward. The two hearts could not whisper to each other through the barrier. Constance made a pretence of surveying the seascape. Val, being a man, had less tact, and was still less an actor, of course. In love's arena, woman stands on her native heath. The male creature is only a wanderer there, and feels himself lost. But though she kept more outward and inward self-possession at the moment than he did, she felt the continued quiet weigh so heavily, that she was obliged to break it, and in her anxiety to say something, proposed the last thing she desired. 'Shall we join the others, Mr Strange, since you are here, after all?'

'No,' said Val; 'I don't care about it, thank you.' Then he made a desperate plunge. 'It's very kind of you to meet me in this way. It's the wisest way, no doubt. But I'm not quite equal to it—yet. You didn't answer the two letters I sent you at the Grand Hotel, and I've seen ever since that it was a presumptuous and unmanly thing to write them. But it's not my fault that you're the loveliest woman in the world, and'—

'Letters?' cried Constance. She never meant to deny the truth; but she had only received one, and she was eager to exculpate herself from the graver charge of cruelty and neglect he brought against her when he spoke of two.

'Didn't you get them?' cried Val, half wild with a sudden rush of new hope. He gave her no time for answer. 'Don't you know why I went away from England? Don't you know that I was ignorant of all that happened during my absence, until I came back and found those papers?' The mere mention of the papers brought Gerard to his mind, and checked him. But he broke past the thought, and went on all the more impetuously. 'And when I found that you were free again, I only waited to give Gerard a fair chance, and followed you at once. I wrote to you twice, and had no answer; and I took your silence as the strongest negative. It seemed cruel—I can't say I didn't think it cruel. By what terrible mischance they missed you, I can't guess. But—would you have left me in such bitter suspense had you received them? Would you have been so disdainful and so cold?'

It seemed now, as he spoke, so hard a thing to have left unanswered the one she had received, that she did not dare to confess that she had read it.

'I am sorry if I seemed discourteous,' she said in answer; 'I am sorry if you suffered.'

'If I suffered?' cried Val. 'When I thought you disdained my presumption too much to answer by a word! When I have thought so for a month past!'

'I am sorry,' she faltered again.

'Constance!' said Val. 'Heaven knows, I did not seek this meeting!' That was true enough, in a sense; but he had hoped for it, and the nebulous fancy that it might come had led him to the headland. 'But since Fate has thrown me in your way, I will not resist her bidding.

If you don't care for me, and I go on persecuting you in this way, I'm the most horrible cad alive! But I can't help taking the risk. Tell me that you don't care for me at all; tell me that you are happy, and I will go away, and never trouble you again!' How could she tell him to go, when her heart yearned so over him? Yet she made a little struggle still.

'I am very sorry to give you pain,' she murmured.

'Tell me the plain truth,' said Val masterfully. 'If you are happy, send me away. If you care for me, I will never give you up. I will hold you against the world. Tell me the plain truth, and let me go.'

'Mr Strange,' she answered falteringly, 'our paths are ordered for us, and they are wide apart.'

'Not unless you order that it shall be so,' he said doggedly. 'You shall give me a plain answer.'

She had no answer ready. During the whole of their colloquy she had scarcely dared to look at him, and since the talk had become earnest, their eyes had not met once. But now her gaze rose slowly to his face, and though her eyes met his for but a second and were dropped again, the longing in them smote him through and through, and he seized her unresisting hands. 'You love me!' he panted—'you love me!'

What answer could she give him? It was true. Her bosom began to heave, and her cheeks grew pale, and one or two great tears rolled down them.

'Shall we part?' he asked her fiercely. 'Will you wreck two lives? No!' And he cast his arms about her in a mad defiance and strained her to his breast. She was conquered, and she knew it, and he knew it. Yet even then, in the first wild joy of certainty, the world's probable verdict arose before him. Well, he defied it. It was surely better to spoil one life than three—especially when the life to be spoiled was not his, but another's.

But even whilst they stood there, a voice reached their ears, crying 'Constance!' Val released her, and they stood with pale faces looking at each other. The voice was Gerard's, and was not more than a couple of hundred yards away. It was not loud, but modulated a little, as if the lover did not choose altogether to cry out her name, and felt a certain shyness in the act; but in the dead stillness of the summer air they heard it clearly. Then they heard the searcher try another tack. He began to sing, and they knew that *La donna e mobile* was meant to guide the wanderer towards him.

'Go!' said Constance. 'Do not let him find us here.'

'You love me?' questioned Val, half fiercely still.

'Yes,' she answered. 'Go.'

'Come with me,' he whispered; and treading like a thief, he led her round the great boulder under which they had been standing all this time, and by a zigzag way upwards, keeping shelter; and then by a zigzag way downwards, until she saw the Hollow below, through the waving branches of the trees. The voice grew more and more distant as it sang along the little rocky pass.

'Leave me now,' whispered Constance. 'Let me go.'

'You love me? Tell me that you love me.'

'Yes. Let me go.'

'You will write to me. We shall meet soon?'

'Yes.' And she was gone, pausing a while in the wood to compose herself. A moment or two later, she walked serene into the swarded Hollow, and came round the boulder which held down the imprisoned princess of the local fairy tale.

'Where have you been, my dear?' asked motherly Mrs Lumby. 'Gerard has gone away to look for you. Mr Lumby has been asking for you.' And the girl followed Gerard's mother to one of the striped tents where in an arm-chair sat the head of the great House in the City, and smiled and nodded at her in a fashion somewhat childish. It seemed scarcely likely that he would ever recover his old self; but he had mended wonderfully since the beginning of the brighter weather, and knew the faces of his friends. The old man was very fond of Constance, and was never happier than when she and Gerard were near him. He had contrived to make out in a dim way that the great House was not ruined after all; but his comprehension of affairs was like that of a child, and as yet pathetically incomplete. Milly sat smilingly on one side of him, and had been with him all morning, prattling to him of the things he could understand. As she greeted the wrecked old man, a great pang passed through Constance's heart, and she kissed him with tears in her eyes. Motherly Mrs Lumby took this for pity for Gerard's father, born of the girl's love for Gerard, and she kissed Constance warmly; and the old man smiled his heart-breaking childish smile, and said: 'I am glad you are fond of each other.' All this made the position terrible for Constance.

Val, having parted from her, turned his back upon the Hollow, and having wandered a little way, came to a heathery spot, in which he cast himself down and tried to think. His fierce joy had already faded, and he began to face the situation with a sense of fear. Popular opinion was something to him, and he knew that it would be against him. This, of course, gave him no actual pause, but it cooled his triumph. And then there was Gerard, and his stricken father. Val knew how fond the old man had grown of Constance; and he was not a brute, and felt something of the pain he would inflict upon those who had already so keenly suffered. Then Reginald's tongue had lashed Val's foibles once or twice, and he respected the staunch little man's opinion of him, and dreaded his disdain. And one thing was certain. If Val knew anything of human character—and he prided himself, as most men do, on knowing a good deal—he would have a bitter enemy in the man he was robbing. Against Gerard's grief, or possible grief, of course Val's own egotism shielded him. It was better that Gerard should be wounded, than that he himself should. *Cela va sans dire*. Let us not be bitter. We have all thought so in our day, over this matter or that; and if we have never stolen another man's lover from him, why, that may not have been our particular temptation. And perhaps some of us have done, or

attempted even that. Most of us live in glass houses, though we build them of different patterns.

Mechanically, as he lay there in his heathery nook, Val drew out a cigar, struck a fusee, and began to smoke. Gerard's wanderings brought him that way in the course of some five minutes, and the scent of the fusee still lingering heavily on the air, he beat round for the smoker. As he came, he chanted in a deep and jovial bass:

Shepherds, tell me, tell me

Have you seen—have you seen my Celia pass this way?

Cheeks lily white, lips rosy red—

and the rest of it. There was no touch of fear or suspicion in his mind; and the bright air, the quivering sunflecks, the birds' glad chorale, the dancing leaves, were each and all ministers of pleasure to him. So he threw back his shoulders and opened his chest, and rolled out the air of the glee in a mellow roar like that of an amiable tuneful lion, and came bursting through the boughs on the little clear space where Val lay. The smoker made no effort to escape him this time, and knowing, by the sudden cessation of Gerard's voice, that he was seen, he said, without turning round: 'That you, Lumby?'

'Why, Val, old chum!' cried Gerard joyously, 'I thought you were on the bounding deep, aboard the *Mew's-wing*. What brings you here, you ancient mariner—playing at Diogenes?'

'The master of the confounded craft has got the pip, or something of the sort,' growled Val.

Gerard came and sat beside him, and demanded a cigar. Val supplied him, and lay silent. Here was the first difficulty. If the action he had begun should be carried out—and he had no dream of relinquishing it—Gerard should know. Honour bade, that at least, at least he should tell his rival of his intent, and let him know that his happiness was threatened. But looking at his rival's happy face, he felt too much a coward so to wound him. 'It's like stabbing a sleeping man,' he thought, with an awful inward spasm of reluctance, 'to steal her from him without warning him. I must give him a chance of an appeal. My only possible atonement to him is to tell him openly that he has lost her, and will have to surrender her. If I do that, I can face him. If I don't do it, I am a dastard.' But in spite of the fact that he could speak thus strongly to himself, he could not bring his tongue to speak one word to Gerard.

'Are you come to join our picnic, ancient mariner?' asked Gerard.

'No,' said Val. 'I came out by mere chance for a stroll, and wandered farther than I meant. I have business to see to; and, by the way'—drawing out his watch and looking at it—'I shall be late already.'

'I must go, too,' said Gerard, bethinking him again of Constance. 'Ta-ta, if you won't come. See you again soon, eh? You'll dance at the wedding on the first of July, won't you?'—Val hid his face and searched his pockets.—'I shall count on you, you know. Good-bye.'

'All right,' cried Val. He could have shot himself for his own baseness. 'Good-bye.'

Gerard was gone, and began his chant again between the whiffs of his cigar: 'Shepherds, tell me, tell me.' The voice died away in the woods; and Val cast himself upon the heather once more. 'Miserable coward!' he cried.

The Primrose Way was scarcely pleasant travelling even now.

REMINISCENCES OF THE MINOR STAGE.

BY AN OLD STAGER.

PART II.*

At the close of a well-remembered day in the early autumn of 1872, I made a pilgrimage to the little village of Chiswick, on the Thames. Living in a garrison town some miles above, where there is noise enough and to spare, I could not fail to be struck with its extreme quietude, considering its close proximity to the busy hive of London. It wears a remote if not antiquated air, and fits pleasantly enough into a preconceived notion of a secluded country hamlet of a century and a half ago. This was my impression, as I leisurely bent my footsteps round the base of the gray old church tower into the adjoining 'God's-acre,' green and sequestered; dotted here and there with flowers, carefully tended by loving hands; and within sound of the long lazy plash of the flowing river at its side. I looked around me curiously to discover the whereabouts of certain forgotten and unforgotten worthies, said to lie within its precincts; nor was my search unrewarded. The Earl of Macartney, so well known by his Embassy to China, lies here; as also does Dr Rose, a ponderous if not profound writer in the days when brave Samuel Johnson was king and lawgiver in the literary world of England. Arthur Murphy the dramatist contributes a long and somewhat laboured inscription to his friend's merits and memory. The 'battle of life' has no longer any terrors for the overworked brain of Dr Griffiths, a man of mark in his day as editor of the *Monthly Review*; and James Ralph rests here, quietly oblivious of Pope's stinging satire:

Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
And makes night hideous; answer him, ye owls!

Holland, a meritorious actor in Garrick's later period, sleeps peacefully in the immediate neighbourhood of Philip Loutherbourg, an artist of some repute, more especially as a scene-painter at Drury Lane. The fiery petulance of Ugo Foscolo lies hushed now under a marble slab recording the dates of his birth and death. But the crowning glory of this consecrated rood of earth is the tomb of William Hogarth, a spirit quickened by the immortals to work out their own divine ends.

'I pray you pardon me,' gentle 'companions of my solitude,' for this apparent digression. At present, I am somewhat *distract*. The theatre and all its belongings are miles away; the floats are unlit, the big drum is nursing his last new baby, and little Tom Nokes—our extra trombone, if you please—is tending his sick wife; even the gasman is conspicuous by his absence; for the simple reason that there is no 'house' to-night. I am on the 'rampage.' I am revelling to my heart's content in the bright sunny atmosphere; the sweet-scented air, blowing gently from the

south, lifts my hair, as looking across the river, I recall some boyish memories of my old school-days, doubly endeared to me now, since one by one 'our fellows' have gone on their destined way and been seen no more.

Whilst I have thus been 'chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies,' my old dog, tired with his unaccustomed lengthy ramble, has fallen asleep on a diminutive green mound at my feet. I turn curiously to reconnoitre, and am rewarded by the discovery of one of the prettiest little inns it has ever been my fortune to light upon. Sheltered 'by the spreading branches of a chestnut tree,' its bright face glows with splashes of colour; flowers are gleaming from door-sill to roof-tree; every door and window is thrown wide open to catch the drowsy air as it creeps up languidly from the gleaming Thames. I agree with my friend Richard Swiveller, and exclaim aloud that a 'modest quencher' is necessary. Trot—like a sensible dog as he is—leaps up approvingly, pretends to be wide awake with all his might, and makes a feeble attempt at gamboling, which soon subsides as we arrive at the welcome sign of *The Roasted Pippin*. Pippins and ale! The connection is at once both natural and appropriate. A foaming tankard of the real Chiswick brew is placed at my elbow by the good-natured hostess, who also supplies Trot, at his earnest, albeit noisy solicitation, with his favourite Abernethy biscuit. A brier-root is extracted from an inner pocket, lightly filled with the mildest tobacco, and Trot and I cogitate. After a time, Trot affects anxiety, and we pursue our way. Hard by the church is a long narrow lane, branching off in the direction of the Duke of Devonshire's villa, Chiswick House. Originally devoted to the purposes of market-gardening, the ground hereabouts has been partially inclosed—say within the last fifty years—by the enterprising and speculative builder, to meet the exigencies of an increasing population. At the extreme end of this lane, on the left-hand side, stands Hogarth's house and garden, surrounded by a wall of some extent. It is an old-fashioned, red-brick building, of moderate size; but scarcely to be seen from the roadway, by reason of its lower level, and the clustering trees which encompass it.

The present occupier of this house, beneath whose shadow I am standing, is an old friend, was the hero of my boyhood, the *preux chevalier* of my youth, and the intelligent and industrious actor always. His card lies before me now as I write, and the name inscribed thereon is Mr N. T. Hicks. To playgoers thirty years since, the name of this gentleman will be very familiar indeed. As a leading actor on the Surrey side of the water, he was as well known and as popular as any of his theatrical brethren in the West. Habituated from his earliest years to the practice of his art, he obtained a proficiency which enabled him to hold his own with credit and applause.

In those early days when the century was young, the education of an actor meant something. Hard work and indigence were in most cases inseparable. There were no railways, with a cheap third-class for travellers; the professional 'padded the hoof,' as it was euphemistically termed, from town to town; a small bundle slung on the end of a stick or sword, or an old

* Continued from No. 953.

carpet-bag containing 'props,'—and an extra shirt, if so fortunate—constituted the whole of his luggage. A walk of thirty or forty miles on an empty stomach was by no means uncommon. A lift from a wagon was a godsend. The theatres were widely placed, and difficult of access; from Deal to Norwich or Gloucester on foot demanded all the staying powers of a Captain Barclay or a Weston. Coach-fares were mostly exorbitant, and altogether beyond the ability of the stroller. Happily, most of the younger men in the profession were single, and, as a rule, capable of enduring their hardships with a light heart. But the elder histrions, many of them with wives and families, were reduced to sad straits; provoking a smile now perhaps, after a lapse of years, but very mournful at the time. From the days of Thespis down to this hour, no lasting fame has been gained, no great reputation made, without the help of hard and incessant labour. Talent and energy will grasp the difficulties of the position at once, and by dint of unremitting effort, master them.

I claim for my dear, dead friend the merit of having surmounted these obstacles, of having fought the good fight with manly vigour, and come out of the conflict victorious. Loving his work with passionate ardour, and keenly alive to its delights, the memory of the pain and perils of his progression never forsook him. I remember the particulars of my first interview with him as accurately as though it had only occurred yesterday. I had written to him previously intimating my intention of joining a company, and soliciting his advice. He replied by return of post, explaining how fully his time was occupied, and asking me as a favour to come to him at the theatre. The nautical drama of *The Lost Ship* was then running at the Surrey—the old house, burnt down January 30, 1865—and T. P. Cooke, Mrs Honner, and Hicks were engaged in playing the principal parts. At the conclusion of this, I made my way round to the stage door, and soon found myself behind the scenes.

I had hardly time to look about me when my friend came. Fresh from the boards, heated, palpitating, quivering with excitement, his first words were, as he grasped my hand: 'Well, my dear sir, in what way can I be of service to you?' Full of confidence in my projected step, I entered with some detail into my proposed arrangements. After patiently listening to me for some time, he laid his hand gently on my shoulder, and looked wistfully into my eyes, as he delivered himself thus: 'You speak well; your appearance is in your favour. But pardon me, what are your present personal circumstances? Are your prospects for the future so unpropitious that you fly to the stage as a last resource? You are young, don't seem to be wanting in intelligence; is there no avocation in which your relatives can place you, that will not at least produce the weekly wage of a bricklayer's labourer?'

He paused for a moment, the perspiration all the while streaming down his forehead and face from his recent exertions. So great was my surprise at this exordium, that I could not utter a word. Without taking any notice of my confusion, he continued: 'Excepting under

very peculiar circumstances, I make it a point never to recommend the adoption of a professional career. You are possibly, nay, probably, attracted by the show, the glitter, the music, and the applause. The effect of these accidental accessories is of course patent to all; but the painful efforts rendered necessary to produce them are hidden from the public eye, and thoroughly known to those only whose secret labours are carried on behind the curtain. I doubt if you have counted the cost and consequences of this step. There is no royal road to eminence; the greatest actors have ever been the hardest workers. Have you courage enough to trample down the opposing forces which will as surely beset you as that the sun will rise to-morrow?'

Here we were interrupted by a messenger, who handed my friend a note, with the observation that the bearer waited. Turning aside, with a 'Pardon me,' I was left to myself for a moment; and never shall I forget the revulsion of feeling that ensued. My immature theories thrown to the winds; the ecstatic delights of a career I had set my cast upon, shattered into fragments. I had put to sea in a rudderless vessel and been wrecked. Astounded and bewildered, I sat down with my head between my hands. I was dumb-founded; it appeared like a dream. I could not think. I felt faint, and longed for a breath of the outside air.

In the meantime, my Mentor, now disengaged, came to me, and taking my hand in his as he saw my emotion, spoke in the tenderest manner. 'My dear young friend, I have thought it my duty to put the case clearly before you. At your age, a step in the wrong direction may be fatal. Remember that your success as an actor would demand the devotion of your life; you would have to fight your way inch by inch, and hold your ground as you conquered it.'

I interposed: 'You at least do not seem to have been defeated in the contest.'

Looking sadly at me, he continued: 'No, not altogether; but I have not come out of it unscathed. My wounds are numerous, and deep; my weapons have been hacked and worn, but I have always been carried from the plain on my shield! The love of my profession has been to me both sword and buckler; and if in climbing, the weapon has sometimes failed me, the buckler has always been my shelter and protection. I must leave you now; the stage must not be kept waiting, so fare you well. Think over what I have said, and do not determine rashly.'

And so we parted. Now, 'that I have unlocked my bosom of this perilous stuff,' I cannot do less than introduce my long-suffering reader to the gentleman himself, at whose door we have so long been standing.

Ringing the bell at the garden wicket, I hear a heavy footfall inside on the paved forecourt; the gate is opened, and once more, after a lapse of many years, I stand face to face with my old mentor, N. T. Hicks. Imagine a man upwards of six feet in his stockings, with athletic limbs in proportion to his height, full neck—left bare—and broad-chested. One of the finest stage faces ever seen; wide brow, surmounted by a thin crop of long light hair, now becoming grizzly; large nose of the Kemble type,

thin lips, and a noble chin, not too prominent; gray eyes, with a tearful and careworn look in them; skin slightly tinged with brown by exposure to the sun, and over all a sad expression. Asking my name, which he does not appear to recollect, I enter the opening in the wall, and make a descent of four or five steps into the garden—Hogarth's garden!

Leading me under the boughs of a huge mulberry tree, planted by the painter himself—now bound together and supported by iron bands and chains—he places himself with his back to the trunk, and scrutinising me narrowly, disclaims all knowledge of my name or person. I enter into particulars; and by degrees some faint light seems to dawn in his memory in connection with our former acquaintanceship. But the effort to recall them evidently gives him pain, and his eyes fill with tears. Taking my arm, we go into the house, where I am introduced to his wife, a gentle-looking lady of good address and breeding. I apologise for my intrusion, and explain its reasons, which she was pleased to accept with a smile of approval. We adjourn to the parlour on the left-hand side of the entrance-hall, a curiously shaped room, full of odd nooks and corners, low in the ceiling, and wainscoted throughout with oak panelling, rendered almost black with age. Here we seat ourselves; and the rays of the setting sun streaming in through the small lattices, impart a glow to the darkened wood as we prepare to indulge in 'the cup that cheers but not inebriates.'

Entering more fully into the object of my visit, I revert to some of my earliest remembrances, by instancing some of the characters which I had seen him personate in my younger days, beginning with the run of the *Jewess* at the Victoria in 1835—that I recollected his playing Othello to the Lago of the elder Cobham, in the year following at the same theatre—that, on a particular occasion, I had seen and heard him greeted with a loud and prolonged hiss—which mark of disapprobation I took to be one of the grandest testimonies to his talent that I could call to mind. The occasion was this. On the presentation of Moncrieff's version of *Jack Sheppard* in October 1839, he enacted the character of Jonathan Wild; Harding, a young man of good ability, being the Jack; Dale, the Sir Rowland Trenchard; and Manders, Kneebone. Let it be understood that Hicks was the leading actor of the company, and on the best of terms with his audience, and that, moreover, the absurd practice of hissing a performer because he happens to be cast for the villain of the piece had not yet come into vogue, and you will imagine the surprise with which this involuntary expression of feeling was received. The rapacious cruelty of the part had been so forcibly portrayed during the progress of the drama, that when, in the concluding scene, under the 'Tyburn tree' the mob are wildly gesticulating and jeering, the audience in front caught up the cry and added to the tumult. For an instant the amazed actor turned to the audience to learn what was amiss, when the clamour immediately altered its character to the loudest applause. 'Bravo, Hicks!' He had forgotten the incident; but looked pleased at my remembrance, and thanked me for recalling it.

In searching the annals of theatrical biography, it is by no means rare to find that the representation of some particular character has become so far identified with the actor's name, that the casual mention of the one almost invariably recalls the other. As thus: Garrick with *Richard III.*, Kemble with *Coriolanus*, Kean with *Othello*, Macready with *Virginus*, Mackay with the 'Bailie' in *Rob Roy*, Denvil with *Manfred*, and T. P. Cooke with *Black-eyed Susan* as William. This list might be lengthened considerably if it were necessary. Suffice it, however, to add one other name to the catalogue in the person of N. T. Hicks with *The Wizard of the Wave*. The Victoria had passed into the hands of a Mr Richard Ratcliffe in 1840, who signalled his advent by the production of a nautical drama bearing the above title, furnished by J. T. Haines. This was placed upon the stage with the utmost completeness, and supported by a company which did ample justice to its merits. Hicks performed the dual parts of Captain Faulkner and the Unknown; John Dale, Don José; Harding, Tom Truck—an admirable bit of acting; Attwood, Timothy Treacle; Miss Emmeline Montague—who afterwards became Mrs Compton—was the Donna Isabinda. Coney and Blanchard, the noted swordsmen, were also engaged, and did excellent service. The pictorial illustrations were fine and appropriate; but the last scene culminated in a triumph of stage mechanism such as had never been seen in any theatre within my experience.

Our prolonged meal concluded, my friend and I stroll out of doors into the well-kept garden. I reverted to the memory of many of the elder favourites of the public with whom he had been associated, canvassing their merits and debating their peculiarities. Liberal in his judgments, he was at the same time keenly alive to the sameness, the mannerisms of certain of his compeers. How lovingly he dwelt on the dramatic eminence of G. V. Brooke, George Bennett, Thomas Lyon, Charles Pitt, and Samuel Phelps! The combative faculty which not unusually accompanies a highly nervous temperament, had died out, and left behind it no shadow of envy or uncharitableness.

How well do I remember all the trifling incidents of that evening, little dreaming it was to be the last I should enjoy in the society of my friend on this side of the dark and ever-flowing river. I could not avoid remarking that my later edition of professional small-talk, and the occasional quip and crank with which we larded our lean conversation, were received with extra warmth. The sweet face of his good and lady-like wife also brightened with enhanced pleasure as we sat under the porch indulging in our quiet gaiety. In illustration of some of his anecdotes, he placed before me a large portfolio containing various portraits, letters of celebrities, and newspaper cuttings, about each of which, as they came under notice, he had some observation to make, or some history to relate. With a promise that I would shortly renew my visit, he followed me out of doors to the garden steps, where we parted. My town engagements being particularly pressing at this season, I could not find time so soon as I had expected to visit him again; but, buoyed up with the

hope of his returning convalescence, was less uneasy on that account than hitherto. But the receipt of a black-edged envelope bearing the post-mark of Chiswick roused my worst fears, which a perusal of the contents confirmed. My friend was dead; the lamp, long glimmering, had ceased to burn. No more the tender welcome greeting from his honest eyes! The picturesque manner, and the eloquent voice, which of old roused my young enthusiasm, lie buried out of sight; but the memory of them remains written legibly on the hidden tablets of the heart. Newton Treen Hicks died February 21, 1873, aged 62. 'To this complexion must we come at last.'

THE CLIFFORD DIAMONDS.

CHAPTER III.—WHAT BECAME OF THEM.

NAOMI came home a few days afterwards, and, as usual, we had some talk about the friends we knew at Liverpool; a word or two on dress, and then—

'Naomi, there has been a letter from Arthur Clifford,' I said.

She started, just ever so little, and grew a shade paler; but her voice was perfectly steady as she asked: 'And what news of him?'

'He is coming home.'

'I thought as much,' she said with a little laugh.

'But he is not coming back alone, Naomi,' I whispered very low.

She turned quickly upon me. 'What do you mean, Olive?' she said, her lips quivering.

'I mean—I mean—— Oh, Naomi, surely, surely you know the kind of man he is—that he is not to be trusted.'

'Tell me at once!' she cried, catching my arm.

'Tell me at once, Olive!'

'He is married, Naomi.'

She started up, and stood for a moment as if transfixed with amazement; then breaking into a low ringing laugh of bitter scorn, she said: 'So some one else will wear the diamonds after all!' It was the only word of anything like disappointment I ever heard pass her lips.

To this day it is a puzzle to me. Did she care for him or not? Was it only ambition which prompted her to reject so many suitors for his sake? Had she resolved to be Lady Clifford at all hazards, and was her heart untouched? I never knew; I never can know; we never speak of those things now.

Although Sir Arthur told his mother he was on his way home, the summer was on the wane before he brought his bride to Grange. There were no public demonstrations, no illuminations, no rejoicings. Lady Clifford (*née* Scadder) just drove quietly from the railway station in a one-horse brougham, and arrived amongst us as simply as if we had known her from childhood. I was at Grange that day; Naomi was again at Liverpool. She managed to be absent in just the most natural way in the world. No one thought it strange; I only, held the clew.

Arthur Clifford was terribly changed. The years he had spent in America had altered him almost beyond belief. It was not that he was bronzed or browned, although he was both one

and the other; not that his good looks were terribly impaired, although that also was the case. But there was a curious look about him, which told of wild company, of his having been in the society of reckless men; a flavour of rowdiness, very unlike the ease and courtesy of an English gentleman. But his wife was perfectly lovely—fair, delicately formed, slight, and graceful as a harebell. Her azure eyes, daintily chiselled features, pearly teeth, skin, resembled nothing so much as an exquisite Dresden china shepherdess. She charmed me at a glance. I had often heard of the delicate beauty of American women; but this was altogether a surprise to me. True, she had many little ways about her which were scarcely in accordance with our received ideas of the proprieties; and Sir Arthur's mother was not pleased at her voice or accent. But she seemed to possess entire sway over her husband; and so far as I could see during that first visit of hers to Grange, she was a shrewd little person, and had all her wits about her. Sir Arthur and she only remained ten days at Grange. She told us she was very sorry; but her cousin, Mayflower Scadder, was going to marry a Russian Prince with an unpronounceable name; and she had promised to be at the grand wedding in Paris. 'All the world will be there,' she said to me; 'and I'm having a gown made for it that will beat all creation.' She seemed to have taken a wonderful liking for me; and when she uttered—as now—any of her Americanisms, which she saw startled me, she would laugh or blush, and ask me if we English thought her queer. So we became quite confidential, and I think that I may have been in a very small way of use to her.

Early in September, she and her husband left for Paris. She took the diamonds with her.

'That's a clever little woman,' Uncle Tom said to me one day, shortly after young Lady Clifford and her husband had left. I was surprised, for Uncle Tom never came near Grange while Sir Arthur was there, and I did not know of his having met the young lady. I said as much.

The old man laughed. 'Oh, she came down to the Mills and made my acquaintance, my dear,' he said. 'Went all over the factory, asked questions about everything; and really she seems to be a most intelligent little body. She was very eager about the mineral wealth of the place. Mark my words, Olive: you'll see the coal-pits opened before a year goes round, or I am much mistaken.'

I did not think very much of his words just then; but when an agent from London came down and began to examine the bleak moors between Grange and the sea, and when queer-looking implements began arriving at the small station near, I found the truth of what he said. Lady Clifford was not a woman to suffer her thousands and tens of thousands to lie idle; she would make good use of her wealth, and every pound must turn into forty shillings. I suppose she was right; but to me there seemed to be a terrible greed about this headlong race after wealth. I may have done her wrong. Now, I know that I did, and I am sorry.

Spring was beginning, bleak and cold, as it

usually begins with us in our hard north, when Sir Arthur and my lady returned home. Ruth was at Grange; but at once she resigned the reins of government into the clever hands of the little American; and capital hands they proved to be. She was born to govern, that fair, slight, childish-looking woman; and uncle, who condoned her husband's crime for the sake of his beautiful wife, told me more than once that he had never met a woman with such a head for business. She was at everything, seen everywhere; nothing escaped her keen eyes, or baffled her acute penetration. Moreover, from her exceeding beauty, her known cleverness, and her reputed wealth, she became the most popular little woman in the west of England.

The Cliffords were a good deal asked out that year. After Easter, they went to London, and a Countess presented the little American at the last drawing-room of the season. She was wonderfully admired; in fact, she became the fashion; and Sir Arthur became to the world 'Lady Clifford's husband.' I believe Naomi and he met once or twice in society in London, but I never inquired about it. It was a subject upon which there was silence between us.

In August, the lady and her husband returned home. The admiration she had received had not in the slightest degree spoilt the little beauty; she was just the same shrewd, practical young woman as ever, with an eye on everything, a finger in every pie; and Sir Arthur never interfered with her. He and I seldom encountered one another; by tacit consent, we kept out of each other's way; and although his wife and I were great friends, I scarcely ever exchanged more than a passing word with him; neither did Uncle Thomas nor my father have any intercourse with him; and whispers of debasing habits learned abroad, and practised in secret, began to circulate amongst the people. For my own part, I hardly know if they were or were not true. I remembered the avidity with which he drank up uncle's wine years ago, and I shuddered. Everything outwardly seemed to flourish with the Cliffords. The mines were now in full work, and the yield of coal exceeded the wildest dreams of the proprietors; wealth seemed pouring in upon them.

The presence of the younger lady at Grange made but little change in our intercourse with our dear Lady Clifford; and I observed with deep joy, how the elder's prejudices were gradually wearing away, and how the younger was slowly winning her way to her mother-in-law's heart. I have said that young Lady Clifford was very popular in our part of the world. Even at the Duke's, she was the reigning belle; and it was whispered that a great ball which he was to give at Beckley Towers about Christmas, was chiefly in honour of her.

This ball at the Duke's was the theme of every tongue for many weeks before it came off. Invitations were sent to us; and as Joe, Harry, and Naomi were all at home and wild to go, I promised to go too.

Lady Clifford was staying at Beckley Towers; while we humble individuals were content to drive the long fifteen miles on a winter's night. The ballroom was a sight to see, with its artistic decorations and gorgeous dresses. The company

was most distinguished, even counting a Royal personage in its number, with dozens of celebrities besides. Ere I was half an hour inside the flower-wreathed door, I had encountered half-a-dozen acquaintances, which made things exceedingly pleasant to me; amongst the number was an old clergyman, a dear friend of my father's, and with him I made the circuit of the gorgeous rooms and superb galleries. It was a real pleasure to go with him, because he knew all the famous pictures and could point them out to me.

'There are some fine Van Dycks at Grange,' he said, pausing before a splendid portrait by that master. 'But I think this is the finest specimen of him in the north of England.—By the way, have you seen Lady Clifford to-night? She is quite the loveliest woman in the room; and her dress is a marvel.'

I felt amused at the old clergyman's simple admiration for the young American; but when I saw her afterwards, dancing with the Royal personage, and attracting quite as many eyes as he, I did not wonder. She wore the celebrated diamonds—the diamonds which I had seen under such different circumstances a few years ago. They seemed to create a luminous circle around her, glittering on her fair head, her slender throat, her shapely arms and bosom, and starring the puffed and looped folds of her pale pink brocade dress. No wonder every one looked at her. There was not one amongst the number who could bear comparison with her. We had just a few whispered words together, and I lost sight of her in the crowd.

I was terribly tired after that ball, and resolved that it should be my last; nevertheless, I had enjoyed it after a fashion, and certainly I amused dear old Lady Clifford for three whole days with my account of it and of her lovely daughter-in-law's success.

On the fourth day after the ball, Sir Arthur and his beautiful wife returned home; and on the evening of their return I got about the greatest surprise of my life. Just as I was preparing for our family dinner, a tiny note from Lady Clifford, requesting me to go to her at once, was put into my hand.

'Her ladyship's sent the brougham,' my maid told me; 'and the man says he's not to go back without you.'

Feeling certain that something ominous had occurred, I wrapped a cloak round me and drove to Grange. I was shown into the smaller drawing-room much as usual, and found Sir Arthur, his wife, and mother waiting dinner, also in the most usual fashion.

'Oh, you're come, dear,' cried the younger lady in her effusive manner. 'So glad—so very glad to see you. Now we'll have a good time together and discuss the ball in real style.'

I felt mystified. Surely she never had sent for me in such an urgent fashion only to have a gossip about the ball. I failed to understand her. I remained in a state of puzzle all through dinner and for some time after it, until the elder lady having gone to her rooms, and Sir Arthur being left to the company of the wine-bottle, the little lady brought me into her boudoir, closed fast the door, and facing me, said with a slight laugh: 'Olive, I've lost the diamonds.'

I staggered back and gasped for breath. 'Lost the diamonds?' I faltered. 'Lost?'

'Yes, yes. They were stolen out of my room at Beckley. Isn't it awkward?' She seemed to me to take it much more easily than I could. To me, the loss of those splendid jewels seemed something almost overwhelming, while to her it was only 'awkward.'

'It is a terrible misfortune,' I said.

She laughed one of her gay, little, bird-like laughs. 'Oh! as for that, they can be easily replaced; but it is rather awkward to lose them just now.'

I had heard of American recklessness, American extravagance; but to meet with such an example of it in her, in this clever managing little woman, who seemed to look so sharply after everything, almost took away my breath. I felt cruelly disappointed in her.

'To a person of your enormous wealth,' I said coldly, 'the loss of a suit of diamonds worth twenty or thirty thousand pounds may seem a trifle, as you can so easily replace them; but to my mind'—

She stopped me short by flinging her arms around me and kissing me heartily. 'O Olive, don't, don't!' she cried, laughing aloud. 'You'll kill me, Olive; yes, you will. But—how were you to know? I hoodwinked you with the rest of them. Now I'll make a full confession. You're real grit, Olive Thorp, gold through and through; and you'll like me better for being honest and true with you. Sit down there, and listen to me. I don't want to make a fuss about those diamonds, or have any talk over them, because—because'—

She stopped, and her beautiful face flushed up. Then she leant forward till her face almost touched mine, and whispered: 'Because they ain't the real ones!'

I sat staring at her for a few moments. 'Not—the—real—ones?' I gasped at last, horror-stricken.

'No; they are not. The real ones are at Cannes with Mayflower, safe and sound. I sold them to her, and had these made in imitation of them.—Oh, don't look so horrified. Arthur knew the whole affair from first to last. I wouldn't have done it without his consent for a hundred worlds; but— Didn't you always think I had lots of cash?'

I said I was led to believe as much.

She shook her little head. 'Bless you, I hadn't a cent, not I. It was Mayflower had the fortune. Uncle Pete died worth I can't tell you how much. One half he left to Mayflower, and the other half to her brother Devereux. Poor Mayflower! her appearance is ordinary beyond thought, but she is clever and quick. We were prime friends, and we never got jealous of each other. I reckon we got our share fair enough. She had the fortune, and I had the face. We were staying together in an hotel at Brooklyn, when Arthur and I came across each other. He thought I had the fortune, at first, and made up to me.—No, no; I didn't deceive him. I got too fond of him, poor old fellow; and he behaved like a man—he did indeed.'

She looked into the fire for a moment or two contemplatively; then she went on: 'He told me he was very poor, and that if he had a

little money, he could grow as rich as the best of us. First, I thought about getting Mayflower to lend us money to start the mines; then Arthur told me of the necklace and all the rest. I spoke to Mayflower on the spot. She offered me the highest market price for the diamonds; and I took it. So we came to Europe; and in Paris we met a cousin of ours that was married to an Austrian Count; she got us there to her house in the Champs-Élysées, and before you knew where you were, produced this sleek Russian Prince, and made up a match for Mayflower. He's a good fellow, though, and kind to Mayflower. They are at Cannes now; and she's as happy as need be.

'Well, when I went over to the wedding, I took the diamonds to a celebrated man in Paris who can imitate such things so that no one could know the difference between the mock ones and the real; and he copied the Clifford diamonds for me for a mere trifle compared to the value of the real ones; and Mayflower gave me down in hard cash forty-four thousand pounds sterling, for the lot. Then we started the mines; and now we are getting rich in reality, and have everything we want. Isn't that better than having a lot of grandeur locked up in a box doing good to nobody? Eh, Olive?' We are giving work to over three hundred men, improving the place, spending a good deal amongst the poor folks, and all just because we sold these old diamonds. I'm practical, you see. But I don't want a fuss made. I wish the thief joy of these stolen make-believes.'

I grew to like her better after that confession of hers than I ever had done before; and as the years went on, and I, her most intimate friend, saw the heavy cross laid upon her in her domestic life, and how bravely she bore it, I came to love and honour her above all the women I knew. As for Sir Arthur, he sank lower and lower, not swiftly or suddenly, but with a slow and sure decline, until, despite his brave little wife's efforts to uphold him in the eyes of the world, men talked publicly of his disgrace, and the sins of his youth were remembered against him. At last, he died, leaving his widow dowered more amply than any Lady Clifford had ever been before. She was still in the heyday of life, good-looking and attractive; but she never married again, devoting herself solely to the young Sir Jasper Clifford, her handsome boy, who would succeed to all the wealth she had made, and his beautiful sister Ida, who inherited much of her mother's spirit. Lady Clifford lived on at Grange until her blind mother-in-law's death; and soon afterwards she and I went on our travels together. All my people were married then. My three brothers had homes and families of their own, and Naomi too had married. Hers was the strangest marriage of them all, for her husband is no other than the Devereux Scadder whose sister possessed the famous Clifford diamonds. He is a fine fellow, devoted to Naomi, for whose pleasure he has built a charming villa close to his sister at Cannes.

Once, just last year, I saw those diamonds again. It was at Rome, at a reception given by the Princess Ivan Doughbrousky, *née* Mayflower Scadder. The little brown, beady-eyed woman

seemed lost in the blaze of them; and I could not help thinking they were very useless things after all.

VINTAGE-TIME.

OLD Father Rhine was bearing his share of the last contingent of summer travellers to their various homes. These included the ubiquitous American; the grave and solemn Russian; the portly German with wife and family, who, having soused themselves thoroughly at some watering-place, were wending their way back to their *sauerkraut* and indigestion; and lastly, many a son and daughter of Albion, whose healthy happy faces, bronzed by Alpine and Italian suns, showed that they had not been wasting the summer in idleness or in drinking 'drumlic German water.' The towns and villages were reaping the last of their annual spoils from the tourists; the air was filled with the scent of ripening fruit; the steamers and river-barges were piled high with baskets of apples and pears; and the last of the great rafts from the Black Forest with its floating village, moved silently down the majestic river towards the sea. A rich harvest was in store for the Rhineland. The destructive night-frosts of May had not molested his vines this year; a warm and generous June had helped them through the precarious season of blossom; a broiling August sun had ripened the fruit, and a beautiful September had brought the grapes to perfection. Autumn had already changed the green of the leaves into the richest of yellows and reds and browns; but these gorgeous tints failed to conceal the deep blue purple of the ripe clusters beneath, which lent their colour to the mountain-sides. Mountain and valley glowed in the richest of autumnal tints, the reflection of which was taken up by the deep flowing river, and mirrored back on its constantly changing surface.

The whole Rhineland population was in a state of anxious excitement, and all hopes and fears were centred in the one question—the weather. Rain at this critical period would blight all the hopes a glorious summer had raised. The vintage does not take place simultaneously all along the Rhine; indeed, weeks often intervene between the gathering of the grapes in various districts; and in the Rheingau, where grow the wines which render the names of Johannisberg, Steinberg, Rüdesheim, &c., justly famous, the gathering-in is often so long delayed, that it is only approaching winter which hurries the housing of the grapes. In other districts, where vineyards unknown to general fame yield good and generous wines that later on adopt the names of their more famous sisters, the day for commencing the vintage is fixed by the local magnates, among whom the village burgomaster and the larger proprietors stand supreme.

At the village of H—, the local magnate was indeed a portly person, credited with being able to drink several gallons of wine daily. He was a short, thick-set, man about five feet high, and about as many in circumference, dressed in a blue linen blouse, blue linen trousers, and a blue

cowl on his head. His broad face vied in its reds and purples with the colouring of the richest cluster of grapes; and his small sharp twinkling eyes floated in two welling lakes of tears. The way in which this village oracle, constantly buried in clouds of tobacco-smoke, gave forth his autoeratic utterances, and then lapsed instantly into the severest silence, was well calculated to impress the peasantry with a sense of his unfathomable wisdom. Almost every village possesses some such magnate, who, grown up in their midst, knows everything about everybody, and possessed of a little more than average shrewdness, is looked to for advice in almost every emergency. He acts as arbitrator in small matters of dispute; and many little squabbles and quarrels are prevented from growing into lengthy matters of litigation by his fair and equitable administration of justice. The oracle had fixed the following day for the commencement of the vintage, many an anxious eye was turned towards the glowing heavens, and every little cloud was scanned as it floated across and melted into space. The evening promised well, and the quiet romance pervading everything was delightful as we watched the signs of the night from among the moonlit ruins of the old Schloss on the top of the mountain. To the south lay the ancient town of Andernach, with its old old towers and spires, bathed in the softest moonlight, guarding the entrance of the gorge. The villages below lay hushed in sleep, and no sound broke the solemn stillness but the gentle murmuring of the mighty river as it rolled along.

Daybreak came, and found everybody up and busy. Old and young—the wealthy proprietor with his guests and friends, for everybody who has friends and has house-room to offer them asks them to join in helping at vintage-time; the peasant who with his children cultivates a few odd patches of ground—all are dressed in blue linen, the women in short blue gowns, the men in blue blouses and trousers. Armed with knives, shears, clippers, of all dimensions and shapes, some carrying great wicker baskets lined with pitch, and called *Lehne*, they moved off to the mountain-sides. The women carry the *Lehne* on their heads; the men carry them on their left shoulders, and support them with a thick crooked stick. When full, these *Lehne* weigh upwards of a hundredweight, and are often borne over the roughest and rockiest of tracks for miles. Oxen were yoked to huge lumbering wagons, on which were placed vats. These toiled up the precipitous paths to every accessible point among the terraced vineyards. In the pressing-houses in the village, all was bustle and activity. Vats were being rapidly prepared to receive the grapes; huge casks were placed upright, with the top ends taken out; crushers and stampers got a final cleaning; and weighing-machines were placed in readiness to record the weight of the various baskets as they were brought in. Those who remained in the village were all awaiting the first arrival of the grapes from the mountain-sides, when suddenly a cold draught of air swept down through the narrow gorge of the Rhine—the tolling of distant bells was wafted warningly on the breeze from village to village, and down came a dense white damp fog, burying mountain and

river in its gray vapoury folds. The bells of the village church at H—— joined in the ringing lament which summoned the workers back from the vineyards. All gathering operations must cease when this wet fog comes down. Apart from the actual danger to those employed in collecting the grapes, the air becomes so impregnated with moisture, that the grapes in a few minutes are covered with large beads of water. Were they gathered in this state, the produce would be as much deteriorated as if the grapes were gathered in a pelting rain. The burgomaster, in the interest of the community, and to preserve the good name of the district, causes the village bells to summon all to cease gathering. For those high up on precipitous ledges of rock where the vine loves to grow, such a fog brings its own element of danger, and lucky are they if they can reach safe ground before the mist renders each step one of peril.

A couple of hours elapsed. Groups of anxious people wistfully watched the cold wet fog as it swept slowly by, at times dense and impenetrable, at others thin and vapoury, exposing for a second or so the pale disc of the sun as it struggled through. These were two anxious hours. If the fog rose, rain was inevitable; whereas if the fog fell to the earth, a fine day was certain. At length the question was happily settled. The vapoury masses collected in the hollows of the mountains, the blue sky appeared overhead, and the sun burst forth triumphantly. With happy faces and gladsome songs, the people once more streamed forth to the vineyards, and for that day they had no interruption to fear. Soon the heavily filled baskets began to arrive, and the fruit was eagerly scanned. Very different indeed were these bunches and clusters of grapes from what one is accustomed to see on the table in England, and a poor figure these little shrivelled-up berries would make beside the produce of an English vinery. Their value, however, does not lie in their looks, in the ordinary acceptance of the term. The thick saccharine juice they contain—the result of excessive ripeness—the deep-red hue of the stalks and stems of the clusters—these are what call forth the admiration of those who know what such juice will yield.

The first baskets had hardly been in the pressing-house a few minutes, before the happy vintner came forth and told us that the must-tester floated higher than it had been known to do for years. This meant that there was more saccharine matter in the juice of the pressed grapes than had been known for years. Next he came with a small flat silver cup to taste the must, the shallow cup and brightness of the metal enabling you to judge of the colour. And now men and women began to arrive in greater numbers; wagons came lumbering heavily laden from the vineyards. Crushing and pressing went on briskly in the pressing-houses all day long. Occasionally some of the bearers themselves toppled over into the vats as they emptied their heavy baskets, and had to be extricated, sticky and dejected, by their laughing comrades. All mouldy and rotten bunches have to be removed; and sometimes it is necessary to ascertain that some of those who bring in their produce do not add water. As a rule, the Rhineland is honest; but there are black-sheep among them, who have been clever enough to find out

that one pound-weight of water is equal to one pound of grapes, and costs less.

The gathering of the grapes in the vineyards ceased at about half-past five P.M. for the day; and charming it was to listen to the happy voices of the people in the soft balmy air, at first distant and low, but gradually approaching nearer and nearer, and bursting out into rich melody as they descended from the echoing hills to their village homes. In the vineyards, the work was over for the day; but not so in the pressing-houses. The ripeness of the fruit caused fermentation to set in immediately; and as simultaneous and regular fermentation is of essential importance in the making of good wine, all the gathered grapes must be crushed and vatted without delay. No individual berries must be left to burst of themselves later on, and thus disturb the harmony of the fermentation. The old method of stamping the grapes with the feet, though still practised in the south of Europe, has long since died out on the Rhine. The crushing is here effected by passing the grapes through large revolving rollers. The great care which has to be taken in the cultivation of the vine on the Rhine, owing to the changeable climate, and the constant nursing required to bring the extremely delicate wines to maturity, have brought the science of viticulture to the highest perfection. The high prices paid to the growers for their produce is sufficient proof of this.

Knowledge gained by long experience is the only guide in selecting and arranging the grapes suitable to be allowed to ferment together. The wind and cooler air to which the vines on the higher mountain slopes are exposed, influence the fruit materially; the excessive moisture, on the other hand, to which the lower lying vineyards are subjected by the drainage from the hills, increases the quantity of the wine, but does so at the expense of the quality. As a rule, the finest wines are prepared from grapes grown half-way up the mountain-side. A great many considerations arise among others as to whether stems and husks should be allowed to ferment with the juice; but as regards this, no rule can be laid down, and only patient watching and experience enable one to judge with any degree of accuracy. Temperature, again, is of vital importance; but a knowledge of when to arrest and how to control fermentation can only be gained by practical experience in the pressing-houses.

The hard work of the first few days of the vintage did not allow of much merry-making; but the bright faces, the cheerful 'Guten Morgen,' with which one was greeted everywhere, the joyous singing, sufficed to show that the spirit of thankfulness was abroad. As the days went on, and the work became lighter, the big room and the gardens surrounding the village inn became thronged with people; fiddles, trombones, violoncellos, and every available musical instrument, were brought into requisition; while mine host, who had taken time by the forelock, had already brimming bumpers of newly made wine to offer to his guests. Dancing and merry-making were carried on far into the night. For these people, a good vintage means a provision for months to come; the demon of want and starvation has been driven from their doors; winter may come

with its keenest blasts—they are prepared, and they are happy; and their happiness and content are a genuine thanksgiving for the abundance showered upon the land.

A MYSTERY OF THE PACIFIC.

FAR away in the South Pacific Ocean, stretching from the coast of Asia for thousands of miles to the east, there extends a vast series of archipelagoes and island groups, partly, without doubt, the remains of a former continent now merged beneath the waves. Here is the far-famed Coral Sea, with its countless islets and calm lagoons; and here are numberless volcanic islands, rich in luxuriant vegetation, where Nature seems to have been especially prodigal of her gifts, but which are ever the sport of the terrible subterranean forces that act with such fearful potency throughout all this region. Till comparatively recent times, little was known for certain with respect to the islands of the Pacific. Mendana and other pioneers of exploration had, it is true, shed some light on the subject; but the tales of early travellers were mixed up with many wild improbabilities and exaggerations. Dim stories floated about of the savage nature of the South Sea Islanders, and of the exploits of Dampier or of the Spanish buccaneers. Tales, too, of the fabulous wealth to be derived from trading in the Pacific, found ready listeners everywhere; and the public credulity on the subject was too clearly shown in the history of the South Sea Bubble.

Of late years, through the discoveries of gallant explorers, we have learned more of the true facts of the case, and many old illusions have been dispelled. But, as has been so often said, truth is stranger than fiction; and the facts to which we are about to draw attention will yield in their wonderful nature to none of the strange and fantastic tales with which sea-captains were formerly wont to astonish the credulous at home.

In the far East, forming, as it were, the outpost of the South Sea groups, is a solitary volcanic island called Easter Island. It is thirteen hundred miles east of Pitcairn, the next island in the series, and, with the exception of Sala y Gomez, a small rock without inhabitants or vegetation, there is no land between it and South America, which lies more than two thousand miles to the east. Easter Island is only eleven miles long by four broad; yet in this small space is crowded perhaps the most wonderful and mysterious collection of remains of a prehistoric people to be found on the earth. At the south-west end are nearly a hundred houses, built of stone, with walls five feet in thickness. The inside of the walls is lined with upright slabs of stone, painted in black, white, and red, with figures of animals and birds, and with other designs. The houses are roofed in with overlapping slabs of stone. In some of the houses, numbers of univalve shells have been found. Near these wonderful ruins, the rocks are carved into fantastic shapes or faces, most of the sculptures being now almost overgrown with bush and underwood. The present inhabitants know nothing whatever of these houses, which, existing as they do in such large

numbers, seem to point inevitably to a former race of natives of far higher civilisation.

We can understand that a former race may have erected the houses and carved the sculptures mentioned above, wonderful as they are compared with the huts of the existing natives. What follows is, however, more difficult of explanation. On nearly every promontory are erected huge stone platforms, facing the sea, and presenting a front sometimes nearly three hundred feet long and from twenty to thirty feet high. The stones composing these platforms are often six feet long, and are fitted together without cement. The top of the platform is generally about thirty feet broad; and the structures being built on sloping ground, the wall facing the interior of the island is only about a yard high. Another terrace, a hundred feet broad, is levelled landwards, and ends also in a wall of stone. On these immense platforms are great pedestals of stone, on which once stood gigantic statues, which, however, are now all thrown down and partially mutilated, with the exception of those on the platform near the crater of Otouli, which are still erect. Some of these images were thirty-seven feet high; but the average height was about sixteen or seventeen feet, other statues being much smaller. The heads of these sculptured images are flat, and were formerly capped by crowns of red tufa, a stone that is found only at a crater called Terano Hau, near which have been found a number of crowns ready for removal to the statues. The faces are square, and are said to be of a disdainful expression, the lips thin, and the eye-sockets remarkably deep, perhaps to admit of the insertion of eyeballs formed of obsidian, which is also found on the island.

Captain Cook, who during his second voyage visited Easter Island, remarks that the shade of one of these statues was sufficient to shelter all his party—nearly thirty persons. He believed them to be burying-places for certain tribes or families. But whatever may have been the original intention of the sculptors, the present natives can have had nothing to do with the execution of these wonderful monuments. They possess, however, small wooden carved figures, but totally different in features from the stone images. We are forced to the conclusion that the houses, platforms, and statues are all relics of a remote age. The natives have a tradition that they formerly migrated to their present abode from one of the islands of the Low Archipelago; but this throws little light on the subject. How, in any age, could a people furnished only with a stone chisel—for the Polynesians are still in the Stone epoch—have carved such statues by hundreds and built such enormous platforms? And the difficulty is immensely increased by the small size and complete isolation of the island. At present, Easter Island remains the greatest mystery of the Pacific—one of the great mysteries of the world.

The ruins of Ponapé, however, are scarcely more easily explained than those we have been describing. Ponapé is one of the Caroline Islands, and is about fourteen miles long by twelve in width. On the bank of a creek in the Metalanien harbour stands a massive wall three hundred feet in length and about thirty-

five feet high. It is built of basalt, the stones being in some cases twenty-five feet long. On passing through a gateway in this wall, a court, inclosed by walls thirty feet high, is reached. This court is now almost hidden in parts by luxuriant vegetation; but on investigation, a terrace eight feet high and twelve broad is found to run round the inside of the inclosing wall. Low walls running north and south divide the court into three parts, in the centre of each of which is a closed chamber fourteen feet square, roofed over with basaltic columns.

The labour of building these structures must have been enormous, for there are no basaltic rocks within ten miles, with an intervening country thickly wooded and precipitous. Such an exploit is evidently entirely out of the power of the present savage inhabitants. The theory that the buildings were the work of Spanish buccaneers is also untenable. No adequate explanation has yet been offered; but, as in the case of Easter Island, we seem driven to the hypothesis of an ancient civilisation extending over some parts at least of the Pacific. Admitting this, we might suppose that Easter Island was chosen, possibly expressly on account of its isolation, as the sanctuary of the religion of some confederacy or group of tribes, who might by their joint labours have produced the mighty structures which now baffle the archaeologist. On the same supposition, the buildings at Bonapé might be considered to have been the temple of the gods of some powerful nation. But all this is mere conjecture. If there ever was such a civilisation, which way did it spread? Was it from the West or from the East? And in either case, how can we account for its spontaneous growth in such an isolated region and under conditions so unfavourable? These are questions which we cannot hope to answer; probably they will always remain unanswered. The past history of the South Seas is veiled in deep obscurity. Could we but gain an insight into the remote past of this quarter of the globe, perhaps a picture would be revealed, by the side of which the tales of Montezuma and the Incas of Peru would sink into insignificance.

CIVILISED GAME.

When we see the familiar pheasant on the table at meals, we take it for granted that until it fell a victim to the breech-loader of some fortunate sportsman, it was a simple child of nature. It is quite as likely, however, that it was not. Few people perhaps are aware of the thousands of these birds that are raised by hand, in order to provide an ample supply for those sportsmen who like to kill birds without having too much trouble in hunting for them. A great deal of labour is expended in furnishing such game. The business of rearing the birds from eggs, under the domestic hen, involves careful supervision by day and night on the part of a staff of experienced keepers, who, in the beginning, have also no little hard work to do in collecting the eggs. Besides the danger the little birds run of being stolen and sold to some neighbouring estate, they are also liable to be destroyed by weasels, stoats, and rats. Even the

jackdaw, from a pure love of mischief, will bite off their heads if he gets the opportunity.

In the case of the baby pheasants, they will not, until they are ten days old at least, enter the carefully boarded wire-run in front of their coops; and have to be fed upon a delicate mixture of finely chopped egg and meal. Even after they are strong enough to roam about, the keeper is compelled to maintain a sharp look-out when the day is wet, as the long damp grass often proves fatal to their constitution. Until the age of two months is reached, when they are turned into the woods, the pheasants have to be fed five times a day; and a vigilant watch must be kept at night, as they are liable to be pounced upon both by two-legged and four-legged thieves.

'DAME AUTUMN HATH A MOURNFUL FACE.'

SUMMER is dead : too soon her radiant shape

Beneath a humid pall of leaves is laid ;

Too soon is fled the swallow, to escape

The biting wind, and winter's cruel shade.

Summer is dead : the weeping forest tree

Repeats the cry amid its falling leaves ;

Past is the cheerful hum of laden bee,

Vanished the mellow glory of the sheaves.

Now do grim shadows usher in the night,

That follows fast upon the shortened day ;

More boldly doth the night-bird wing her flight,

And croak defiance to the moon's wan ray.

Now doth the peasant, hastening sadly home,

Trembling, recall some half-forgotten tale ;

How in the chill of evening, elf and gnome

Sporting, hold revel high on hill and dale.

Up from the deep moist bosom of the earth,

Autumn arising shakes her dewy hair,

And leaves the sedgy marshes of her birth

To soar aloft ; a creature wondrous fair !

But pale and sad : one slender hand upholds

Above her head a veil's translucent sheen,

That falling, wraps within its silv'ry folds

Her limbs, whose charm thus hidden, yet is seen.

A weird light flickers faintly round her head,

And sparkles on the tinted gossamer

Of delicate wings, that to the breeze outspread

Support her flight, yet scarcely seem to stir.

Yet tears are in her eyes, ah ! mournful tears ;

A shadow dims her pale brow as of pain ;

Telling of faded hopes in vanished years,

Of mirth and joys that may not come again.

So have I heard her from her couch arise,

When night is full of murmurs, and the sound

Of the chill air that rustles as she flies,

And the dead twigs that crackle to the ground.

And thus she floateth, brushing from the bough

The russet leaves that sadly linger there ;

And wreathes them into chaplets for her brow,

Or plucks the drooping flowerets for her hair.

And while the pattering rain-drops on the grass,

Fall with a ceaseless monotone, the night

Enwraps her, and the stars behold her pass

Through the bleak darkness in her silent flight.

R. C. L.

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AN OLD STORY.

IN Mr Jennings's delightful *Rambles among the Hills*, no description is more real than that of Bolsover Castle. Even on the minds of the most prosaic of mortals, very weird must be the impression left by that lonely old-world spot. Yet how impossible it is to instil into those who have it not, that love for every visible and tangible memento of bygone times, which some feel to be a continual source of pleasure. It may be doubted whether among the crowds who gaze on the gray walls of many a noble ruin, or pace the oak-panelled galleries and chambers of one of our well-preserved ancestral Halls, more than one or two in a hundred enter into the inner spirit of the place, and luxuriate in what may be called the true sentiment of antiquity. One will wonder at the massive walls, admire the beauty of the carving, and perfection of the site. Another, admitting these, possesses a keener enjoyment in the vivid realisation of the *human* interests connected with these old time-worn habitations; he will feel an intense longing to know *something* of those whose homes were here—a passing sadness at his entire ignorance. It is true that the dwellings of those whose names, from whatever cause, are inscribed on the 'roll of fame,' do to some extent satisfy these longings. The actions of their former occupants live in history; we know their faces, and are familiar with some of their inmost thoughts; and yet of these it is truly said: 'Time hath his revolutions, and there must be a period and an end to all temporal things—an end of names and dignities, and of whatsoever is terrene. For where is Bohun? Where is Mowbray? Where is Mortimer? Nay, where is Plantagenet? They are entombed in the tombs and sepulchres of mortality.'

It is the small desolate ruined tower or grange, barely retaining the name, and some shadowy legend, generally of tragical shape, once the homes of those nearest to ourselves in rank and means, which we people with ideal figures; although the *real* ones, their countless different

characters and natures, their quiet every-day life, joys and sorrows, faces and ways, are, and ever must be, absolutely unknown to us. There are few people in dear Old England who cannot, in their own neighbourhood, point to more than one edifice, whose remnants of carved stonework, half-obliterated inscriptions and coats of arms, and pillared gateway, show that it has seen better days, explained by the 'handle to its name,' the little addition of 'Hall' or 'Court.' How impossible to look without interest on the mass of gray buildings, gay with wallflowers and stonecrop, and not hunt out the place in the County History, where, among pages given to families long passed away, we find perhaps the forgotten crest, the name, and words, 'Extinct before 1600.' In some cottage near, when the quaint oak chair or old delf plate is noticed, the owner remarks: 'Ay, grandfather used to say *that* came from the old Hall.' A tinge of melancholy subdues the fancies in your mind while looking on the poor relics from that house whence the last of his race has so long departed. You feel the grandest castle, with all its glamour of chivalry and tragedy, 'lords and knights and ladies gay,' does not possess the nameless charm which invests such places.

There is a false sentiment prizing things that are old solely because of their antiquity, or because they are the passing fashion of the day. For he who thus regards, there can be none of that feeling that makes the heart thrill, when the faded piece of patchwork is uncovered, and among the ancient hues and patterns is one small square of mayhap great-grandmother's wedding-gown. He will not understand in the least the wistful regret with which, when the little old red Prayer Book of the last century is opened, we gaze on the withered brown rose-leaves which drop from its time-stained pages—gathered in such far-off summers, and though scentless and colourless, telling a tale of sunny days so long ago, that none are left on earth to remember them. Quite incomprehensible to him will be the tender, almost reverential touch with which that broad white

satin ribbon is untied, fastening the packet of letters 'From my dear son Joe,' when we remember that that loved one was killed in Cuba, a hundred years ago; that all his family are gone, his very name and existence forgotten, until that long hidden bundle of papers arraigns a warm-hearted sailor vividly before us. What a theme for romantic dreams does that slender wine-glass afford, below whose ornamented rim is engraved, 'The charming Miss Jenny Walker.' The frail glass has long survived the fair reigning toast of some eighty or ninety years ago. Is she the figure in that nameless portrait, in white satin and floating lace, hair looped with pearls, and slight fingers clasping a rose, a curiously spotted spaniel crouching by her side? No one knows; for of her not one single memento remains but that ancient glass, and perhaps the egg-shaped rouge-box of enamelled Battersea china painted with tiny flowers. A peculiar charm, a subtle melancholy, invests, for some, such objects, quite indescribable to the uninitiated.

In the writer's family, some time ago, a set of papers were found which for long years had not seen the light. By means of these musty, yellow pages, written in faded ink, in clear handwriting, we find ourselves transported to an ancient Hall in the south of England, to roam from room to room, and look on each, exactly as they were in 1746, the year after the Young Scottish Chevalier unfurled his standard! Far in the depth of the country, the old house stood, four miles from the nearest small market town. No picture of it remains; so a mental one must be formed of a many-gabled lath-and-plaster, 'post-and-pan' dwelling; or perhaps a long, low brick house, mellowed by time into harmonious greens, reds, and yellows, covered with roses and geraniums, surrounded by stately trees, and incomplete without its bowling-green, fishponds, and gay parterre. Who knows how rich in colour were the old walls inclosing this haunt of bees and birds, and how sweet the perfume wafted from the lilacs and syringas, gillyflowers and fair white lilies?

The owner of this old house, who lived here alone with his servants, we will call Squire Chalcot. He was the last of his name; and for generations, had been, with every circumstance connected with him, totally forgotten, until the contents of the papers enable us to picture very vividly his surroundings. Nothing striking or sensational was discovered; no hidden secrets came to light; still, this sketch of an old house, and its contents so long ago, may, from its truthfulness, possess some little interest.

The mere names of the rooms at Chalcot Hall have an old-fashioned ring. The 'hall' of course, with 'Delph' ware standing on the mantel-shelf and in the oak corner cupboard; the 'Ale and Small-beer Buttries,' the 'Parlour,' the 'Buttery Chamber,' the 'Hall Chamber.' The furniture, chiefly oak, would suit the panelled rooms.

There were India-backed chairs with brocaded and flowered cushions, worked curtains, marble and velvet-topped card-tables. And are not several sets of powder and patch boxes mentioned among the bedroom furnishings? The eyes of many ancestors watched their last descendant from the picture-covered walls—fair dames in powdered heads and huge hoops. Men in high-peaked hats and buff jerkins, or, more likely, flowing love-locks, for among the large number of pictures, one only is described, 'A Portrait of Charles I.' Surely some of these gallants have fought for the crown, and the old man may have mourned his inability to send a scion of his house to further the cause of the 'king over the water.'

Squire Chalcot's musical tastes were evident. That flute on summer nights would startle the owls, who had all their own way in the shady garden; an air or two on the violin or hautboy would help to while away the long evenings; a pleasant change from the game of backgammon with some neighbouring crony. There stands the board on the spindle-legged table, beside the 'ostrich egg and painted cocoa-nuts,' and the 'bowls for ninepins' tell of outdoor amusements. The quiet slide of time in that remote spot was pleasantly marked by more than one quaint silver clock; and what excuse could lazy servants give for late rising, when the great 'larum' in its glass case up-stairs sounded in the morning? Let us peep into the chambers above. 'Mrs Molly's,' one is called; and we wonder at the ponderous bedsteads, and imagine the suffocating feeling of sleeping behind those 'cloth curtains lined with silk,' or coarser 'camblet' or fustian, especially as none but feather-beds were used. The 'lace counterpanes' and 'silk damask quilts' sound quite in harmony with the many-carved and 'guilt-framed' looking-glasses. The heart of some Mrs Joan or Mrs Betty, who in close mob, fustian gown, and tidy neckerchief, ruled the domestic arrangements, must have rejoiced in the 'spruce chests' and presses laden with 'linen' and 'calico,' 'dowls' and 'huckaback;' and the vast store of china, glass, and the like, from the 'flow'd wine and syllibub glasses,' to the 'horn, glass, and pewter dishes.'

And what sort of figure moved against this background? Alas, form and features are for ever unknown! Was Squire Chalcot a stout, red-faced, jovial, hunting Squire, as some of his possessions seem to indicate? That punch-bowl, with its memories of many a convivial evening of auld langsyne; the 'hawk's hood and bells,' which hang with the 'silver spurs' in the hall; the 'long guns' and 'fowling-guns;' the 'cross-bow,' and 'twenty-six ox hunting-horns.' We would rather picture him of spare form, with the refined and clearly cut features, keen intelligent expression, and dark eyes, contrasting with the white powdered head, which often please us in old miniatures. Of course he wore a wig, and certainly had a large stock on hand, or carefully preserved his old ones, as we read of 'seven wigs in a box.' His wardrobe contained much gay attire; indeed, he was something of a dandy—the 'Compleat Beau' was one of his books—and no doubt on suitable occasions appeared to no small advantage in his 'blue silk waistcoat

wrought with gold; small scarlet cloak, silver shoe and knee buckles, and glittering shirt-buttons with diamonds. One of the four diamond rings enumerated adorned the hand holding one of many snuff-boxes—tortoiseshell for common use; one with a 'whistle' on it to call his dogs; several of silver and mother-of-pearl; and more than one of gold, with his arms engraved thereon.

But probably Squire Chalcot was more at home when, in his sober brown clothes and skull-cap, he sat in his library, with no gay colouring or handsome distinctive binding to give each book a face of its own; rows of dingy brown calf-skins, or heavy board-bound volumes, lined the shelves, hardly distinguishable but in size from each other; the sole brightness, their occasional red or mottled edges, or brass clasps. Nearly every noted author was represented. Plays abounded, from Ben Jonson and the dramatists of Charles II., to the 'Post Boy Robbd.' A wide range of history was embraced, from Josephus to 'An Essay on the Late Queen;' including the very popular Roman and English Histories of Echard. How fresh and new-looking the 'Spectators' and 'Tatlers,' 'Prior's Poems' and Dryden's 'Virgil.' Seated in his arm-chair, the Squire would take a 'Voyage to America,' a 'Journey to Naples,' or visit Russia with Tolande; while maps and geographical works showed his acquaintance with other countries besides his own. Classical authors not omitted; nor works on astronomy, philosophy, and mathematics wanting. The 'Florist,' and numerous volumes on gardening, in English, French, and Dutch, speak of country pursuits, as do the 'Game Laws' and 'Art of Agriculture.' The many books on 'Physick' prove our good Squire had paid that subject no small attention—perhaps from the remoteness of medical aid; and well-thumbed was Culpepper's 'Dispensatory.' That he was a good Churchman, there seems no doubt; Burnet, Atterbury, Tillotson, Sherlock, Barrow, Hopkins, that line of famous divines, had all contributed sermons and books of devotion, of which there was a collection so extensive that it might be imagined the library of some clerical relative had descended to him. For lighter reading, there was 'Gulliver's Travels,' and Sir Roger L'Estrange's 'Fables.' Mention also made of a silver box full of coins, and a 'gilt medal of William and Mary in a shagreen case.'

And is there *no* tinge of romance about this lonely old place? no sign that bright joyous days were once the lot of its inhabitants? no traces of *woman's* presence? Yes; though invisible to others, those aged eyes see a fair shadowy form gliding through the quiet rooms; and in his ear echoes a gentle voice, and laughter and sweet singing; for deep in the secret recesses of Squire Chalcot's heart, ever green is the memory of her whom he has lost—his wife. Up-stairs, in the 'gilt leather box,' are put carefully away, as precious treasures, things that belonged to her: 'an amber egg' and a 'heart set with diamonds and small garnets'—lovers' gifts of long years ago. Her diamond rings and earrings, her 'girdle buckle,' set with the like precious stones, and many other 'trifles' in a 'small velvet trunk,' are all as tenderly laid aside as Dr Johnson placed his wife's wedding-ring in the little round box

among the cotton-wool. There on the spinet still lies the 'parcel of songs' she used to sing. The tiny 'scissors in the old silver case' lie useless, as they have for years. Those 'embroidered sweet bags' have still a lingering faint perfume. Those dainty 'mother-of-pearl spoons with silver handles' must surely have been a bridal gift, matching the small 'blue and white tea-dishes' and chocolate cups. How we long to gaze on her 'picture' in the shagreen case! Those shagreen cases and little antique boxes! how they speak of the far-off past; how vividly they recall those long departed ones, to whom their ancient-looking exterior brought thrilling memories, who kept their treasures therein, or took the sparkling jewels from the now faded satin cushions, to deck themselves with joyous youthful glee for some gay assembly or county gathering, or some 'rout' or ball in the rarely visited Metropolis. Let us hope this gentle lady never fastened her 'pearl necklace' with an aching heart, although too often

Pining cares in rich brocades are drest,
And diamonds glitter on an anxious breast.

Folded away in presses and cupboards, all lavender and woodruff scented, are the dresses once worn by Squire Chalcot's wife—her 'black lace hood,' recalling sweet old Mrs Delany's face; and if health's own cunning hand had painted the rose and lily of her cheeks, how must her husband have admired her in her 'green tippet with silver fringe,' or in her 'blue tabby suit.' But the 'red and white gown lined with red,' her 'scarlet silk night gown' (evening dress), and the prevalence of that hue in her wardrobe, seem to point to dark hair and soft brown eyes. How bewitchingly becoming must have been the 'scarlet long cloak and hood,' when, seated behind her husband on the 'plush pillion cover,' now mouldering in the lumber-room, she travelled over hill and dale, on the rare occasions of leaving home, her trunks following on horses laden with 'pack-saddles' and 'panniers,' suggestive of rutty roads deep in mire in those secluded country parts. On Sunday, she picked her way to the neighbouring church, carrying a 'wrought Common Prayer Book,' and 'umbrello,' then destined solely for feminine use; and her 'brocaded mantle' and 'scarlet feather muff' would attract many eyes to the 'Squire's pew.' She would not much trouble the grave books in her husband's library, but content herself with a few favourites—'Country Dances,' the 'Lady's Delight,' the 'Royal Cookery and Receipt Books,' the 'Compleat Housewife,' 'Lady Rich's Closet,' and the 'Common Christian Spelling Book;' 'Thomas à Kempis' and the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' doubtless enriched by the quaintest woodcuts, not being absent from her little store of literary treasures.

And one other shadowy figure haunts the old house—that of a little child. Few are the signs of its presence—the earliest perhaps that volume, 'Instructions to a Son.' But the little son was never to receive tender lessons from a father's lips. A 'coral,' a 'child's gown lined with green,' a 'parcel of silver toys,' tell the tale of the joy and hope that once had been, and then passed away for ever.

Farewell to thee, old Hall, with all thy associations! Faint and shadowy as are the images

which flash upon our inner eye as we think of thee, who can say how near they may be to the truth—the *real* memory of 'what has been, and never more can be!'

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—HIS FEET WERE IN THE PRIMROSE WAY, AND HE HAD NOT THE HEART TO LEAVE IT.

I HAVE omitted to tell of an encounter between Val and Gerard, in which Val received as many and as hearty thanks for the service he had rendered as the most exigent of men could have expected. Gerard took the restoration of the money of his friend almost as if it had been a gift. He associated the recovery of love, fortune, and happiness with Val Strange, and longed for an opportunity to show his good-will to his chance benefactor. On his side, the long-standing friendship between them rose to white-heat, and stayed there, for Gerard's enthusiasms were neither easily excited nor quick to cool. In the expressions of his regard and affection, he did not seem altogether gracious—feeling it hard to speak out where he felt so keenly. He blundered through with interjectory ejaculations of 'Old fellow' and 'Old man,' the rough clumsy amity touching Val to the quick all the while, knowing what he had meditated against his friend's peace.

'I owe you more than the money, old man,' the grateful recipient of new fortune had told him. 'You know.' That was all he could say on that matter; but the blush on his honest face and the ashamed tenderness of his eyes, were eloquent even to his rival. Val of course pooh-poohed the notion of gratitude.

'My dear Gerard,' he had answered, 'you owe me nothing.' (He knew well enough what Gerard owed him.) 'You don't want to insult me by supposing that I might have bargained with you for the papers.'

That was so ridiculous, that even in the tremor of his gratitude Gerard had burst into a great shout of laughter at it, and had struck a jovial hand in Val's and gripped him hard.

As he lay in the heather after Gerard's departure, the remembrance of this scene forced itself upon him. 'He has got the money, hang him!' said Val moodily. 'If I hadn't been so ridiculously Quixotic and punctilious about it, I might have saved myself this humiliation; I might have saved Constance from the talk of every old tabby in the county, and everything would have been open and above-board.' He began to think somewhat bitterly and angrily of Gerard, and to feel that his hitherto successful rival stood somewhat unduly in his way. It is the most natural thing in the world to hate a man if you intend to injure him. In such a case, hatred is a sort of spiritual corn. If you allow your boots to pinch your toes, nature protects them—and grows corns. If you propose to pinch your soul, by damaging a man who never harmed you, your moral nature protects itself by a hatred. And in each case the protection is a source of considerable discomfort. 'He has got the money,' said Val again; 'confound him! That ought to be enough for him. It was a piece of amazing luck to get it, and he

may be satisfied with what he has. And what right'—and here Val began to think himself on stronger ground—'what right has he to wreck a woman's life?' He began, on the strength of that reflection, to feel himself virtuous. And he had at least the assurance from Constance's own lips that she loved him. To marry another man in such circumstances would be—he scarcely cared to characterise it with Constance in his mind. And so, by steps almost imperceptible, the unhappy Val went downwards towards hatred and dissimulation, and justified himself as he went.

Mr Lumby was not long at the picnic, being still a little weak in body as in mind. It was one of the pleasant characteristics of Lumby Hall that nearly all the servants were old family belongings. The parlour-maid, for instance, was the daughter of a coachman and a cook who had made a match of it, and retired from servitude at the Hall after growing up there from stable-boy and kitchen-maid. The present coachman had been stable-boy; the butler had been pantry-boy; the footman had been a page in the old house. All the servants were held by ties of old association to the place, and one or two of them had felt the triumph of the rehabilitation of the family as though it had been a matter personal to themselves. One of these attached old servitors gave Mr Lumby his arm as they walked down the gentle slope of sward which led from the Welbeck Hollow to the lower meadows. There the carriage waited, and with Milly by his side, Mr Lumby drove away. The young people kept the thing going to a late hour. On the tombstone of the poor princess, a great bonfire was lighted as the shades of evening fell; the trees round the beautiful little circle were stuck full of Chinese lanterns; the band played, and the guests danced and made love, and otherwise enjoyed themselves. There were seniors enough present for the preservation of the proprieties, and not enough to damp the hearty hilarity of the time. Gerard, when everything was over, surrendered Constance to Reginald's care, and drove his mother home. To his surprise, the old man was sitting up to receive them, and in answer to remonstrances, declared that he felt well and strong. He had insisted on re-hearing from Milly the whole story of the recovery of the lost papers, and had grasped it more clearly than before, and now he was quite full of the approaching wedding.

'Gerard, my lad,' he said with feeble cheerfulness, 'you must have a bachelor party before you are married. I had a bachelor party. You must ask Valentine Strange. We owe everything to Valentine Strange, and I always liked him. I was always very friendly with his father and his uncle in their day. We must have Valentine Strange.'

Gerard and his mother were both so happy in the old man's recovery that festivity seemed natural to them. And why should not Gerard give a party to his bachelor friends before he finally left their circle and became a Benedict? It befell that Val received an invitation to that festival within eight-and-forty hours of his interview with Constance, and that it came by the post which bore to him the first letter he had ever received from her. The wedding was

already fixed for the first of July, and Gerard's farewell to bachelorhood was naturally fixed for the preceding evening, the thirtieth of June. And here was the month already.

On the morning that these two missives arrived, Val had received an unusually large batch of letters. His hope of hearing from Constance had risen by this time to exasperation, and he ran feverishly through the bundle in search of a lady's handwriting. In his haste, he passed two epistles as one, and Gerard's invitation was among the first letters he opened. He glared over it, and felt stricken. Old Lumby had written a postscript to it with his own shaky hand. 'Your father and your uncle,' he said, 'were dear friends of mine. You must come to my son's party.' He had signed this brief and shaky message, 'Your grateful servant.' The Stranges were not without their debt to the Lumby, Val remembered; and whatever happened did but seem to make the enterprise he was bent on look darker. He was none the less bent upon it; but he rebelled, naturally enough, against the gathering host of circumstances which made him feel criminal. His was a mission of knight-errantry. He was going to save Constance from a life-long slavery and misery; and for a knight-errant to have his conscience throwing mud at him as though he were a thief, was decidedly unpleasant. The almost piteous gratitude of the broken old man hurt him, and appealed pathetically against his purpose.

'I shall have to tread on the old man, to get at her,' he thought, and he began to dislike the old man for lying there to be trodden on. Why would people get in a knight-errant's way? A knight-errant prancing along among primroses to rescue his appointed imprisoned damsel, had a right to better treatment, surely. She didn't love the fellow. She loved *him*, Val Strange. And yet, here were people blocking his road to her, and insisting on being injured by pure justice.

But at last Val discovered Constance's letter. He did not know her handwriting, but he knew the crest on the envelope, and he tore the missive open with trembling fingers, and read this:

DEAR MR STRANGE—We have both been foolish. I appeal to your honour. Allow me to forget.—Yours truly, CONSTANCE JOLLY.

Now, this of course was absolutely maddening, and in the circumstances, the recipient felt himself justified in the employment of a good deal of strong language. Val was a gentleman, and by all rules of courtesy, a gentleman is forbidden to swear over a lady's letter. But Val gave way, and raged, and then sat down crushed for a minute, but recovering himself, began to cast about in thought for a means of untying this knot. He felt the delicacy of Constance's position; he began, even in a minute or two, to see how well this coyness became her, and to feel that he would be very much worse than unheroic if, because of such a check as this, he drew back from his enterprise. So he caught up a pen, drew a sheet of paper to him, and began to write. Words came easily, and he filled three or four pages with protestations.

'No,' he said suddenly; 'expenditure of words in a case like this is waste of power.' So he

wrote simply: 'We love each other, and I will not surrender you.' He initialed that Caesar-like despatch, and having inclosed it in an envelope, was about to address it, when it suddenly occurred to him that his handwriting would be known, and that some inquiry might be created by it. He tried to feign a lady's hand; but even to his own eye the fraud was too transparent to deceive anybody. He set his wits to work to find a way through this difficulty, and after a minute or two of thought, he saw it. He looked at his watch, consulted a time-table, rang the bell, and ordered the dog-cart for the railway station. Driving thither, he took train for Bristol, desperate with impatience on the journey. Arrived, he took a hansom, and drove to an hotel he knew, a quiet and retired house with an old-fashioned clientèle. His uncle had been wont to stop there, and Val was known. He ordered luncheon, and made a feint of eating, and descended for a chat with the landlady. 'By the way,' he said casually, 'did my maiden aunt ever stay here?' The talk had been going on for some time, and this query was dropped with considerable artfulness.

'I didn't know you had a maiden aunt, Mr Strange,' said the landlady.

'Didn't know I had a maiden aunt?' said Val. 'Nonsense!'

'Upon my word, I didn't,' returned the landlady, laughing. 'Why didn't she get married?'

'That's not my business, Mrs Oakley,' said Val lightly. 'But'—drawing the envelope from his pocket—'I have a little joke for her here. I don't want her to know from whom it comes. Will you address it for me?'

'Valentine's Day has gone by, Mr Valentine,' said the landlady. 'I hope you're not going to plague her.'

'Not at all,' said Val. 'I think I'm going to please her. Do address it. She won't know your handwriting, and of course she would know mine.'

The landlady took the envelope, and sitting down, dipped her pen in the ink. 'Tell me the address,' she said. Val gave Constance's address, and the landlady wrote it flowingly.

'Thank you,' said Val. 'And now, give me a postage-stamp, if you please.' He stamped the letter, and dropped it into the post-box in the hotel lobby. 'That will pass unsuspected,' he said to himself; and after a little further talk, designed to cover his retreat, he drove back to the station, and turned up at Brierham in time for dinner. A day or two went by, how heavily and monotonously you may guess; and Constance, struggling with herself, refused to be drawn into a correspondence fraught with so much danger. Outside the magnetic influences of Val's presence, she could control herself, and could call pride and honour to her aid. During this time, Gerard experienced curious treatment at her hands. She was languid and cold at one moment, and warm and eager the next; and he, being without the key to the puzzle, was perplexed by the extraordinary variations of her manner. Constance tried hard to compel herself to some tenderness towards Gerard which should seem to herself to commit her to him irrevocably, and this struggle naturally bred a reaction of languid coyness.

This also in its turn re-acted, and in her self-reproach she was once or twice amazingly sweet and tender to him, and looked at him with such eyes, that he could read nothing but love in them. His own willingness to read that sweet message helped the deceit; and his constant patience under her coldness, his simple manly loyalty, and the downright sincerity of his worship, were not without their effect upon her.

No answer coming to his Caesar-like despatch, Val began to grow nervous about it, and to fear that he had overdone authority. And all this time the fatal day was drawing nearer, and Reginald's knowledge forbade Val the house, or he would have gone thither and made an opportunity for seeing her. This being out of the question, he wrote a long letter of appeal and protest, and putting the old ruse in action through a new medium this time, again had it forwarded under a female hand. Constance shed many bitter tears above the lines he had penned; but she kept a resolute silence. Some anger began to rise in her heart at his persistency, even whilst she valued it as a proof of the love she prized so dearly, and felt to be so disloyal. But everything was binding her closer and closer to her own spoken bond with Gerard. His parents' affection, the general understanding that the marriage was settled, the very imminence of the ceremony itself, the suffering Gerard and his people had already undergone, the congratulations of her friends on her lover's recovery of his old station, and the renewal of the match—she felt powerless to struggle against all these accumulated influences. And so, Val began to anger her because he had power to pain her. He, meanwhile, unconscious of the influences which moulded her conduct, or weighing them imperfectly, sat in the shadow of his own egotism, by this time grown monstrous, and in its gloom saw nothing but itself. Constance's marriage with Gerard could be nothing, to his mind, but a hideous and shameful sacrifice, and at all hazards he was ready to stop it. But how? The days went on, and he was powerless, and to add to his miseries, Gerard came over a week before the date appointed for the wedding, and seeing how Val had lost his old cheerfulness and jollity, insisted upon his going over to Lumby Hall, and staying there with the guests who had already begun to arrive in view of the impending ceremony.

'So be it,' said Val at length, overborne by Gerard's reiterated friendly pressure. He was kindly and gentle by nature, but he was half-murderous in his feelings towards this blundering genial happy rival, who thus insisted on flouting his happiness in his face. Gerard had driven over; and nothing would satisfy him but that Val should at once drive back with him, and take up his abode at Lumby Hall until the wedding. The other accepted this programme in desperation, and gave orders that the necessary things should be packed at once. Perhaps even this move, mad as it appeared, might lead to something. The two young fellows drove from Brierham to Lumby Hall together; the one all joy and friendship, the other all despair and hatred, which he dared not show. To Val's surprise, Hiram Search received him. He had the keenest memory for faces, and knew him at

once. The circumstances in which he and the Yankee adventurer had met and parted were not altogether soothing to his self-respect, and though under ordinary conditions he would have forgotten and forgiven, he was so tender now, that even so slight a matter as this made him sore.

'You have met Mr Strange once before—eh, Search?' said Gerard, who was in high good spirits.

'I remember the fellow,' said Val haughtily, neither knowing nor caring that he renewed the disagreeable impression he had at first sight created. Why should he care, whatever Hiram or anybody like him might think or feel? It was his ordinary habit to be courteous to all men, and his misfortune that he met Hiram in this unusual and abnormal mood.

'Look after Mr Strange,' said Gerard; 'there's a good fellow.' Hiram did not care to *valet* Mr Strange, and this was the first disagreeable he had encountered since coming to Lumby Hall. But he obeyed nevertheless; and having seen Val's belongings taken up-stairs, began to unpack his portmanteau, when out fell a large envelope with exceedingly frayed edges. Across this envelope were written in characters of unusual clearness, these words: 'Thy grace being gained, cures all disgrace in me.' Hiram saw them, and thought nothing of them; but catching up the envelope, a portrait slipped out of it. He had seen Constance more than once, and the portrait was too true to be mistaken. What brought Mr Strange with a portrait of Gerard Lumby's sweetheart? And what was the meaning of the inscription on the envelope: 'Thy grace being gained, cures all disgrace in me?' Hiram was unfavourably impressed with Mr Strange, and was ready to believe evil of him. This little event of the photograph affected him, therefore, somewhat unduly.

And now, as the least imaginative of men may fancy, Val's position began to be unbearable. Any further approach to Constance was impossible; and though she had confessed that she loved him, the confession seemed only to have set her apart from him the more determinedly. At Lumby Hall he had almost as much freedom as he would have found at home, and in the after-dinner dusk he used to absent himself from the jovial party in the smoking-room, and prow round Daffin Head, and stare at the lights in the house, feeling like the Peri who at the gate of Paradise stood disconsolate. One afternoon, when the marriage had grown so perilously near that his head swam and his heart failed to think of it, he wandered on the customary way, hoping, in spite of despair, that some avenue yet might open, when a trim little figure came tripping along the country road, and he recognised a late fellow-passenger, the girl he had befriended at Southampton. She knew him, and made him an odd little obeisance, half nod, half courtesy; and he seeing that she came away from the Grange, seized eagerly at the poor straw of hope her presence afforded.

'Good afternoon,' he said awkwardly. 'I think I remember you.' She repeated the compromised obeisance, and smiled and blushed with plea-

sure. 'You don't live in this part of the country, surely?'

'I am Miss Jolly's maid at the Grange, now,' said little Mary innocently. Val's heart gave a great leap, and his eyes flashed; but he controlled himself.

'Oh,' said Val; 'and how did you come to be there?'

Mary blushing informed him that Mr Search had recommended her to Mr Lumby.

'Will you do me a little favour?' asked Val with as little agitation outwardly as though the favour had been the smallest in the world.

'If I can, sir,' said little Mary. She was ready to fly to serve him.

'I want you to meet me at the gate of the Grange in an hour and a half. That will be ten o'clock. Will you give a note to Miss Jolly, for me, if I bring it then?'

'O yes, sir, with pleasure,' said Mary.

'I don't want anybody else to see it,' said Val. 'Nobody else must know of it. Now can I trust you to be discreet?' Mary promised the utmost discretion; and Val sped back to the Hall, and wrote his last appeal, begging Constance to meet him, if but for a moment, to appoint her own time and place, and give him but a word.

Round the foot of Welbeck Head, across the little bay beyond, and up to the Grange, was a very pretty bit of rustic walk, and Mr Search, who was not without an eye for nature, strolled there in the cool, with his hat a good deal on one side, and a cigar between his teeth. Val passed him swiftly, and was a little savage to see him there, without being conscious of any very precise reason for anger. Hiram, unreasonably angry and unreasonably suspicious, continued walking, to see what took him in the direction of the Grange. The Yankee was, as times go, an honourable man, and he did not care to dog anybody; but he excused himself—he was walking that way already before Val passed him. 'There's no call on me to turn,' he said, 'unless I've got a mind to.' Before the gate of the Grange, the dark figure ahead of him seemed to pause for a second, but for a second only. 'If he comes back this way,' said the guilty Hiram, 'he'll think I've been spying on him;' and deviating from the road, he strolled in the faint misty moonlight across the fields, accusing himself somewhat in his thoughts for having suspected his employer's friend.

But Val in that momentary pause at the gate had thrust the note into Mary's hands, with just two or three hasty whispered words: 'Let no one see it. I will wait for an answer.' The maid carried the note to her mistress, who was in her own room. Constance read it, and could not resist the temptation its summons brought her. She muffled herself hastily in a gray shawl, stole tremulously down-stairs, and found the dining-room deserted, with its windows open on the lawn. She stepped out into the night, passed round the house silently like a ghost, and sped with a heart that sounded an impetuous alarm, along the darkened drive. Val, who had marked that he was followed, had seen Hiram off the field, and was by this time back at the gate again, standing in the shadow of the trees within the drive.

'Constance!' he whispered. She stopped short, and he approached her and folded her in his arms. 'My love, my love!' he murmured. 'My heart was breaking to see you. Why were you so cruel? Why did you leave me unanswered?' And when she would have answered him, he stopped her lips with kisses. 'You love me,' he murmured again. 'Why should you break two hearts, and blight two lives? I know you love me. I will not let you go.' This masterful and peremptory wooing is not the way with all women; but if the right man adopts it, it rarely fails. And Constance in his arms found the urgent voices of duty and honour suddenly gone dumb, and her tired heart at rest. 'Here,' she thought, 'is my place after all.'

'It is too late to go back,' said Val. 'You love me, and you can never be happy without me. And I will not live or try to live without you.' She began to cry and to cling to him, and to protest—she had been so unhappy—so unhappy. How was a poor girl to know where duty lay? It was terrible to think of marrying Gerard. She told Val as much, and he kissed her anew with passionate triumph. Should she write to him, and say so, even now in these last days of hope? she asked. But her father wished the match, and her brother and her aunt were favourable to it. She would have to endure so much shame in breaking it off at this late hour. What *could* be done?

Even yet it was not too late to pay some little tribute to honour. Even yet, Val might have played the man, and have told Gerard the plain truth, and faced his indignation and his misery. But his feet were in the 'Primrose Way,' and he had not the heart to leave it.

(To be continued.)

SEA-FARE.

In these days of monster steamships, quick passages, and luxurious ocean-travel, we are rather apt to forget how short a time has elapsed since weary voyages in sailing-ships were the only means of communication with distant lands, and with what avidity nearly every recent discovery in art, science, or manufacture has been seized upon and made instrumental in some way or other towards effecting this contrast—possibly a greater one than any other phase of progress can show, and rivalling even the change from stage-coaches to railways.

And not less than the contrast in speed is the revolution which has taken place in the mode of life on board. But a comparatively few years ago, every one who ventured on a voyage to a foreign shore, whether he were a peer of the realm or a denizen of the fore-castle, knew that for weeks or months, as the case might be, he must put up with an unvaried diet of salt beef and salt pork, accompanied by hard biscuit or dried peas, with a pitiful dole of water daily, and the ever-haunting possibility of supplies running short. Now, the gentleman who pays for a trip of three thousand miles, grumbles if his wine be not iced, and demands daily three

good and abundant meals of fresh meat and vegetables.

In the course of this paper, it is proposed to offer to the reader some authentic statistics concerning the commissariat department alone of a large ocean-going steamship. And in considering these matters, two points strike the attention rather forcibly—the perfection and immense experience shown in the system by which such a ship can be victualled so liberally yet so exactly as to prevent loss by superfluity, or embarrassment through insufficiency; and the marvellous cheapness which competition between great lines has brought about. The discontented passenger who complains that some small item in his dinner of many courses is not to his taste, seldom reflects on the vast forethought which must have been exercised on his behalf down to the smallest minutia—for there are no shops at sea wherein to purchase any little thing that may have been forgotten—or on the fact that his passage-money is probably less than the amount which he would have to pay for living at a good hotel with an inferior table for the time equal to the duration of his journey.

The following details have been culled not so much from the very largest steamers, as from those of the best class which take long voyages and are mainly provisioned at the outset. Thus they do not apply to the huge North Atlantic boats, with their six and eight day passages, or to teeming emigrant vessels; but have been averaged principally from the fleets of the Peninsular and Oriental (running to the East), Royal Mail (West Indies and Brazil), Orient (Australia), Pacific Steam Navigation (both coasts of South America), Messageries Maritimes (East, West, and South), and Union (Cape of Good Hope) Companies. It must be remembered, however, that they all vary, for many reasons. Some carry more of one thing and less of another. Some Companies make their own ice on board, and provide themselves with dead-meat instead of live-stock—a very important item. Some take a sufficiency of this, that, or the other thing at starting; while others will renew those stores at their different ports of call, according to the local cost of the articles and the facilities on board for storing them; while the same ship may be differently stocked for different voyages, influenced by the time of year and the probabilities of a greater or smaller number of passengers. In no case is the quantity stated exaggerated beyond the actual figures which some vessels' provedore accounts present—possibly, indeed, falling short of others. It will be readily understood that the major part of the substances mentioned are for the use of the first-class passengers; since those which have been selected at hazard as illustrative of the subject, are rather such as indicate the luxurious profusion and completeness of arrangements, than what may be termed the necessities of equipment.

For instance, a landsman might feel some interest in learning that such a ship as the representative ideal whose commissariat we are about to glance at, would, if set upright on her stern, project her bowsprit above the cross on the top of St Paul's Cathedral; that her boatswain's stores would include one ton of paint, five tons of spare rope, and five hundred yards of canvas; and that two thousand gallons of oil are required to lubricate her engines for three months; but the fact of her carrying a hundredweight of pepper for consumption each voyage, will give him a better idea of what we wish to convey.

A passenger steamer of four or five thousand tons may have on board seven hundred souls, or more. Two hundred, say, of these will be saloon passengers, a very few second-class, and probably three hundred third-class or steerage passengers. Her company will number something above one hundred and fifty, of whom more than half will be servants, apart from the crew-proper; eight or ten cooks of various degrees—the *chef* generally a Frenchman, and usually one at least of each nationality likely to be included among the passengers—two bakers, a confectioner, three butchers, and about sixty stewards and waiters, English and foreign. Her voyage 'there and back' will occupy from eight to fifteen weeks; and her stores, renewable each trip, are worth many thousands of pounds.

We shall want a parting glass with the friends who have come to see us off at starting—and possibly a little brandy not long after—so we had better begin to make one or two rough notes at the bar. Here and in the wine-rooms below, we shall find twenty-five thousand bottles of beer, four thousand bottles of spirits, fifteen hundred bottles of champagne, five thousand of other wines—besides a large quantity, in the wood, of some light claret or Figuera, which is frequently supplied gratis at breakfast and dinner—and ten thousand bottles of various aerated waters. One thousand lemons are suggestive; but though eighty tons of ice—where there is no ice-making machine—may seem conducive to unlimited sherry-cobblers and other 'long drinks,' it must be borne in mind that the chief functions of the ice-house are to cool the drinking-water in the tropics and preserve fresh meat, fish, and fruit. Passing to more innocent beverages, milk *ad libitum* appears to be guaranteed by one thousand tins of the condensed article, and five hundred gallons of the fluid 'direct from the cow,' kept sweet in the refrigerator. 'A milch cow on board' makes a good line in a Company's advertisement, and is calculated to attract those who contemplate travelling with a family of children. But where there are half a thousand people, the presence of such an animal must be soothing rather to the imagination of the milk-drinker, than calculated to affect the quality of the consumed milk to any appreciable extent. Nevertheless, a cow is attached to most passenger steamboats. One thousand pounds of tea and eighteen hundred pounds of coffee, sweetened with eight thousand pounds of sugar, are comfortable items for those who relish the cheering cup; while twenty thousand gallons of fresh water, brought from the shore, and stored in huge tanks in the

hold, with a daily supply of one thousand gallons in addition from the condensers, is a matter of importance both to the inner and outer man.

Now for a few of the eatables, at random. Three thousand five hundred pounds of butter; three thousand hams; sixteen hundred pounds of saloon biscuits—Huntley and Palmer's, &c.—not those supplied to the crew; one thousand pounds of 'dessert stores'—muscatels, almonds, figs, &c., exclusive of fresh fruits, which are taken in at every port; fifteen hundred pounds of jams and jellies; six thousand pounds of tinned meats; one thousand pounds of dried beans, and three thousand six hundred pounds of rice; five thousand pounds of onions; forty tons of potatoes; sixty thousand pounds of flour; and twenty thousand eggs. Fresh vegetables, dead-meat, and live bullocks, sheep, pigs, geese, turkeys, guinea-birds, ducks, fowls, fish, and casual game, are generally supplied at each port of call, or replenished at the further end of the journey, so that it is difficult to obtain complete estimates of them. Perhaps two dozen bullocks and sixty sheep would be a fair average for the whole voyage, and the rest may be inferred in proportion. The writer has known five-and-twenty fowls sacrificed in a single day to make chicken-broth. We therefore shan't starve, even if we are a day or two behind time, which is considered a great enormity now.

The mention of chicken-broth suggests seasickness, and sea-sickness conjures up the doctor, and with the doctor is associated medicine. His dispensary is as well furnished with drugs as any chemist's shop in a country town; and when we observe that, among other things, it contains twelve ounces of quinine, four gallons of black-draught, twenty pounds of Seidlitz powders, a gallon of castor-oil, and half a hundredweight of Epsom salts, it is evident that if the sick people do not get well, it is from no lack of physic.

Four thousand sheets, two thousand blankets, eight thousand towels, two thousand pounds of various soaps, two thousand pounds of candles—except in those vessels which are fitted with the electric light—sixteen hundred knives, two thousand two hundred plates, nine hundred cups and saucers, three thousand glasses—fancy what a handsome income the amount represented by annual loss from breakage would be!—eight hundred table-cloths, two thousand glass-cloths—all these are figures exhibited in the provisioning of one ship alone. Think what they would mount up to when multiplied by the number of ships in each Company's fleet, and then try to realise the fact that this department constitutes only one, and by no means the greatest, of their incidental expenses.

A large quantity of rum was carried until recently in every vessel, rations of that spirit being served out to the ship's company daily, as agreed upon in the articles. This custom has lately been abolished in most of the mercantile marine services, with great advantage both to the owners and their employés. But though mercantile marine Jack's grog is stopped, he can still enjoy his 'baccy, and half a ton of the pleasant weed is recognised as part of the outfit before sailing from dock.

It will be seen that not one tithe part of the

commissariat stores requisite for a big liner have been enumerated—merely a few extracts of the things in daily use, as specimens. Their very bulk brings further necessities; for example, the amount of hay, corn, and other food for the live-stock would form no trifling consideration; and when we remember that every bottle and glass, in use, must have a separate niche or compartment to insure its safety in bad weather; that every cup in service hangs on a special hook; and that, in addition to stores passengers and crew, such a steamer would carry three thousand tons of cargo, and perhaps two thousand, or two thousand five hundred tons of coal—remembering, too, that in the middle she is filled by her engines, which cut an enormous slice out of her hull, and that saloons, ladies' cabin, smoking-room, bathrooms, 'two pianos and an organ,' 'library of six hundred volumes,' &c., all imply a lot of waste ground—the question which comes uppermost in one's mind is, Where do they put it all? And indeed it is marvellous to see how the stowage is contrived; not a cubic inch of room is wasted, but has its own proper occupant. The worthy old adage of 'A place for everything, and everything in its place,' might here be expanded into, 'A place for something everywhere, and something in every place.' The art of condensation of materials and economy of space has probably been studied nowhere to such an extent as on board ship, perforce of necessity, and is carried out even more rigidly in this era of 'floating towns' than in the days of smaller craft. So much attention has now to be paid to decoration, elegance of fittings, and spaciousness of apartments and promenades, that available stowage-room is comparatively more limited than ever. Consequently, the builders' ingenuity is racked to the utmost, and we find every mirror, sofa, and panel masking a locker or some other appliance of stern utility.

Looking at the enormous daily consumption of food which these statistics reveal, it is natural to suppose that the quicker the ship can be hurried to her destination, the more profitable it will be for the owners. Such, however, is not the case. A large steamer's speed averages, let us say, thirteen knots per hour on a daily quantum of from fifty to eighty tons of coal. But increase and decrease of speed—other things being equal—is out of all ratio with the coals burnt; thirty tons per diem would produce ten knots an hour, while fifteen knots might require a hundred tons or more. And after all, coal is the grand item of cost in the working of a steamer. Most Companies reckon that, taking into account the expense of wharfage at home and abroad, transport, labour and dock dues, but *not* including the loss of the space which they occupy in the vessel, the 'black diamonds' average two pounds per ton in price.

Then what an epitome of wealth must a well-found, well-freighted ship be, as she ploughs her way through the waters, exclusive of her priceless cargo of human lives, or even the possible treasures in specie and diamonds of her bullion-room—not to mention the mails which most of them carry, and which are supposed to rank above all else. When we consider that the vessel herself may have cost one hundred and twenty thousand pounds; her engines fifty thousand pounds

more; and that there are some thousands of tons of precious merchandise, baggage, and coal aboard, her provedore stores, about which we have been wondering, seem but a small matter after all!

THE HELODERM.

A VENOMOUS LIZARD.

SOME time ago a box containing a lizard was sent to the London Zoological Gardens, and on the lid was written: '*The bite of this animal is not poisonous.*' One can well imagine that this information was looked upon as doubly superfluous when the inmate was disclosed, seeing that lizards have always been held as harmless creatures. It was handled freely by those present, and examined with a good deal of attention; for the species was new, and no description of it was to be found in the standard works of reference; and when at last conveyed to the Reptilium, it was taken by the keeper and thrust into a den with little ceremony or precaution. Big lizards of all kinds, however, can inflict nasty bites, and are usually ready to do so when first received; a propensity well recognised by practical naturalists, who soon acquire a knack of handling animals without risk. Furthermore, the creature was lethargic from cold and the effects of its long sea-voyage; possibly, also, from want of food, for it had eaten nothing since it left its native land, Mexico. Luckily, therefore, the lizard did not afford a demonstration of those terrible powers with which it is endowed, before its true nature was recognised. But when Dr Günther, the chief of the Zoological Department at the British Museum, and the best authority on reptiles at the present day, to whom the lizard was submitted for classification, had examined its mouth, he at once pronounced it to be dangerous; and all doubts vanished from the minds of the most incredulous when a frog and a guinea-pig were bitten in quick succession; the former being killed almost instantaneously, while the latter was dead in three minutes.

Heloderma horridum is the technical name which has been bestowed on this lethal saurian. For simplicity's sake we will call it the heloderm. It is a handsome creature, and its general hue and appearance strike the attention at once: rather over a foot in length, with a body as thick as a man's wrist; the ground colour a warm pale yellow, covered with a network pattern of dark brownish lines; the tail large, stumpy, and encircled with double rings; muzzle, black. At first it refused grapes, banana, lettuce, carrot, minced meat, cockroaches, frogs, lizards, slow-worms, mice and rats, all of which were tendered to it for food; it, however, devoured a couple of eggs. Harmless as all other lizards are supposed to be, the mouth of the heloderm reveals a dental arrangement totally at variance with all one's preconceived ideas, *every tooth* appearing to be grooved as in the case of the fangs of poisonous serpents. Furthermore, this irreconcilable lizard holds on to its victim, and works its jaws fiercely and continuously after they are buried in the flesh, as though sending an abundant flow of venomous saliva into the body; thus departing from all rule of procedure among veneniferous serpents on like occasions.

It remains to be seen, however, whether

these grooved teeth are, so to speak, the direct channels for the introduction of a deadly secretion limited to their appendages, as is the case with a snake, or whether they simply effect inoculation of a poisonous matter, disseminated throughout the general saliva or mucus of the mouth by the mere wound they inflict, in the same way that a mad dog communicates hydrophobia by its bite—a process which resembles that of a lancet procuring the absorption of vaccine fluid by its scratch, while the ordinary bite of a venomous snake is rather to be compared to the action of a hypodermic syringe. It is worthy of note, as bearing out both this possibility and the inconsistent character of the heloderm, that it has glands in the *lower* as well as in the upper jaw.

It will be very interesting to learn the natural food of this creature, and such knowledge will probably give us a solution of the mystery—Why is it, and not the other members of the lizard tribe, venomous? Nature bestows nothing wantonly, and there must be a reason for the heloderm's possession of such a secretion—some function of vital import to the possessor. Poisonous snakes are so provided, not—as many people imagine—to enable them to go about doing mischief, but for the simple purpose of obtaining food. Destitute of the constrictive power which distinguishes boas and pythons, they would be no match for the animals which constitute their natural prey, were it not for their venom. But what can a creature, having teeth to bite with, claws to seize and tear with, agility for pursuit, and, it may be, a prehensile tongue, want this extra and seemingly superfluous ammunition for? In other words, upon what has it been intended to feed, to demand such weapons of offence? Certainly, one would say, not upon eggs, fruit, or cabbages, like the iguana; and we find it apparently as perfectly adapted for catching and slaying small mammals and birds as are many undoubtedly harmless lizards of a similar size and formation.

It may be that it will be found to prey upon some powerful animal that requires great holding-power to retain, and which may probably be cold-blooded animals such as snakes. When a venomous serpent which feeds on birds or rats attacks, it strikes a sudden blow, and withdraws. The victim may stagger or flutter away, but is bound to fall within a short distance, where it can be followed and eaten at leisure. But those which devour their own kind, like the coral-snake and hamadryad, seize the serpents which form their meals, and do not again relinquish them—much as our common grass-snake deals with a frog. The reason for this is evident: the poison takes effect so much more slowly in a cold-blooded animal, owing to its defective organisation, and consequent tardiness of the vital processes, that the bitten snake might escape too far to be retrieved if released before it died.

The Indians in Central Mexico are said to pay a superstitious reverence to the heloderm, and to worship it as the incarnation of one of their deities. The writer heard there—the legend obtains much farther south—of a lizard which fights with all venomous snakes from 'antipathy' and other disinterested motives whenever it comes across

them ; but, as a specimen which was brought to me proved to be a common teguexin, and as, furthermore, I was told that the lizard, when accidentally bitten, always runs to a certain shrub, &c., I confess I did not pay much heed to the account. It behoves one, however, to be guarded in ridicule of popular errors for the future, after this distinct triumph of 'vulgar prejudice' over scientific assurance.

BOOK GOSSIP.

HERE is another beautiful volume from the pen of Mr Francis George Heath, entitled *Autumnal Leaves* (London : Sampson Low & Co.). We have before had occasion to notice with approbation the writings of Mr Heath, as he is one of the few whose variety of picturesque description enables them to maintain the interest of the reader through consecutive chapters of scenic word-painting. In this volume Mr Heath gives careful attention not merely to the exquisite tinting, but to the forms and venation, of the more prominent of the leaves whose fading splendour lights up our hedges and woodlands in autumn. The coloured plates of the leaves, given in this volume, are finished with artistic delicacy and grace, and with carefulness and accuracy of draughtsmanship. The frontispiece of bramble-leaves cannot fail to awaken a sense of beauty in any one who has ever, in his roadside walks, marked the beautiful forms and the rich hues of the fading bramble, passing through all the gradations of orange, and red, and russet brown. It is, says our author, the varieties of hue and colour on any single leaf that give the striking character to autumnal foliage, so apparent when it is closely examined. The effect is doubtless due to the manifestations of the preliminary stages of decay ; and yet, in his opinion, it is not strictly decay which produces the picturesque changes of colour in the early stages of what is called leaf discoloration ; at anyrate it is not decay of a kind which, when once commenced, must inevitably lead to a disintegration of parts. Not only can the course and progress of this discoloration be arrested—in the case of most leaves—at any stage, but means may be taken to alter the conditions which are necessary in order to continue, or merge, mere discoloration into actual decay.

The book is divided into two portions. The first is entitled 'Autumn Rambles ;' and the author, in the course of his wanderings round the New Forest and about Brockenhurst, has an opportunity of displaying his singular felicity in describing the more beautiful and picturesque scenery and objects of nature. We have already referred to the coloured drawings which he gives us of bramble-leaves ; here is a word-picture of the same as he saw them in a lane at Brocklehurst : 'For the moment the brambles carry the palm of beauty. The purple of their stems contrasts with their still green leaves, and blends with those leaves which have put on their autumnal tints. On the same bush there are the greenish white of late buds, the pink blush of tardy blossoms, and the green, red, and black colours of autumnal fruit. In the bramble stems, too, there is variety ; for whilst their

prevailing colour is purple, they are, in places, overspread by vermillion hues ; and, where this hue is spread upon the stem, the adjacent foliage is dyed with the same rich colour. Strongly contrasting with the vermillion leaves, are others of bright yellow, approaching gold,* and others of greenish white. Now they are sombre in the hue of green, now flushed with crimson, now green and purple-blotched, but always beautiful.' The second portion of the book deals with the subject proper, 'Autumnal Leaves ;' the several chapters in which the leaves of the oak, the ash, the maple, the elm, the chestnut, and many others, are described, being accompanied by beautifully tinted plates of the leaves themselves. The book will form a delightful autumn companion to such as find pleasure in country rambles ; and the study of it is qualified to lead to a more correct appreciation and distinction of autumn tints, as found on the leaves of particular trees, than the writings of descriptive poets and others at all times evince. Mr Heath's work can scarcely fail to meet with acceptance.

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It is quite a common remark nowadays, that the age of letter-writing is past. Things certainly move forward in these times with unprecedented speed ; and, what with telegraph wires and newspapers, tidings of all kinds pass so rapidly from place to place, that less is left than ever before for the pen of the private writer. It is true that a first visit to London, or the Highlands of Scotland, or the mountains of Switzerland, may provoke from young folks an outburst of epistolary confidences and gossip ; but this state of feeling is evanescent, and except perhaps in the case of lovers, the written missives that pass from hand to hand gradually become as brief, methodical, and uninteresting as the specimens that are served up in those wonderful 'Ready Letter-writers' that teach us how to address ourselves in writing to 'persons of every degree of rank.' Even the correspondence that passes between literary men is, as a rule, of the most business-like type ; and it is only perhaps among the warm-hearted and gushing aspirants that anything like an interchange of high-flowing sentiment or elaborate expression of opinion is to be found. This state of things is possibly to be regretted ; but nevertheless it exists.

There was, however, a time in which letters were the objects of more care to the writers, and much more precious to the recipients, than now ; hence one of the most attractive features of literary biography in the past has been derived from the letters which the biographer was in general able to give. No doubt much of the correspondence thus given to the world has been found to be tedious and for the most part barren. Even the collected letters of such men as Swift and Pope and Arbuthnot are stiff work, if you sit down and try to read them through. On the other hand, there can hardly be more delightful reading than the letters of Cowper and Scott and Byron, especially if taken in connection with the period of life or special circumstances of the writer that called them forth. English literature is rich in letters ; and we are glad therefore to draw attention to a book just issued, entitled *The British Letter Writers* (Edinburgh : W. P. Nimmo & Co.), compiled by the editor of

English Essayists. The volume, which has all the advantages of good printing and binding, comprises within it letters of the best English writers from the fifteenth century to the present time. The letters are selected with skill and judgment, and besides being chronologically arranged, are introduced by brief and sufficiently concise notices of their respective writers, or of any special circumstance to which the letters may refer. Most readers have spare half-hours, when it is a relief to escape for a little from methodical study; and in such interludes, there are few books that would more delightfully repay perusal than this collection of English letters.

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE chief scientific event of August was the fifty-second meeting of the British Association. Many people naturally look upon this annual exposition of scientific progress as an opportunity of posting themselves in recent discoveries and new speculations of foremost minds; and we venture to imagine that on the present occasion they will not suffer disappointment. A perusal of the President's Address cannot fail to interest even those unaccustomed to pay attention to scientific matters; for Dr Siemens's remarks are so clear, and bring home to our minds such important considerations concerning our well-being and every-day lives, that they at once claim, as they deserve, careful attention.

Dr Siemens, as is well known, is a great authority on electricity, and we owe to his ingenuity the invention of many important instruments. Hence his words regarding the present position of electrical science, and more particularly the application of this form of energy to lighting and motive-power, will be scanned with greater interest than other portions of his Address. But he had also much to say regarding the future of gas as an illuminant and as a heat-giver, which will not only be of great interest to many, but must carry dismay to the hearts of not a few. He believes electricity will be the light of the future, but maintains that gas will still be largely used as the poor man's friend. But the great future in store for gas will be in connection with it as a heat-giver. Dr Siemens points out that a gas giving vast heating power can be produced at a very cheap rate indeed. He proposes that this gas should be made in the coal-pit or at the pit-bank, and should be distributed throughout the country in place of coal. By this means the heavy railway freight would be saved, the gas Companies as they now exist would be dispensed with; each pound of gas would give us just double the heat of a pound of coal; and more important than all, we should have no smoke. It may be long before these bold speculations are realised; but that they are feasible, no reasonable being who studies Dr Siemens's facts and figures can deny.

A public subscription has been opened by the Lord Mayor of London in aid of a very interesting archaeological work. Until the year 1869, the exact site of the famed Temple of Diana at Ephesus was unknown. At this time, Mr J. Wood, after several years' search, found its

remains far below the present level of the soil. He was for some time aided in his work by government grants, but for some reason or other, these were not renewed; and after a few specimens of the beautiful unearthed sculpture had been secured by the British Museum, the work stopped for want of funds. The present subscription list, opened at the Mansion House, London, is headed by some very influential names; and there is little doubt but that the money required for renewing these interesting excavations will be speedily collected.

Not so many years ago, the man who could boast that he had sailed round the world was regarded as something approaching a hero, and if not exactly on a footing with the renowned Captain Cook, he approached very nearly to that standard of excellence. Things are different nowadays, for anybody with time and money to devote to the object can put a girdle round the earth. The steamship *Ceylon*, owned by the Inter-oceanic Steam-yachting Company, has just returned from such a trip, having been absent from England for just ten months. She carried sixty passengers, who had the opportunity of remaining for some time at each of the important stopping stations. Thus, the first six weeks of the voyage were consumed in visiting the chief Mediterranean ports; after which, by the Suez route, the ship made its way to our Eastern possessions, and then onwards to China and Japan. Next came the Sandwich Islands, and the principal ports on the west coast of South America; the East-coast ports as far as Bahia next claimed attention; and the vessel on its way home called at the Canaries and at Madeira. The distance traversed was altogether thirty-seven thousand miles, the vessel returning in good condition, and reporting a clean bill of health during the voyage. We cannot imagine a more beneficial and enjoyable way of passing a year, for those who have leisure and means, than a trip in the *Ceylon*.

Another voyage, undertaken for very different reasons, has also recently terminated with the most satisfactory results. In June 1881, Mr Leigh Smith set out from Peterhead in the *Eira*, on a voyage of Arctic discovery. The little vessel, with its crew of twenty-five, all told, was sighted during the following month by a Norwegian schooner off the coast of Nova Zembla. Months passed away, and nothing more was heard of the explorers; but they were not forgotten by friends at home. Last June, a Relief Expedition was organised, under the command of Sir Allen Young, and the ship *Hope* set sail on her errand of mercy. The crew of the *Eira* were rescued, and are now in their homes once more. They had lost their vessel, which was nipped in the ice, and were, when found, subsisting on the flesh of the walrus and bear. The scientific results of the expedition were lost with the ill-fated *Eira*; but Mr Leigh Smith's journal of the voyage is saved, and will no doubt soon be in the hands of many readers. This rescue of a ship's crew will form a pleasant episode in the history of Arctic research, a history already far too full of gloom.

Another Arctic expedition has sailed from Copenhagen under the direction of Lieutenant Hovgaard. The objects of this fresh enterprise are—'To ascertain whether Franz-Josef Land

really extends to the neighbouring Cape Chelyuskin; whether the conditions of the current and ice are such that a basis for further exploration can be reached here without too great a risk; and whether the eastern coast of Franz-Josef Land trends to the northward at this point. Lieutenant Hovgaard's ship is a steamer of one hundred and fifty tons, which has been specially strengthened for contact with the ice. It carries a crew of twenty-two including the officers, and takes several sledges and Newfoundland dogs. Besides provisions for twenty-seven months, the vessel is provided with coal enough to give full steam for fifty days.

We have before alluded to the rapid destruction of timber in the United States, where no attempt seems to be made to replace by young trees those which have been felled by the lumbermen. Professor Sargent, of Harvard College, has been engaged in computing the probable time which will elapse before certain kinds of trees become exterminated; and his results will soon be known. It is said that the white pine will be gone in twenty years, and that many other trees must follow in its wake. But there are districts as yet hardly invaded by man where, owing to the liberal rainfall, different kinds of timber grow most luxuriantly. A correspondent of the *Times* lately gave a very interesting account of one of these regions; and he states that the whole of the Pacific coast from the forty-second parallel to the forty-ninth, and beyond, and from the edge of the ocean for about one hundred and twenty-five miles inland, is covered with incomparable timber. In the district of Puget Sound, the principal trees are yellow fir. They grow to an enormous height, and some of them will give squared logs one hundred and twenty-four feet in length. This region gives an average yield of forty thousand feet of timber per acre; and occasionally as much as two hundred thousand feet are found upon a single acre.

A curious but effective method of testing wines in order to determine the amount of astringent matter in them, has lately been devised by M. Girard. Astringent qualities are usually due to a tannic compound called *anotannin*, and closely related to it are several colouring-matters. There is a tendency in these matters to combine with animal tissues, and M. Girard takes advantage of this circumstance. He steeps a few lengths of so-called catgut—the fine white strings of the violinist—in the wine to be tested; and at the expiration of a day or two, the colour and astringent matter is drawn from the liquid. Comparison of cords so treated, with cords which have not been so treated, together with well-known methods of analysis, give the necessary amount of *anotannin* and colouring-matters present in the wine.

Last month we noticed M. Schmeltz's invention for recording the *duration* of rainfall; and since then the particulars of an English invention of a similar kind have been made known; but in this case the pluviometer is superior to that of M. Schmeltz, in so far as it records the *quantity* as well as the duration of rainfall. It is the invention of Mr William Gadd, Civil and Consulting Engineer, Manchester, and is manufactured by Messrs W. H. Bailey & Co., Albion Works, Salford. Mr Gadd's pluviometer

externally resembles a small upright clock-case; and is internally composed of a cylindrical vase, in which is a peculiar float, having attached thereto an upright rod, terminating in a delicate spring pencil or pointer. A drum, on which a suitably prepared diagram is fixed, turns by means of a clock attachment, so that as water enters the vase, a curved line is traced on the sheet, showing the height to which the water attains at any given time. This pluviometer is intended to be placed inside the observatory, and to be connected by means of a pipe with the collector outside. The registration of this instrument has the two great advantages of being constant and automatic.

From the *Edinburgh Evening News*, we learn that the remarkable manner in which the spectroscopic weather forecast communicated to a contemporary at the beginning of September has been verified, deserves the attention of meteorological observers. The statement was to the effect that at the beginning of a certain week the spectroscope showed a remarkable absence of watery vapour lines in the spectrum of skylight; that a directly contrary state of things in the previous week was followed by heavy rains and floods; and that a spell of dry weather might now inferentially be counted on with some little confidence. Fortunately for the farmers, that expectation was realised. Several times since the statement appeared, the sky became overcast, but the clouds invariably cleared away without rain, leaving an expanse of glorious blue such as we too seldom see. It is not for the unscientific to form any positive conclusions as to the value of such a fulfilment of a scientific forecast, but the circumstances are clearly encouraging, and it seems not extravagant to hope that the spectroscope may do for practical meteorology what the methods of observation hitherto followed have as yet failed to do. In the observation recorded, certain solar lines in the spectrum stood out clearly, which had throughout August been almost lost in a 'thicket of terrestrial water-vapour lines.' It is further interesting to notice that the suggested probability of 'rather cold sharp weather' has tallied pretty closely with the facts.

M. Regnard has been making some curious and apparently successful experiments in feeding lambs that have either been left orphans or which have been deserted by their mothers. To most people, milk would seem to be the food best fitted for the purpose; but M. Regnard has brought up his little family of lambs on a very different diet. Blood obtained from the slaughter-houses was dried, pressed, and powdered in a coffee-mill; and mixed with other food, was given in doses of ten to eighty grammes daily. The animals surpassed in weight and size even those lambs which had been nourished by their mothers; and competent judges pronounced them to be the finest specimens they had ever seen. Calves are now being reared on the same plan; and sickly children are said to receive great benefit from the strange food.

Another Frenchman, whose position at the head of a Parisian hospital for infants should give weight to his remarks, advocates most strongly the use of asses' milk for infants deprived of their natural food. He says that he has seen this milk bring about the veritable resuscitation of little

ones; and he maintains that all institutions for the maintenance of new-born children should be provided with arrangements for keeping asses, and also goats. The milk of the goat is not much inferior to that of the ass, provided that the animal has sufficient space to roam about in, and to find its favourite food.

A strange contrast is afforded by the perusal of two papers relating to Agriculture which have lately been published. One is the summary of the Agricultural returns of Great Britain for 1882; and the other paper is the Report of the Canadian Minister of Agriculture. Seven years of bad seasons make the British returns into a very gloomy history; while the Canadian Report breathes nothing but prosperity in the present, and brilliant prospects for the future. The Canadian Minister points to the attention which is being given to the importation from Britain of pedigreed animals; and we see by the statistics given how the old country is being drained of its finest stock to give vigour to the new. It is said that from the late Show at Reading three shiploads of the finest animals went to America; and from all parts of the country come stories of foreigners buying up stock at a price with which home-buyers cannot compete. It may well be said that high prices and increased competition are affecting our agricultural progress.

An interesting relic from Pompeii has just been added to the Naples Museum. It consists of a fresco representing the Judgment of Solomon, and is unique in being the sole picture of a sacred character yet found in the buried city. Mr E. N. Rolfe, who sends to the *Times* a detailed description of the work, tells us that the drawing is poor, but that the colours are bright and in good preservation. The bodies are dwarfed, and out of proportion to the heads. Some think, from this circumstance, that the composition is intended as a caricature; but Mr Rolfe is of opinion that the heads have been exaggerated so as to allow for better facial expression. Beyond this distortion, there is apparently no caricature, the various expressions, from the agony of the real mother to the triumph of the false one, being well delineated.

A new process for treating China-grass and other fibre-producing plants—the invention of M. Favier—was lately shown in London in operation before a number of gentlemen interested in the production or use of fibre. Most of the plants in question are cultivated at long distances from the places where the fibre is prepared for market; and the new process is intended for treating the vegetable matter at the place of its growth. The advantages claimed for this procedure are principally two. In the first place, only fifteen per cent. of the raw material is ultimately utilised in the production of fibre, and therefore the carriage of much useless matter is saved; and in the second place, the fresh material is far more easily treated than that which has dried up during transport. The apparatus is simple in the extreme. It consists of a closed wooden box with a false bottom, under which runs a steam-pipe connected with a boiler. On the occasion referred to, this box was filled with a number of specimens of fibrous plants, obtained from the Botanical Gardens at Kew and Paris. After being sub-

mitted to the action of the steam for twenty minutes, the specimens were found to be ready for further treatment, the epidermis and fibre readily stripping from the wood. The cost of thus rendering the material fit for the mill is only two pounds per ton. The invention will be of great importance not only to the fibre-trade but to many of our colonies, and may still further cheapen the price of paper.

The old idea of making Manchester a port by means of a ship-canal from Liverpool, has been once more revived, and the 'Manchester Tidal Navigation Committee' are now holding an inquiry into the whole subject. The scheme has been considered by many to be visionary; but the same was thought of the Suez Canal and many other projects of an extensive character which have proved successful. The Canal would utilise the channels of the Mersey and the Irwell, and would be about thirty-seven miles in length. It would terminate at Manchester in an immense basin. There is no great engineering difficulty in the way of its accomplishment, the principal question being whether the enormous outlay entailed will bring back a sufficient return to the shareholders.

It has long been known that the Davy Safety-lamp is only safe under certain conditions. If the air in a mine be moving at a rate greater than seven feet per second, the wire-gauze surrounding the wick is no longer impervious; and the outer atmosphere, if of an inflammable nature, is certain to take fire. A Blue-book recently issued on the Causes of the Explosion in the Trimdon Grange Colliery, which took place last February, convicts the Davy Lamp as the offender; and its use will now no doubt be prohibited in all fiery mines. An accident at the West Stanley Colliery two months later has also been traced to the faulty nature of the lamps in use, although in this case the Davy Lamp was not employed. In short, a really safe mining-lamp seems just now to be a thing wanted. Whether electricity will answer all the requirements of a miner's work, we are hardly prepared to say; but it is very certain that a long time must elapse before the electric light, even if it be suited to the purpose, can be installed at all our collieries. The lamp required must give a good light, must be portable, and more than all, to meet with universal attention, it must be cheap and simple.

A very useful Act of Parliament has just come into force. Its object is 'to make better provision for inquiries with regard to boiler explosions.' That such a measure was really needed may be judged from a consideration of the many disasters which occur annually from boiler explosions—eight hundred and sixty-five explosions are recorded for the past seven years—killing and wounding more than double that number of persons. One-third of these fatalities are attributed to negligence or mismanagement; and we may feel certain that quite as large a proportion may be set down to corrosion and other forms of dilapidation which were allowed to go on unremedied in the boiler. The new Act is most stringent in its provisions, and we trust that it will have a salutary effect upon those owners of steam-power who are not too careful of the lives of their workmen.

A British patent has been secured by Messrs

Brin of Paris for the production of red and white wine from beetroot, and the product is said to resemble and to possess all the qualities of the juice of the grape. The root is cooked and pressed, and the juice is fermented in reservoirs furnished with steam-coils, so that the process can be regulated; after which water, tannin, and lastly alcohol to bring the mixture to any desired strength, are added. For white wine, the white beetroot is employed, the operations being exactly similar to those adopted in making the red wine. The colour of the latter is so brilliant, and it contains so much saccharine matter, that it is valuable for enriching grape wines which are deficient in those respects. Whether the new product is to become a help to the adulterator, or a new beverage, remains to be seen.

The railway returns for 1882 show that there are now eighteen thousand one hundred and eighty miles of railway open in the United Kingdom, involving a total paid-up capital of seven hundred and forty-five millions five hundred and nineteen thousand pounds—a sum within a few thousand pounds of being as great as the amount of the National Debt itself! This affords a striking illustration of the enormous wealth of this country—of the amazing extent of its financial resources.

This year's meeting of the Social Science Congress at Nottingham forms the twenty-fifth anniversary of its formation as a society. It was founded on July 29, 1857, at a private meeting held at the residence in Grafton Street, London, of the late Lord Brougham, who presided on the occasion. By way of signalling its successful career hitherto, the Secretary of the Association has issued a little Manual, giving a narrative of past labours and results, which will be found useful and interesting to those who watch the progress of Social Science. It is published at the office of the Association, 1 Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.

In papers recently read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, as well as the Society of Telegraph Engineers and Electricians, on Tests of Incandescent Electric Lamps, &c., Principal Jamieson, of the College of Science and Arts, Glasgow, has given us a valuable contribution to the subject of electric lighting. Mr Jamieson extended the tests he had previously taken at Queen Street Station and in Sir William Thomson's laboratory, and by the aid of the electrical-engineering students studying at the College of Science and Arts, he produced a number of large diagrams and curves, giving the relative candle-powers and efficiency of Swan, Edison, Maxim, and Lane-Fox lamps, from which we take the following examples, but would refer those more particularly interested to volume eleven, number forty-two, of *The Journal of the Society of Telegraph Engineers and Electricians*. Swan lamps when giving an average light of 21·6 candles, had a mean resistance of thirty-two ohms, and for every horse-power of electrical energy expended on them, produced light equal to two hundred and twenty-five standard sperm candles; or in round numbers, ten lamps, giving twenty-two candles each, can be produced from one horse-power. Edison eight-candle lamps had a resistance of sixty-one ohms when incandescent; and for every horse-power, one hundred

and thirty-eight candles were obtained, or seventeen lamps of eight candles each. As pointed out, these and the other numerous examples given by him do not include the energy that would be lost in driving the engine and dynamo, but simply the equivalent in horse-power of electrical energy expended directly on the lamps.—From a perusal which we have made of the syllabus of the Glasgow College of Science and Arts (38 Bath Street), we observe that every advantage in the way of lectures and laboratory-work is being offered to young men desirous of becoming electrical engineers and electricians.

The *Times* newspaper, in discussing the relative destructiveness of common shell and shrapnel, states that the idea that the superiority of the latter is established for all cases and under all conditions, is not quite correct. 'Exhaustive trials,' it says, 'have been made in England and in other countries, with the result that, in order to insure perfect efficiency, field-artillery should carry both of these two projectiles. The common shell is made in different forms, but the principle of its action is always the same. It contains as much powder as can be placed within its iron or steel envelope, and is intended to act by explosion, breaking down defences, setting fire to houses, and generally smashing everything which it comes across, in addition to killing a limited number of men. Common shell, also, used with a percussion fuse, so as to burst only on striking an obstacle, is very effective on firm ground, and is also extremely demoralising. The intention and effect of shrapnel are entirely different. The shrapnel shell consists of the thinnest envelope which can be found without breaking up, and this is filled almost entirely with hardened bullets. A very small charge of powder, only just enough to open the envelope, serves to liberate the bullets at the moment intended, and they then scatter like shot from a fowling-piece. Thus it will be seen that if a good many guns are firing shrapnel at the same time, and the fuses are timed so as to burst a few feet above the ground, the whole of the troops attacked are covered with a shower of bullets. Shrapnel shells have been called the man-killing projectile. Their effect against troops in the open is very great, and would be greater but for the difficulty of timing the fuse so that the projectile should burst exactly at the right moment and in the right place. Another function has lately been assigned to common shell. Incendiary stars are carried with each battery, and can be placed, when required, within the common shell. When the shell bursts, whether in the air or on the mark which it hits, the stars are scattered, and create great light and heat.'

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

COMBUSTION WITHOUT FLAME.

ABOUT a year ago, a new organisation was formed in England, called the Society of Chemical Industry, and at one of the recent meetings of the members, an interesting experiment, involving a new theory of combustion, was submitted by Mr Thomas Fletcher of Warrington, whose many ingenious inventions and discoveries we have

before had occasion to notice. The belief has often been stated that if it were possible to produce combustion *without flame*, the temperature attained by the consumption of any fuel could be enormously increased; and it seems that Mr Fletcher has now proved that this is possible. Directing an ordinary blowpipe gas-flame upon a ball of iron wire weighing some three pounds, Mr Fletcher after a few moments blew the flame out, leaving the gas on, however, as before. The temperature immediately rose, and was steadily maintained until the iron was fused like wax. The room was darkened, but the closest examination did not show a trace of flame, although the fact that the gas was operating was proved by repeatedly relighting and extinguishing it. This flameless heat was then directed into a fireclay chamber containing a 'refractory' clay crucible, which was 'partially fused and worked into a ball like soft putty,' while the walls of fireclay were at the same time fused by what is called latent heat. The gas supply used was given by a quarter-inch pipe; and from Mr Fletcher's experiments it appears that the presence of flame is not really a sign of perfect but of imperfect combustion. It is not improbable that this demonstration of the possibility of absolutely flameless combustion may lead to important changes in the present modes of heating, many of which involve great consumption of material.

USEFUL REFORM IN POLICE INSTRUCTION.

A most useful and much desiderated branch of police education has just been introduced into the Metropolitan Force. This consists in giving the police officers a kind of surgical training sufficient to enable them to deal readily with many of the ordinary accidents to which people are liable. The society under which this training is carried out is called the St John Ambulance Association. Certificates of efficiency were a few weeks ago presented to seventy-nine London policemen; and Dr Sieveking, Physician Extraordinary to the Queen, addressing the force on that occasion, spoke of the sympathy felt by the medical profession with the objects of the Association, and of the special value to the police of the instruction imparted. He advised them to keep up their knowledge, and encouraged them to do so by referring to a case which had come under his notice, where valuable assistance was rendered to an injured lady by a policeman. Colonel Duncan, Director of the Association, also spoke, and, referring to the case of an officer who was shot in the femoral artery, and of a man who was that day reported to have bled to death in consequence of a wound from a scythe, said that any one of the men who were receiving certificates that day would probably have been able to save those lives if he had been near at the time. The objects of this Association seem to us to recommend themselves very strongly to police authorities all over the country.

THE POPULATION OF THE EARTH.

As an authority concerning the population of the different countries of the world, the publication called *Die Bevölkerung der Erde*, published by Justus Perthes of Gotha, occupies a high position. From the seventh issue of this work, which

has recently appeared, we find the total population of the globe estimated at 1,433,887,500, an apparent decrease in the estimate of 1880 of about twenty-two millions; while the recent censuses of all the great countries show an increase of over thirty millions. This is, however, partly explained by a readjustment of the population of China, which, formerly given at 434,626,500, has now been carefully revised, and estimated at 371,200,000. After this change of figures for China, Asia is set down as possessing a population of 795,591,000; this includes the two hundred and fifty-two millions for British India, and the fourteen and a half millions of the territory of Russia in Asia. The results of recent censuses in Europe show an increase in the population, which is now stated at 327,743,400, as compared with 315,929,000 in 1880—an increase of about twelve millions. Africa is set down as having a population of 205,823,260; America, 100,415,400; and Australia and Polynesia, 4,232,000. Before some of these vast numbers, the total population of the United Kingdom at last census (thirty-five millions) does not bulk largely; but this is more than counterbalanced by the vast power and influence wielded by our country in every portion of the habitable globe.

PRITHEE MADAM.

PRITHEE madam, what are you,
That you accept with scorn
Love that is honourable, true,
And constant, night and morning,
Exacting it as beauty's due?

Beauty lures, but love must bind,
And beauty's long unkindness,
Although that love were ten times blind,
Cures him of his blindness,
Gives him back his lucid mind.

Though love, it seems, less pleases you
Than admiration endless,
You'll find in such a retinue
Much that is cold and friendless,
Flatterers many, lovers few.

With these I neither sigh nor weep,
I only give you warning,
That for the future you must keep
For some one else your scorn;—
I'm sick of it. Good-morning!

J. B. SELKIRK.

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THE NATIONAL LEDGER.

THERE is no more fascinating volume to a successful merchant than his ledger, a book which contains the record of his energy and perseverance, and on whose pages are summed up the numerous items which form the foundation of the golden superstructure he has raised. John Bull's Ledger, in the shape of a modest tenpenny blue-book entitled 'The Finance Accounts of the United Kingdom,' has recently been issued from the offices of Messrs Eyre and Spottiswoode, the Queen's printers, and in its pages of closely tabulated figures there is a story of successful business which should make it very acceptable reading to the British taxpayer. Few persons, however, care to wade through a mass of figures and tabulated statements, and we shall therefore refrain from going into the vast details of the debtor and creditor account of the immense total of nearly one hundred millions of money which represents the income and expenditure of that portion of the British Empire over which the Chancellor of the Exchequer has power for good and evil. We shall state a few of the larger facts with reference to this vast sum, and then lay before our readers some of the remarkable items which go to build up on one side or the other the colossal account of the 'business' recorded in the National Ledger.

In spite of the Chancellor's sweeping fiscal reforms, it appears that the Custom-houses of the United Kingdom still collect the handsome sum of nineteen millions a year, and the Excise not less than twenty-seven millions. The Post-office shows a gross revenue of seven millions, notwithstanding the alterations which are being continually carried out, and the fact that several millions have been sunk as capital for the provision of better rates of pay to the telegraphists and letter-carriers.

The Income Tax was bringing in no less a sum than ten millions before the recent increase on account of the Egyptian Expedition; while the sale of stamps realised the sum of twelve

millions. The other side of the account shows how nearly all these millions go to pay for the Army, Navy, and Civil Service; but in the hands of a skilful Chancellor of the Exchequer the national expenditure is rarely, if ever, permitted to exceed the national income. The grand total for the Army and Navy is twenty-six millions three hundred and seventy thousand pounds; that for the Civil Service, fifteen millions; interest of National Debt, twenty-eight millions two hundred and ninety thousand pounds; the Afghan War instalment, five hundred thousand pounds; the Transvaal expenses, four hundred thousand; and the Zulu War, one hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds. There is also a payment of ten thousand pounds for 'Secret Service.'

Having thus briefly described the colossal part of the debt and credit sides of this wonderful account, we will now proceed to 'take stock' of some of the items which go to make up the grand total, and the somewhat singular and interesting nature of which may not, perhaps, be generally known.

Readers of the daily papers must have often noticed that ever and anon there appears in them a paragraph, inserted in some corner of the journals, to the effect that 'the Chancellor of the Exchequer begs to acknowledge the receipt of two halves of a five-pound note from A. B. on account of Income Tax.' This is termed Conscience-money, and amounted last year to no less a sum than five thousand three hundred and forty-six pounds. The Suez Canal shares brought in at five per cent., two hundred thousand pounds; while the Colonies contributed the sum of two hundred and fifteen thousand pounds towards our national defences.

Few people are aware of the fact that in return for permission to issue a paper currency, the Bank of England pays into the Exchequer an annual sum of one hundred and thirty-eight thousand five hundred and seventy-eight pounds. The coinage of silver at the Mint last year brought in a profit of one hundred and sixty-seven thousand pounds, and the bronze coinage nearly

thirty-one thousand pounds. Sovereigns are, it appears, coined gratuitously; while no less a sum than four hundred and eighty-four pounds in old copper coin was melted down for alloy. Even the sweepings of the Mint floors brought into the Exchequer the sum of six hundred and thirty-four pounds five shillings and elevenpence.

We are somewhat surprised to find an item of eleven hundred pounds accruing to the Crown on account of some guano islands of which the nation appears to be the proprietor; while 'small branches of the hereditary revenue'—whatever these may mean—are credited with the sum of twenty-eight thousand pounds per annum.

As all 'wrecks and derelicts' upon the coasts of the United Kingdom are claimed by the Crown, the national income from this source is augmented by the sum of one hundred and sixty-nine pounds eleven and ninepence. This small sum is in itself a practical testimonial to the excellence of the work carried on by the National Lifeboat Institution. Beside this, the rights and interests of the Crown in the foreshores of the kingdom brought in last year two hundred and seventy-six pounds seventeen shillings and ninepence.

Passports are evidently far from being as obsolete as some persons think, for no less than four thousand were issued by the Foreign Office during the year, the fees on which amounted to four hundred and nine pounds. Our consuls abroad paid into the national Exchequer through the Foreign Office nearly fifty-two thousand pounds on account of fees received by them in the exercise of their consular duties.

One interesting item in this long account is that of the Tower of London, which is credited with the sum of two thousand two hundred and seventy-six pounds on account of the fees paid by visitors to view the Crown jewels and armouries, &c. Another item stands for 'Fees of Honour' in the Queen's Household, by which is probably meant the fines inflicted on its members for disregarding certain rules of etiquette or propriety. The sum credited to this source was last year fifty-five pounds eleven shillings and sixpence. Another item in connection with the Royal Household is the 'Contributions for Keys,' which consists of small payments made by privileged individuals for admittance into the royal precincts of the various palace-grounds and demesnes. This and various other items, such as 'Grazing and other rents, venison fees, receipts for old materials [rags and bones?], timber, and live-stock,' together produce the respectable sum of five thousand and forty pounds.

The wages and effects of deceased seamen revert to the Crown if not claimed within six years; and it may be imagined that the sum invested on this account must be very large, seeing that the interest alone brought in eleven hundred pounds last year.

We will close our list of items on the debit side of the National Ledger with those standing under the head of 'Convict Labour.' The Exchequer received during the past year a sum of two thousand three hundred pounds on account of profits on farms cultivated by convicts, and the large sum of sixteen thousand pounds for profits on convict manufactures, exclusive of another sum of eight thousand eight hundred pounds for 'profits on prisoners' labour.'

On turning to the Credit side of the Ledger, we find ourselves floundering among a mighty host of state pensioners, some of a perpetual nature and others but temporary. As a handsome item of compensation for the 'abolition of office,' we may *en passant* quote the case of the Receiver of the Duchy of Cornwall and his deputy, who receive for 'loss of office on the abolition of the duties on the coinage of tin,' &c., an annual allowance of seventeen thousand pounds!

The Royal Family of course head the list of annuitants, commencing with the Crown Princess of Germany (Princess Royal), eight thousand pounds, and ending with the Princess Mary (Duchess of Teck), who receives two thousand. The whole amount under this head, not including of course the amounts granted this year on the marriage of the Duke of Albany, is one hundred and sixty-one thousand pounds.

Next in order come the Civil List pensions, which amount in the aggregate to the sum of twenty-two thousand five hundred and eighty-nine pounds. The names of the recipients of these pensions are not given, probably on account of the number, as there must be quite an army of them, seeing that not more than twelve hundred pounds per annum is granted to the Crown by parliament for this purpose. Thirty-eight thousand one hundred and sixty-six pounds per annum is absorbed by the pensions for distinguished military services. At the head of this list stands the famous Duke of Marlborough, to whom and to whose descendants 'for ever' parliament granted the yearly sum of four thousand pounds, beside a splendid palace to live in and estates around it. Lord Napier of Magdala closes the list with a pension of two thousand pounds, which is to last for two lives only.

Twenty thousand four hundred and thirty-four pounds per annum is the amount absorbed by Political and Civil Service pensioners, amongst whom for the last time will figure the late Lord Beaconsfield, Sir George Grey, Mr Milner Gibson, and Mr Spencer Walpole. In this list, the man who gets the most handsome allowance is Lord Clarence Paget, who receives a pension of twelve hundred pounds per annum as an ex-First Secretary of the Admiralty, in addition to his retired pay of two guineas a day as a vice-admiral. The veteran Corn-law abolitionist, Mr C. P. Villiers, also draws a pension of twelve hundred a year as an ex-Cabinet minister.

Forty-one thousand pounds is the amount of the pensions awarded for judicial services to the state, the names of three Lord Chancellors, at five thousand a year each—namely, Lords Cairns, Hatherley, and Selborne, being on last year's list. Lord Hatherley has since died; and Lord Selborne, being Mr Gladstone's present Lord Chancellor, of course receives a salary of ten thousand

pounds, the pension being suspended in the meantime. This does not include Ireland, which has a Judicial pension list of over twenty-two thousand pounds.

It is rather amusing to see with what arithmetical precision the pension is stopped by the Treasury on the day of decease; not a fraction more than was absolutely due to the departed pensioner being paid to his heirs or administrators.

The hereditary pensions to the heirs of the Duke of Schomberg, which Thackeray ridiculed in his ballad of the *Battle of Limerick*, and amounting to nine hundred and eighty-four pounds, still appear in that portion of the list which may be termed a collection of 'curiosities.' The heirs and representatives of the founder of the Quaker City, Mr Penn, still receive the pension of four thousand pounds per annum granted them by parliament 'for ever.' The Earl of Kinnoull receives a pension of one thousand six hundred and twenty pounds four shillings, on account of certain 'four-and-a-half-per-cent. duties,' in addition to an hereditary pension granted to one of his ancestors by King Charles II.

Many persons are still living and enjoying pensions granted them in the reigns of George III., George IV., and William IV.; whilst there is also a payment of thirty-two pounds six shillings and fourpence to 'persons who suffered by the Irish Rebellion of 1798.' Altogether, the gross amount for pensions and annuities is over three hundred thousand pounds, which is, after all, but a small amount compared with that wonderful income of nearly a hundred millions sterling, which is shown on the debit side of the National Ledger as the result of the untiring industry and splendid perseverance of the inhabitants of the British Isles.

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—'ALL IS READY,' SAID VAL QUIETLY. 'TELL YOUR MISTRESS.'

It was the last night in June, and a score of jovial young gentlemen were making merry at Lumby Hall. There were two elders with them—Mr Lumby and Mr Jolly, and but one of the invited guests was absent. The ladies staying at the Hall to attend the morrow's ceremony were a little aggrieved by the bachelor party, and the drawing-room was dull. The general feminine opinion was unfavourable to Mr Lumby's projection; but the old gentleman himself was in high-feather amongst the young fellows gathered about his son, and knew nothing of the muffled petticoat rebellion. He was growing stronger every day, and had already, without much mental difficulty, gone through terms of settlement with the lawyer, making over half his share in the City House to Gerard. He sat there and sipped a glass of wine, and chatted gaily, if somewhat childishly, for a time, and then withdrew, leaving the bride's father to keep the younger blood in order, if it should need a restraining hand. The elder Jolly was glorious, and had assumed so juvenile an air, that beside the bald-headed Reginald he looked young,

and the two might almost have changed relationships.

'Where on earth is Val Strange?' cried Gerard. 'Don't any of you men know?'

'There's been something odd about Val lately,' said one of the guests; 'I began to think yesterday that he had a tile loose.'

Reginald thought that possibly he might be able to throw a little light on the reason of Val's absence. If you love a woman yourself, it is not altogether easy at the last moment of losing her to congratulate the man who carries her away from you; and the difficulty seemed likely to be increased when the congratulations were expected to extend over the time occupied by a dinner and an evening meeting like the present. So that, knowing what he did, it would have been easy to explain Val's late eccentric conduct—if it had not been impossible to offer such an explanation.

At this sort of gathering there are generally one or two people who are eager to make speeches. The elder Jolly was absolutely overflowing with Disraelian eloquence, but he had to save himself for the effort of the morrow. He had written his speech, and had committed it to memory; and it was his belief that this oratorical effort, when it came to be produced would sparkle like fireworks. The audience would include a good many of the county magnates, and he felt that they would be almost worthy to listen to his carefully-prepared impromptus. A bashfully-eager gentleman in a corner was being urged by his companions to rise; and had at length, in spite of himself, given so decided a negative, that the attempt to persuade him had been almost abandoned, when Mr Jolly, discerning that beyond a doubt the tide of speechmaking, if it once set in, would drift his way, burned so eagerly for a chance, that he beat a tumbler upon the table and cried: 'Gentlemen, Mr Whetham is longing to address us.' The Cicero of the corner coterie being thus publicly signalled-out for attention arose, smiled vacuously, played in a *déagé* fashion with his watch-chain, and with a curious springy motion in the legs, unburdened his soul in manner following: 'Gentlemen all. And Mr Jolly. Had extreme happiness—knowing—friend—Lumby—years. No hesitation—saying—admirable fellow—calculated—perform—duties—citizen—most satisfactory manner. Call upon you—therefore—drink his health—musical honours. Really sorry—can't express—feelings—overwhelming at the moment—more flowing language. Gentlemen, Mr Gerard Lumby.' Then he sat down, and wondered where his speech had gone to, and whilst he wondered, the toast was hailed with enthusiasm, and the young gentlemen assembled sang, *For he's a jolly good Fellow*, with such heartiness that the startled domestics rose in the servants' hall, and the ladies in the drawing-room looked at each other in amazement. Lady Farham, relict of Sir Samuel, late of Mincing Lane, and mother-in-law to George Lumby, murmured to her married daughter that it was really like a tavern, and fell into a stony contemplation of the wall-paper, from which she was aroused with difficulty. She said afterwards, in view of the events of the night, that she had quite expected a judgment.

Gerard returned thanks with hearty brevity,

and then somebody proposed the health of the bride. He was a very young gentleman, with a habit of saying in the duller portions of his oration—'In short, gentlemen, as the poet says'—and at these moments the guests looked towards him with a look as of awakening interest. But as he always forgot what the poet said and toiled off into prose, they settled back again in a manner disconcerting to the speaker's feelings. Finally, when the young gentleman had made half-a-dozen abortive efforts to recall the poet's utterances, he sat down; and the guests cheered for the bride, and drank her health with much ardour; and Mr Jolly arose. It was one of those supreme moments of temptation which occur not more than once in a lifetime, and he yielded. He spoke the speech he had prepared for the wedding breakfast; and having delivered himself, sat down and contemplated the draft which would be made upon him in twelve hours' time, and he a mental bankrupt. After such an effort as he had already made, he knew that great things would be expected of him. He had fired his *feu de joie* a day too soon, and the consciousness that he had no powder left, was indescribably depressing. He felt that the reputation he had already created would be fatal to him. But suddenly a ray of light illumined his mind, and he became tranquil and even happy. He resolved that he would be too much affected to say anything!

'When the cat's away the mice will play,' said Hiram Search to himself as he stepped forth from the gates of Lumby Hall into the softly-clouded summer night. 'They'll prob'ly be rather lively over at the Grange this evening, an' I'll just walk over an' have a look at Mary.' He lit a pipe, and walked comfortably, thinking of the morrow's wedding and the improvement it brought in his own chances. He would not be single much longer, though he was less in a hurry to marry than he had been. Not because his affections had in the least degree cooled, but because Mary was now provided for, and the old reason for desiring at once to assume a position in which he could protect her had been removed. As members of one household, they would be together, and Hiram looked forward to a period of courtship which bade fair to be extremely pleasant. He had got over half his walk, when the moon shone out suddenly with so charming a lustre that he paused to observe it. As the cloud which had hitherto obscured the fullness of her splendour slowly sailed away, moved by some wind too high for him to feel its faintest breath, the broad silver light seemed bit by bit to drive back the shadow over the fields towards the sea. The moonbeams with that wall of retreating darkness beyond them made the distance dimmer than it had been, and almost shut the water from sight. But suddenly they touched and silvered the foam of the little breakers on the sand of the bay, and passed along as if floating out to sea, and in the midst of the belt of light he discerned the snowy sail of a vessel as it rounded Daffin Head. 'I guess that's Mr Strange's yacht,' said Hiram to himself. The little craft had been creeping a good deal about the coast for the past week or two; and Hiram, like the rest of the inhabitants of those parts, had become familiar with her aspect.

In the mind of a fanciful man, thousands of odd little premonitions which never come to anything, rise and float about and go again, to be forgotten. But if ever by chance one of these idle fancies is fulfilled, it becomes memorable, and erects itself into a precedent. Perhaps to Hiram's mind there was an unrecognised sense of something furtive suddenly revealed in the little craft stealing round the headland in the mist of night and being thus made visible. He had taken a dislike to Val Strange, and he had been exercised by the discovery of the photograph. There had been a latent feeling of resentment in his mind that evening at Val's absence from his friend's dinner-party, and Hiram had been inclined to think that Mr Strange was 'hankering'—that was his phrase—'after the boss's little gell.' Being thus predisposed to think ill of Mr Strange, and having some ground for suspicion already, he absolutely surmised that the *Mew's-wing* might be hanging about to carry off Constance. He smiled at the thought, and pooh-poohed it, and put it away, as being altogether too preposterous to be believed in. And yet it had a sort of hold upon him, and made him feel unhappy and discontented with himself.

'If there *should* be anythin' in it,' he said at last, 'what a dog I should feel if I'd neglected this curious kind o' warnin'. Does *seem* kind of like a warnin', somehow. Such things hev been, I know. Why, Hiram, s'pose you make a fool of yourself, and look into this matter. 'Twon't be the first time you've gone a fool's arrand, and nobody need know what an ass you are. You ain't afraid o' me laughing at you, air you, Hiram?' He walked on swiftly; and bodily motion adding, as it often does, to mental excitement, he grew out of the cheerfully cynical mood in which he had started, and came to something like genuine fear and earnestness. When he saw the lights of the Grange, he chose the turfy side of the lane rather than the resounding road, and ran crouching along as if he were hunting something. Near the gates he paused, and a voice struck upon his ear. His heart began to beat, and he clenched his teeth and his hands and listened. The excitement he was in was more than nine-tenths self-created, and he knew it, and rather scorned himself for it. Strain his ears as he would, he could hear no more than the murmur of the voice, and could not make out a spoken word, until, to his complete surprise, he heard his own name, singularly coupled. Two words came clearly—'Marry Hiram'—and then the voice went humming on again inaudibly. 'Marry Hiram?' thought the listener. 'Am I dreamin'? What on airth is this?' He crept nearer, and heard the voice more clearly.

'You must know,' it said in low and urgent tones, 'that unless she has a female companion, she will be laid open to such scandalous suspicions that there will be no removing them. You will have no responsibility. It is not in your power to prevent her from going. I will land you at Swansea to-morrow; and directly after the wedding, you can return; and with five hundred pounds in hand, you can marry at once. Think, you foolish girl, how few the chances you are likely to have of making so much money.'

Hiram needed no sight of the speaker to know that it was Val Strange. He seemed in

a very whirlpool of amazement, and could scarcely believe that his premonition was coming true, clearly as he heard the words and plainly as they carried their own meaning.

'Oh,' said another voice, and though Hiram was prepared to hear it, he started at it, so that he almost betrayed his presence, 'Hiram would never forgive me—never! He is fond of Mr Lumby, and he spoke of him many a time before he went into his service. And, O Mr Strange, you have been very kind to me'—(What was this? asked the listener, with a new madness in his veins)—'but is it fair to run away with her the day before the wedding?'

'Will you come?' asked Val impatiently. 'Yes, or no. Five hundred pounds—think what it means—wealthy friends for life, who will never forget the service you have done them—think what it means. Will you come?'

'O Mr Strange,' cried Mary, 'I dare not. It all seems wicked, and Hiram would never forgive me.'

'You are not so grateful as you pretended to be,' said Val, under his breath, but with anger in his tones. 'You might never have seen Hiram again but for me. What would you have done if I had not befriended you at Southampton?'

The listener in the midst of his amazement breathed more freely. He had heard that story. So Val Strange was the unknown benefactor upon whom he had so often called down blessings in his heart. It softened somewhat the rage he felt against him.

'If it were not for Hiram,' cried the girl.

'Hush!' said Val. 'Do not speak so loud. Come, decide. Your mistress will not move without you; and if you will not come, you have wrecked her life for ever. Ask what you will. If you are trying to make the terms for such a trifling service higher, ask what you will. Think what this foolish delay may mean. Will you come?'

'No,' said the girl, but in a voice in which the listener could read a tone of yielding. He crept nearer, until he laid a hand upon the gray stone of the gateway pillar. The gates were open, and the pair stood just within them. Val pressed the yielding girl harder.

'Suppose somebody tried to make you marry a man you did not love, and Hiram wanted to save you and to take you away, would that be wicked? And if you had a friend who was too hard-hearted to come with you and save you from scandal, would you forgive her?'

'I will go,' said little Mary.

'No,' said Hiram, stepping into the moonlight; 'I reckon you won't.'

They stood astounded before him. Mary shrieked, and ran towards the house; but Val was rooted to the spot he stood on. For one awful moment he expected Gerard's form to appear behind Hiram's, and almost listened for the reproaches of the friend he had endeavoured to betray. But he was no coward after all, and his nerves sprang up like steel as he faced the intruder.

'What brings you here?' he asked.

'I can't speak lightly of sacred things, Mr Valentine Strange,' said Hiram; 'and I won't say what hand guided me here to stop you

villainy. But I'm here in time. Drop it. I shan't break my master's faithful heart by telling him the plot I lighted on. But I score off you. I do now, re'ly.'

'Do you?' said Val with desperate softness, toying with something that hung at his watch-chain and glittered in the moonlight. 'Are you sure?'

'I'm sure of this much, anyway,' said Hiram, drawing on the words—'I shan't clear out of this 'fore you do, an' it'll bother you to take my boss's gell away while I stand by.' Val raised the glittering something to his lips and blew a soft clear whistle. Quick as lightning, Hiram leaped at him, and though too late to check the call, he gripped his wrists like iron, and began to haul him down the carriage-way, resolved on holding him and alarming the household. They could not all be in the plot, and some of the men-servants would surely be ready to do a little for the honour of the house they served.

'Come here and help me,' said Val in a soft and quiet voice. 'Hold this fellow, and do not let him go, till we are safe on board.' Before the words had left his lips, Hiram released his hands and struck him down. Turning, he saw three seamen in the gateway, and grasped the whole situation in a flash. It would take the yacht an hour to round the headland, and he felt sure that he could reach Lumby Hall in a quarter of an hour. That would give time to alarm Gerard, to saddle horses, and to gallop here and intercept the flight, or even to pull out and board the yacht. He stood a second, and then burst past them at a leap, and recovering from a stumble in the road which had almost wrecked his purpose, he sped down the lane like an arrow.

Val was on his feet again. 'Follow him!' he cried. 'Double across the fields, and stop him at any cost. He is making for Lumby Hall,' he panted, running beside his men, already in pursuit. 'This way, and you will cut him off before he reaches Welbeck Bay.'

But as they broke through the hedge, they saw that Hiram, nearly a hundred yards ahead, had shot through a gap, and was taking advantage of the short-cut home. He ran like a hare, and at every stride increased the distance between himself and his pursuers. Val called them off, and they came back breathing heavily, from the brief burst they had made.

'You have the luggage?' he asked.—One of them answered 'Yes.'—'Run down with it to the boat at once. Two of you can carry it.—You, Thomson, stay behind with me, and take care of the maid.' It was evident that he had taken the crew of the yacht into his confidence, and probable that he had even feared some failure in his plans. The two men set briskly off; and Val, leaving the third at a little distance from the gateway, walked down the drive, stopping a moment to adjust his disordered dress. The back of the house was in complete darkness as he passed it, but there was a sound of laughter in the servants' quarters. He went by lightly, and entered at the open windows of the dining-room. There he found Mary. She was crying bitterly, but with little noise.

'All is ready,' said Val quietly. 'Tell your mistress.'

'I dare not go,' sobbed the girl.
'Your master will be here in half an hour,' he answered; 'and he will know that you were in the plot. You must go—you dare not stay.' The girl wrung her hands, and stood irresolute.—'Go!' he said sternly; and she obeyed him. A minute later, Constance glided into the room with the maid behind her. Her hand, as she laid it on Val's arm, trembled as a steel spring vibrates when shaken; but without a word on either side they stepped on to the lawn, and Mary followed, travelling the Primrose Way like her betters, and like them, finding it unpleasant, and less smooth than downright honour's roughest footpath. They glided noiselessly round the house, and noiselessly along the gravelled carriage-drive. There, at the gate the seaman came from the shadows and gave an arm to the weeping maid. Once in the lane, Constance walked with a firm step; but the high-strung tremor of her hand warned Val against addressing her. Ten minutes' walking brought them to the shore, and they could see the boat that awaited them. Constance knew nothing of the alarm; but Val in his mind's eye saw the long figure flying over the fields in the moonlight, and in his strained and exalted fancy could almost hear the beat of his hurried footsteps. He watched Hiram in fancy breasting the rise which led to Lumby Hall, and he saw the old friend he had so wronged, sitting happy and exulting in the thought of to-morrow's happiness, and knowing nothing of the blow the panting messenger came in haste to deal. Val had won his stake, and nothing could come between him and Constance now; but he was so far from happy, that he could well-nigh have surrendered his triumph. Yet for her sake, if not his own, there could be no surrender, and he must be tender to her and true to her. For many a day to come, he would have to fill the place of all the world to her, and he vowed that he would do it. If the heart-service and perpetual worship of the man she loved could make her happy, her life should go without a cloud. But even as these vows rose in his heart, he seemed to see and hear the hurried flight that carried the awful news.

'Give me your hand, my love,' he said gently, and helped Constance into the boat, and leading her to a seat, wrapped a cloak about her tenderly. The maid followed with her attendant seaman. 'Give way, men!' he said gravely and quietly. The bow of the boat lay upon the beach; but two of the men pushed her off, and leaped in as she floated. Val took the tiller ropes, and steered to where in the distance the yacht's white sails gleamed. His thoughts were still with the flying messenger, and followed him until the fatal message was delivered. 'He knows by this time,' he thought. It was not easy for Val Strange to be a sinner against friendship and honour. An almost unbearable pang ran through his heart as he pictured Gerard listening to the news.

Hiram's listening ear told him that pursuit had ceased; but he only laid himself out the harder, and ran until his chest seemed filled with fire, and every breath he drew was a sob. As he ran, he planned. So light a wind was blowing, that the yacht could make but little headway, and a well-manned boat might even

take her up. At Lumby Hall they were as near to her as they were at the Grange, unless she had gone more rapidly than he counted. Hiram's hat had gone already in the leap through the gap, and now finding that the coat he wore pulled him down, he slipped from it; but in all his anxiety and haste, he marked the place in which he dropped it, and resolved to return for it on the morrow. The incongruity of such a care at such a moment struck him with ridiculous force, and he had to fight down a half-hysterical desire to laugh. A two miles' run is a heavy business for a man who is out of training, and Hiram, before he reached the gates, had run himself almost to a stand-still, and his most urgent efforts took him scarcely faster than his average walk. But he toiled on, and coming near the house, made a final spurt, and dashed in at the doorway headlong. The venerable butler was the first to meet him, and seeing him running along the corridor in a half-stagger, stopped him.

'Mr Search!' cried the butler in amazement, 'what is it? Thieves?'

'No,' gasped Hiram—'Mr Gerard—fetch Mr Gerard. Call him out here. Quick, quick, quick!'

The butler, with one glance of astonishment, ran to the room in which the party sat assembled. Mr Jolly had just arrived at that happy conclusion already recorded, when the old servant entered and with a flustered air whispered to his young master. 'There's something wrong, sir. Will you come out, please?'

Gerard arose and followed him, and came on Hiram, leaning against the wall, sobbing for breath. The butler paused there, and the young man stopped also, with a look of wonder at Hiram's wild face and figure.

'Call up all your pluck,' said Hiram; 'you'll want it. Valentine Strange has bolted with'—

'What?' roared Gerard, and taking Hiram by the shoulders, he shook him like a reed.

'Miss Jolly,' gasped Hiram, and fell back against the wall, panting and glaring.

The young man's wild cry brought an inquiring face to the open door of the room he had just quitted.

'You lying villain!' said Gerard hoarsely, glaring back at Hiram.

'Gone aboard the yacht,' said Hiram, struggling so to speak that it was terrible to look at him. 'Don't waste a minute. Go to the boats. You may catch them yet.'

The corridor was filled. 'What is it?' asked one, laying a hand on Gerard's shoulder. 'Nothing wrong?'

Gerard shook him off and burst into awful laughter. 'This dog,' he said, turning an ashen face on Hiram, 'has a reputation as a humorist. He has been drinking, and has brought a jest home with him.'

'Don't waste a minute,' gasped Hiram again, struggling upright and seizing Gerard by the arm.

'If I thought your tale was true, you drunken rascal,' answered Gerard, 'do you think I would take a step to bring her back again?'

'To bring her back again?' repeated Reginald, pushing his way through the 'crowd.—'Lumby, what is this?'

Gerard pointed him to Hiram, and as he did so, there was a look upon his face which made the messenger's heart ache.

'Valentine Strange has bolted with Miss Jolly. They're aboard the yacht.' He tried to whisper, but his broken breath made each word a sob, and every man standing in the corridor heard the news.

'There's a pretty story, isn't it?' said Gerard, turning on Reginald. His face, beyond all words, was terrible to see.—'Is it true?' he said, laying his heavy hands on the little man's shoulders, and rocking him slightly to and fro—'is it true?' The two men looked at each other. Such a look! There was not a sound heard but that of Hiram's laboured breathing. 'He believes it,' said Gerard. 'The man is her brother, and he believes it.' He threw his hands aloft and burst into laughter so wild and loud, that the frightened women-folk came streaming downstairs, and the servants came up and peered into the corridor. 'Do you believe it?' he cried, turning upon Mr Jolly.

'No, sir,' cried he. 'It's an infamous fabrication, an abominable fabrication.' He was white to the very lips; but it was evident that he did not believe it. 'Reginald,' he cried blusteringly, 'deny this infamous scandal.' As he turned upon his son with this appeal, Gerard turned upon him too.

'Denying it will not help us, sir,' said Reginald.

'Let us get our carriage and go home.'

'What?' cried the father. 'You believe it?'

'We may be of use at home,' said Reginald doggedly. Even Mr Jolly read despair in his face and voice.

'Gentlemen,' said Gerard, in a loud voice, 'let us go back to our wine.'

His mother struggled through the crowd, and the men made room for her. 'Gerard!' she said, touching him. He fell suddenly on his knees before her, and catching at her hands, he burst into such weeping as no man there had ever heard before.

THE ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES EN FÊTE.

THE year 1882 will be remembered in Cambridge as marking the commencement of a new order of things. A very salutary change in the customary procession of events in the May Term has brought it about that this year, for the first time, the two great English universities were simultaneously *en fête*. 'Commem' at Oxford and the 'May week' at Cambridge are as much recognised institutions as 'Greats' and Tripos, as the Vice-chancellor and the Senior Proctor; and he who should suggest the abolition or curtailment of either of the university carnivals, would be regarded as a revolutionary innovator, no less dangerous than if he had proposed to pull down 'Tom Quad,' or to let out as building-plots the university cricket-ground. Whether the coincidence of the two events this year made any perceptible difference in the number of visitors to either town, is a question which would agitate the minds of the undergraduate element but little, provided their own particular contingent of friends did not give the preference to invitations from

the rival seat of learning, and that the lady-visitors generally were up to the average in personal attractions, dancing powers, and capacity for appreciative sight-seeing.

Cambridge, it is true, had the advantage over her rival in being able to offer the attraction of her annual May boat-races, in addition to the more ordinary and less exciting amusements common to both; and though the pleasure is largely dependent on genial sky and favourable breezes, there is something very alluring to strangers in the series of struggles to be witnessed in the Gut, the Plough, and the Long Reach, from the vantage-ground of Grassy Corner or Ditton Meadows. Long lines of eager young gownsmen, each in the bright uniform of his College Club, rush panting up the tow-path, uttering a babel of discordant but exhilarating cries of encouragement to their champions on the water. One by one the graceful craft appear in sight, the oarsmen swinging like a piece of perfect mechanism, the blades flashing in the evening sun, the coxswain anxiously calculating how closely he dare shave the awkward corner looming in the distance, and how soon he shall venture to call upon Stroke for that final spurt, which shall bring the taper bow within bumping distance of the boat which they pursue. Stroke by stroke the interval is lessened; the cries on the bank grow louder and more excited, as the partisans of each urge them on to greater efforts. The pursuers pull themselves together in obedience to their coach's warning voice, as their boat shows a tendency to roll when it meets the wash thrown from the oars of the leading crew. Another twenty yards, and the word is given. The bow of the pursuing craft overlaps the stern of the pursued; a moment more, and with the fresh impetus of a final spurt, 'cox' ventures to edge over to the side of the vanquished; and amid a turmoil of shouts and splashing, up goes the hand of the steersman of the leading boat. The bump is acknowledged, and each crew ceases from its exertions; the vanquished to mourn over their futile efforts, the victors to receive the congratulations of their friends on having carried the college colours one place higher on the river. But 'the cry is still they come.' One after another follow the rest of the boats, some repeating the scene already enacted, others more happy in being able to row easily over the course, unpressed by their antagonists. And so the day's racing draws to a close; and the crowd of spectators return, some by road, others by water, to prepare for the evening entertainments, wherein the rejoicings of the successful are to be celebrated, and the chagrin of the conquered forgotten.

So the week passes in a constant round of festivity. Garden-parties in the college grounds; picnics up the Granta and the Isis; concerts and balls at night; and not least, the glorious music and impressive services of Sunday, in time-

honoured chapels, whose walls exhibit great names of those who in their turn have studied and worshipped in those sacred precincts—such are the attractions which the universities hold out to their summer visitors, and which are little likely to be forgotten by those who have the good fortune to take part in them.

That the change which has this year brought about the coincidence of these gala-days at Oxford and Cambridge, is a wise one, it is impossible to question. In previous years, it has been the general custom at Cambridge, to fix the boat-races, the centre upon which all the other gaieties hinge, for as nearly as might be the last week in May. By this means, the longest possible time for practice and training was secured between the Easter vacation and the date at which the majority of undergraduates, having 'kept their term,' were anxious to escape. But one unpleasant formality remained to be got over between the gay 'May week' and the commencement of the Long Vacation—namely, the college examinations, by the result of which prizes and scholarships are awarded, and the progress made during the past year is tested. Hence, during that short spell of dissipation, the luckless undergraduate whose prospects depended on his securing a scholarship, or whose heart was set on proving that his time and money had not been thrown away, had this Damoclesian sword hanging over his head, warning him to desist from enjoyment, innocent in itself, but probably unsettling in its effects, or else to give up the hope he cherished. To expect that the pleasant temptation thus actually spreading its lures in front of him would fail to overcome his good resolutions, would have been to ask too much from youthful human nature; and there is little room for doubting that many a prize has just been missed, and many a reward of honest hard work has eluded the seeker's grasp, owing to some accidental meeting with a too fascinating partner at a college ball or river-side picnic, whose bright eyes have temporarily at least proved too much for their admirer's good resolutions, and have eliminated Greek roots and Roman antiquities from his mind just at a critical moment in his career.

But now, as we have already noted, times are changed. It has seemed good to the authorities to relegate many of the final university examinations to the summer instead of the winter terms. The claims of the dread Tripos have been recognised, and in deference to the schools, the boat-races and their attendant festivities have been postponed to such a date, that one and all can indulge, so far as their pockets and their inclinations permit, with a clear conscience, and a happy recollection that the ordeals are behind instead of before them; and that that last *valse* or extra glass of champagne will not imperil their prospects and imbitter their reflections for the ensuing twelve months.

To such as these, and to the multitude of admiring visitors who honour their brothers, cousins, or male friends more remote, with their presence during the gay week, there are few pleasanter oases to look back upon in the desert of workaday life. Venerable college buildings and ancient academical pleasure-grounds are never to be seen

to greater advantage than when the cicerone is a light-hearted young gownsman, full of the dignity and importance of quasi-possession of the place, and anxious to impress his party with a sense of the grandeur and beauty of their surroundings. The 'sweet girl graduate,' flourishing as that race appears to be, has not yet so fully taken possession of our universities as to render feminine society and girlish voices every-day adjuncts of college life; and perhaps their very rarity in those monastic precincts goes far to increase the charm which their presence undoubtedly adds to the otherwise sombre surroundings.

But there is one class of visitors for whom a peep at the university at the height of its carnival is by no means an unmixed pleasure. The man who only a few short years ago was himself one, and perhaps a leading one, of the throng of pleasure-seekers, and who is led by the hope of renewing the associations of those old days to revisit his former college, after spending a longer or shorter interval in the actual battle of life, cannot fail to find an element of sadness mingled with the pleasure which attends his return to the familiar scenes. On the one hand, he meets and re-greets a few of those who in his undergraduate days were his every-day companions, his rivals it may be in the contest for college honours, his comrades in joint struggles on the river and the athletic ground, now sobered down into university dignitaries and college 'dons,' but still capable of unbending at the recollections of boyish freaks and harmless escapades, the like of which it is now their duty to frown upon in others. But on the other hand, he will miss and look in vain for many a former intimate, and many a familiar face. Though unconscious of increasing age so long as he is among his fellow-toilers in the busy world, he will suddenly find himself aged and *passé* here, and will realise that between him now, and the careless undergraduate of former years, there is a great gulf fixed, which nothing can bridge over; and he will feel more clearly than ever the increasing cares and anxieties of increasing years.

But perhaps the changes wrought by time will never be borne in upon him so keenly as when, after a quiet twilight chat over the doings of old times with one of those who shared in those early days his day-dreams and his confidences, he turns to leave his friend's rooms, and by force of long familiar habit, enters the doorway, and climbs the dark staircase at the head of which are the rooms which he once called his own. Reaching the 'oak,' he suddenly misses the latchkey from his pocket, and in an instant his mistake dawns upon him. A strange name is painted on the lintel; a stranger is sleeping unconsciously in the little inner closet which served him in his turn as a bedroom; and he realises, with a sensation of pain, that the very spot which was once his home, the scene of many an hour's toil, of many a good resolution destined to bear so little fruit—it may be of many a bitter disappointment, keenly felt, bravely struggled against, and manfully overcome—is now closed against him by right, and is in turn the home of one whose very name is strange to him, to whom also his own name and his own past life

are utterly unknown, save in so far as the college traditions may record his doings—now long past and insignificant in worth—in the cricket-field, the river, or the schools.

MY NEW FRIEND.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

WHEN the sale was over, and the brokers had all gone— But stay! This seems rather too abrupt a style of commencing my story, as the reader may perhaps wish to know how it was we had the brokers in at all. Well, mine was an experience which is only too common, and was distinguished by no special features of romance, or even of pathos, although it was painful enough to me as well as to Susan, my wife.

My name is Matley—Luke Matley; a clerk in the city of London, plodding along pretty contentedly at a hundred and forty pounds a year; and I was engaged to be married to Miss Everett—the Susan just referred to—and our ambition being of a limited kind, our marriage was to take place when my salary was raised to one hundred and fifty pounds, which, at the time when I have decided upon commencing my narrative, I hoped would be in the next year. But unluckily—I may say so now, although I did not think so then—a distant relative, from whom I had entertained no expectations, died, and left me about a thousand pounds. Susan and myself, as I need hardly say, got married without waiting for the expected advance.

This would not have mattered so greatly, in fact it would have been the best thing I could have done, had we acted as we had originally intended, which was to have invested nearly the whole of this money in the purchase of a couple of little houses, and plodding on with my clerkship as before. But, as ill-luck would have it, I was in the wholesale wine-trade, and one of our travellers—a very clever fellow I always considered him, and so without doubt he was—had recently left, to set up in business for himself; and he showed me how it was possible to do much more good with seven or eight hundred pounds, than just to get a miserable five or six per cent. on house-property. I do not wish to dwell on this part of my story, so will only say that I invested my little fortune in the business; and at the end of the first half-year I received a dividend at the rate of twelve per cent. per annum. The second half-year was more successful still, a rather larger dividend being shown; and then, as assistance was required for the fuller development of the business, I gave up my clerkship, to take a more active position in the concern.

I was often surprised—at first almost shocked—at the style of people with whom our new business seemed chiefly to be transacted; they were, with scarcely an exception, vulgar, common people, and more given to drinking and smoking than is customary even in the wine-trade—as I had been used to it. Among them was one young man—he could not have been thirty—who used to come in frequently, and whom I at first disliked greatly; but my partner extolled him as the very impersonation of liberality and honour. His name was Scate, and I understood that he

represented an influential firm in the City. Whether my partner had spoken well of me to Mr Scate, in turn, I did not know, but the latter was always very courteous to me—after his style. I could hardly tell what he came for, but fancied, from occasional hints, that there were money transactions between him and my partner; but the latter always laughed off my inquiries, and said I should soon see what his business was. I certainly had an impression that, little as I liked the appearance of Mr Scate, he really did come on business, which was more than I could believe of many of our visitors, and was partly inclined to credit what my partner said of his extensive transactions.

Well, one day, five weeks after my last dividend was received, I found, on arriving at the office, a letter from my partner, regretting that circumstances altogether unforeseen, and entirely beyond his control, had compelled him to leave for America; he regretted also to say that the stock—which had been mysteriously disappearing of late—could not meet the demands and liabilities, and he advised me to put myself in communication with some experienced solicitor.

As soon as I recovered from the shock of such a letter, I did seek a solicitor; but in one respect I need not have troubled myself, for at least half-a-dozen experienced solicitors put themselves into communication with me, much to my discomfort. The case was such a bad one; so many people had been 'let in'; the trading had been so reckless, and the disposal of all the best goods so suspicious, that serious thoughts were entertained of prosecuting me for fraud; but this was happily abandoned.

I learned how near and great had been my danger, from a clerk who was in the employ of one of the hostile solicitors. He had scraped an acquaintance with me while serving me with writs and all sorts of processes and worrying notices; but he was always cheerful and jocular even over such work as *that*; and when drinking a glass of port in the deserted counting-house where the wretched business had once been carried on, exhorted me to cheer up also. 'You're all right, mister,' he said one day. [I forget what particular errand he had then come upon, I only remember that it was to serve me with something terribly threatening.] 'You're all right; I can tell you that.'

'I am glad to hear it,' I replied. Probably my tone was somewhat doleful, but I don't see how it could have been anything else.

'Oh, come! pull yourself together, Mr Matley,' said the clerk; 'you've had a narrow squeak, of course; but you're safe now. They won't try it on after all.'

'Try what on?' I naturally asked; for up to this time I had not suspected the existence of any such dangerous consultations as those of which I was so soon about to hear.

'Try what!' echoed the clerk, with a knowing shake of the head. 'Come, that's good, mister; I like to see a man carry it off like that.'

'Carry what?' I asked with some symptoms of annoyance.

The clerk, however, took no notice of my interruption, and proceeded: 'You know they thought they could have you up for conspiracy

and fraud. But old Judahson was your friend—he was. He stuck up for you all through. Says he—for I heard him—"There's no conspiracy there," says he; "the man's nothing better than a fool," he says; "you can all see that. Talk about conspiracy!" he says; "why, I don't believe he'll go out of the concern with enough to buy himself a glass of ale and a sandwich for dinner, when he steps over the door and we put the shutters up. The man hasn't got brains enough to be a rogue."—Well, you see, mister, we all knew, and they all knew, that old Judahson was as good a judge of what a rogue was as any man on the rolls; so naturally he had great influence. So he got you off in style; and I'm glad of it. There was, however, two or three there that didn't know the old man, and they were inclined to be nasty; but there was another party there who spoke up well in your favour. My eye! he did give it to some of 'em.

'Indeed,' I said. 'And who was he?'

'A friend of yours, I suppose,' answered the clerk; 'said he knew you well in the business. His name was Bate, or Crate—no! Scate—that was it. I thought he was going to let fly at one fellow. It was a game! But when I see what they have all done, it strikes me you won't have a brass farthing for yourself.'

My well-meaning although painfully vulgar friend was right. My creditors left me no farthings, or any other coin; and so total was the collapse, so utterly was I involved, that all the furniture worth speaking of at No. 9 Victoria Louisa Terrace, Kentish Town, was seized. Our home was stripped from top to bottom; bills were stuck all over the windows; auctioneers came, and brokers, and Jews, and shabby hangers-on—of every description, I was going to say; but they were indescribable. Sympathising neighbours came in too; not to buy, but to peep and quiz and titter; for I fear we had been considered stuck-up people, and it was felt that a little reverse was rather good for us than otherwise.

However, the sale took place; went off well, I was assured, for in most cases the goods fetched fully one-fourth of what I had given for them twelve or thirteen months before; and the auctioneer congratulated me. At last, all the hangers-on were gone, and the house was dull and void, save for the few things that were not seized, and for a few other articles which one of Susan's aunts had purchased back for our use. I had no near relatives. Susan's friends were quiet people, occupying a small farm in a Welsh inland county; and we determined not to trouble them; so this aunt, who lived in London on a small annuity, was the only one who knew of our downfall. She, then, was the only friend we expected to find at our sale; but, to our surprise, another one turned up in the person of my former acquaintance and recent champion, Mr Scate. Not only did he appear at the sale, but came up to me, and calling me 'old fellow,' said he was sorry to see such goings-on in my house, that he knew all about the doings which had led to it, and considered I had been scandalously used.

Little as I had liked the man before, I remembered his exertions with my creditors on my

behalf, and was melted by his sympathy now; so warmly shook the hand he extended. 'Now, old boy,' he continued, 'what would you like me to buy in for you? Just say the word, and it's yours, even if I have to kick the whole of these swindlers out of the room to get it.'

I was more staggered than ever at this question, and could hardly get out my answer, that I would not trouble him.

He cut me short here. 'Trouble! nonsense! No trouble at all. I'll get something back from their claws.—There! he is just putting up that marble clock, and hark! that hook-nosed old villain has bid fifteen shillings for it! Why, it must be worth ten times as much.' With this, he began bidding; and his style, I may even say his swagger, was so impressive, that the men allowed him to have the clock for thirty shillings; while I am convinced they would have run it up to treble the money with any other stranger.

So the sale was over; the brokers and all the attendant vampires had gone; the carts, which had been standing about all the afternoon, were gone also; but the marks of muddy feet over all the rooms and on the staircase were not gone, nor were the wisps of dirty straw which lay in every corner and behind every door.

My wife and myself were sitting in what we called our breakfast-room, which looked out on the little sloping front garden with which all the houses in Victoria Louisa Terrace were furnished. Not that we were looking out then; for the gas was lighted, the blinds were down, and we were seated, talking sadly enough, in the room, which seemed so bare and wretched compared with its aspect of a day or two before. I pretended to bear up confidently, for I saw poor Susan's eyes fill with tears when she looked at the naked boards where had been such a comfortable dark carpet; or glanced at the common wooden chairs and table bought back out of our kitchen furniture, and now forced to serve instead of our plain but handsome leather-covered seats. She tried to hide these tears from me, and every time she caught my eye she smiled; but her lip trembled so in the effort, that it was almost worse than the burst of sobbing she was trying so hard to keep back. The solitary item which reminded us of our previous comfort and smartness was the marble clock, which ticked on the mantelpiece; and we had already said two or three times over, how greatly obliged we ought to feel to Mr Scate for his kindness.

I have said I pretended to bear up cheerfully; it was all pretence, for nothing could be more utterly hopeless than were our prospects; and what made us more miserable than we should otherwise have been, was what had previously given us great joy. Susan expected to have a baby in about a couple of months, and what were we to do then? Before that time arrived, it was clear that we must find another residence, for quarter-day would come, and it was hopeless to think of going on where we were. Our present house was large enough to justify us in letting one floor—the card, indeed, with the simple announcement 'Apartments,' still hung idly in our window; but where was the furniture to come from?

'Don't you think, dear,' said my wife, trying to speak without a catch in her voice, 'that we

might buy some plain furniture from people who will take monthly payments, and so'—

I shook my head as she paused, for this was only another danger, a fresh running into debt.

'Perhaps, then, dear,' she resumed, 'some firm might take you as a traveller. I have heard that some persons make a great deal of money in that way.'

I shook my head again. Some persons, no doubt, did well; but I knew better than she did, the long, slow, hopeless task it was for an unknown man to form a new connection. 'The fact is'—I began; when a loud double knock at the street door interrupted me.

My wife turned pale; so did I, as Lizzie, our little servant, ran to the door. Lizzie had begged her mistress not to send her away just yet; for, as she said, she 'had been in a many houses where they was sold up, and so didn't mind it;' and added, that she would rather stay with us for her 'vittles, nor go anywhere else for wages;' so she stayed. When Lizzie had opened the door, we heard some one inquiring for Mr and Mrs Matley. The servant's reply was inaudible; but the voice said: 'Down-stairs, are they? All right; don't you trouble 'em; I'll find them out; they won't mind an old friend intruding.' Then followed a step on the stairs, a tap at our room door, and then the well-known figure and face of Mr Scate became visible.

'Aha! you did not think of seeing me!' he exclaimed.—'No! I thought not; but I got home early, and I couldn't rest without coming round.—Your servant, Mrs Matley. I ought to apologise for intruding like this; but I know you will excuse me. I am a plain man. Everybody knows me; and Ned Scate is here to say that he never heard of such scandalous treatment as your husband has met with, ma'am. That's what I am here for.'

Although the man's voice, air, and manner altogether were terribly vulgar, there was no resisting this; at anyrate Susan could not resist it, and her tears broke out in earnest, and thanking him warmly, she invited him to be seated and stay a while with us.

'It's what I came for, ma'am, if you will excuse my saying so,' replied Mr Scate. 'I came to talk things over with Mr Matley—and of course yourself—and to see if we can't do something to make matters straight. I'm in rather a large way of business myself, and have friends who are very influential. They could make room for a dozen like Mr Matley, and be glad to get such men. Yes, ma'am, glad to get them, for men like Mr Matley are not to be found at the corner of every street. I saw him in business, ma'am; I know what he is capable of, and will take care that others know it too.'

'I am sure I don't know how to thank you for this disinterested kindness,' began my poor wife; 'to strangers too, who'—

'Then don't thank me, ma'am,' bluntly interrupted the other—'don't thank me, at anyrate till I have done something more than talk about my good-will. As for being strangers, ma'am, I don't intend to remain a stranger any longer. This is not a time to stand on a lot of ceremony, and Ned Scate never cared about ceremony. He's a plain John Bull, he is.—And

now, governor'—this was of course to me—'though Mrs Matley probably don't go in for such things, I have taken the liberty of bringing round a single bottle of sherry. If the quality can be beaten in all London, I can only say I have never seen the quality to beat it.'

Suiting the action to the words, he drew from one pocket of his long overcoat, which was white or drab, and made him look like a grazier, a bottle of sherry; and then he produced a knife with a number of blades and odd appurtenances, among others a corkscrew.

All this was utterly opposed to our habits. We cared not for drinking at all, save at our meals; and wine we drank but rarely. We, however, were hesitating, and restrained by a fear of seeming ungrateful to our new friend. He had no sort of hesitation about him; so, while we faltered, he had called Lizzie the servant, who at his command brought two out of the few odd tumblers which were left, with a wine-glass.

'Depend upon it, ma'am,' said he, as he handed the glass to my wife with his politest air, in which—ungrateful as I felt it was to notice it—I could not even at that moment refrain from seeing something of a swagger—'depend upon it that the worst thing you can do is to give way. I am sure if you keep up, your husband will keep up also. Why, ma'am, I have been in fixes twenty times worse than this, twenty times over, and I have got out of them—and here I am! my own master, and caring for nobody.—And now, ma'am!' continued Mr Scate, 'I have much pleasure in drinking your health, with prosperity to you and your worthy husband. Why, in days to come, we shall have many a laugh over these times.—Your very good healths, both!—You must not think, ma'am,' continued our visitor, 'that I have intruded upon you for nothing, or just to say a few unmeaning words; far from it. As I told you before, I have heard all about the shameful way in which Mr Matley has been treated, and I have spoken to some friends already in his behalf. I hope you will not think it was taking too great a liberty.'—My wife assured him that he added to the obligation by doing so.—'And I am pleased to tell you, ma'am,' he went on, 'that there is something more than a chance of an opening. I am not authorised to make an offer to-night, and therefore, looking at the matter purely in a business light, I ought to have said nothing about the affair until I was so authorised. But—if you will excuse my saying so—I was so shocked at seeing these goings-on, that I could not keep silence, and I thought you would be so dispirited at such misfortunes, that you would be glad of even a glimpse of hope.'

'Glad of it!' I said; 'I am more than glad. I do not know how to thank you sufficiently for the interest you have taken'—

Just then came another loud double knock, and, as before, we heard Lizzie open the door, and a short conversation followed; then coming to the breakfast-room door, she said: 'Oh, if you please, mum, it's a gentleman as wants to see the apartments.'

'See the apartments?' we both echoed. 'Oh, he can't. Tell him, Lizzie'—

'No, no!—nonsense! Excuse me for the interruption,' said our new friend; 'but if I were you, I should have him in, and see what he is like; I should indeed. It may come to nothing, of course; but it's a chance, and my maxim in business is, never to throw a chance away.'

MUSICAL FISHES.

WHEN Humboldt was in the South Sea in 1803, about seven o'clock one evening (the 20th of February) an extraordinary noise startled the crew. At first it was like the beating of a number of drums in the distance, and then in the ship itself, especially near the poop. They thought it might be the breakers, and again they fancied the vessel must have sprung a leak. It continued to be heard without intermission for a couple of hours, ceasing entirely about nine o'clock. Humboldt did not conjecture the probable cause of the phenomenon.

Lieutenant White, of the United States navy, in an account of his Voyage to the China Seas, published in 1824, mentions a somewhat similar experience. When at the mouth of a river in Cambodia, he and his crew were astonished by some extraordinary sounds which were heard around the bottom of their vessel. 'The sounds,' he says, 'were like a mixture of the bass of the organ, the sound of bells, the guttural cries of a large frog, and the tones which imagination might attribute to an enormous harp.' The ship seemed almost to tremble with the vibration. 'These noises increased, and finally formed a universal chorus over the entire length of the vessel and the two sides.' They diminished as the ship sailed up the river, and ceased altogether after a time. The interpreter who accompanied Lieutenant White attributed them to a troop of a certain kind of fish, 'which has the faculty of adhering to divers bodies by the mouth.'

The following, by Dr Buist, appeared in the *Bombay Times* of January 1847: 'A party lately crossing from the promontory in Salsette called the "Neat's Tongue," to near Sewree, were, about sunset, struck by hearing long distinct sounds like the protracted booming of a distant bell, the dying cadence of an Æolian harp, the note of a pitch-pipe or pitch-fork, or any other long-drawn-out musical note. It was at first supposed to be music ashore floating at intervals on the breeze; then it was perceived to come from all directions, almost in equal strength, and to arise from the surface of the water all around the vessel. The boatmen at once intimated that the sounds were produced by fish, abounding in the muddy creeks and shoals around Bombay and Salsette; they were perfectly well known, and very often heard. Accordingly, on inclining the ear towards the surface of the water, or, better still, by placing it close to the planks of the vessel, the notes appeared loud and distinct, and followed each other in constant succession. It is supposed

that the fish are confined to particular localities—shallows, estuaries, and muddy creeks, rarely visited by Europeans; and that is the reason why hitherto no mention, so far as we know, has been made of the peculiarity in any work on natural history.'

Two years later, another letter appeared in the same journal stating that 'musical sounds like the prolonged notes on the harp' had been heard to proceed from under water at Vizagapatam.

Sir J. Emerson Tennent having heard a story about musical sounds issuing from the lake at Batticaloa, in Ceylon, paid a visit to the place in 1848. The fishermen told him that the sounds, which resembled the faint sweet notes of an Æolian harp, were heard only at night and during the dry season, were most distinct when the moon was nearest the full, and proceeded, they believed, not from a fish, but from a shell called the 'crying shell.' 'In the evening,' says Tennent, 'when the moon rose, I took a boat, and accompanied the fishermen to the spot. We rowed about two hundred yards north-east of the jetty by the fort gate; there was not a breath of wind, or a ripple except those caused by the dip of our oars. On coming to the point mentioned, I distinctly heard the sounds in question. They came up from the water like the gentle thrills of a musical chord, or the faint vibrations of a wine-glass when its rim is rubbed by a moistened finger. It was not one sustained note, but a multitude of tiny sounds, each clear and distinct in itself; the sweetest treble mingling with the lowest bass. On applying the ear to the woodwork of the boat, the vibration was greatly increased in volume. The sounds varied considerably at different points, as we moved across the lake, as if the number of the animals from which they proceeded was greatest in particular spots; and occasionally we rowed out of hearing of them altogether, until, on returning to the original locality, the sounds were at once renewed. This fact seems to indicate that the causes of the sounds, whatever they may be, are stationary at several points; and this agrees with the statement of the natives, that they are produced by mollusca, and not by fish. They came evidently and sensibly from the depth of the lake; and there was nothing in the surrounding circumstances to support the conjecture that they could be the reverberation of noises made by insects on the shore conveyed along the surface of the water; for they were loudest and most distinct at points where the nature of the land, and the intervention of the fort and its buildings, forbade the possibility of this kind of conduction.'

The next witness is a gentleman signing himself 'Ubique,' who wrote to the *Field* newspaper of October 26, 1867, as follows: 'On embarking on board the *Danube* steamer, lying at anchor in the roadstead of Greytown (Central America), on the 12th May 1867, I was informed that the ship was haunted by most curious noises at night since she had arrived, and that the superstitious black sailors were much frightened at what they thought must be a ghost. The captain and officers could make nothing of it, and it afforded a great matter for discussion. On inquiry, I found that other iron ships had been similarly affected. Curiously enough, this noise was

only heard at night and at certain hours. Some attributed it to fish, suckers, turtle, &c.; others, to the change of tide or current; but no satisfactory conclusion could be arrived at. When night came on, there was no mistake about the noise; it was quite loud enough to awaken me, and could be heard distinctly all over the ship. It was not dissimilar to the high monotone of an Æolian harp; and the noise was evidently caused by the vibration of the plates of the iron hull, which could be sensibly perceived to vibrate. What caused this peculiar vibration? Not the change of current and tide, because, if so, it would be heard by day. Like everything else that we cannot explain, I suppose we must put it down to electricity, magnetism, &c.'

This letter drew forth one from another correspondent, who stated that one moonlight night in 1854, when on board a steamer anchored near the Tavoy river (Tenasserim), he and others 'were struck by an extraordinary noise which appeared to proceed from the shore about a quarter of a mile off, or from the water in that direction. It was something like the sound of a stocking-loom, but shriller, and lasted perhaps five or six seconds, producing a sensible concussion on the ear, like the piercing scream of the cicada; and this gave an impression as if the vessel itself were trembling, or reverberating from the sound. One or two Burmans on board said simply the noise was produced by "fishes;" but of what kind they did not describe. It was repeated two or three times.'

Three years later, in the same locality, a 'droning, drowsy sort of sound' was heard at nightfall by a correspondent of Hardwicke's *Science-Gossip*. It seemed to be above, below, and around. 'The air was all sound, and the sound was all of one kind and pitch.'

We now come to the evidence of Mr Dennehy, given in a letter anent 'Strange Noises heard at Sea off Greytown,' published in *Nature* of May 12, 1870. His statement is the more valuable because he seems to have been unaware of previous observations upon similar 'strange noises' elsewhere. 'I have never heard of its occurring elsewhere, and I have made many inquiries,' he says. The facts recorded are briefly these. The *Wye*, *Tyne*, *Eider*, and *Danube* were iron-built vessels; the *Trent*, *Thames*, *Tamar*, and *Solent* were coppered-wooden vessels, which all, at one time or another, anchored off Greytown. The former were haunted by the strange sounds; the latter knew nought of them. They were heard at the Greytown anchorage only. Punctually about midnight the concert began, awakening nearly the whole crew, and it invariably continued for the same period—namely, two hours. The sound is described as 'musical, metallic, with a certain cadence, and a one-two-three time tendency of beat. It is heard most distinctly over open hatchways, over the engine-room, through the coal-shoots, and close round the outside of the ship. It cannot be fixed at any one place, always appearing to recede from the observer. On applying the ear to the side of an open bunker, one fancies that it is proceeding from the very bottom of the hold. Very different were the comparisons made by the different listeners. The blowing of a conch-shell by fishermen at a distance, a shell held to the ear, an Æolian harp, the whir or buzzing

sound of wheel-machinery in rapid motion, the vibration of a large bell when the first and lower part of the sound has ceased, the echo of chimes in the belfry, the ricochetting of a stone on ice, the wind blowing over telegraph wires, have all been assigned as bearing a more or less close resemblance. It is louder on the second than the first, and reaches its acme on the third night. Calm weather and smooth water favour its development. The rippling of the water alongside, and the breaking of the surf on the shore, are heard quite distinct from it.' The English sailors attributed the phenomenon to what they called the trumpet-fish—a fish of their own invention, for the real trumpet-fish (*Centriscus scolopax*), so called from the shape of its jaws, does not exist in those waters.

In all the cases yet adduced, the observers, it will be noticed, were on board ships or boats of some kind. Canon Kingsley, however, relates that he more than once heard the noise from the shore, in the island of Monos, in the Northern Bocas of Trinidad. 'I heard it first about midnight, and then again in the morning about sunrise. In both cases the sea was calm. It was not to be explained by wind, surf, or caves. I likened it to a locomotive in the distance rattling as it blows off its steam. The natives told me that the noise was made by a fish.' He tells us that it is frequently heard at the Bocas, and at Point à Pierre, some twenty-five miles south; also outside the Gulf along the Spanish Main.

Finally, while the phenomenon is most commonly met with in tropical seas, it is not unknown in the temperate zone. Mr Lauder Lindsay heard it in 1869 while on board a steamer anchored in the Tagus, off Lisbon. The ship's officers told him that it was produced by a fish, and was only heard at certain states of the tide.

More instances might be brought forward, but we think we have quoted enough. Let us now endeavour to generalise our facts as well as we can.

First, as to the geographical distribution of the phenomenon, we find that it has a most surprising range. In the Western hemisphere it has been heard at the mouth of the Pascagoula, in the state of Mississippi; at the mouth of the Bayou Coq del Inde, on the north shore of the Gulf of Mexico; at Greytown; at Trinidad; at Caldera, in Chili; and at several places on the Pacific coast of South America. It is thus known at wide intervals along the entire coast of tropical America. In our own half of the world we find it occurring on the coast of China; at Tavoy, in British Burmah; at Vizagapatam, on the east coast of the Indian peninsula; at Salsette, on the west coast, and at the Chilka Lake, on the east coast, of Ceylon; near Colombo, on the west of the island; in the Bay of Naples, in the Mediterranean; and at Lisbon, on the Atlantic coast of Europe. Whatever the source of the sounds, then, it must be of general distribution throughout the tropical regions of the globe.

Next, as to time—it is noticeable that the sounds are invariably heard at night; sometimes about sunset, never before it. The two-hours' period noticed by Mr Dennehy is also mentioned

by Humboldt. Some observers describe the noise as continuous; others, as intermittent.

Although in the Greytown instances iron ships only were affected, we have abundant cases of the phenomenon being observed by those in wooden vessels. The materials of the ship, and for that matter the ship itself, would seem to have nothing to do with the production of the sound. Of course, the ship's frame may act, as any hollow body would, as a sounding-board, and thus give greater strength and amplitude to the aerial vibrations.

In most cases, the phenomenon occurs in salt or brackish water. But it has been known to occur in fresh water. So we can argue nothing from the nature of the water.

Lastly—and this is the only generalisation that we can fairly draw from the observations yet recorded—the sound is usually heard at or near the mouths of rivers.

It was perhaps this sweet and pleasing sound that gave rise to the myths of mermaids and sirens. The mariners of old, who never ventured beyond their own coasts, would be quite as likely to hear it as we are; for there is no instance on record of the music being heard at sea; and with their usual facility in inventing a pretty and poetical cause for everything, they would soon find authors for the dulcet tones in nondescript beings dwelling in submarine caves and grottos. The fishermen and sailors of our own day almost universally ascribe the sounds to fish. At Lisbon it is the 'corvina,' whatever that may be; at Baltimore it is the 'cat-fish;' in the West Indies it is the 'trumpet-fish;' in Ecuador it is the 'siren' or 'musico;' at Naples it is the 'maigre' or 'drum-fish;' in Ceylon it is not a fish at all, but the 'crying shell;' and so on.

The exact evidence at hand from the domain of natural history respecting the sounds emitted by fishes, does not perhaps fully satisfy the cravings of the student of natural history, for the reason that such evidence is both difficult to obtain, and, as the foregoing remarks have shown, also presents puzzling points for determination in the matter of the causes of the sounds. Dr Dufossé, who has made the production of sound by fishes a special study, says that whilst many fishes produce sounds, there is great variety in the manner in which the noises are evolved. Thus the movements or friction of the pharyngeal bones, and the vibration of the muscles of the swimming-bladder, which acts as a sounding-board, are two common methods of sound-production in fishes. We know that one of the Gurnards (*Trigla*) produces loud sounds, ranging, as Mr Darwin remarks, nearly over an octave, by means of the intrinsic muscles of the swimming-bladder. More curious, however, is the case of fishes belonging to the genus *Ophidium*. Here, the male fishes alone are provided with a drumming-apparatus, consisting of bones and muscles developed in relation to the swimming-bladder. In the *Umbrinas* ('Corvo' of the Italians, 'Umbrine' or 'Ombre' of the French), the drumming sounds are produced apparently also through the medium of the swimming-bladder. These fishes have been heard at a depth of twenty fathoms. The Rochelle fishermen say that the noise is produced by the males alone. They also allege that these fishes

can be taken by imitating the noise, especially during the spawning season. Even with all this, however, much remains to be explained regarding these curious submarine sounds heard in various localities and at various times.

SAVED BY BULLOCKS.

A SOUTH-AFRICAN EXPERIENCE.

THE incident here narrated took place while the author was residing on the farm of a hospitable Dutchman, who for some years had conducted a good, safe, and profitable business in Cape-Town. But as being cooped up all day in a dusty office was not in accordance with his views of freedom, he left it, to turn his hand to the more simple, if not more profitable career of a farmer, in which he could indulge his love of freedom.

The way in which I became acquainted with Pietermann was this. For some months I had been down with fever, contracted under the combined effects of exposure to a tropical sun, and the irregular mode of life which I had for some time been accustomed to. As soon as the doctor pronounced me strong enough to walk, he gave me marching orders to remove to a more congenial district. So away I went to a village some hundred and fifty miles distant, where the fresh air and strength of body which I so urgently required were to be had. On arriving at the village, I put up at the only hotel in the place, and it was here I made the acquaintance of Mynheer the Dutchman. One evening, while sitting outside under the veranda of the hotel, Pietermann drove up to have his 'liquor,' and attracted no doubt by my thin, pale, worn-out looks, asked me how I was in health. We soon fell into an affable chat, as I found him a man of very interesting experiences. Dutchmen are a kind, good-natured, and polite people, ready at any time to give a helping hand to any worn-out and dejected foreigner. In the course of half an hour, therefore, I gradually unfolded to him my plans; and immediately, with that hospitality so general to the South African Boer, he invited me down to his farm, distant some thirteen miles. I hesitated, but told him I would give him my answer in a couple of days. The time came, and I decided to accept his offer with many thanks. He having come up to the village with produce, I saw him, and gave him my answer; and in the afternoon, we commenced our journey to the farm.

When we were fairly en route, I began, with an Englishman's inquisitiveness, to ask about sport. 'What game is there to be had on the farm?'

'Ah!' said he, turning round with a merry twinkle in his eye. 'Sport; well, no doubt I shall be able to find enough for you.'

I inwardly rejoiced at this; but my joy was suddenly cut short.

'O yes; there are any amount of rats, and I shall be glad if you would clear them out.'

Rats! Was I going to a Dutchman's farm to shoot rats? 'But surely,' said I, 'you have something worthy of the name of game?'

'Yes; no doubt we have,' he replied; and after bantering me a little, he said I should be able to gratify my desire for sport. 'There are jackals in the mountain, springboks on the flats, bush-

bucks in the bush, and perhaps a stray tiger or two [the Cape leopard]. Besides these, you will have plenty of birds to go at.'

So I found that, after all, I should not be so badly off as at first appeared.

By this time we had reached the farm, where we were welcomed by the wife and a whole troop of daughters. Before I had been there many days, I was wearied of the daily routine of the house, which was extremely monotonous; and I welcomed the day when I should be strong enough to take my rifle and saunter away in search of game.

One morning, however, my host informed me that he had all but bought three hundred sheep, and intended the next day to go and complete the purchase at a farm about thirty miles away. He asked me to accompany him; which I readily promised to do, as I knew that I should be able to get a glimpse of Nature in her loveliest garb, and perhaps a stray shot or two at some animal. All that day, we were preparing for the proposed journey; for we had various mysterious articles, which were indispensable on such an expedition, to take with us.

Next morning at four o'clock, I was roused by a friendly shake, and told to dress as quickly as possible. I made a hasty toilet, and hurried out to the *stoep*—a raised platform in front of the house—and took my seat in the cart, in which were inspanned or harnessed two horses. These carts are something similar to our own, but very much lighter, and made without springs, hence one can imagine the terrible jolting a person receives when riding in such a vehicle, without cushions, over hard stony ground, at full gallop, for a Dutchman never thinks of letting his horse walk. For discomfort, let me have the genuine Cape cart.

After innumerable hand-shakes and 'qua-morrows'—for this constitutes a never-failing portion of the proceedings when going away, be it but for a few hours—we started off, and before breakfast-time were halfway towards our destination. After staying a short time at a village on the way, we reached the place where Pietermann had purchased the sheep, nothing of any consequence happening beyond our seeing a few monkeys and an eagle, the latter, however, beyond range. Before we had been at the farm ten minutes, all was bustle; the sheep had to be counted, then caught, marked with the monogram of the buyer—no easy work under a sun which marked pretty near ninety-five degrees in the shade. However, this, by the help of a dozen Hottentots, was done, and after partaking of refreshment, we, about four p.m., turned our horses homeward. With the object of showing me some wonders of which my host had spoken in the morning, we agreed to return home by a nearer though more dangerous route.

About six p.m. we reached a small hamlet, and here we must outspan. As is usual in every village, there was an hotel, and this we entered. Up to this time, I had thought Pietermann was a moderate drinker, but very soon I was undeceived. Glass after glass of Cape *smoke* or brandy did he toss down his throat, till he soon became very much affected by it. It was now close upon eight o'clock, and we had a dangerous route to traverse ere we reached home, and there was every appear-

ance of a storm. When, therefore, he insisted on starting for home, I tried to persuade him to remain all night. But, no; the more I pressed the more determined he was to proceed. After several fruitless efforts, we inspanned the horses and brought them round to the hotel door. The landlord—an Englishman—came to me and said: 'I don't like the idea of your going home with Pietermann round the "Nek." Will you stay all night?' 'No,' I said. 'If Pietermann will persist in going, I will go with him.'

He returned me no answer till I was seated in the cart; then he whispered and said I should have to be very careful, as there were several places which were exceedingly dangerous, but one especially, called 'Slagters Nek,' so named on account of a dreadful slaughter of troops by natives, years before. For two hundred yards, I was told, this road runs parallel with a precipice, then there is a sharp bend, at which I would have to be careful, or we might go over. 'But keep the horses well in hand,' said my adviser, 'and you will be all right.'

Pleasant advice to one who had never travelled the road before, and with two strong vicious animals, and an inexperienced driver like myself. But I put a bold face upon matters, and said I should get through all right. The horses were, strange to say, extraordinarily frisky. Whether it was that they had had too much corn and too little work, or that they knew they had a strange driver, I do not know; but true it was, they were like two horses which had never been in harness before. Into the cart tumbled the Dutchman, with the help of the bystanders, and off we started like a whirlwind, with a caution from all present.

Many had been the comments upon the Englishman bold enough to drive old Pietermann's horses; and from what I could gather from their conversation—carried on in Dutch, yet partly understood by me—none of them much envied me the drive through B—Kloop and round the 'Nek.' But on we went till the entrance of the 'Poort' was gained. Here nature had been very busy, making it a complete network of fortresses, and had so hemmed in the inhabitants, that it was no light task to get out. In seeking to reach the other side of the mountains, instead of going in a straight line, they were compelled to go along the base of one hill, then round a bend, back again, and so for miles ere they reached their destination. For three miles through the 'Poort,' it was comparatively easy to travel; but the remaining ten was a regular series of chasms, boulders, and river-beds, making it unsafe for one unacquainted with the road to travel. In some places you would have a plateau to cross; at another, as if to vary the monotony, there would be a huge yawning chasm to pass; and, to crown all, a road at the utmost extent sixteen feet wide.

In passing, these chasms, travellers had to be very careful, or an unlucky move would precipitate them over the brink. Every few yards, there were huge rocks, some of which had been dislodged from the mountain side by the rain, and thence rolled into the road. Those in the river-beds had been brought down by the fearful velocity of a tropical storm; and these are rarely, if ever removed, as the Dutchman thinks it too much labour, though he may pass and repass a

ten times a week. These stones present very serious obstacles to the passage of any light vehicle. About half-way through this 'Poort' was the dreaded 'Slagters Nek'; and in turning the sharp bend, care had to be exercised to avoid finding a lodgment in the chasm, which was three hundred feet in sheer descent below.

We had now reached the entrance of the 'Poort,' and were trotting leisurely along, the horses having calmed down somewhat. I had thus far managed to avoid serious contact with rocks and boulders, and as I journeyed over the first three miles, with the moon shining brightly, for the storm had passed away, I felt more light-spirited than I did at the outset. The stupid Dutchman in the cart with me was now sound asleep. No jolting had awakened him, so securely was he wrapped in slumber. But the beauty of the scene made me forget all this. On each side were to be seen the silent mountains; before me, far away, was a flowing stream, glistening white in the moonlight; while now and then might be heard the sharp bark of the jackal or the sudden chatter of birds. I was now about a mile from the 'Nek,' and I drew up the horses that I might drink in the scene more vividly. Standing up in the cart, I gazed around me, in order to fill myself, as it were, with the beauty and grandeur of the scene, when I was suddenly startled by a loud growl, quickly followed by a second, louder still. It was a Cape leopard. I felt my hair rise. To seize my rifle and discharge it was my first thought; but it was underneath my friend at the bottom of the cart. Ere I had time to seize it, I was jerked into my seat. The horses were galloping, wild with fear and excitement, straight for the 'Nek.' I seized hold of the reins, which had been dragged from my grasp, and pulled with all the energy of a man in despair. But I might as well have sat still; for all my pulling was without effect. On they dashed over rocks and boulders, impelled by their wild fear; while I was expecting every moment to be hurled into the chasm below. I made another effort; but it was equally fruitless. I was in imminent danger of being jerked off my seat, and had now to use all my strength to keep my hold of the cart. Still on they rushed, and no help for it. I grew deathly calm, waiting for the doom which seemed so near. We tore on at racehorse speed, nearer, nearer. Now the dark wall of the 'Nek' was distinctly to be seen looming before us.

'Help!' I shouted, more in agony than with the idea of any one hearing me; yet one heard, though I knew it not. 'Help!' again I cried.

I dare not think of it. On, on! I closed my eyes. There was a sudden jerk; I felt myself pitched headlong out of the cart, and—I knew no more.

Saved! But how? On the opposite side of the 'Nek,' was toiling up the rather steep ascent, a Dutchman with his bullocks and wagon, returning from a far-off village, where he had been to sell his produce; and as he lay half asleep, he was suddenly aroused by the cry of 'Help!' At once the thought flashed through his mind that some one was in danger at the 'Nek.' He was but a few hundred yards away, so the usually unwieldy, slow, and phlegmatic Dutchman jumped from the wagon, seized the whip, and

commenced belabouring the poor oxen till they started on a run, passed the bend, when he at once saw my peril. No time was to be lost, so he drew up the oxen across the path, and was in time to receive the full force of the collision.

Yes; I was safe. Could I believe it? I had been for a few minutes unconscious; but the kindly Dutchman's flask had revived me, and here I was. My first thought was for my companion; and, strange to say, there he was still lying at the bottom of the cart, quite unconscious of the risks he had run. The horses were not, beyond a few scratches and bruises, any the worse for their race.

After this, we journeyed slowly home, for the horses were now thoroughly cowed; and when we reached the farm, we were received with open arms, as the family were frantic with fear, knowing not what had become of us. When I related how narrow had been our escape, there were abundant expressions of gratitude. I have travelled since then in various parts of the world, and have gone through perils by land and sea, but never shall I forget my terrible ride with Pietermann and our being saved by bullocks.

SONG LESS.

SWEET little maid, whose golden-rippled head
Between me and my grief its beauty rears,
With quick demand for song—all singing's dead;
My heart is sad; mine eyes are dimmed with tears.

Oh, ask me not for songs! I cannot sing;
My ill-tuned notes would do sweet music wrong;
I have no smile to greet the laughing spring,
No voice to join in summer's tide of song.

More from October's dying glory takes
My heart its hymn; and fuller sympathy
Finds with the Autumn hurricane that makes
The forest one convulsive agony.

Or, when the last brown leaves in Winter fall,
While all the world in grim frost-fetters lies,
I envy them the snowflake's gentle pall,
That hides their sorrows from the frowning skies.

Methinks it would be sweet like them to rest—
O'er Life's mad scene to pull the curtain down;
Rest, where no weary dream will pierce the breast,
Of perished love or unfulfilled renown:

No weariness of patient work uncrowned
By its reward; no early hopes destroyed;
No vain desires, nor thing desired and found
Void of enjoyment when at last enjoyed.

Perchance when mist of intervening years
Softens the Past—as oft at close of day
The far grim range all beautiful appears,
Kissed into brightness by the sunset ray—

When the sharp pang of bitter memories born,
Has lost its sting, and this my present pain
Shows like some ill dream in the light of morn,
I'll sing thee o'er the olden songs again.

R. W. BOND.

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BRAIN-POWER.

WE are supposed to live in an age when brute-force has ceased to rule, and when brain-power alone is the governing agent. In the good old days, the heavy, strong-armed knight, protected by his impenetrable armour, and skilled in the use of his sword, was almost invincible. A little nearer our own day, the skilled swordsman or dead-shot whose ultimatum was the duel, ruled to a certain extent the society in which he moved. To test which was the most powerful knight, was an easy matter; for a combat between the rivals was easily arranged, and the result was seldom questionable; or if it were uncertain, the relative powers were supposed to be equal.

In the present day, however, the question of brain-power is a far more difficult problem. We cannot weigh brains as we can tea or sugar; we cannot determine their mental capacity as we could the physical powers of knights of old, by setting two of them opposite each other and leaving them to fight it out. We have, however, arranged various tests which we suppose give us a correct estimate of the brain-power of various individuals. These tests may be better than none at all; yet they are far from being perfect; consequently, we too often by such means select men to do work for which they are quite unsuited, and to fill offices for which they have no capacity.

The present is an age of competitive examinations, yet these afford but an imperfect test of brain-power; for after a time, competitive examinations become less and less efficient as true tests of intelligence, and sink into a sort of official routine. As examples, we will take the following cases. Brown is the son of an Indian officer who died when his boy was ten years old, and left his widow badly off. Young Brown is intended for the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich; but his mother's means do not enable her to send him to a first-class 'crammer's,' so he has to sit beneath the average schoolmaster. He works hard and thinks a great deal, and gains a fair

knowledge of the subjects he is required to learn. He goes up to the competitive examination at Woolwich, and finds each question so complicated, that he is utterly puzzled; and when the results of the examination are made known, Brown is nearly last on the list.

On the other hand, Smith is the son of a wealthy tradesman who wishes his son to enter as a cadet at Woolwich. Young Smith is sent early in life to a successful 'crammer's,' to be fattened with knowledge as turkeys are crammed for Christmas. The crammer does not confine his attention to teaching his pupils; but he watches the examination papers set at Woolwich, and he finds that the examiners have each a peculiar 'fad,' and set their questions in a sort of rotation. He looks carefully over these, and he forms a kind of estimate of the questions which are likely to be set at any particular examination. He therefore trains his pupils for these questions, and is often so successful in his predictions, that at least half the questions have been worked out by these pupils a week before the examination; and this result is obtained without any collusion between the crammer and the examiner. On one occasion that we know of, seven questions out of a paper of thirteen were predicted as 'due;' and the pupils consequently of this crammer were most successful at this 'competitive.' Young Smith is thus trained, and passes say fifth out of a long list, and is considered, as far as this test is concerned, to possess brain-power far beyond that of the unfortunate Brown, who was nearly last in this same examination.

Twenty years elapse, and Smith and Brown meet. Smith has jogged on in the usual routine; he may have never either said or done a foolish thing. Brown, on the other hand, is a man of wide reputation, has written clever books, and done many clever things; yet people who know his early history say how strange it was that he was so stupid when he was young, for he was ignominiously 'spun' at Woolwich!

Those who thus speak, imagine that the

examination at which Smith succeeded, and Brown failed, was a test of their brain-power. It was in reality nothing of the kind; it was merely a test of the relative experience of those who named Smith and Brown.

Even, thus far it will be evident that our present supposed tests are not infallible; but we will go even further, and will examine the actual work itself which is supposed to be the great test of mental capacity, and we can divide this work into two classes—namely, acquired knowledge, and the power to reason. In nearly every case, the training which enables a youth to pass a competitive examination belongs to the first class—acquired knowledge. It consists of a knowledge of mathematical rules and formulæ, classics, modern languages, history, and geography. Mathematics, if properly taught, and especially geometry, tends to strengthen the mind and fit it to reason; but it too often happens that a youth is crammed with mathematics for a particular examination, and he has not mentally digested what he has thus been crammed with; and consequently, instead of his mind having been strengthened by this process, it has in reality become weakened; and ten or fifteen years after the examination, the man—then in his maturity—derives no advantage from his formerly acquired knowledge, because he has forgotten it. He merely suffers from the mental repletion of his younger days, and dislikes mathematics; just as a pastry-cook's boy is said to abhor tarts and buns, because he was crammed with them when he first was placed among such temptations.

A knowledge of modern languages is useful to those who travel, or who wish to become acquainted with the literature of other countries; but as a test of brain-power, the acquisition of any language fails. There is no language in use which is based on anything but arbitrary rules; reason has no influence on languages. The selection in French, for example, of masculines and feminines is most unreasonable. Why should a chair in French be given petticoats, and a stool placed in breeches? Why should the sun be considered masculine, and the moon feminine? In German, the same arbitrary rules exist—the masculines, feminines, and neuters have no reason to guide them. Take a child of five years old, and a clever man of twenty-five—let each use only the same exertion to acquire a knowledge of any spoken language, and the child will easily excel the man. This is because ear, and the memory derived from ear, are the means by which languages are acquired. Reason enables us to predict what is probable, when we know that which has previously occurred. If, then, we informed a reasoning individual that a chair, an article made of wood, with four legs, was feminine in French, and then called his attention to a stool, an article made of wood, with four legs, and inquired to what gender he considered the stool belonged, he would naturally conclude that it also was feminine; but a stool (*tabouret*) is masculine in French.

Then, again, the pronunciation of words is purely arbitrary. Take our own language, for example, and such words as plough, enough, cough, dough, bough, rough, &c. Where does reason enter into the pronunciation of such words?

What power of intellect would enable us to pronounce 'cough' correctly, even though we knew how 'bough' was spoken? Yet, in spite of these unreasonable laws, classics and modern languages are not unusually referred to, not as stored knowledge, but as tests of mental power. As a rule, it is not the reasoner, or person gifted with great brain-power, who the most quickly learns a language, but the superficial thinker, gifted with ear; and these superficial people are the first to quiz any error made, when a speaker attempts to converse in a foreign language.

We may fairly divide the subjects employed in modern mental training into those which store, and those which strengthen the mind. Languages; a knowledge of history and geography; the facts connected with various sciences, such as chemistry, electricity, astronomy, &c., are stores; but not one of these does more than store the mind. Men's minds were stored with a certain number of astronomical facts when Galileo attempted to revive the olden belief that the earth rotated; but their minds had not been strengthened, as it was the leading astronomers who most offered opposition to him. Several men with stored minds were the great opponents of Stephenson when he talked about travelling twenty miles an hour on a railroad. So that it appears that no matter how well a mind may be stored, if it is incapable of judging correctly on a novelty, it cannot be called a strong mind.

Our competitive examinations tend almost entirely to bring to the front those whose minds are the best stored, and many persons therefore have come to the conclusion that by such a course we have obtained for our various services what are termed 'the cleverest youths.' It does not, however, follow that this result has been obtained. The greatest brain-power may actually be low down in the list of a competitive examination in which stored knowledge alone has been requisite. There is a certain advantage to be gained by storing the mind with facts, and some people imagine that a knowledge of these facts indicates an educated and strong mind. It, however, merely proves that the mind has been stored; it does not prove it to have been strengthened. We may know what Cæsar did under certain conditions; how Alfred the Great organised his police so that he could hang bracelets of value on signposts without fearing that highwaymen would steal them; and a multitude of other similar facts may have been stored in our minds; but any quantity of such stores would not enable an individual to solve the present Irish difficulty, unless he could find in the past an exactly similar case which had been treated successfully by some particular system.

It is even now considered that by making a boy pass through a long course of mathematics or classics, and then testing his acquired knowledge by an examination, we adopt the best method of obtaining the greatest brain-power. We may derive an advantage, supposing mathematics or classics are requisite in the future career of the boy; but as a test of brain-power and perseverance, we would much sooner select the boy who could the most rapidly and most certainly solve a three-move chess problem. And if mathematics are not required in the future career of a boy, it would be equally as unreasonable to

devote three years to the solution of chess problems, as it is to devote a like period to the solution of the higher branches of mathematics. In both instances, the mental exercise is supposed to be for the purpose of strengthening the mind, and the chess problems are certainly as efficient as the mathematical. It is not unusual to find a profound mathematician who is particularly dull in all other subjects, and who fails to comprehend any simple truth which cannot be presented to him in a mathematical form; and as there are a multitude of truths which cannot be treated mathematically, a mere mathematician has but a limited orbit.

A chess-player, again, or a solver of chess problems, has always to deal with pieces of a constant value; thus, the knight, bishop, pawn, &c., are of constant values, so that his combinations are not so very varied. A whist-player, however, has in each hand not only cards which vary in value according to what is trump, but during the play of the hand, the cards themselves vary in value; thus, a ten may, after one round of a suit, become the best card in that suit. Brain-power independent of stored knowledge is therefore more called into action by a game of whist than it is by mathematics, chess, or classics; consequently, whilst mathematicians and classical scholars may be found in multitudes, a really first-class whist-player is a rarity; and if we required an accurate test of relative brain-power, we should be far more likely to obtain correct results by an examination in whist, than we should by an examination in mathematics. In the latter, cramming might supply the place of intelligence; in the former, no amount of cramming could guard against one-tenth of the conditions. A first-rate mathematician may on other subjects be stupid; a first-class whist-player is rarely if ever stupid on original matters requiring judgment.

A very large amount of the elements of success consists in the advantages with which an individual may start in life, and over which he himself may have no control. The case of Smith and Brown already referred to may serve to illustrate this fact. When conclusions are arrived at relative to hereditary genius, these advantages may be considered. The son of a judge becomes a judge, and we may claim hereditary genius as the cause. We should, however, be scarcely justified in assuming hereditary genius because the son of a general officer became this general's aide-de-camp. A general officer with five thousand efficient troops gains a complete victory over fifteen thousand indifferently armed savages, and he is looked upon as a hero. Another general with a like number of men is defeated by an army of ten thousand well-armed but unsoldier-like-looking men, and he is regarded as a failure; and yet of the two, the defeated army may have possessed the better general. In order, therefore, to judge of the relative powers of two individuals, we must take into consideration all the advantages or difficulties with which each starts in life, or in any undertaking. The relative success is by no means the only criterion from which to judge of capacity, any more than it would be correct to judge of the capacity of two whist-players, when one held four by honours and six trumps,

and his adversary held a necessarily inferior hand.

In the great battle of life, these conditions are perpetually interfering with the results to be derived from the relative value of brain-power, and are so numerous as to have an extensive influence. For example, a man possessing great brain-power has succeeded in attaining an official position of eminence. He selects a nephew or particular friend to be his assistant. We have competed with this assistant in various things, and there is no doubt as to his inferiority. Time goes on, and this assistant succeeds to the post of his relative merely from what may be called departmental claims, and he is *ex officio* supposed to be possessed of the talents and knowledge which appertain to his post. Our opinion, if opposed to that of the official, will by the superficial outsiders be considered valueless; yet ours may be correct, and that of our opponent erroneous. It is by such means that very feeble men often occupy official scientific positions to which they are by no means entitled in consequence of their intelligence.

When such an event occurs, an immense amount of damage is done to the cause of truth and real science, because the individual thus raised by personal interest to the position of a scientific judge or referee, too often fails to judge of a question on its merits, and condemns it if it be not in accordance with routine. A question thus disposed of, is very difficult to again bring into notice without prejudice. There is no doubt that even among the so-called educated people, the majority possess only stored minds, and are incapable, consequently, of reasoning on any problem, other than by bringing to bear on it their stock of knowledge, which probably, granting the problem is original, will not apply. No educated person doubts that the earth is a sphere; but few of these can prove that it is so by means of facts with which they are acquainted, though a simple law of geometry is able to prove the fact.

The average occupations of young men require nothing more than stored minds and powers of observation; consequently, our competitive examinations serve to some extent to bring to the front such qualifications. But it is not among such that we obtain our discoverers, inventors, great statesmen, or good generals. The mere routine man will almost invariably bring about a disaster when he has novel conditions to deal with; and as a rule, the routine youth comes out best at an examination.

At the present time, we have apparently no accurate test by which to measure the relative brain-power of individuals. Competitive examinations cannot do so, for the reasons that we have stated. Success in life is, again, dependent on so many influences quite outside of the individual, that this success is no test. The accumulation of money—that is, 'getting rich'—is too often but the results of selfishness and cruel bargains, and cannot be invariably accepted as a proof of brain-power.

Considering these facts, therefore, it appears that just as intellect is invisible, so the relative power of intellect is unmeasurable; and instead of forming hasty conclusions as to the relative powers of two men, from the results of examina-

us, we may perceive that by such means we may be selecting those only who, under certain conditions, have succeeded in storing their minds with the facts required for that examination.

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER XL.—‘GERARD,’ HIS MOTHER HAD SAID, LOOKING WITH AN AWFUL FOREBODING FEAR AT HIS FACE, ‘YOU WILL BEAR IT FOR YOUR FATHER’S SAKE. THERE ARE THINGS WORTH LIVING FOR YET.’

AND so in the race of love Val Strange won, and Gerard Lumby lost. After the one great outburst of grief, Gerard took things quietly, so very quietly, that those who knew him thought it dangerous. The wedding-party at Lumby Hall broke, as may be easily imagined, into most admired disorder, and took its devious way homeward in much astonishment, indignation, and sympathy.

From the time of her first coming to the county, Constance had been unable to secure the favourable verdict of the feminine population. It would be perhaps too cheap a satire to say that she outshone them all, and to find in that the sole reason for her unpopularity. She was not prouder than other women; but somehow she looked proud, and her beautiful face and figure wore a seeming of haughtiness which was quite an accident of aspect, and had nothing to do with her nature. The ladies, then, went away with a very dreadful impression of her. The graver scandals her elopement might have caused were set at rest by the arrival of a message from her husband. Val had started with a special license in his pocket, and they had been married the day after their flight; not at Swansea, but at a little village on the coast where he had a friend who was a clergyman. Five hundred pounds seems an absurdly large sum to have offered as a bribe to Constance’s maid; but the fact was that Constance had flatly refused to move without her, and Mary’s obstinacy had driven Val almost to his wits’ end. And he was so eager, that, to secure his purpose, ten times the sum would have seemed nothing to him. He gave little Mary the cheque after the wedding; but she did not know what to do with it, and was so miserable and frightened when she thought of facing Hiram, that Constance kept her, and they sailed away together, first to Ireland, and afterwards to the Mediterranean. Val, in a letter to Mr Jolly, proposed to make settlements so liberal upon his wife, that the old gentleman, when the first shock was over, began to regard the matter even complacently. The girl had got married any way, though it had scarcely been done becomingly. And she had married the wealthiest man in the county after all; and what was done being done, Mr Jolly felt it better to say no more about it, but to take the good provided, to ignore the discomforts attendant upon it, and be thankful. But being a man who in all things consulted the dignities and decencies of life, he feigned at first to be stricken quite through and through with grief, and sold the lately-purchased Grange. It was given out that he was quite heart-broken; but he made

a reasonable profit on the transaction, and was back in Paris in a fortnight from the date of his daughter’s flight, strolling gaily along the asphalt, and enjoying himself hugely as a widower at large.

Mrs Lumby had at first dreaded the shock this new disaster would probably bring to her husband’s weakened mind. But he, reading Gerard’s quietude wrongly, was less perturbed than she had feared, and indeed accepted the evil with an equanimity of resignation which would have been impossible to him in the days of mental and physical health. Even Gerard’s heart was a little comforted in a little while by the failure of the blow to wound his father. For himself, he bore the blow with amazing fortitude; but those who knew most of him liked his quiet least. To his father and mother and to Milly, and even to the servants, he was gentle and quiet, but there was a resolved sternness in his manner, beneath its gentleness, which was new and alarming. But there was only one who had real warrant for knowing what the quiet of his demeanour covered. This was Hiram.

The terrible night of Hiram’s disclosure Gerard passed alone.

‘Gerard,’ his mother had said, looking with an awful foreboding fear at his face, ‘you will bear it for your father’s sake. There are things worth living for yet.’

‘Yes,’ he answered; ‘there are things worth living for.’ But the foreboding haunted his mother’s heart all night, and she lay praying and trembling, and scarcely dared to own her fear even to herself. There are terrors to which even in the recesses of our own hearts we dare scarce give form, and this was one of them. In the morning, when Hiram’s story, which had never seemed to need any confirmation, was confirmed, Gerard rang his bell, and summoned last night’s messenger to his dressing-room.

‘What set you upon the scent?’ he asked. ‘Or did you find it out by accident?’ His face was gray and hard, like stone, and Hiram had scarcely the heart to answer him.

‘The first thing was,’ he responded after a pause, ‘a portrait I saw in his portmanteau the day he came here.’

‘A portrait?’ said Gerard. ‘Whose portrait?’

‘Miss Jolly’s,’ said Hiram, fearing to pronounce the name, but being compelled to answer.

‘I suppose,’ said Gerard, ‘that the portmanteau is still here?’

‘I believe it is,’ said Hiram.

‘Let me see it,’ said Gerard, rising. ‘Is the portrait still there?’—Hiram could not say.—‘Let us see,’ his master said; and turning to the door, led the way to the room Val Strange had occupied. ‘Open it!’—glancing at the portmanteau. Hiram obeyed, and tumbled the things over. The portrait was gone, but the envelope was there still, and Hiram held it up.

‘It was in this,’ he said.

Gerard took it from his outstretched hand, and turned it over, and read the inscription—‘Thy grace being gained, cures all disgrace in me.’ A short hard laugh escaped him, and he folded the envelope with great care and put it in his pocket-book. But half-a-dozen times in the course of the day, Hiram saw him looking at it with an expression which betokened no

good for the writer of the line. 'Go on,' he said coldly, when he had put back his pocket-book with the envelope in it. Hiram told the story as we know it.

'Is there a gentleman in your case too?' asked Gerard. 'Are we in the same boat, Search?'

'I don't like his way of takin' it at all,' said Hiram to himself, returning no audible answer to that cynical inquiry. 'It looks mischeevous.'

'If there should prove to be a gentleman in your case, what shall you do, Search?' asked Gerard.

Hiram liked his tone and manner less than ever. 'I shall let him slide,' he said, 'and I shall think myself well out of a bad bargain.'

'I shan't let him slide, Search,' said Gerard, very very softly. He had a hand on Hiram's arm, and gripped it so that he made him wince. There was not another word spoken between them; and Gerard, though Hiram saw him several times reading the line on the frayed envelope, never recurred to the subject.

It need scarcely be said that the names of the runaways were never spoken in his presence, or that in spite of that fact they were much talked of. Many a time the sound of Gerard's solid step hushed the talk of his mother and Milly; but the young fellow's stony face never gave a sign that he knew the theme of their converse. Many and many an unspeakable pang his loyal heart suffered, but after the one outburst he hid everything. There was much to trouble his mother in those hard days; but she took everything as women do, with that sublime and quiescent heroism which is the best of their many virtues. A good wife and mother—how shall she be praised? Not—though the wise man of old so praised her—that she seeketh wool and flax and worketh willingly with her hands, and, like the merchant's ships, bringeth her food from afar; but yet as the wise man praised her, that the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, and that her children have a right to arise and call her blessed. Though she feared for Gerard, in the unnatural calm he bore, she was yet not without pride in him. He was a man, this baby she had nursed. Oh, quaint and sweet and pitiful! she remembered—she saw—the infant almost every time she looked at the man, and had just such a tenderness for him now as she had when she nursed him, and no less a desire to protect and defend him. It was one of the poor soul's griefs that she could protect and defend him no longer. Mothers suffer in that way. And yet she was proud that her son bore his grief manfully, and stood under Fate's heaviest inflictions in this rock-like calm, that would not move till riven. Amongst her griefs was one which I must needs indicate; but I leave it with an indication and no more. From the time of Constance's flight, Gerard refused to set foot in a church, or to sit at that decent ordinance of family worship which had always formed one of the household ways. In other matters, he did with a certain heaviness and solidity of manner, as though it were a task, what he had once done gracefully and naturally. He was much alone, riding solitary over the moors and about the coast. He liked to have Hiram with him at times; but he very rarely spoke to him.

The gaunt Yankee could ride as well as he could do anything else, and he used to hang a little behind his master, mounted on a nervous finicking thoroughbred, ruling him with half-unconscious skilful hand, whilst he kept his eyes for the most part fixed on the figure ahead of him. The whole countryside became familiar with Gerard, riding lonely, or paired with Hiram; and the general sympathy was loud on his side, and deep in its condemnation of Val Strange.

And now from purpling moors, and fields yellowing to the sickle, and a sky of English haze, let us get to the Mediterranean and join the wedded lovers. The sea is of that perfect blue which only lives in its waters. Every slow-heaving wave that falls against the vessel's side looks hollowed from some transcendent liquid jewel—the colour of the sapphire is shallow by the side of it—and every time the crest tumbles over, it shakes and breaks into diamonds. The sunlight rains down a million little arrowy points of light upon the waters. There is land on each side, if those purple cloud-like fantasies that seem to rise and fall at such vast distances are really of the earth and earthy.

Val and Constance are lolling near each other on the deck, in cane-chairs, sheltered from the sun-god's too savage courtship of the sea by a canvas awning.

'You are sad, Val,' said Constance, looking up from her book.

'Not I,' said Val, brightening a little, and withdrawing his eyes from some dreamland in which, to judge by his looks, he had seen unpleasant things. 'Why should I be sad?' His looks caressed her as he turned to her.

'Who knows?' she said, and lay back silent for a while.

'You are not sad, are you?' he asked after a pause.

'No,' she answered with a ghost of a smile. 'Why should I be sad?'

'Like a good wife,' said Val, 'you base your reasoning on mine.'

She smiled faintly in answer, and again they were silent. But in real truth they were both sad, and there was a reason for their sadness. If a man sins, however sweetly, he is pretty sure to suffer for it; and now Val's own scorn was master of him, and in proportion to the very virtues left in him, he suffered. He was never altogether free of Gerard's face, and the accusations it had power to bring against him. A dull man sins with comparative impunity. An imaginative man, who has a heart to feel his own imaginations, suffers out of all proportion, and is yet justly served, inasmuch as he has sinned more deeply, having the more virtue in him to sin against, and seeing beforehand whither he is bound. And so Val and Constance, having sacrificed so much in order to be happy, were unhappy after all. Alas, it was always so. Of what avail can it be to preach a sermon here? There is no royal road to happiness, along which no pains shall be endured.

Constance arose, and looked over the little vessel's side at the sparkling waters; and after a while, Val joined her.

'This is all very wonderfully beautiful,' she said, with a little wave of her white hand.

'Yes,' Val assented.
'What is that splendid jewel out there?' she asked. 'I suppose when we come nearer, we shall find it a mere rocky island. What is it called?'

'I don't know, darling,' said Val drearily.
'Get out your sailing-maps,' she said, striving to occupy his thoughts, 'and let us find the names of the places we are passing.'

Val obeyed her; and having descended to the cabin, returned with a roll of charts, laid them on a table, had a brief talk with his sailing-master, and having discovered the position of the yacht, began to name the islands here and there. Constance with forced animation stood over him and assisted in the search. He looked up suddenly, and their eyes met. Val dropped his gaze and walked to the side again; and as Constance bent above the charts, a tear fell upon them. She could not please, she could not soothe him; she had no power to exorcise this demon of regret. She left the deck and went below; and Val having hung a while over the rail, turned and missed her. He began to fold up the charts, and saw the great starred tear-drop on one of them, and his heart fell lower and lower. Somewhat sullenly, he lit a cigar and paced to and fro upon the deck. He loved her with his whole heart; there was nothing he would not do to make her happy, if he could but see his way to it. He was sure of her love in turn, and yet they were both moody, both unhappy.

The French cynic proclaimed that two things were essential to happiness—a hard heart and a good digestion. Though I should be inclined to widen the list a little, I do not think I should quarrel with the essentials. A hard heart is a great help to personal comfort. If you can pass a shivering beggar in a snow-storm and feel your own broadcloth no reproach to you, that is in its way a gain. Perhaps—human nature is perverse—perhaps you would rather be without the gain, though not, in spite of pity, without the broadcloth. This life is but a twisted skein for a man with a conscience. With a hard heart, great gift, you may push through the thin filamental knots almost without an effort. If they are made of human nerves, the nerves are not yours. What resolute creature, bent on happiness, can be stopped upon his way by cobwebs?

But here were two people of more than common tenderness, and they suffered. The very narrowness of the life which, in the double egotism of their love, they sought to live, added to their miseries, and made ennui and regret inevitable. It would have been wiser to have looked for a refuge in society than in this loneliness; but though both of them knew this, neither of them altogether cared to say it.

In a while, little Mary came on deck to tell her master that dinner was laid in the cabin; and he descended. Fish and flesh of the daintiest, fruits, and wines of famous vintage; and love at the table too, with manly grace and feminine beauty, and yet no joy in anything. They came on deck again, and found the awning cleared away, and a Mediterranean sunset in the skies. A miracle of colour from zenith to horizon, and the purpled rosy golden glory flushing, though more faintly, to the very east. But in the west from which they fled, the dying sun

was clothed in splendours which were past all speech, and all the fiery solemn regalities of colour in the sky were imaged in the heaving sea upon a million broken mirrors. From form to form, from tone to tone, from gradual change to change, the glory stole downward into gloom, till here and there, amid the shadowed wrack of skyey gallery and tower, a clear star shimmered, and the day was dead, and night unrolled her own calm panorama. Now there were voices in the waves, and murmurs in the air, and mystery and darkness were abroad. The sad-hearted wedded lovers paced together on the deck, until the moon arose, to build a new city in the clouds, with many a long-drawn parapet and frowning battlement. There are hours when every mood of Nature's suits the soul, and these were of them. Val and Constance paused, hidden by the little deck-house from the man who held the wheel. They were all alone, and all the world to each other, but they embraced with tears, and cheek touched cheek coldly. There was a cry in the heart of each—*my fault!*

'You know I love you,' he murmured with melancholy tenderness. 'How can I make you happy?'

'There is but one way,' she answered, clinging to him. 'Let me see *you* happy!'

Sal embraces followed. The prescription was one he had no power to fulfil, and they both knew it.

It was at Corfu that they first received English letters. There was one from Reginald to Val, which said simply: 'SIR—My opinion of your conduct is probably of little value to you, though you do me the honour to solicit it, and to offer what seems intended as a defence of your own proceedings. Perhaps, however, I shall indicate it clearly enough if I express my desire to hear no more of you.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, REGINALD JOLLY.' This stung the recipient a little, but not much. A kinder farewell would have been bitterer to him, for he was one of those men who harden at reproof, but melt at pardon. There was a letter for Constance from her father, in which he, from a heart metaphorically bleeding and broken, quite forgave her. He would rejoice, he said, to welcome her back again to that torn and shattered organ, and was at present living in Paris, where he would be delighted at any time to see her. The emotional gymnastics of this epistle had no effect upon the reader. She handed it to her husband, who, not being even yet so depressed that all humour was dull to him, chuckled above it with a half-hollow enjoyment. But Aunt Lucretia wrote a letter, which bore upon its pages the marks of tears, and in it, with many cruel upbraidings, she told Constance how the news had been brought to Lumby Hall, and how Gerard had received it. Constance would fain have left this letter unread, but the lines seemed somehow to fascinate her, and she could not get away from them.

'What is it troubles you?' her husband asked her, standing near whilst she read, crying and sobbing.—She held the letter out to him.—'May I read it?' he said.

'Yes,' she answered, rising in a sudden tempest. 'It was your doing. Read it.' And with that, she swept from the room, dropped her veil, and walked out of the hotel, angry with herself, angry with him, and bitterly remorseful.

Val obeyed her injunction, and felt the sting of it before he had gone far. 'She was right,' he said, standing with drooping head, with the letter at his feet, and his hands depending nervelessly over it. 'It was my doing, and the punishment belongs to both of us.' From that hour the unhappy wedded pair had no power to comfort or console each other. They went on to Constantinople in a wretched reserve, broken by bickerings which ended in reconciliations, but always left the breach between them a little wider. At one of the Pera hotels, Constance met friends of hers, who received her with great cordiality, and with them she and Val crossed over to Cairo. The rainy season came on, and Val gave the party yacht-room, and carried them to Naples, where they proposed to winter. The yacht hung in the bay, and for a brief month or two Constance threw herself into the pleasures of society, and was acknowledged the reigning beauty of the place. Val took to short absences, little regretted on either side; and at last with simple coldness, outwardly, though with the frost of downright despair in their hearts, they parted at Christmas-time, and Val sailed alone up the gloomy Adriatic to Venice, and left it disgusted in eight-and-forty hours, and sailed back to the Mediterranean, and everywhere carried his broken hopes and his remorse with him.

About the end of January, Gerard was on a visit, when some people unknown to him, and knowing nothing of his story, came to stay in the same house with him. One of them told the tale of Mr Strange's curious desertion of his charming wife. Mrs Strange was fascinating all the world of Naples, and Mr Strange was yachting about alone—at that time of year too, and was it not extraordinary?

'Hiram,' said Gerard that evening, 'I shall want you to come with me to London to-morrow.'

Hiram quietly assented, and began to get things ready for the journey.

'If that man's come back again,' said the watchful body-guard, looking at his master's face, 'I shall have to keep a pretty sharp look-out to hold you out of mischief. I've got my score against Valentine Strange, Esquire; but I ain't goin' to see you hanged for him, mister. Not if I dog you like a shadder!'

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ANGLO-INDIAN CHAPLAIN.

OUR readers need hardly be ashamed if they are not well acquainted with the existence and whereabouts of Bangalore, for not every intelligent Briton is so geographically enlightened. On my return home, I took up my abode at a certain watering-place, and of course one of my first duties was to apprise my friends abroad of my safe arrival. Accordingly, I wrote a letter, and carried it to the post-office, where I inquired the price of the postage to Bangalore. The official looked at me dumfounded, and speedily reduced me to a similar condition when he made the Scotch reply: 'Bangalore! Where is it? Is it in the West Indies or the East?' I had not been many months in the country when I found

that this post-office official was not the only one who had a hazy idea as to the whereabouts of Bangalore.

Well, then, Bangalore is a large city in Southern India, with two hundred thousand inhabitants, situated about two hundred miles inland from Madras, the European capital of the Mysore country, a large military cantonment, and one of the most beautiful and delightful stations in all India. Sir Walter Scott speaks of it as 'Bangalore the strong, the happy, the holy city;' and here I cannot help paying a tribute to the genius of the great novelist. In the *Surgeon's Daughter*, the plot of which is laid in India, he describes the country over which he carries his heroine and her deliverer, stretching from Madras to Seringapatam, as minutely and accurately as if he had himself traversed the whole route, and looked down from its heights upon every plateau and every city. It was my good fortune some years ago to live in Bangalore, and I have some recollections that may be not uninteresting, connected with this Indian city.

War gives dreadful prominence to localities. A little town remains buried for centuries in peace and obscurity, until a great battle is fought near it; and then its name is echoed to the ends of the earth, and it henceforth finds a place on the pages of history. Who ever heard of Sadowa until a few years ago, when the Austrian forces were crushed beneath its walls; and not many people knew anything about Sedan until the bugle sounding from its ramparts proclaimed to the astonished world that the French Emperor and his army had surrendered. And even the wretched kraals of Zululand were made famous through the surgings of war, disaster, and victory. Thus it was that war made the names and places of the Mysore country very familiar to our grandfathers, as the spot where our great Wellington was then winning his first laurels. For thirty years and more we waged war against Hyder Ali and Tippoo Saib; and although at last victory was ours, and we effectually destroyed that proud and cruel Moslem dynasty, it was not until after many hard-contested fights, and not a few humiliating reverses.

One of these Mysore fortified cities, and the second in importance, was Bangalore. It is situated about two miles distant from the present English cantonment. The Fort and *pettah* were stormed and taken by the English under Lord Cornwallis in 1791. A monument to the memory of the fallen stands opposite to one of the gates, and its inscription tells us that Colonel Moorhouse and other gallant officers and soldiers fell on the very spot at the 'storming of Bangalore.' The Fort still presents a very imposing appearance. With its deep morass and massive ramparts, and innumerable turrets and loopholes, one would have imagined that

although it could not stand against the monster guns of our day, yet it might have made a more stubborn resistance than it did against the British troops in those olden times of a very imperfect artillery. But I suppose that fortune favoured the brave then, as she does still. In this Fort of Bangalore is one of the famous palaces of Tippoo Saib, his favourite residence during the lifetime of his father. It is now very much in ruins, but even these still tell of the barbaric splendour of the Moslem ruler. Here was enacted the tragedy so graphically described by Sir Walter Scott in the work already alluded to, when the arch-traitor Scotchman was revealed by Hyder Ali and put to an instant cruel death.

In this connection, I was told the following romantic incident by an old general officer at Bangalore. Many years ago, a landed proprietor in a midland county of Scotland, whom we shall call Stewart of Stewartfield, was outlawed for homicide, and disappeared from the country, leaving no clue to his whereabouts. Time rolled on; and there being still no tidings of the outlaw, his estate was placed under judicial custody, for the benefit of his representatives. After the lapse of many years, the property was claimed by a near relative, who became proprietor, and who, in default of direct proof of the outlaw's death, is said to have tendered, on affidavit, the following circumstantial evidence of it, as related by the late Colonel Campbell of the 74th Highlanders.

When Seringapatam was invested by the English forces in 1791, after the defeat of Tippoo Saib's army at the battle of Mallavelly, the Sultan sued for peace. Accordingly, a meeting of Commissioners was arranged to take place within a garden-house in the immediate vicinity of the fortress, to draw up a treaty. The Commissioners met; and while their proceedings were being engrossed, Colonel Campbell, who was one of the British Commissioners, sat intently gazing at the Mohammedan Commissioner who sat opposite to him at the table. At length he exclaimed half-aloud to Colonel Edington, another Commissioner: 'If Stewart of Stewartfield is alive, that's the man;' pointing at the same time to his Mohammedan *vis-à-vis*. Although the remark must have been heard by the Mohammedan Commissioner, he made no sign; but on the breaking up of the conference, and as Colonel Campbell was leaving the room, a voice whispered in English from behind him: 'Don't look round, or it may cost me my life; but meet me alone, outside the — sally-gate at midnight to-morrow.' Notwithstanding the warning, Colonel Campbell was startled by the occurrence, and involuntarily looked round, and saw the same grave Mohammedan Commissioner, whom he had suspected to be Stewart of Stewartfield, moving off in an opposite direction. Campbell kept the tryst at the spot named; but the other party, whoever he was, never appeared. Cautious inquiries were subsequently instituted about the individual in question; but nothing was elicited; nor was he again seen or heard of by any of the British officers to whom his features had previously been familiar. It was surmised that his communication with the English officer in his own tongue

had been overheard, and that probably he had been assassinated as a traitor—the fate he anticipated.

Not once, but several times have I seen a Scotchman inadvertently revealing himself under the garb of a Turk. A few years ago, a venerable Mussulman was to be seen daily in the cool of the evening taking his solitary drive along the sea-beach at Madras in his palanquin carriage. Of course he was looked upon as a genuine son of the Prophet, until one day he was taken aback, as many people are, by the exorbitant demand made upon him in a European shop for some European article. His indignant feelings laughed at his disguise, and asserted their nationality in the strong Scotch expression: 'Gude save us; it's no worth a bawbee!' When on my way home, and when on board a small Turkish steamer in the Bay of Alexandria, we were having our luggage passed by two Turkish custom officers. I scanned the features of one of them, and ventured to say to my friend Major F—, standing beside me: 'If I were a betting-man, I would stake something upon that Turk being a Scotchman.' The official heard me; and with a cunning leer, he turned to his companion, and evidently for my satisfaction, addressed him in the broadest Aberdonian dialect.

I must now return to the Fort of Bangalore, for it can tell us another old-world story, not uninteresting to Scotchmen. In an inner court of Tippoo's palace is a deep well, overshadowed by a large tulip-tree. It is now dry, and the dwelling-place of creeping things; but it was not so in Tippoo's days. From its depths were drawn up in rich abundance the cooling waters; and the beasts of burden that were told off to this duty were the English prisoners. There, to the amusement of the ladies of Tippoo's harem, as they looked down from their iron-barred window, the captive English officers were wont to trudge up and down the incline, as they alternately pulled up the full and let down the empty bucket. Among those officers, for many weary months, was to be seen the burly figure of young Sir David Baird. And not far from this well, in one of the deep dark gateways, is the cell where Sir David and his fellow-prisoners were for a time immured. When I looked into its dreary gloom, I remembered the caustic exclamation of Sir David's mother, when the news reached Scotland of her son's capture. Referring to the method in which prisoners were chained together, and to her son's well-known irascible temper, she exclaimed: 'God pity the lad that's tied to our Davie!'

It is pleasant to remember how kindly and mercifully this same noble, albeit fiery Scotchman afterwards behaved, when victory was his, to those very Mohammedan princes, who for four years had subjected him to cruelty in their dungeons at Bangalore and Seringapatam. At seven o'clock on the morning of the 3d of May 1799, Colonel Wellesley, who had attacked the latter place, reported that the breach in the walls was practicable. A storming-party composed of upwards of four thousand men, divided into two columns, were instructed, after entering the breach, to file to the right and left along the top of the rampart. The command was intrusted to Sir David Baird, who had been nearly four years

immured as a captive in the gloomy dungeons of that fortress which he was now about to enter as a conqueror. On the following morning, the troops destined for the assault were got into the trenches; and at the hour of noon they rushed into the breach and took Seringapatam by storm in an incredibly short space of time. Tippoo Sultan, pierced with four wounds, was found dead under a dark gateway of the fortress, where his flight had been stopped by a detachment of the twelfth regiment.

Major Allan was sent to inform the persons within the palace that if they surrendered immediately, their lives should be secured. He afterwards conducted the princes to the presence of General Baird, who had himself experienced the cruelty of their father. His mind, too, had been inflamed by a report, just then received, that Tippoo had murdered all the Europeans made prisoners during the siege. He was, however, sensibly affected by the sight of the princes; and his gallantry on the assault was not more conspicuous than the moderation and humanity which he on this occasion displayed. He received the princes with every mark of regard; repeatedly assured them that no violence or insult should be offered to them, and he gave them in charge of two officers to conduct them to headquarters in camp. They were escorted by a European guard, and the troops were ordered to pay them the compliment of presenting arms as they passed. Everywhere within and about the palace, evidence met the eye or ear of the depraved and sanguinary tastes of Tippoo. His name meant 'tiger'; he called his soldiers his tigers of war; and the tigers of the Indian jungles were his pets, and often his executioners; for the attendant that offended him, or the prisoner that was brought into his presence, was not unfrequently turned into a barred room or large cage, where the savage animals were let loose upon him. Near the door of his treasury, an enormous tiger was found chained. There were other tigers in the edifice, and so numerous as to give some trouble to Colonel Wellesley.

The history and character of the son of Hyder were in a manner told by the barbarous big toy invented for his amusement, which was found in his palace, and which may now be seen in the library of the East India House, London. This rude automaton is a tiger, killing and about to devour a European, who lies prostrate under the savage beast. There is likewise in the palace of the Rajah of Mysore another automaton figure of a tiger, life-size, so set on springs, that Tippoo could make it leap and light on the person of any unsuspecting visitor, who of course imagined that he was assailed by a living tiger, to the great merriment of the monarch. As evidences still extant of the wild cruelty of this Sultan, I may mention that at Nundidroog, a fortified hill near to Bangalore, there is a huge projecting rock, five hundred feet above the underlying valley, which is called 'Tippoo's Drop,' as over it he was wont to hurl his prisoners; and in the dungeons of the fortress, which are naturally-formed caves, are still to be traced, engraven on the rock, as by rusty nails, the names of English and Scotch soldiers.

Looking out from the ramparts of the Bangalore Fort, we get an excellent view of the old city, with its low, flat-roofed houses and its narrow

streets, with innumerable palm-trees, whose stems rise up tall, slender, branchless, until, from their towering tops hang down their graceful foliage and clustering fruits. The principal street of the *pettah* or town stretches from the Fort gate, and is about a mile in length. During early morning, and after the heat of the day is gone, this street is as crowded as the Trongate of Glasgow. To be sure, it is not so wide, nor are its houses on both sides so imposing, but yet it is a very busy scene, full of great interest, and not devoid of the picturesque. It is peculiarly Eastern; and perhaps its aspect to-day is little different from what it was centuries ago, long before the name and rule of England were known in India. For Bangalore was an old city, even when it was surrendered to Hyder Ali by the native prince, who had not the power to resist the might of the usurper. And under the wise and judicious rule of Hyder, Bangalore increased in importance and wealth, and attained a pre-eminence in the manufacture of silks and carpetings.

Of course, when war broke out it had its evil days; its very riches made it the coveted prey to needy friend and plundering foe. When Tippoo Saib wanted money—and it is to be feared that was not a rare occurrence—he did not, as our Chancellor does, increase the Income Tax, or make us pay for the luxury of handling a gun or keeping a dog; that was altogether too slow a process for Tippoo. He wanted money, and forthwith money must be had. The demand admitted of no delay; so, in his extremity he was wont to surround the city of Bangalore with his troops, and holding over the inhabitants the threat of instant plundering, he so fleeced them, that the very women were obliged to part with their most trifling ornaments. But luckily, Tippoo Saib was slain, and the Company reigned in his stead; and under the latter's peaceful and benign rule, Bangalore very soon arose from the dust, put off her sackcloth and ashes, and once more clothed herself with prosperity and riches.

Bangalore is now a more thriving and more important city than ever it was, and its inhabitants form a large, industrious, and on the whole wealthy community. The most important articles of manufacture are silks, cloths, and carpets; for the production of all of which Bangalore has earned a wide reputation throughout India. Thus, under British rule, and stimulated by British enterprise, this Indian city is flourishing. And yet so strangely perverse is human nature, there are to be found not a few of those intelligent Hindus who sigh for the 'good old times,' and do not hesitate to say to us: 'All very well, Sahib, but oh, give us back our old Raj!' It is difficult to make the Hindus grateful to us, and it is almost an impossibility to make them love us. There is a breach that cannot easily be spanned between the conquerors and the conquered; between the white-faced strangers and the dark natives of the soil. We are giving to them, almost without money and without price, the splendid trophies of our scientific research; we are making them the sharers of our commercial enterprise and wealth; we are educating them in our best and purest knowledge; and yet I feel, and every Anglo-Indian feels, that there is a mighty chasm between the Hindu mind and ours, between their sympathies and ours. Still, we will not despair.

There are evidences of a day of better things ; and prejudices, bigotries, social barriers are being gradually beaten down by advancing intelligence.

MY NEW FRIEND.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

ACTING upon our friend's advice, and overborne perhaps by his energy, we told Lizzie to ask the applicant into the room in which we were seated, which, bad as it was, was by far the most presentable part of the house. The stranger was heard descending the stairs slowly, and apparently with caution ; then he presented himself at the open door, and, in obedience to my invitation, entered and took a seat. He looked round slowly upon us, and then, fixing a large double eyeglass upon his nose, looked again. He was a stout man, apparently about sixty years of age, for his hair was gray, his whiskers quite white, and though at one time he must have been of powerful frame, he was now evidently somewhat feeble, as we could judge by the manner in which he seated himself and groaned slightly as he did so.

'I am sorry to intrude upon you at this time of the evening, madam,' he began ; 'but I noticed the bill in your window a few days ago, when I was in this neighbourhood. As I must reside somewhere in this vicinity, I should have called earlier ; but I was not quite certain that an old friend could not accommodate me. I find now that he cannot do so, so have ventured to trouble you at this unusual hour.'

'Ah ! I am afraid, sir, that an unfortunate change has put it out of my power to offer you suitable apartments,' I replied. 'To be frank, sir, I have now not enough furniture for myself, instead of being able to spare any for my lodgers.' While I had been speaking, the old gentleman had dropped his eyeglass, and now, ere replying, he felt about for it in a helpless way, which would have been laughable if it had not been somewhat pitiful too. Adjusting it to his eyes again, he looked at us for a moment, then said : 'I don't want furnished apartments. I ought to have explained that at first. I have not long come home from abroad ; and my only daughter, with whom I have been staying, has now gone with her husband to Australia ; leaving me a little furniture, in case I like to keep on the house. But I don't like it ; it won't suit me at all. I want a quiet lodging with a small family, where I can furnish my two rooms ; taking my meals by myself, or with the family, as I please. I am a quiet person, I think, rather an invalid, but no trouble ; and I am willing to pay you rent for my rooms, and thirty shillings a week for my board.' His eyeglass tumbled down once more, and while he was fumbling for it—for he did not seem able to do anything without it—Scate nudged me with his elbow, and gave a knowing wink.—'I thought it best to explain that I cannot afford very high terms, madam,' continued the old gentleman, addressing my wife, 'in order to save discussion. I have made a memo. of two other addresses which may suit, but should prefer to close without further trouble, as, being an invalid, I do not care about much worry. There is my card. He handed to Mr

Scate, who sat nearest to him, a card, from which the latter read aloud, 'Mr Daniel Chelps,' and then passed it to me.

'Mr Chelps,' exclaimed Scate, as if struck with a sudden thought, 'allow me to offer you some refreshment.' Mr Chelps, turning his head a little towards him, said : 'Will you please to speak a trifle louder, sir ? I am unfortunately a little hard of hearing.'

Scate loudly repeated his invitation ; it was easier for him to speak loudly than in a subdued key.

'No, sir—no, sir !' returned the other with a sad smile. 'You have brandy there, I think, and the doctors won't allow me to touch anything but sherry.'

'Then, it's just the thing !' cried Scate ; 'for this is sherry, and the best you'll find within five miles from this place, I'll bet.'

The old gentleman sipped the wine, smacked his lips approvingly, and said : 'And now, sir, we will proceed to business.—I do not see, madam, that the misfortune to which Mr Matley has alluded need make any difference in my plans. I am an old man, as you see, and merely want to be comfortable. I want, as I have said, to live where I can either mix with the family, or shut myself up in my own room, just as I please. I shall give no trouble ; and though I cannot afford more than I said, my money is safe. I want to settle my plans to-night ; and I must honestly own, that from some little information which I obtained in my first inquiries, a week or so back, I should prefer to come here to anywhere else I have heard of, believing I should be more comfortable.'

Finding him still willing to go on with the negotiations, I at once declared my anxiety to obtain a tenant, and although he asked a few questions, Mr Chelps made no difficulties, and it was arranged that he should take up his quarters with us on the following day. The effect of the sherry upon him was to open out his heart ; for he grew so loquacious and discursive, that with very little encouragement he would have told us all about his married daughter who had gone to Australia ; about the late Mrs Chelps, on whose worth he dilated, and to whose memory he wiped his eyes ; and would, I believe, have furnished us with complete biographies of every relative he had ever possessed. We got rid of him chiefly through the tact of Mr Scate, who declared he was going to the street through which ran the omnibus the old gentleman wished to catch, and he offered his company, which the other very eagerly accepted.

Mr Chelps having no friends in the vicinity whom he cared about troubling in the matter, gave us the name of a firm somewhere down by the Docks as referees. I say 'somewhere down ;' for I did not take the trouble, as I ought to have done, of going there to make the proper inquiries. He had done business with them, he said ; and they had known him, at home and abroad, for years. He insisted on paying a deposit ; and while he was settling this with my wife, and she was writing down the address of his reference, which was rather a tedious affair, as Mr Chelps's memory for names and addresses

did not appear to be very good, Mr Scate seized the opportunity of saying a few words in an under-tone to me.

'This is a lift!' he said. 'You have let your place, and let it well too, I consider, to an old fellow with no wife or relative to bother you or give trouble. Didn't I tell you your luck would turn?—and here it's turning like the tide. Tell your good little wife to keep up her spirits. I shall be round to-morrow night, and I expect to see my friends between this and then. I am sure to have something to tell you; and while you are waiting, if a five-pound note is of any service to you, it is ready at a moment's notice.—Coming, sir!—quite ready.' This was in answer to Mr Chelms; and then the two left the room and the house together; Mr Scate turning at the last moment to favour us with a grin full of meaning.

It may be guessed that Susan and I sat up for some little time talking over the strange and unexpected events of the night; of our good fortune in securing such a lodger; and what a good thing, too, it was that he had not come a few days earlier, when he would have been subject to all the annoyance and turmoil of the sale. We could manage now, poor Susan thought, especially if I could contrive to obtain some employment, which I seemed likely to do through the disinterested kindness of Mr Scate. This latter recollection of course started another subject of conversation, and we could hardly say enough in praise of him. Yet it was plain we had each a secret but very real dislike to the man, which we sought to smother by continual laudation of him. It would have been ungrateful in the highest degree to utter a word which could reflect anything but praise of him—so we did not say it; but we found out that each thought unfavourably of him all the same.

Well, the morning came; and punctually at the time he had named, came Mr Chelms also, closely followed by a small van-load of furniture. We were pleased to see that this furniture was all in good condition; was, in fact, almost or quite new, so bright and shining was everything. He explained, on our remarking upon this, that his married daughter who had gone to Australia, had furnished some rooms entirely for him, just before she knew she was going, and that her departure was very sudden. He was as chatty as before, having a nice sympathising way, which won very much upon Susan, who was greatly taken with him.

The deposit he had left in my wife's hands had enabled us to purchase one or two necessities, and even luxuries; and in the evening Mr Chelms joined us at tea, and was so cheerful in his conversation, and so full of queer little anecdotes, that he quite led us away from our own troubles, until he brought them back by asking, but in a very nice way too, what I thought of doing in the future. I told him that so far as my own resources and influence were concerned, I had little prospect of doing any good, but that a friend—an entirely new friend, indeed—Mr Scate, the gentleman whom he had seen on the previous evening, had most generously, most unexpectedly come forward, and had almost obtained the promise of a situation for me. As in duty bound, Susan and I here broke into praise

of Mr Scate, and told how he had been an entire stranger, and how he was the only one who showed anything like a kindly feeling towards us.

While I was talking, and while Susan was talking, Mr Chelms listened with great intentness; but it was difficult to avoid a smile when I saw him put up his double eyeglass, as 'though he listened with it; and then, when it fell off, as it was continually doing, the helpless way in which he would grope about for it, was more comical still. We raised our voices at first when speaking to him; but he told us there was no occasion for this with us, as, when persons spoke clearly and distinctly, he could hear them much better than he could those who bawled at him. He was very much interested in our account of Mr Scate, in whom he declared, he had taken an interest at first sight.

Very soon after this, the latter's loud knock was heard; and then Mr Scate was immediately shown in. Mr Chelms rose as he entered, and after a very friendly bow to the visitor, said to us: 'I shall be down again in a few minutes, Mr Matley, when, if you will allow me, I will sit for half-an-hour and have a chat with Mr Scate and yourselves.' Of course we all said we should be much pleased if he would join us, Mr Scate probably being the most emphatic of the three; and the old gentleman toddled slowly up-stairs.

Scate listened to his retreating footsteps with a knowing look, until he was satisfied Mr Chelms was out of hearing; then turning to us with the grin and wink so customary with him, said: 'You've got the old boy all right then?—You will always recollect, Mrs Matley, that I said at the first moment "he would do." My wife assured him she should always remember this; and then Mr Scate proposed that we should sit down and talk business.

He at once said he had seen the friends from whom he hoped so much, and that they were quite willing to engage me, so that I might expect to hear from them in a few days. If I did join them, I should find it somewhat better than drudging on in a miserable office as clerk. His friends did not go in much for clerks—no, no; that was not their game. On hearing this, I naturally inquired in what 'their game,' as he styled it, consisted; but although he launched out into copious praise of their liberality, and admiration of their extensive transactions, I could not understand what kind of business they carried on, or what particular situation I was likely to fill. Yet he kept on talking about the firm, and congratulating me upon my good fortune in securing a position with them, and glancing at the confidence they reposed in him, as shown by their accepting a stranger on his recommendation, until I heard Mr Chelms's slow lumbering step approaching.

I called his attention to this, and said that we perhaps had better go up-stairs into the parlour, dismantled as it was, for a short time, in order that we might for a few minutes more speak uninterruptedly. Scate reflected for an instant, then exclaimed: 'O no. Never mind the old fellow! I shan't say anything that I don't want him to hear. I shan't let him know too much, believe me. Besides, he is rather good fun, and I like to watch him.—Hush! here

he is. Ha! Mr Chelps,' he cried, with an assumption of the heartiest good-fellowship, as the old gentleman entered the room, 'how are you now?'

Mr Chelps, as he came in, answered the salutation frankly; and then Mr Scate proceeded to repeat the 'information he had just given to us. While Mr Scate was telling all this to Mr Chelps, my wife left us, to superintend Lizzie in her domestic operations.

Mr Chelps's mind still ran on my affairs; and as the evening wore on, he plied Mr Scate with very direct questions, such as I much wished to ask, but lacked the courage to do. Mr Scate was at first as vague with him as he had been with me; but under the pressure of the old gentleman's repeated inquiries, he eventually explained that his friends were 'general agents and miscellaneous merchants,' who bought and sold all kinds of goods for all markets, home and foreign. Anything, anywhere, they would buy if it were cheap and saleable; and would sell at the smallest profit to do business quickly. That, their business being rather peculiar, they preferred to conduct it by agents on whom they could rely—'Such as our friend here, Mr Matley,' he said—to having a central office, as other merchants did. They always bought for ready-money, which gave them a command of the market, so far as needy venders were concerned, so that they could often obtain goods at much less than the cost of production. This applied as much to foreign manufacturers as to English. When they gave short bills to foreigners, they would always discount them themselves if required. They reckoned on a dividend of forty per cent. every year.'

The eyes of Mr Chelps twinkled and glistened more than ever as he listened to this, until finally he said, that the idea seemed so good, so feasible, and so profitable, that having a great deal of time on his hands, and some spare capital by him, he was more than half inclined to set on foot something of the kind himself. At this Mr Scate's eyes twinkled and glistened even more than those of the old gentleman, and he said that, with his influence, it was not impossible but that Mr Chelps might be admitted to take a small share in this very business. 'A most difficult thing to be done, I assure you,' said he; 'for they won't look at outsiders as a rule—turn away thousands after thousands every year, that people are almost going down on their knees and asking them to take. Yet, with my recommendation, perhaps— But how much could you invest?' he said abruptly.

'Not a great deal—not more than eleven or twelve hundred pounds, which, by-the-by, is already invested,' returned Chelps, who seemed by his tone to admit the contemptible smallness of the sum he spoke of. 'All the rest is in houses, with a few ground-rents.'

'Well, never mind; I will see what I can do about it,' returned Scate. 'When can you get at your money? I ask, because I know they are making a lot of purchases, so now will be the time.'

'As soon as you please after the first of next month,' replied Chelps. 'That is not very far off.—What name did you say your firm's was?'

It was certain that Mr Scate had not mentioned any name; and he advised the old gentle-

man not to go any further with his inquiries at present, until he knew whether there would be any chance of his money being used. But Chelps by this time was in no mood to be put off or evaded, and he determined to have their names, if only to wish success to the venture.

'Bunner, Wreggs, and Carrowble, that's them,' said Mr Scate at last; and then he went on to explain that the time named by Mr Chelps was the most auspicious he could possibly have chosen for his money to be accepted, and this being the case, he would not lose a day in breaking the matter to his firm.

This so delighted Mr Chelps, that he insisted upon our having a friendly glass of something hot, which was immediately sent for, and actually proposed to sing a song, on condition that Mr Scate would help in the chorus. This the latter unhesitatingly promised to do; and Mr Chelps began *My Pretty Jane*, and sang it through, while Mr Scate repeated the last part of each verse in conjunction with him, as a chorus! Anything more awful in the way of singing I never heard; I should think nothing more awful ever was heard. Then, after a little more discussion of business matters, Mr Scate left, with many a shake of the hand from Mr Chelps, and protestations of the warmest friendship on both sides.

I think I have said that Mr Chelps's conversation was on this evening more than usually cheerful and interesting; but directly Mr Scate had left, he seemed to fall back into his natural manner. Noticing this, I did not find my liking for Mr Scate increased; in fact, it was as much as I could do to avoid thoroughly disrelishing him, in spite of the benefit he was conferring upon me and the trouble he was taking in my behalf.

TEA AND SILK FARMING IN NEW ZEALAND.

THE articles on the above subject, which appeared in this *Journal* on March 19, July 23, and August 20, 1881, seem to have created interest both at home and abroad. Many people have cheerfully, and even enthusiastically accepted the tea and silk enterprise as one well suited to the age and locality. It has also occurred to the Councils of two of our learned Societies that an impetus might be given to the movement one way or other, if papers on the subject were read before their members, or contributed to the pages of their Transactions. Accordingly, on the 31st of January, this year, the Society of Arts, London, listened to and discussed an essay; and in April the annual volumes of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland (Edinburgh) contained a contribution on the same topic.

Among the encouraging symptoms which the proposed enterprise has elicited, it may not prove uninteresting to allude to one or two. By a New Zealand newspaper, the *Thames Advertiser* of January 28, we are informed that at a public meeting held in the north of Auckland it was decided to form a joint-stock Company to commence silk-culture in that district on a commercial scale, and that four hundred shares were subscribed for in the room. Elsewhere, according to the *Colonies and India* of

February 24 and May 12, another enterprising section of the colonists had turned their attention to tea-cultivation. The Auckland Acclimatisation Society had engaged a practical tea-grower to experiment, with the gratifying result, that 'the tea brewed from the leaves was tasted by connoisseurs and pronounced refreshing and of fairly good quality.' Referring to silk, the same authority says: 'Sericulture is certain to prove a profitable pursuit if machinery is ever introduced to utilise the raw silk. The climate is suitable for rearing the worms, while the white mulberry-tree grows luxuriantly. Many thousand silk-worms are reared annually in Auckland for mere pleasure, and if the pursuit were made profitable, an extensive industry would soon spring up; but at present there is no market for the disposal of the cocoons. There cannot therefore be any doubt about the success of sericulture.'

So far, apparently, the good seed sown by this and other journals has taken root in New Zealand; although the colonists, unfortunately, have evidently missed or overlooked the vital point formerly so strenuously dwelt upon, of lessening or spreading the expense of labour by conducting the two industries together on the same farm, by much the same set of workpeople, and under the same chief management. On this all-important feature, another paper, the *New Zealand Times* of January 12, prints the views of a correspondent with Indian experience, who says: 'In the Kangra Valley, the silk season happens just at the tea-planter's slack time, and therefore silk-rearing may be undertaken without clashing with the interests of the tea-plantations, and might indeed help these, by keeping the labour together. Add to these two considerations this other, that tea, as a rule, requires shade, and that the mulberry does the tea underneath it no harm, and we have a combination which ought to render the spread of cultivation for silk-rearing as rapid as it is profitable.'

Probably as interesting and auspicious circumstances as any which have occurred in support of this advocacy have arisen from the greatly improved attitude and bearing of the Maoris since their troublesome agitators were shut up in prison a few months ago. It appears that the New Zealand Premier, in the course of a recent provincial tour, stopped at Ohinimutu, where the Maoris were assembled in large numbers, and their leaders addressed him for two hours on the subject of their educational requirements. They wished the establishment of schools where their boys might be taught European trades. Another most pleasing reminiscence, the significance of which can hardly be overrated, was the receipt, a few weeks ago, by the writer, of a letter from a Maori chief, the Hon. Hone Mohi Tawhai, M.P. Some little time ago, the details of the enterprise in question had been sent to this native gentleman, with the view of eliciting an expression of opinion. His reply conveyed assurances of his gratification at the efforts being made to promote the establishment of tea, silk, and the other subsidiary industries, in his native province of Auckland; he referred to the growing habits of diligence he had observed among his countrymen, and their aptitude to learn whatever they might be taught; and expressed his desire to aid and assist the proposed undertaking in every

way. That the recognition and influence of Mr Tawhai should react with the happiest effect upon the other Maoris in Auckland will seem highly probable, when it is mentioned that his speech on September 6, 1881, in the House of Representatives, at the discussion of the Representation Bill, was pronounced by the *Dunedin Morning Herald* to be 'one of the most vigorous and characteristic ever given by a Maori member of parliament.'

Old colonists settled in this country scarcely need to be reminded, and our readers will feel pleased to learn, that it was the father of Mr Tawhai, in conjunction with another native of rank, who, on a critical occasion during our New Zealand military troubles, assisted the British army by collecting six hundred of their followers, and at their own expense armed, ammunitioned, clothed, fed, and even paid the men, and successfully marched them against the rebels. Living in more peaceful times, when the tongue and pen have partially blunted the sword, the loyalty of the father has been inherited by the son; and it will not be surprising if this important ally should speedily have it in his power to do more for the promotion of tea and silk culture in New Zealand than all the other influences which have hitherto been invoked.

CONNUBIAL TRIBULATION.

'VEN you're a married man, Samivel,' says Mr Weller to his son Sam, 'you'll understand a good many things as you don't understand now; but vether it's vorth while going through so much to learn so little, as the charity-boy said ven he got to the end of the alphabet, is a matter o' taste. I rayther think it isn't.' It is somewhat sad to find a philosopher of the senior Mr Weller's profundity undervaluing in this way the teachings of experience. That matrimony is a great teacher, no reasonable man will attempt to dispute. We have it on the authority of a widower who was thrice married, that his first wife cured his romance, the second taught him humility, and the third made him a philosopher. Another veteran believes that five or six years of married life will often reduce a naturally irascible man to so angelic a condition that it would hardly be safe to trust him with a pair of wings. A third declares that it requires the experience of a husband and father who coldly walks through the small-hours with a crying baby, while the mother inquires at half-hour intervals why he can't keep it quiet, before a man can bring himself to look forward hopefully and cheerfully to another and a better world.

The wisest policy, when you have caught a tartar, is to make the best of a bad bargain, and if you can't get the upper hand, do as Old Mother Hubbard did when she found the cupboard empty—'accept the inevitable with calm steadfastness.' It may even be politic to dissemble a little, and pretend you rather enjoy it than otherwise.

Whatever you do, don't appeal to the girl's friends for comfort or consolation. They will only laugh at you. Take warning from the unfortunate young man who, every time he met the father of his wife, complained to him of the ugly temper and disposition of his daughter. At last, upon one occasion, the old gentleman, becoming weary of the grumbling of his son-in-law, exclaimed: 'You are right, sir; she is an impertinent jade; and if I hear any more complaints of her, I will disinherit her.'

Equally vain was the appeal for sympathy which another unfortunate Benedick made not long ago—this time to the public at large. He was a citizen of Birmingham, and he wrote to a local paper in bitter resentment against the modern rage for higher education in women. Twenty years ago, he said, he had married a paragon of intellectual excellence. The lady had 'done wonders in high education,' and considered herself equal to any 'in high art.' But she had not condescended to make herself acquainted with such mean matters as the prices of provisions and the ordering of a household. As for paying a visit to the kitchen, she would as soon think of herself ordering the meat from that unæsthetic emporium the butcher's shop. The result of all this, wailed the wretched husband, was that 'so far as comfort goes, I might just as well have been sold for a canal boat-horse; for while I am congratulated on the gem I possess, I am made sensible of the burden it involves.' Of course this remarkable letter was everywhere regarded as a highly entertaining production, and was made the sport of facetious paragraphists all over the country.

A good deal of matrimonial tribulation was brought to light in the last census returns. Several husbands returned their wives as the heads of the families, and one described himself as an idiot for having married his literal better-half. 'Married, and I'm heartily sorry for it,' was returned in two cases; and in quite a number of instances 'Temper' was entered under the head of infirmities opposite the name of the wife. Confessions of this sort, besides being, as we have already hinted, somewhat indiscreet, are often also decidedly supererogatory, for conjugal dissensions, like murder, will out, and that sometimes in the most provoking and untimely manner. Take an illustration. At a recent fashionable wedding, after the departure of the happy pair, a dear little girl, whose papa and mamma were among the guests, asked, with a child's innocent inquisitiveness: 'Why do they throw things at the pretty lady in the carriage?' 'For luck, dear,' replied one of the bridesmaids. 'And why,' again asked the child, 'doesn't she throw them back?' 'Oh,' said the young lady, 'that would be rude.' 'No, it wouldn't,' persisted the dear little thing, to the delight of her doting parents who stood by: 'ma does.'

Connubial bickerings would often prove extremely amusing to a disinterested spectator. In *Mrs Caudle's Curtain Lectures*, Douglas Jerrold has presented us with some very entertaining illustrations of the 'counsels many, sweet (?) and

precious,' besides 'the sage advices,' which the dutiful wife bestows upon her erring lord and master. Poor Caudle, as a rule, thought discretion the better part of valour, and sought refuge in the arms of soothing slumber; but all men are not of such unheroic mould or docile temperament, and do not allow their wives to have it all their own way, without at least an occasional protest. 'Do you pretend to have as good a judgment as I have?' said an enraged wife to her husband. 'Well, no,' he replied deliberately; 'our choice of partners for life shows that my judgment is not to be compared with yours.'

In matters of controversy, however, the woman usually has the best of it. A witty old author advises men to avoid arguments with ladies, because in spinning yarns among silks and satins, a man is sure to be worsted and twisted; and when a man is worsted and twisted, he may consider himself wound up. The above retort might be matched by a dozen others culled from domestic controversy, in which the woman has come off triumphant. 'Really, my dear,' said a friend of ours to his better-half, 'you have sadly disappointed me. I once considered you a jewel of a woman; but you've turned out only a bit of matrimonial paste.' 'Then, my love,' was the reply, 'console yourself with the idea that paste is very adhesive, and in this case will stick to you as long as you live.' 'See here,' said a fault-finding husband; 'we must have things arranged in this house so that we shall know where everything is kept.' 'With all my heart,' sweetly answered his wife; 'and let us begin with your late hours, my love. I should dearly love to know where they are kept.' He let things run on as usual. It is not often, however, that one comes across such a crushing retort as that which a Sheffield husband received from his wife the other day, through the medium of the public press. He advertised in one of the local journals that he, Thomas A—, would no longer be answerable for the debts incurred by his wife, who seems to have been a truly amiable creature, if one may judge from the advertisement which she published next day in reply: 'This is to notify that I, Elizabeth A—, am able to pay all my own debts, now that I have got shut of Tommy.'

Some husbands would be obliged to confess, if they told the plain unvarnished truth, that when they led their wives to the altar, their leadership came to an end. 'Your future husband seems very exacting: he has been stipulating for all sorts of things,' said a mother to her daughter, who was on the point of being married. 'Never mind, mamma,' said the affectionate girl, who was already dressed for the wedding; 'these are his last wishes.' This is a complete reversal of the rule laid down by the old couplet:

Man, love thy wife; thy husband, wife, obey.
Wives are our heart; we should be head alway.

In many instances, the state of the case is rather something like the following: 'If I'm not home from the party to-night by ten o'clock,' says the husband to his better and bigger half, 'don't wait for me.' 'That I won't,' replies the lady significantly; 'I won't wait, but I'll come for you.' He is home at ten precisely.

Matrimonial dissension now and again culminates in the flight of one or other of the contending parties. A Frenchman, living in Louisiana, amused his neighbours by telling them how, when his wife deserted him in this way, he got her back without further trouble. 'Did I run after her and beg her to come back?' he dramatically asked. 'No; I did not run after her. I zhust publish in ze papaire zat I have drawn fifty thousand dollaire in ze lottery, and she vas back much quicker as no time.' There may even be some husbands, however, who would rather encourage than seek to combat or deprecate such a determination on the part of their wives. An ancient epigram tells us of 'a scholar newly entered marriage life,' who, 'following his study, did offend his wife.' The lady bitterly complains that her lord should love his books more than her society, and wishes she could be transformed into a book such as he loved to read.

Husband (quoth she), what book's form should I take?
Marry (said he), 'twere best an almanake,
The reason wherefore I do wish thee so
Is, every year we have a new, you know.

The green-eyed monster is responsible for much conjugal misery; and jealousy, as everybody knows, is often at fault, finding constant proof of its suspicions in the most innocent circumstances. Here is an amusing case in point. A French lady who was jealous of her husband, determined to watch his movements. One day, when he told her he was going to Versailles, she followed him, keeping him in sight until she missed him in a passage leading to the railway station. Looking about her for a few minutes, she saw a man coming out of a glove-shop with a rather overdressed lady. Blinded with rage and jealousy, she fancied it was her husband, and without pausing for a moment to consider, bounced suddenly up to him and gave him three or four stinging boxes on the ear. The instant the gentleman turned round, she discovered her mistake, and at the same moment caught sight of her husband, who had merely called at a tobacconist's, and was now crossing the street. There was nothing for it but to faint in the arms of the gentleman she had attacked; while the other lady moved away, to avoid a scene. The stranger, astonished to find an unknown lady in his arms, was further startled by a gentleman seizing him by the collar and demanding to know what he meant by embracing that lady. 'Why, sir, she boxed my ears, and then fainted,' exclaimed the innocent victim. 'She is my wife,' shouted the angry husband, 'and would never have struck you without good cause.' Worse than angry words would probably have followed, had not the cause of the whole misunderstanding recovered sufficiently to explain how it had all happened.

Why is there so much connubial tribulation in the world? Many reasons might be stated. Dean Swift says the reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages. But it is manifestly absurd and unfair to saddle all the blame upon the wives in this way. George Eliot tells us that marriage must be a relation either of sympathy or of conquest; and it is undoubtedly true that much of the matrimonial discord that exists arises from the mutual struggle for supre-

macy. They go to church and say 'I will,' and then, perhaps on the way home, one or other says 'I won't,' and that begins it. Some one has said that conjugal affection largely depends on mutual confidence. A friend of ours quoted this sentiment the other day in the smoking-room, and added that he made it a rule to tell his wife everything that happened, and in this way they avoided any misunderstanding. 'Well, sir,' remarked another gentleman present, not to be outdone in generosity, 'you are not so open and frank as I am, for I tell my wife a good many things that never happen.' 'Oh!' exclaimed a third, 'I am under no necessity to keep my wife informed regarding my affairs. She can find out five times as much as I know myself without the least trouble.'

As good an account of the matter as any is that of Max Adeler. 'The secret of conjugal felicity,' he says, 'is contained in this formula: demonstrative affection and self-sacrifice. A man should not only love his wife dearly, but he should tell her he loves her, and tell her very often, and each should be willing to yield, not once or twice, but constantly, and as a practice, to the other. . . . Selfishness, my dear, crushes out love; and most of the couples who are living without affection for each other, with cold and dead hearts, with ashes where there should be a bright and holy flame, have destroyed themselves by caring too much for themselves, and too little for each other.'

THE RAVINE.

A HUNTING EXPERIENCE IN INDIA.

THE following adventure happened whilst a friend and I were staying at the pretty village of S—, famous for its pictures and temples. The village lies as it were in a dent of the hills, for they rise on all sides far above it, and are intersected with numerous rocky ravines, infested with tigers, panthers, &c. In the wildest and steepest of these, that ran down between the hills close to the village, a tiger had taken up his quarters, and prowling forth at night, used to kill and carry off the cattle of the villagers. When we inquired if any brave shikarce ever attempted to shoot it, we were told that it was a sacred tiger, being protected by Cāmackria, the presiding goddess of the largest temple of the village; and that it was preferable to suffer the losses caused by its ravages, than to commit the impiety of attempting to kill it, for some terrible calamity would be certain to happen to its slayer.

My friend and I thought differently; so when, next morning, we were informed of a fresh depredation that the animal had committed the previous night, we determined to attempt its destruction. Guided by some of the natives, we went to see the carcase of the bullock, which the tiger had dragged into this very ravine. Close by the carcase there were some trees, and we quickly made our arrangements. We erected a strong platform—called by the natives a *machan*

—in a neighbouring tree ; and on this, the following evening, my friend and I took up our quarters, patiently awaiting the tiger's appearance. As we thought it useless for both of us to keep awake, we arranged that I should watch till midnight, and my friend from then till dawn.

During my watch, nothing occurred. The only objects I saw were the waving branches of neighbouring trees, and the gleam of the fireflies as they flashed through these shadows. The only sounds I heard were the clang of the cymbals and the beat of tom-toms, that rose from the valley below as a procession of villagers proceeded to the temple of their goddess, to beseech from her the boon of rain. Now the howls of the worshippers grow less, as the charmed charm of their priest arises ; and now, under its strange powers, the cries of the fanatics cease, while the notes of the tom-tom throb pulse-like in the beat of its rhythm. Now the song ceases below, and its last notes have echoed and died in the distant clefts of neighbouring valleys ; and then the only sounds heard are the cries of the jackal and the screech of some night-bird.

Towards midnight, the breeze lightens, then dies away ; then gradually, through this midnight calm, a sense of dim terror steals over me, and I shiver in the chill of an indefinable dread.

Midnight has long passed, when I awake my companion, and then, after a pull at the flask, I settle myself for a nap. I hardly seem to have closed my eyes, when I am aroused by the grip of my friend. On my asking what he saw, he said that he felt unaccountably oppressed and nervous ; and he expressed a wish for me to keep watch along with him. I agreed at once. As we sit waiting, I feel my feet are getting benumbed, and in spite of all my efforts, I cannot bring back the circulation. The sensation of deadness is also affecting my legs. My friend says he is suffering in the same way. Gradually my arms grow powerless, and I am unable to raise the gun at my side, and now even my neck stiffens. All my body, indeed, seems paralysed. At that moment, a crashing of sticks in the neighbouring bushes tells the approach of some animal. Louder the sound grows, and presently the bushes part and the head of the tiger is thrust forth, then his whole body, and he proceeds to his unmolested repast. With the sound of crunching bones in my ears, a deadening sensation seizes my brain, and I become insensible.

When my friend and I recovered consciousness, we were being looked after in the house of the headman of the village of S—. He told us that at daybreak a party of villagers had ascended the ravine, and finding us insensible, had immediately carried us to his house. And he ended by asking us whether we now believed in the power of the goddess and in the invulnerability of her tiger.

Before leaving the village, we revisited the ravine, and found our *machan* rested upon two trees growing close together, one of which was of a poisonous character. To the exhalations of this tree, when the breeze died away, I fancy we owe the state of coma that I have described, and the long subsequent illness, which prevented us from again attempting the slaughter of the tiger.

NATURE'S RAIN RECORD.

The rings which are clearly noticeable on the transverse section of timber correspond, as is well known, to the years of the tree's growth. These rings differ considerably in their width, and this variation is considered to correspond to a greater or less rainfall, the rings being widest in years of maximum rainfall. Dr R. E. C. Stearns has recently proposed to the California Academy of Sciences to institute a series of systematic observations of the rings of felled timber at various points along the Pacific coast, believing that from the aggregation of data obtained by this means, deductions as to the rainfall in past years, long before meteorological records were kept, might be made, the chief use of which would be to show how far years of maximum rainfall recurred in cycles.

THE CHILD-FACE.

At morn or eve, where'er I go,
In crowded streets or breezy hill,
In summer rains or winter snow,
A wistful Child-face haunts me still.

When all my life is out of tune,
And sorrow spreads her cheerless night,
It breaks forth like a gracious moon,
And gilds my gloomy clouds with light.

On the dull labours of the day
A glory-beam it seems to pour ;
Forbids all wild thoughts when I pray,
And makes them purer than before.

I know not when I saw the Face ;
I wist not how or whence it came ;
Whate'er the time, whate'er the place,
It haunts and follows me the same.

Was it a vision gave it birth,
Or some chance memory that I keep ?
Is it a habitant of earth,
Or but a dream-child born of sleep ?

I cannot paint its form in words ;
Its wondrous grace I cannot sing,
No more than can the April birds
Lay bare the mystery of spring.

I feel that Face will never go
As long as I draw living breath ;
'Twill be my guiding star below,
And then 'twill beacon me in death.

Perchance when I have crossed the stream,
And stand upon the holy hill,
I'll find 'twas truer than a dream,
That dear Child-face, which haunts me still.

F. G. P.

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ASYLUM NOTES.

BY A 'MAD DOCTOR.'

WHEN a young medical man completes his compulsory studies, and gets his labours crowned by the mysterious ordeal on graduation day known in the northern universities as 'capping,' it is not long before he awakes to a knowledge of the fact that it is only now that he is really beginning his life's work; and the question at once arises, what particular branch of medical practice is he to follow out? He may enter the army or navy; may go in for some hospital appointment; settle down in private practice in town or country; serve as medical officer on board some of the great ocean steamers plying between the mother countries and the colonies; or he may obtain an appointment as medical officer in some lunatic asylum.

By a chain of circumstances which could be of no interest to the general reader, I determined on the last line of practice, much to the surprise of my friends, who tried by evil prognostications and other means to dissuade me from my purpose.

'You really intend to go and shut yourself up in an asylum!' said they. 'Is it possible? Why, if you are not torn to pieces the first month, you will be mad yourself by the second.'

I am afraid an incredulous smile was all the return they received for their earnest solicitations. In vain I urged that asylums were not menageries inhabited by ferocious creatures bereft of all reason, human beings in form only; or that asylums were not bastiles, where people were, without any hope of release, incarcerated, whipped, manacled, and otherwise maltreated; but that, on the contrary, they were hospitals for diseases of the mind, conducted on the most humane and enlightened principles.

It was all to no purpose. All the notions they had of asylums and the insane were gathered from old-fashioned pictures by Hogarth, or from modern sensational fictions.

Any one seized as I was with a desire to see how an institution for the insane is conducted, will enter the asylum for the first time with an almost solemn dread. Here, he supposes, will be found the most wretched of his race, brought together that they may not injure themselves or others; or for the simple reason, that they are unable to cope with the ordinary battle of life, or conduct their affairs; men and women in whom reason is overthrown, and who—many of them at least—care little how and when they are fed and clothed, or what shall be done with them.

As soon as the visitor enters the spacious building, his anxiety will pass away, and his dread will lapse into admiration and wonder. Is this a palace? There are gardens around it, laid out and kept with the greatest care. There is a farm within the grounds, cultivated not only with regard to profit, but to taste. There are workshops, in which many hands are busy, but none are overworked, and from which cheery singing and conversation may emanate. Within the house, there is in all parts perfect cleanliness and tasteful decoration. Not a room is dark, not a passage dismal. The sleeping-rooms are models of comfort, boasting of the latest improvements in spring-mattress bedding, &c.; and the living-rooms, galleries, and corridors, models not of neatness only, but of taste and beauty. In the rooms are bright pictures, flowers, and occasionally aviaries or aquaria. Hard by is a chapel, decorated in a tasteful style; and last, but not least, within the building is a grand recreation-room and theatre. If he follow one of the patients throughout the day, the patient will be found, according to his case, a member of the most perfect social system. He will have given to him, if he can do it, light work at the farm or work-shops. He will be provided with books; and in the case of the county asylums to which I refer, he will be fed and lodged at an expense to the county of about ten shillings a week, in a manner which few of the lower middle-class can command. He will have the best advice in

sickness, the most skilled nursing; and above all, he will find in the Medical Superintendent, who is by necessity a scholar and a gentleman, one ever ready to inquire into and redress, if need be, his complaints.

Naturally, after the house in which they live, the next subject which attracts attention is the patients themselves. In the asylum of which I speak, they numbered about five hundred, of whom rather more were women than men. The cause of this preponderance of females over males is not far to seek, the forms of insanity from which men suffer being on the one hand more fatal, and on the other more transitory, than the forms of insanity from which women suffer. The mental diseases of the latter are less dangerous to life, but more permanent and chronic; the result being that chronic female lunatics always preponderate over male chronic cases—that is to say, speaking generally, men either die or recover, while many women remain permanently insane.

Doctors are not yet agreed as to a thoroughly good classification of the forms of insanity; but people of unsound mind may be roughly divided into two great classes—those who are depressed or demented, and those who are maniacal or violent. It is extraordinary how the idea obtains that patients who are confined in asylums are nearly all of the latter type—raving lunatics, of furious manner and action, dishevelled in dress and appearance. The truth is that the number of such cases in asylums is exceedingly small—perhaps five per cent. of the whole; and instead of the casual visitor seeing howling, violent creatures confined behind gratings or in padded rooms, he sees numbers of people orderly in demeanour and dress, working, reading, or employing themselves rationally in endless ways.

The reader may then ask: 'Why is it that people thus capable of conducting themselves with apparent propriety and self-respect, and who are able to occupy themselves usefully, are confined at all, deprived of their liberty, separated from their friends and the world?' To reply to this, it will be necessary to enter with more detail into a description of the patients.

Many who sit there so quietly, and apparently rational in conversation and demeanour, are liable to epileptic fits, which render the subject of these fits at times one of the most dangerous class of patients, some of the most atrocious crimes known having been committed in the epileptic state. A father has been known to murder a whole household, or kill his wife, or burn his house—acts for which, the moment before or the moment after, he would express the greatest horror and grief. Many such patients are aware when these fits come upon them, and earnestly express the wish to be prevented from doing what they have no earthly power to resist. The violence of these patients exceeds the violence exhibited in any other kind of insanity; their fury is blind; and without any provocation, they will rush at the nearest bystander and tear, bite, or attack him with any implement or weapon they can seize. Dr Sankey records a case in which an epileptic man while in the fields digging was seized with a paroxysm, and, rushing blindly upon an inoffensive patient near, cut him down with the blade of a spade, inflicting frightful wounds, and killing him on the spot.

Let us now look at another and very numerous class of patients—namely, those labouring under fixed or transitory delusions. Some patients, although quite able to do easy housework—able, in fact, to perform the duties of every-day life, and to occupy themselves or engage in games with apparent sanity and propriety—are, when questioned, found to labour under the most extraordinary fancies and ideas, which to any one not accustomed to the insane, appear preposterous and incredible. There is no end to the absurdity and variety of these perverted imaginations. A man will converse with you quite intelligently on the leading article of to-day's newspaper, on the last budget, or railway stock, and then suddenly inform you that his head is made of brass, and that he has no inside—that it has been all burnt out; and no amount of reasoning will convince this man to the contrary. Indeed, there is no more hopeless task than to attempt to convince an insane person of the falsity of his delusions. He believes as firmly in the truth of them as we do that we live; his ideas are the concomitants of strange and altered feelings, which have a real existence; and until these fancies pass away, they are not to be removed by demonstration or argument. Some patients, though in good circumstances, will imagine that they are financially ruined; others, of the most blameless lives, that they have committed sins for which there is no pardon, and that they are eternally doomed.

Delusions are not, however, always of a gloomy nature; on the contrary, in one of the commonest and most fatal forms of insanity, exalted delusions are the leading feature. There are patients exhibiting in countenance and manner a feeling of well-being, a conviction that they were never better in health, and never stronger, although hardly able to place food in their mouths on account of increasing paralysis. Their extravagant notions know no bounds. One will tell us that he is a king, a marquis, or a duke, nay, even at times the Almighty. At one time he is possessed of millions of money and property; at another, he is going to pull down all London to-day, and rebuild it to-morrow. He invents wonderful machines, which will make his fortune; he discovers perpetual motion, or how to square the circle; and imagines that he has been Senior Wrangler at Cambridge half-a-dozen times running. The asylum in which he lives, he imagines to be a regal abode; and the other patients, courtiers and nobles; and, 'last scene of all,' when strength is failing, and he can scarcely stand or raise his hand to his head, he tells us that he can write his name on the ceiling with a five-hundred pound-weight hanging to his little finger.

I may in this connection touch upon a subject of much public interest—namely, the supposed illegal detention of people in asylums. To be shut up in an asylum when of sound mind, deprived of liberty, and separated from the world, would certainly be, in spite of the comforts of modern asylums, a dreadful state of matters; and seeing the powers the law has placed in the hands of medical men and magistrates, it is only natural that the public should now and again be concerned even as to the possibility of such an occurrence.

Let us glance briefly at the mode of procedure for the committal to an asylum of an insane person. In public asylums, the question of the illegal detention of parish patients has never arisen, so we need only refer to the admission of private patients to private asylums. The remarks I am about to make apply to English asylums and the English Lunacy Law, which, however, differs from the Scotch chiefly in not requiring the signature of a public judicial officer such as the sheriff. The Lunacy Law enacts that before any one can be taken to or confined in an asylum, he shall be examined as to his mental condition, separately by two medical men, who, if they find him insane, will make a written statement to that effect, showing distinctly and decidedly the grounds on which they form this opinion, on a printed form termed the *Certificate*, issued by the Commissioners in Lunacy in accordance with the Act. This, together with a form filled up by the nearest relative of the patient, is sufficient legal warrant for his removal to an asylum. If a person be only partially insane, and rational on many points, but, let us suppose, the subject of some delusions, such as one will not believe that he is insane, will refuse to believe that his perverted ideas are delusions, and in consequence feel himself grievously wronged in being deprived of his rights and liberty. It is useless to attempt to convince him that he is insane; and therefore, by means of letters and other communications with the external world, which asylum officials have neither the power nor the desire to intercept, he will give himself out as a martyr to villainous legislation, which makes it possible that he, a free British subject, should be so shut up; and hence in a great measure arise the prejudice and outcry against asylums. He may write perfectly rational letters, and display no mean intellectual power in their construction, and yet his relatives with whom he has lived, and the asylum physicians who see him constantly, aver that he commits extraordinary acts, and that he is quite unfit to manage affairs in his house or business, on account of these delusions. They may even fear him carrying into execution threats of injury to himself and others, rendering living with him intolerable, and his removal necessary.

Herein lies the great difference between diseases of the body and diseases of the mind. In the former, as a rule, the patient will be aware that he is ill, and seek for and submit to treatment; but when his mind is diseased, he refuses all ministrations, looking at them in the light of insult and injury. Again, the reader might ask: Could such a case not be managed at home, without his having to undergo the odium and stigma attendant upon being classified as a lunatic? I answer: No; because such a patient is often the responsible head of a family or business, and not only does he prove detrimental to himself by his insane acts, but he involves the honour of his profession or business, and the happiness of his family. These cases become more and more difficult to deal with in inverse proportion to the amount of mental aberration; that is to say, when the delusions are not well marked nor very demonstrable; for there are many undoubtedly insane, whose insanity it would be extremely difficult to establish to the satisfaction of an opposing counsel in a court

of law, where the examining barrister may only have had one short interview with the patient, and made up his mind that his client was of sound mind.

The consideration of these points leads up to the question: Supposing such a patient recover his reason, is it not possible that, as the law at present stands, our patient may be unnecessarily detained in confinement, especially if his detention be to the pecuniary interest of his custodian? I am quite willing to admit that the Lunacy Law, and, for the matter of that, any other law, is far from perfect; yet, on the whole, its working is most equitable and just. Some time ago, however, public opinion was so strong on this matter, that a special Committee of the House of Commons was instructed to inquire into the question of illegal removal to or detention in asylums. This Committee sat for six months; and ascertained that for the last eighteen years over one hundred and eighty-five thousand certificates had been issued, and persons shut up upon these certificates; yet they did not discover a single instance in which the patient had been shut up without good and sufficient reason. Indeed, there is a reverse tendency in these latter years, namely, to let out asylum patients on the first signs of their recovering. This question is often fraught with extreme difficulty and anxiety to the physician in responsible charge of such cases; and to illustrate my meaning, let me refer to the following sad case, which occurred recently.

A young married man was removed to and confined in an asylum on account of homicidal tendencies towards his wife. After a short sojourn in the — Asylum, he showed signs of convalescence, to the great delight of his relatives, and particularly his wife, who at once began to crave for his discharge. This the superintendent refused, urging that he had not been sufficiently long under observation to warrant him in discharging him as 'recovered.' The wife, not satisfied with this, went to the higher tribunal—to the Commissioners in Lunacy, who intimated that they would inquire into the matter; which they immediately did, getting in the first instance a Report from the Medical Superintendent of the asylum where the patient was placed. They advised the wife to delay, to wait until recovery had been more thoroughly established before demanding his discharge. Still dissatisfied, however, and impatient, she applied to the Home Secretary, who in turn referred her to the proper authorities, the Commissioners in Lunacy. At length, nothing would satisfy her but his immediate discharge, which the Superintendent reluctantly acceded to, under protest. What was the result? He was the means of his wife's death the very night he was discharged.

Now, what does such a case—and there are many such—teach us? It teaches us, as Lord Shaftesbury, the noble and enlightened chairman of the Lunacy Commission has pointed out, that those who are in charge of the legal and medical duties in regard to lunacy must consider not only the interests of the insane but also the interests of the public: that they must be very careful indeed how they hastily discharge

and let loose on the public persons whom they are not quite certain have been restored to the power of self-control. Further on, referring to the work of asylum physicians, he continues: 'Indeed, I can conceive nothing more sublime and more Christian-like than the nature of their labours; and though there were in former times great instances of cruelty and abuse, my experience, extending over fifty years of the various asylums, private as well as public, is not only eminently favourable to the highest order of intellect, but to the truest and deepest sentiments of humanity towards the poor creatures placed therein.'

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER XLI.—'MOTHER,' SAID GERARD ON THE EVENING OF HIS RETURN, 'I AM GOING ABROAD.'

NEXT day, Gerard and Hiram were in London. The master stood with a little scrap of newspaper in his hand, on the hearth-rug of a cheerless room in an hotel; and the servant watched his countenance furtively, and drew but little comfort from it. Snow had fallen in the streets, and the sky was leaden and cheerless. The hotel was far-away East, out of Hiram's knowledge of town; and he was all curiosity to know what was afoot, and fear lest the enterprise should be dangerous for Gerard. For Hiram firmly believed that the young fellow had bent himself to have revenge upon the man who had wrecked his life; and though he would willingly have looked on at any such ceremony as a horse-whipping, he feared that no such vengeance would satisfy Gerard.

'Search!'

'Sir?'

'Bring me my overcoat, and wrap yourself up well. It's a bitter day.'

'More snow, I think, by-and-by,' said Hiram. The statement about the weather included almost every unnecessary word Gerard had spoken to him for at least a week, and he was hungry for conversation. His overture met with no answer, however, and he retired. 'Might as well valet a dumb man,' reflected Hiram, 'and be deaf and dumb myself.' Master and man prepared to face the cheerless streets. 'Come with me,' said Gerard; and set out, Hiram following. He walked briskly eastward, pausing at times to make inquiries; and after a journey of perhaps a mile, stopped before a pair of great wooden gates, and rang a bell, the handle of which nestled in the wall, almost hidden by finely-powdered snow. Behind the gates there was a great clanging of hammers on resounding iron; and when the small doorway in the gate was opened, Hiram, looking through, saw a boiler-maker's yard, and men at work there, vigorously. 'What on airt,' said Hiram to himself, 'brings the boss to a place like this? Is he going to cure himself with business? Best thing he could do.' Gerard asked a question of the man who opened the gate. His follower was deafened by the noise of hammers, and caught neither it nor the answer; but pursued him across a slushy yard with tracts of melting snow in it, to a counting-house which stood beside a dry dock. Here a grimy personage

received them, and in answer to Gerard's inquiry for the principal, indicated himself.

'You have a yacht for sale or hire?' said Gerard.

'Half-a-dozen,' said the grimy principal.

'A steam-yacht, iron-built, *Channel Queen*?'

'Yes; for sale or hire. Selling price, eight thousand. Hire—crew included—hundred and twenty a month.'

'Can I see her?' asked Gerard. The grimy personage rang a bell; and a grimmer than himself answering the summons, he nodded sideways at Gerard, jerked out 'Show *Channel Queen*,' and disappeared. The new-comer led them into the yard. Snow had begun to fall again, and the place was indescribably dreary. Hiram's thoughts were in keeping with it; but there was one comforting reflection in his mind. 'He means to take me with him,' he thought; 'and he'll have to get over my body to do it when the time comes.' Two minutes' walking brought them to the side of Thames, and the grimy man raised his voice dolefully, and called a wherryman, who stood smoking and watching the dirty tide of the river, a hundred yards away, with his back against a sheltering mass of timber. The man hurried up. 'Show *Channel Queen*,' said the grimy guide, and retraced his steps. The wherryman grunted, and unfastened a boat which swung at the shiny and rotting piles upon the edge of the river. Gerard and Hiram seated themselves, and the man pulled across the river.

'Do you know the *Channel Queen*?' asked Gerard as they went.

'Know her,' said the boatman, with a gratuitous execration; 'why shouldn't I know her?'

'Is she a fast boat?'

'Fast? Ay; she's fast enough. There she is. Look at her. Did y'e'ver see a boat with them lines on her as wasn't fast? Not you. Nor me neither. Screw, *she* is. Engines is a bit too powerful. Jolts her like, when you drives her hard, her engines does. 'Eadachy sort of craft to travel in; but'—with other verbal gratuities—'can't she walk!'

'Can't I go on board her?' asked Gerard.

'Who said you couldn't?' inquired the man ungraciously; and pulling nearer, caught a hanging chain. 'Up you get,' he said with a grin; 'nobody's a-hindering of you, mister.' Gerard seized the chain, and with some damage to his gloves, went up hand over hand, and swung on to the deck. 'Tain't the first time he's been aboard a yacht, I know,' said the boatman, turning on Hiram. 'Navy, maybe; eh, mister?' Hiram made no answer, but listened to the hollow footsteps of his master on the deck, until he lost them. After a pause of perhaps five minutes, Gerard came to the rail of the vessel and called him: 'Come up here, Search.'

Hiram went up the shallow side like an exaggerated monkey, and the boatman looked after him. 'Reg'lar old salts the pair of 'em,' he said; and having knocked the still burning ashes of his pipe into the brim of his hat, nursed them carefully from the wind whilst he refilled, tilted them back again, and smoked on contented.

'Do you know anything about this kind of thing, Search?' asked Gerard, stamping a foot on the deck.

'I've knocked about 'em a bit,' said Hiram.

'I was stoker aboard one o' the *Messagerie* vessels for a year; an' steward's man aboard an Atlantic steamer for three v'yages. It stands to reason I looked about a bit; but I ain't a connsure.—Hello, what's that?' A head appearing above deck startled the usually immovable Hiram.

'Man cleaning engines,' said Gerard, who had caught the infection for that verbal economy which seemed to live about the *Channel Queen*. 'Come and look at her.'

They went over the little vessel together, Hiram making observations here and there, Gerard dumb again. When they had inspected every part of her, they left, and were pulled back across the river; and the wherryman, richer by half-a-crown, returned to his sheltering heap of timber. Gerard led the way to the office, and entering, said briefly: 'I can have *Channel Queen* examined, I suppose?'

'When you like.'

'When can she sail, if I take her?'

'When you've got crew aboard and fires up.'

'Do you provision crew, if I hire her?'

'No; you do.'

'Good-morning,' said Gerard.

'Good-morning,' replied the grimy man, and shot away again.

Away once more plodded master and servant through the miry streets, the former inquiring here and there as before. This time their wanderings ended in an office, where, for the consideration of a ten-pound note, a gentleman undertook to examine the *Channel Queen* and to report upon her seaworthiness and general capacity. Next Hiram was sent off in one direction with orders for stores, to be held in readiness for immediate delivery; whilst Gerard went another way on a like errand; and so the whole day passed busily. The next day was dull and idle; but on the next a perfectly satisfactory report of the yacht having reached him, Gerard hired her for six months, paid a deposit, left references, and in great haste travelled homewards. During all this time, Hiram had felt quite clear about his master's purpose, but had puzzled himself a good deal to divine the reason which had set him so suddenly upon it, after having rested quiescent for more than half a year. The explanation came, by an unlooked-for source.

'Mother,' said Gerard on the evening of his return, 'I am going abroad.' He had always been fairly accustomed to his own way; his father's 'Very well, my lad,' having been ready in answer to most of his proposals; and latterly nobody had questioned his comings and goings.

'Not for long, I hope?' said Mrs Lumby.

'No,' said Gerard; 'probably not for long.'

His mother would not enter any protest against his going, but it cost her a pang for all that. Gerard's manner was not encouraging to hope, and she believed that he was but going away to brood above his misery; but he was so hard and stern of late, that she did not dare to venture upon any dissuasion. Milly was bolder.

'Where are you going, Gerard?' she asked.

'Where fate leads me,' he answered with a pallid smile.

'You are uncertain?'

'At present; y'es.'

It was in her mind to ask him why he was

going, and she had already framed the words in which to present her question; but he fixed his eyes upon her in a way which seemed at once to anticipate inquiry and refuse an answer. She would not have felt that, but for the suspicion which filled her thoughts. He was going to seek out Val Strange—perhaps to challenge him to a duel in one of those foreign countries in which Val made his shifting home. How could she be sure of this? Not by interrogating Gerard, who would assuredly return no answer. Perhaps by questioning Hiram. She resolved to question Hiram. Milly had a little bower of a sitting-room—her own—in which in happier times she had been wont to entertain her friends; the scene of many a girlish confidence and frolic. Meeting Hiram in the corridor outside, she summoned him to this apartment.

'Do you know that Mr Gerard is going abroad?' she asked.

'I believe he is, miss,' responded Hiram.

'Do you know where he is going?'

'Well, I can't truthfully say I do,' he answered.

'Do you know why he is going?' she demanded. There was an anxiety in her manner which Hiram fully shared. He seemed to see ahead a worse trouble than had yet fallen upon the House; and though he was but newly in its service, there was no man who ate the bread of the Lumby's who was more devoted to them than he.

'Wall, miss,' he returned tentatively, 'I am not in Mr Gerard's confidence, up to now.'

Her woman's wit and native penetration told her that his suspicions clashed with hers. 'Mr Search,' she said, standing before him with pale face and clasped petitionary hands, 'may I trust you?' She did not think of her own attitude, or of the appeal in her voice; but taken together with his own fears, they touched Hiram profoundly.

'Miss,' he said, 'you may safely trust me with your life.'

'You know the whole miserable story of your master and—Mr Strange?'—He inclined his head gravely.—'I have heard,' she went on, 'the circumstances which induced my cousin to take you into his service'—Hiram waved a deprecatory hand at that allusion, and his sallow cheek flushed a little—'and I believe you are attached to him.'

'That is so, miss,' said Hiram with preternatural gravity.

'At that wretched time,' said Milly, 'one of our fears was that Mr Gerard would attempt some terrible revenge upon Mr Strange.'

'That was my idea tew,' he answered.

'And now the same fear returns,' she said with a face of pallor.

'Miss,' said Hiram, 'excuse me. I should go with you, if it wa'n't for one thing. He's kept as quiet as a winter dormouse for half a year. Why should he fire up now, without anything to set a light to him?'

'There is a reason,' said Milly in response.

'Mr Strange and his wife are living apart from each other.'

'He knows that?' inquired Hiram.

'He knows it,' she returned. 'Mr Strange is sailing from place to place in the Levant, and

his wife is living at Naples.' At that news, a sudden certainty shot into Hiram's mind, and declared itself so plainly in his face that Milly saw it at a glance. She made a step towards him. 'What do you know?'

'There air circumstances,' said Hiram, with deliberative slowness, 'when the or'nary rules of honourable conduct must be set on one side. I think this is one of 'em. I ain't pledged to silence, but that's *no* matter. Has Mr Gerard Lumby told you, miss, that he's hired anything in London city, lately?'

'No,' she answered, half bewildered.

'Well, he has.' He paused again. 'He's hired—a yacht; and he's goin' to sail in her'—

'In pursuit of Valentine Strange!' she cried. 'Oh, Mr Search, this must be prevented. Think,' she said, twining her hands together, 'of the misery it will bring upon us all—his mother, his father, all who value him.'

'I'm afraid,' said Hiram, deeply moved by her distress, and sharing in it, 'it'll be about as useful to try and turn him as it would if he was St Paul's Cathedral.'

'Have you spoken to him?' she asked.—He shook his head sadly.—'Will you?'

'It ain't any use me speakin' to him,' he responded mournfully. 'No, miss. I might as well throw stones at the Solar System.' He stood despondently for a moment, and then added, but with no great hopefulness: 'You might try him.'

'I *will* try him,' she answered, and left Hiram standing there.

His large dark eyes and sallow features were full of mourning. 'Tain't a spark and out again with the boss,' he said sadly. 'Slow, steady goes the bellows all the time, and he's white-hot to the core. I know the sort. It's British. And an uncommon ugly sort it is to have agen you. Yes, sir.' Then with a sudden change of face and figure, he said: 'Hiram, maybe you'll be wanted yet. Mark my words, young man, and be on the spot when you air wanted. When the time comes, Hiram, you *will* be wanted—real bad.'

THE TARBERT SHIP-CANAL.

BY CUTHBERT BEDE.

CUTTING an isthmus and converting it to a ship-canal so as to be a highway for commerce, is a kind of engineering work for which the present century will be remarkable in the annals of history. By the Suez Canal, M. de Lesseps united the Red and Mediterranean seas; General Turr is cutting the Isthmus of Corinth for the commerce of the Levant; and the Isthmus of Panama may perhaps be canalised after the same fashion. Twelve years ago, the legislature of Massachusetts proposed to make a similar canal, to save vessels passing round the stormy coast of Cape Cod. It is now proposed to do the same with the isthmus of Tarbert, which connects the peninsula of Cantire with Argyllshire, and thus shorten the journey from the Clyde to the north-west of Scotland, and also save the rough voyage round the Mull of Cantire. It is also proposed to do for the Irwell at Manchester what was done for the Clyde at Glasgow—namely, to deepen it so as

to admit the tide, and thus convert Manchester into a seaport town.

The meeting at Glasgow held, in July last, to consider the scheme of the projected Tarbert Canal, was presided over by the Duke of Argyll, and received the warmest and most influential support. The Canal as proposed will be about two miles in length, with a breadth of fifty-six feet, and a depth of eighteen feet at low-water, and will thus be available for the largest vessel at present capable of navigating the Western Loch. It will save forty-five miles to vessels bound from the Clyde to the north *viâ* the Sound of Jura, and forty miles to those proceeding *viâ* the Sound of Islay; and whereas some sixty miles of the present route round the Mull of Cantire—namely, from Pladda to Gigha—is often stormy and dangerous, this risk will be entirely avoided. Glasgow and the other ports of the Firth of Clyde carry on a large trade with the north and north-west of Scotland, the annual clearances in steamers alone amounting at present to nearly five hundred thousand tons, almost all of which may be expected to use the Canal. Weather-bound sailing-vessels will doubtless also avail themselves of it; and with a transit charge of sixpence per ton, a clear revenue of twelve thousand pounds a year may fairly be expected. The cost of the undertaking is still a matter of uncertainty, but two hundred thousand pounds is given as the maximum; and, as the enterprise has met with ready support, an influential Committee elected, an engineer appointed, the preliminary details adjusted, and most of the money subscribed, there seems little doubt that in a year or two the Tarbert Ship-canal will be an accomplished fact.

Those who have travelled by those splendid steamers the *Iona* or *Columba* from the Clyde *en route* to Oban, will remember Tarbert on Loch Fyne as being the last place of call before the steamer reaches Ardrishaig. Few, however, may be aware that this place of call is within half-an-hour's walking distance of an arm of the Atlantic Ocean. The narrow isthmus of Tarbert is, in fact, only sixteen hundred yards from high-water mark on the Eastern Loch (Loch Fyne) to high-water mark on the Western Loch (Atlantic), and its highest point is only forty-seven feet above the sea. The length of the peninsula of Cantire is forty miles, with a breadth from ten to twelve miles; and the southern extremity, or Mull of Cantire, is only twelve miles from the Irish coast. The steamers that sail from Glasgow to the Western Isles have to encounter the stormy and perilous passage round the dreaded Mull, causing great risk and loss of time, all which, as we have already hinted, would be obviated by the ship-canal at Tarbert. East Loch Tarbert, which opens on to Loch Fyne, is distant forty-four miles from Greenock. Its small harbour, about a mile in length, is very commodious and landlocked, having at its farther end the town of Tarbert, with large quays, so that vessels can approach the shore in deep water. At present, horsed vehicles take passengers and goods from the steamer in the East Loch, to the pier at the head of the West Loch, where the Islay steamer will convey them to Port Ellen. The West Loch is an arm of the Atlantic, eleven

miles in length, and about a mile in width, with a clear channel nearly to its head, for vessels drawing eighteen feet of water. The island of Gigha protects the entrance of the Loch from south-west gales; and the silvan scenery of this Loch is in fine contrast to the rugged rocks of the Eastern Loch.

The wonder is that the Tarbert Ship-canal was not made many years ago, its advantages being so obvious, and its construction having been demonstrated to be both practicable and paying. The low ground to be cut through consists chiefly of micaceous schist covered with moss; and as the water on each side is landlocked and sheltered, the operations in cutting the canal will not be subjected to risk from tidal waves. The engineering difficulties are thus by no means formidable. A century and a quarter ago, the project for a ship-canal at this place was seriously debated. The celebrated James Watt was requested to examine and report upon the project; and, on December 21, 1771, he sent in a statement to the Commissioners of Highland Roads and Bridges, giving his views of the feasibility of the undertaking, and handing in two estimates, the one for a canal sixteen feet deep at neap-tides high-water, to cost—according to the curiously minute estimates furnished—one hundred and twenty thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine pounds nine shillings and fivepence; the other for a canal twelve feet deep, to cost seventy-three thousand eight hundred and forty-nine pounds two shillings and ninepence. Neither of these plans was accepted; but, through the powerful influence of John, Duke of Argyll, and the Marquis of Breadalbane, the shallow Crinan Canal, farther north, was commenced in 1793 by Sir John Rennie, assisted by Captain Joseph Huddart.

The non-eligibility of the Crinan Canal, as a means of transit for vessels of deep draught, redirected attention to the isthmus of Tarbert; and, in 1846, an Act of Parliament was obtained by a joint-stock Company to make a ship-canal at Tarbert, that should be fifty-six feet wide, and have a depth of eighteen feet at low-water. Mr Gibb, of Aberdeen, was the engineer; and he estimated the expense at one hundred and forty-seven thousand nine hundred and fifty pounds; which included the deepening of the West Loch, the improvement of the Eastern Harbour, and the erection of two lighthouses. The Company, however, was dissolved; and Mr Gibb's plans were not carried out. In the following year, 1847, Captain Sir Edward Belcher, R.N., and Lieut.-colonel P. Yule, R.E., were specially appointed by government to examine and report on the merits of the proposed Canal, and their opinions were most favourable to the project. Lieut.-colonel Yule's estimate of the expense was a little over one hundred thousand pounds sterling; and he concluded his Report with these words: 'When a work of this nature, formed in a rock by mere force of labour, is once completed, it will be liable to no accidents; it will not require science to execute it, nor much money to keep it up; the lock-gates and their pliers alone will be liable to deterioration by time.' Sir Edward Belcher afforded most valuable testimony to the great importance of the Tarbert Canal in the naval defence of Great Britain. He said: 'In a military point of view,

this channel affords most important advantages to the naval defence of the western ports of Scotland. In the event of war, some naval rendezvous, as well as coal dépôt, must be formed in the neighbourhood of the Clyde. The enemy would, doubtless, have cruisers watching the Glasgow, as well as the Irish trade. We will suppose the enemy's cruisers caught by a westerly gale between Ireland and the Mull of Cantire, and that the fact of his being there is conveyed to our cruisers in the Clyde; before any of our steamers could reach or pass the Mull of Cantire, even if she could face the gale as well as the sea, she might, by adopting the Tarbert Channel, pass with ease, in smooth water, to the southern point of Islay, in a state of efficiency, seek the enemy to leeward, and prevent escape; or, should her services be required on the northern coast of Ireland, her arrival by this route would be certain, when it might be impolitic, if not impossible, to attempt it from the Clyde direct.'

In the Report of the Tidal Harbours Commission for 1847, the advantages to be derived from the Tarbert Ship-canal are summed up in most favourable terms. 'There may be some difficulty arising from the difference of the levels of the tide on the east and west sides of the peninsula, said to amount at times to twelve feet, which it is proposed to guard against by placing a pair of flood-gates at each end; but it is to be hoped, when the work comes to be carried out, no practical obstacle will be found in making a thorough open cut, and that it will be wide enough and deep enough to admit, at all times of the tide, the largest war-steamer or the heaviest merchant-vessel, that either can now, or will in future, ascend the Clyde to Glasgow Quay. In the eastern part of Scotland, large sums of public money have been expended upon roads and bridges; and the testimony of all observant persons is unanimous as to the advance in civilisation, in comfort, and in wealth that has immediately followed in the wake of such improvements. But in the western districts of Scotland, and especially in the county of Argyll, the rivers, lakes, and sea are now the means of intercourse; and the very barrier that mainly prevented communication in the days of our fathers, has proved to be the great highway in our own. Steamboats are at once the heralds and the cause of every kind of improvement in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. Independent, then, of the advantages of such a communication in a military point of view, every facility that can be given to uninterrupted intercourse, and thereby to the spread of civilisation, cannot but be hailed as a national benefit.'

The project of the Tarbert Ship-canal, however, again slumbered for several years; till 1861, when Mr John Ramsay, of Port Ellen, Islay, read a paper before the British Association on 'The Proposed Canal at Loch Tarbert, Argyllshire.' He spoke of it as being advantageous from every point of view; and said that 'it would, in effect, bring the numerous western islands and all the west coast of Scotland north of Cantire, sixty miles nearer to the markets to which all their produce is conveyed, besides avoiding a voyage round one of the most dangerous headlands, through the most

tempestuous sea which can be encountered anywhere on the coast of Great Britain.' A meeting of West Highland proprietors was held at Salen, in Mull, on July 19, 1861, when this revived project of the Tarbert Canal was most favourably discussed. Nothing practical, however, came of the meeting. A railway was also projected to cross the isthmus; but this also has not been carried out, though telegraph wires were taken across some fifteen years ago.

It does not appear, therefore, from the various testimonies here quoted, that there would be any special practical difficulty to be surmounted in cutting a ship-canal through the narrow Tarbert isthmus, and thus bringing the Clyde into an easier, shorter, and safer connection with the north-west of Scotland than can now be obtained by 'rounding wild Cantire.' Those words from *The Lord of the Isles*, remind us of Bruce's boat-carrying over the Tarbert isthmus, in which he imitated Magnus Barefoot, and in which example he has been followed by many herring-fishers, who have hauled their boats over the dry land to escape the perils by water at the Mull. In fact, by the aid of laying down poles for their keels to pass over, various craft have been dragged across the isthmus.

Let us hope that the Tarbert Ship-canal will speedily pass from the shadowy realms of project into an actual and accomplished fact.

MY NEW FRIEND.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

As the reader may suppose, I was in feverish expectation of a summons to wait upon Messrs Bunner, Wreggs, and Carrowble—the firm for which Mr Scate was acting—hour by hour, almost minute by minute; but the business took a very different turn. Mr Scate called one day, out of the time at which he usually paid his visits, which was generally in the evening, and said that the firm would not trouble me to call; they were quite satisfied, he said, with what they had heard from him; and not caring to multiply the agents with whom they dealt directly, preferred to consider my transactions as a branch of his own. This being the case, he would at once, if I were agreeable, commence our joint work by either seeing people at my house himself, or making appointments to which I should attend.

I could have no possible objection to this, beyond the grave one that I had no experience in buying and selling, and did not even know what kind of goods I was expected to examine. To all this he had conclusive answers. A man 'with his head screwed on the right way,' as mine was, would have no difficulty in picking up such knowledge; while at first he would see everything right for me, and when he was obliged to be away, would leave me instructions how far to go in any purchase. But there! it was making mountains of molehills to talk in that strain. Several interviews of this kind took place; and I could not help thinking that Scate took care never to hold them in the presence of Mr Chelms; and I sometimes actually thought he must lie in wait in the neighbourhood to see the old gentleman go out, so promptly did he look in directly afterwards.

But Mr Chelms was so interested in the matter, so anxious for actual work to begin, he said, that he generally extracted a pretty full account from me; besides holding long conversations on his own prospective share with Mr Scate.

Among other preparations for the agency, Mr Scate had some office furniture brought in; so that, what with a massive table and desk, half-a-dozen heavy chairs, with various racks and shelves fitted on the walls, my front parlour assumed quite a solid, banking, or life-assurance aspect, which met the approval not only of Mr Scate, but of Mr Chelms.

The first transaction which was completed in the new office, took place very suddenly—to me; and was surprising by its brevity and various special features, common perhaps to my novel business, but altogether different from my previous experience. It was conducted thus. At twilight one evening, only a few days after the subject was first broached, for Mr Scate would lose no time in the matter, he came in, and repaired to the office. He had not been there five minutes, when a man knocked at our door and asked for him. It so happened that I opened the door to this person, who, in the few words he spoke, seemed to have an unpleasantly furtive way with him; and although not disguised in any particular manner, his hat was so slouched over his brows, and the collar of his coat so pulled up, that it was impossible to distinguish his features clearly. I showed him into the office, and went down-stairs. As I did so, I thought for an instant that I caught sight of Mr Chelms's face, in the dusky gloom of the staircase, peering over the banisters. I paused to look again; but no one was there, and I went on.

In a few minutes Mr Scate called down the speaking-tube which he had caused to be carried from the office to our sitting-room, and asked me to step up. I complied, and found him with the stranger I had previously admitted; but their figures were barely discernible, as they were sitting without a light, and the twilight had now almost changed to darkness. I naturally noticed this, and offered to procure a light.

'No, thank ye,' returned Mr Scate. 'Our business is finished, and I am going out directly. I wished to introduce you to this gentleman, who will be here again to-morrow, or the next night, and will transact some business with you. Mr—a—Mr'—

'Jerry Wilkins, you know,' said the other, as Scate hesitated.

'To be sure!—of course!' exclaimed the latter. 'Mr Wilkins, this is our new agent, Mr Matley, who will carry on the business at this branch for the present; so you will know who to ask for when I am not here.'

'Yes; I shall know him,' returned the stranger. His words were not a direct reply to Mr Scate's remark, and although I could scarcely see him in the darkness, I felt he was eyeing me narrowly. However, there was little time for this or anything more, as Scate rose from his seat, and in a few words intimated that our business was concluded.

I opened the door for them, and they went out, not exactly together, for Mr Wilkins left at once, while Scate lingered for a couple of minutes on the threshold with me, although he

seemed to have nothing particular to say. As I closed the door, I again thought I saw Mr Chelps, this time at the farther end of our little entrance hall; but it was very dark there, and I might easily have been mistaken. I at once lighted the gas, and went down to our breakfast-room, where I found the old gentleman calmly smoking his pipe in the dark, and by himself; for Susan was absent, making some trifling purchases in the neighbourhood.

I apologised for his not having a light; but, in his usual cheerful manner, he said it was of no consequence, as he liked to sit and smoke in a half-dreamy state, to which twilight, or even darkness, was very favourable. He was chatty on other subjects, but, for a wonder, did not refer to business, which, indeed, was not spoken of until my wife returned. She had gone out just after I had admitted Mr Jerry Wilkins, and so naturally asked me who the visitor was. But even while I told her, Mr Chelps was too much engrossed by his pipe to pay any attention to the subject, or at anyrate to join in the conversation.

Though on various occasions Mr Chelps indulged in a glass or two of grog, it is only right I should say that he never, even at first, gave us the idea that he was an intemperate man. He certainly seemed led away a little by the example of Scate, who occasionally took, we thought, a malicious pleasure in tempting the old gentleman. We did not and could not like Scate, while we both felt favourably disposed to our lodger from the beginning.

The next day Scate came early, and had a brief interview with me in the office. His object was to say that Mr Wilkins would probably call that night, and if so, would bring a parcel, of which I was to take charge, and for which I was to give him forty-five pounds. This money he gave me, all in gold.

'Am I to examine or check the goods?' I began.

'O no,' he said; 'it is all settled about them. We know Jerry, and have done many bits of business with him, so we can trust him.'

'Will you give me a receipt for him to sign,' I asked, 'or will he draw one up?'

'Receipts don't signify between people who can trust each other,' he replied.

'Why, you do not mean to say you are going to pay all this money without a receipt?' I exclaimed in amazement; for such a proceeding was horribly opposed to all my experience.

'Yes, with Jerry,' he returned carelessly; 'it's our way. You will get into it soon, old fellow, and when you come to know your customers, you will deal with them accordingly. By-the-by, you may let old Chelps know that you have begun business; you may show him the money, to let him see that it's a real thing; but don't let him be in the room when you pay Wilkins. In fact, he had better not see Wilkins at all.' All this was odd; but as I knew literally nothing of the business as yet, or how the unseen firm conducted it, I could not say anything against it.

Mr Scate added one piece of information this day which was welcome. He said that my engagement would be considered to commence from this date; that a rent would be paid for

the use of my office, the amount of which would depend upon his report; and upon his report also, to be sent in at the end of four weeks—when I should be introduced to the firm—it would depend whether I was paid by salary or commission. 'And you may rely upon my report saying the best it can for you, old fellow,' he continued. 'I could have got this settled at once; but I know what our principals are, and I am confident that to wait a bit will make a difference of fifty pounds a year to you; so you can draw on me for five, or ten if you choose, while the month runs on, and pay me at your leisure.'

It was impossible not to feel grateful to a man who did so much for a stranger, and who was so perfectly disinterested; yet—although I hated myself for allowing such a feeling to exist—I was conscious, even while I was thanking Scate, and thanking him sincerely—I was conscious, I say, that I was gradually growing almost to detest the man, my benefactor though he was.

Scate did not come in again that day; and I took the first opportunity of telling Mr Chelps what my instructions were; showed him the money, as suggested; told him that I was now fairly in the employ of the firm; that I was to be introduced to them in four weeks' time, and that my pay would be settled on such a scale as the report of Mr Scate justified. He asked me, after a moment's reflection, what the address of the firm was. I told him that I had asked the same question of Scate, who had replied, that I had better postpone all inquiries till the month was over; they would prefer it.

'Ah, I see,' said the old gentleman. 'Until that time, you are, as one may say, on probation. Very cautious of them, very, not to allow Mr Scate even to reveal their address till then.—But I like them all the better for it, sir; I do, indeed. Now, if I get my money in a few days, I may hope—as Mr Scate holds out the most favourable expectations to me—to be introduced at the same time as yourself. I should like that, because, of course, I should not invest without knowing something of the people, no matter how high my opinion of Mr Scate might be.'

I agreed with the old gentleman that he was quite right in this.

A man went by with plants in a barrow that afternoon, and Mr Chelps declaring—rather to my surprise—that he was an enthusiastic admirer of flowers, bought a number, which he told Mrs Matley—who really was fond of them—he would plant in the front garden after the sun went down. He was as good as his word too, or nearly; for he went into the garden with spade and water-can, and slowly—for it was plain he was not an expert gardener—commenced his work. I offered to help him; but the old gentleman said that half his pleasure in shrubs and flowers would be lost unless he planted them himself; so he went on until it was almost dark, making, however, but little progress.

It was between twilight and dark when a cab stopped at our gate, and a knock following, I went to the door, expecting to find—as it proved—Mr Jerry Wilkins. I had lost no time in answering the knock; but Mr Chelps was already in conversation with the visitor, and inviting him, as I could hear, to admire some beautiful

bulbs he was holding out for his inspection. Mr Wilkins, who had struck me as being of a somewhat morose turn when I admitted him on the previous evening, looked gloomier and sulkier now. He turned with a very uncivil grunt from the garrulous old gentleman, and came in the moment I opened the door. Mr Chelps, however, smiled with imperturbable good-humour, but, as it was too dark to see any longer, gave up his gardening for the night.

'You are not an enthusiast in flowers, Mr Wilkins,' I began. 'I am afraid you did not see any particular beauty in the bulb which Mr Chelps so greatly admires.'

'Beauty, no!' said Mr Wilkins. 'What do I want with a thing as looks as if it was pulled out of a rope of onions; and very likely was. He's an old fool.' And yet Ned Scate is going to do business with him, isn't he?'

I could make no reply for the moment, the man's vulgar familiarity, and his knowledge of Scate's plans, so thoroughly staggered me.

'But a regular fool will suit Ned Scate better than anything else, especially if he has a good opinion of himself,' continued Mr Wilkins not heeding my silence.—'Well, governor, there's the stuff, and I want five-and-forty pounds of you.'

'Yes,' I said; 'Mr Scate told me I was to give you forty-five pounds; and as for a receipt'—

'Well, then, hand over the cash, and let me step it,' interrupted the man. 'What's the use of keeping the cab at the door? Ned Scate never told you to ask for a receipt, I know.' A moment's pause here, while he rapidly ran over the gold. 'All right, governor. Will you come to the corner and have a glass?—You won't? Well, that's your business. Mine is to clear out; so good-night.' Saying this, he went, leaving me with a growing feeling of dislike to the 'agency,' with which indeed I had never been greatly enamoured.

Mr Chelps, who, as he explained, had gone out for a short stroll, returned soon after Wilkins left, and joining Mrs Matley and myself, began what promised to be a long, as it was certainly an unconnected account of his gardening experiences in the country; but ere he was fairly in the midst of his narrative, a knock at the street door was heard; and, to my astonishment, Lizzie brought down a message to the effect that a gentleman wished to see me at the *Three Bells*, a tavern in the next street. It immediately occurred to me that it must be that dreadful Wilkins, who wished to transact some fresh piece of the most irregular business in which I was engaged, and this was perhaps his way of managing it. I hurried off accordingly, Mr Chelps saying he would smoke a pipe in the front garden until I came back, so that he should be out of the way while Mrs Matley and Lizzie prepared the supper.

I hastened away, as I have said, and went into each compartment of the bar at the *Three Bells*, which was a large place, without seeing Wilkins or any one that I knew. On my looking for the second or third time into the most select division, where I had naturally expected to find him, a big, square-built man, a customer who was leaning against the bar, said civilly: 'Are you looking for anybody, sir?'

It occurred to me that this after all might be the sender of the message, so at a venture, I replied: 'Yes; I am indeed looking for some one; but the awkward part of it is that I do not know who I am looking for. A lad came to my house, and said a gentleman wished to see me here; but I think there must have been some mistake.'

'I am sure there is!' exclaimed the stranger. 'What a pity it is you cannot get the simplest thing done in a straightforward manner. I sent a boy with that message to an old acquaintance.—May I ask where you live, sir?'

'No. 9 Victoria Louisa Terrace,' I replied.

'The young idiot!' said the stranger. 'I told him a totally different number. It is evidently through me you have been brought here, sir; and though I did not come myself, I must apologise for the utter stupidity of my messenger. You must have a glass of something with me.'

I tried to decline this; but the stranger was clearly one of those who think nothing is complete until ratified by the wine-pledge, or what serves in modern life for the wine-pledge; so I had to stay and assure him of my completely excusing him, and listen to his repeated apologies over a glass of ale, before I could get away.

I found Mr Chelps leaning over the gate, and smoking tranquilly. When I told him of my adventures, the old gentleman laughed heartily. I thought business was concluded for that evening; but at the very last moment, just indeed as we were going to bed, Scate came in for the parcel left by Mr Jerry Wilkins. I went with him into the office, where I experienced a momentary 'turn' by not being able to lay my hand upon the packet in the dark, which I made sure I could have done. On procuring a light, however, I found I had merely made the mistake of supposing that the parcel was on a chair to the right of the door, when in reality it was upon one to the left.

'I shall be round early to-morrow,' said Mr Scate, 'as, since I saw you, I have had a foreign letter, which you must answer. It is from Belgium, and will lead to a great deal of business. You understand French, I believe?'

I said I had a fair knowledge of that language.

'That's a good job,' continued Scate. 'It has been a staggerer to me over and over again, the not knowing anything of the *parlyvoo* jargon. This will be a big transaction, you will find.—And I say, Matley!'—this exclamation was uttered just as he reached the door, as if it were a sudden thought—'just sound old Chelps about his money. If he can get it in two or three days, it will be just in time to make such a profit for him as he never got in Australia, or wherever he has been. Tell him *that*; and tell him that afterwards it may be too late. I will come round and see him myself as well.'

He went rapidly away with the parcel; and I had a long talk with my wife, before I went to sleep that night, upon the singular features of the employment on which I had entered; and we half decided that unless I saw the principals at the end of the month, and liked them when I did see them, I would not continue the engagement.

I spoke to Mr Chelps in the morning, as desired

about his investment; and the old gentleman seemed anxious not to lose the promised chance, and said that perhaps, by sacrificing a trifle of interest, he might get his money a day or two earlier than agreed, which would be in about a week later. Perhaps Mr Scate could show him a way out of the difficulty. But it was not likely that he should give up all this money without an introduction to the firm, and being well satisfied of their stability, or, in lieu of this, some tangible security meanwhile.

As soon as Mr Scate came, I told him this. He declared he greatly applauded the old gentleman's caution, and asked me to call him down, that we might talk things over. I did so; and Mr Chelms came at once.

'You are naturally desirous of knowing where you put your money, and what it is for, Mr Chelms'—began Scate.

'I am, sir, naturally anxious, as you say,' interposed the old gentleman, feeling for his eyeglass, as he always did when business was the topic of conversation. Securing it at last, he fixed it to his eyes, and looked earnestly, yet with an expression which was ridiculously helpless, at Mr Scate. 'No offence, I hope,' he continued; 'but you see a thousand pounds, or eleven hundred, is a great deal to me; and although I have every confidence in you, yet'—

'No apology, my dear sir,' exclaimed Scate; 'your conduct is strictly business-like, and I will satisfy you. One of my principals, if not two of them, shall wait upon you here, in the first place.'

'Oh, I'm sure I would not trouble them so far,' said Mr Chelms.

But Scate interrupted him, and went on with the same boastful swaggering air: 'They shall come, sir; and you shall arrange then, if you like each other, for a final interview at headquarters. Their references, I may remark, will be to three tolerably well-known establishments—the Bank of England, sir; Baring's, sir; and Rothschild's, sir. Are they good enough?'

'Splendid! Oh! I'm sure,' commenced Mr Chelms; but here his eyeglass fell down, and the interruption gave Scate an opportunity of going on.

'It is possible, Mr Chelms,' he said, 'that the Belgian transaction I have spoken of may be finished before you can arrange with my principals, unless you can have your money at once. In fact, I know this will be the case. Mr Matley, who is luckily a capital French scholar, has written this morning a formal acceptance of these foreigners' terms. They will telegraph to their agent, who will be here on the third day from this with the dock-notes of the goods, which are lying here. I have already seen my principals to-day, and took upon me to say—being anxious to forward your wishes—that I could have your money by that time. Accordingly, as the total required will be sixteen hundred pounds, they handed me five hundred pounds in notes. Here they are.' He pulled out a bulky pocket-book as he said this. 'They are strictly ready-money people, as I told you.'

'What! the Belgians?' exclaimed Chelms, whose eyes sparkled at the sight of the rustling notes. 'And what are their names?'

'I did not mean them exactly,' returned Scate.

'I meant that my people were ready-money men; but so, for the matter of that, are Belgians, especially when they are selling anything. Their names are Delroi, Vianet, and Company. You may have heard of them?'

'Yes; I think I have heard of them,' said Chelms. 'And are all those bank-notes?' His interest in the Belgian firm was evidently small compared with his interest in bank-notes, from which he had never taken his eyes since Scate produced them.

'Yes; fifty tens. Look at 'em!' replied the latter, passing the notes towards the old gentleman, and once again shaking down the eyeglass. 'Well, sir,' continued Scate after a moment's pause, during which the notes had been handed back again, 'you shall have the delivery-order of these goods as security, until you are quite satisfied about my principals; and that is exactly equal to giving you five hundred pounds of their money to hold without any security at all.'

'So it is—so it is!' chuckled Chelms. 'Nothing could be better. I will go into the City, sir, and sell out to-day. My broker will let me have the money in advance if I like. Oh, I can manage all that; and I shall be quite satisfied, especially if I can see one of the firm; I must own I should like that.'

'You shall do so, sir,' answered Scate. 'One of them shall be here to see the completion of the transaction. He will like to do so, being Mr Matley's first piece of business on their account. Then, sir, in his presence, I will give you the dock-warrants, and you will give me eleven hundred pounds. I may say, as between friends, that these things are already as good as sold for two thousand pounds. There's business, sir. Our firm knows where to plant the articles.'

'My dear sir,' exclaimed Chelms, 'it's as good as done. If I had any doubts before, what you now say, and the sight of those notes, have quite removed them, and I shall not be easy now until I have had the pleasure of seeing you and your friend together.'

Mr Scate shook his hand heartily, restored the notes to his pocket-book, took the letter I had written; and then, after a most expressive wink at me, which implied anything but respect for his new partner, he left.

AN AFRICAN ADVENTURE.

Of all the various races of the west coast of Africa, the Boobies, or natives of the beautiful, but to Europeans, fatal island of Fernando Po, in the Gulf of Benin, are among the most remarkable, on account of the difference in the appearance, habits, and manners of these people from those of the races or tribes of the adjacent mainland. Finely formed, with, as a general rule, not strongly marked African-negro features, they voluntarily disfigure—or ornament themselves?—by tattooing on their approach towards manhood—not with the regular lines and figures with which the South Sea Islanders and others adorn their persons, but with deep hideous gashes, which open widely, and leave frightful cicatrices on their faces and breasts. It would appear that those who are most deeply marked with this hideous

tattooing are regarded with the greatest respect by the people of the tribe; and though they seem to live on terms of perfect social equality, it is probable that this disfigurement is in some degree a sign of chieftainship.

In one respect, however, these strange people are less civilised than any other negro race, inasmuch as they go absolutely destitute of clothing. They will sometimes wear old garments, given to them by sailors or others, especially if these garments be showy, but only as an occasional adornment which is irksome to them. The only article of apparel that is constantly worn is a hat, or rather a flat, circular piece of grass-matting, like the crown of a hat, but of larger circumference, which is fixed on the top of their woolly heads, to keep off the fierce rays of the sun. As a substitute for clothing, however, the Boobies—male and female—habitually cover their bodies from head to foot with palm-oil, coloured with a kind of red ochre, which abounds on the island, and which stains the skin, and even the woolly hair, of a bright yellowish red or bronze colour, and gives them the appearance, when standing motionless a short distance off, of so many bronze statues. It also serves the purpose of keeping off the mosquitoes and sand-flies and other venomous insects.

Fernando Po is an earthly paradise to look upon; and though fever is prevalent and often fatal in the settlement of Clarence, the interior, where the native villages are generally situated, is said to be healthy. The island, which is nearly circular, is about thirty miles in diameter, and densely wooded from its shores to the lofty mountain—between seven and eight thousand feet in height, according to estimate—which rises in its centre.

One day, while our ship was at anchor in Clarence Bay, a party of seven or eight was formed by the second-lieutenant, to visit the interior, and penetrate, if possible, to the foot of the mountain. The present writer was one of the party, and we set forth early in the morning immediately after breakfast. There was little difficulty about travelling in mid-day, for our journey would lead us through a dense forest, almost impervious to the sun's rays, the whole distance we purposed to travel. We were recommended to arm ourselves, in case any difficulty should arise, and most of us carried a revolver, concealed of course. We were curious to see the habitations of the natives; for though there were a few negro huts of the ordinary description in the vicinity of the settlement, these were chiefly inhabited by coast negroes, who had taken up their abode on the island, and were hangers-on upon the white residents. The Boobie villages were all in the interior, and we had been told that they were curiosities in their way. It was in the direction of one of the most populous villages that we set forth, plunging into the wood as soon as we quitted the settlement.

Nothing remarkable occurred during the journey, except that we passed several enormous trees of the mahogany species, and saw a few small monkeys, which clung by their tails to the branches of the trees, and swinging to and fro, chattered volubly as we passed beneath them. Neither did we meet a single negro until we

had journeyed three or four miles, when we came upon a party of young men collecting palm-wine in the palm-trees, from which, when they perceived us approaching, they descended with incredible and, as it appeared to us, dangerous swiftness, and scampered off, hallooing to one another, in the direction of the village.

As we walked slowly, it was near mid-day before we approached the base of the mountain; and very soon the chattering of many voices told us that we were near the village. However, we kept on following the direction of the voices, and in a few minutes saw a party of eighteen or twenty men, who came towards us, headed by a man bent with years, who leaned heavily upon a stout stick as he walked. The young men who had run away on seeing us, had no doubt carried the news of our approach to the people of the village; and this deputation, headed by the venerable senior, had come forth to ascertain the object of our visit.

We were in somewhat of a dilemma. None of us could speak a word of the Boobie language; nor could any of the negroes on board, or we should have brought one of them to serve as an interpreter; and except a certain formula of words, which they had learned from the sailors, and which it is unnecessary to repeat—though the old man and some of the others uttered them over and over again, evidently thinking they were greeting us most politely—the deputation knew nothing of English. It was ludicrous to see the poor fellows bowing, and waving their hands in token of amity—evidently doubtful of our object in coming to their village, and deprecating any unfriendly act on our part—and at the same time swearing at us in most approved nautical formula, until the second-lieutenant, smiling, shook hands with the old man and swore at him in return; upon which a general shaking of hands and swearing ensued, and the party seemed satisfied that we had no evil intent in visiting them.

The old man then issued some orders; and several boys appeared, bringing palm-wine in gourds, with cocoa-nut cups to drink it from, and bananas and plantains and other fruits, which they pressed upon our acceptance. We, however, wished to enter the village, which, as we perceived by advancing a few steps, was close to us, and consisted of some dozen small low huts, and a vast number of the large but light bark canoes, suspended, bottom upwards, from tree to tree, beneath which some old men were squatted. We could see neither women nor children, though, when we first drew near, we could distinctly hear their shrill voices in loud outcry. They had apparently taken alarm at our approach; and the men were evidently so unwilling that we should enter their village, though they did not offer to use force to prevent us from so doing, that as we had no desire to offend their prejudices, and, moreover, as we could see all that was to be seen from where we stood, we gave way, and sat ourselves down to rest and partake of the refreshments they had provided. They seemed pleased at this; and after resting awhile, we took our departure, with a mutual exchange of the formula with which our friends had greeted our arrival, leaving the

old man and one or two others, who appeared to possess some authority, highly delighted with a present of old cotton handkerchiefs, a few small silver coins, and a few 'hands' of leaf-tobacco. We returned to the sloop-of-war shortly before dark, and had hardly set foot on board when we saw a double-banked war-canoe approaching the ship from the mainland.

This was an unexpected visit. The 'double-banked canoes' are formed of two huge trunks of trees—generally a species of mahogany—carefully and neatly hollowed out, until the shell, though of great strength, is often thinner than the sides of an ordinary boat. The outsides as well as the insides are smoothed and polished with palm-oil mixed with some pigment; and the hollowing is so contrived that the bow and stern of each canoe are much higher than the centre. The stern and bows are also elaborately carved, the former especially; and the two canoes are then bound firmly together, so that it is almost impossible to capsize them in the roughest sea. The paddlers, from twenty to forty in number, squat cross-legged on the bottom of the canoes, there being no stretchers, except across and around the stern; and the paddles are shaped like small spades, with short handles. Rapidly wielded, with short quick strokes or dips, the paddlers chanting some monotonous song the while, these canoes are forced swiftly over the water. But they are never used except by some high chief going to war or on some important mission.

There were two figures clothed in white in the stern of this canoe, both evidently chiefs, although we had no idea to what race or tribe they belonged, or what was their object in visiting the sloop-of-war. A few minutes, however, brought the canoe alongside, and the chiefs ascended to the ship's deck. Both were tall stout men, and they really presented an imposing appearance in their ample white robes. Our visitors were of a jet-black complexion, their skins shining like polished ebony. Both were good-looking negroes. He who appeared to have chief authority wore a short beard, and his nose, though the nostrils were distended, was slightly aquiline. Their long white calico robes, worn somewhat in the style of a Scotch plaid, reached to the calves of their legs behind, but left the right knee bare in front, while the robe descended a few inches below the left knee. It was doubled across the breast, and one end was thrown gracefully over the left shoulder; and though it had no sleeves in reality, it was so arranged that the arms, bare to the elbows, seemed to be thrust through wide bishop-sleeves, which hung drooping at their sides. Both wore a white head-dress, somewhat resembling a Turkish turban, with a long and flowing flap behind, to shade the sun from the neck. The headman's turban was larger than that of his companion, and more profusely ornamented with gold spangles and strings of cowrie-shells; but each wore heavy gold bracelets and anklets, and a crooked sword or scimitar, without a sheath, attached to a belt round the waist. Their feet and legs below the knees were bare; and as they stood erect—the shorter of the two at least six feet in height—they presented both a stately and graceful appearance.

The chief who spoke English, after saluting

the captain and officers, explained that they had come from the coast to the northward, pointing in that direction, and mentioning some unpronounceable name.

'Me, de king broder,' he went on. 'De king good fren' to Queen Victoria [this name he pronounced correctly]; king and queen should be good fren—dat berry good ting. Den no war. Ebery ting go right. Queen Victoria say hab no mo' slabe. Send him ship for catchem slabe-ship. Makee custom to *coast-king for no sell slabe to bad white fellar. Dat berry good too. But bad king, he takee custom, sell slabe all same. Dat no good. Dis berry time, on de coast dar, t'oder side ob de Cape [meaning Cape Biafra], two ships go takee slabe on board, what king go for sell. Messenger come across for tell de king, my broder. S'pose man-o'-war ship go, makee quick time, den dey catch him bo't—all right.'

The chief mentioned the names of the tribe and king to whom he alluded; but I have forgotten both. Our captain, however, was doubtful whether to act upon such intelligence. That it was true, he thought, was very probable; and it was well known that from no love of Queen Victoria, but from hatred and jealousy of one another, the kings and chiefs of one tribe would inform against another, with the treble object of gratifying their own animosity, affecting a regard for her Britannic Majesty and the treaty, and reaping a reward for the information in case a capture should be made.

It was certainly a great object to capture two slavers; and that the slavers *were* on the coast there was little doubt. The question was, in the first place, whether we should be able to find them—the geographical knowledge of the natives not being very accurate, and whether they would not be off before we could arrive at the designated spot; and in the second place, whether it might not be a ruse to draw us off from the station, that the king and chiefs who professed so much friendship for Queen Victoria, might meanwhile play a little game to their own advantage; such tricks being by no means unfrequent.

'Can I be sure that you are telling me the truth?' said the captain. 'And can I find the river of which you speak, from the vague description you have given, if your information be correct?'

'Tis de truf, sah, captain,' replied the chief. 'Me makee know de coast right well, s'pose me see him.'

'Then you will act as our pilot, and get good "custom," suppose we make a capture?'

Somewhat to our surprise, the chief readily offered to stay on board and pilot the ship, or rather point out the river in which the slavers lay, when the ship should arrive off that part of the coast.

Still suspecting some trick from this very promptness, and thinking it possible that, after all, the chief who had not spoken might be the real headman and the king's brother, the captain insisted that both the chiefs should remain on board, he promising to bring them back again to Fernando Po. This, after some little hesitation, they agreed to; and no longer doubtful, the captain ordered the anchor to be weighed and

sail set immediately. The chiefs gave some orders to their own people, and the canoe was paddled away; and in less than half an hour the ship was under full sail, standing out of the Bay before the land-breeze.

Shortly before dark the next day, we reached the spot indicated by the chief, who pointed out the entrance of a narrow winding river, in which, he said, the messenger who had crossed overland, declared that the slavers were lying. It was necessary to cut the vessels out by means of a night-attack with boats, or to await their coming out of the river and capture them; but then, in the latter case, they would be sure to hear of our presence, and to come out without slaves, and probably laden with some trifling cargo, like honest traders, in which case we could do nothing with them; so, though the former plan was hazardous, it was decided upon.

As soon as darkness set fairly in, the pinnace and first-cutter were armed and manned and despatched up the river, one of the chiefs accompanying each boat. The river was very winding, and so narrow that there was often hardly room to pull the oars. It was evident that the vessels must be small and of light draught, and must have been towed up the river, if they were really there, which we began to doubt. The night was very dark. The shores were marshy in some places, in others lined with dense forest, and as we pulled silently along, the muffled oars making no noise, and no one speaking, save when the officers gave some order in a scarcely audible whisper, while the night-wind sighed mournfully amidst the trees, the scene was dismal enough. For a full hour we had pulled in this fashion, hoping, at every fresh bend in the river, to discover the vessels of which we were in search, yet seeing nothing; and at last the officer in command was inclined to return.

'They have never been here, or they are gone,' he whispered.

'Pull lilly bit more, sah, you catch 'em,' replied the chief.

'I think I see a vessel's masts, sir—there, just against that streak of light in the sky,' whispered the bow-oar's-man, who had been ordered to look out.

'Yes; it is so,' answered the lieutenant.—'Now, my lads, have your pistols ready; but don't fire, unless we are fired upon. Be ready with your cutlasses. The vessels lie in the next bend. We'll pull softly round, and then dash alongside.'

The cutter was in the rear. The pinnace lay by till she came up, and the same orders were repeated to the officer in charge.

Silently we pulled round the point. Every man held his breath, though he panted with excitement. Five minutes more, and we descried the hulls and spars of two long low schooners, scarcely a hundred yards before us. The boats appeared to be unseen and unheard.

'They don't see or hear us,' whispered the lieutenant. 'We'll pull softly up, and board them in the dark. They've no idea that there's a man-of-war on the coast, and we will catch the scoundrels sleeping.'

We were not fifty yards from the vessels, which lay side by side, in a sort of basin in the river, which widened in this spot to a breadth of

forty or fifty yards. The stars had made their appearance in the hitherto gloomy sky, and we could clearly discern the slave pens and huts on shore.

'Hist! hark! What is that?' whispered the lieutenant. 'By Jove! they see us! Look! There is a light on board the starboard vessel. On, my lads! Dash in, with a cheer!' he cried aloud. 'Huzza for prize-money!'

Hardly had he spoken the words, when there came a blinding flash, followed by the simultaneous report of at least a dozen muskets. We heard the bullets plash in the water, like heavy rain; but no one appeared to have been hit.

'On, my lads! No secrecy now. No quarter till they surrender!' cried the lieutenant.

In a few moments both boats were alongside the schooners, and the sailors sprang, cutlass in hand, on to their decks.

'Surrender, in the Queen's name!' cried the lieutenant in command.

'We surrender!' answered a voice, in broken English, which, however, to my fancy, had a very Yankified accent. There was no further attempt at resistance, which, in fact, had been madness, for they well knew the boats would not have made the attack unless they were well supported outside, and resistance to a ship-of-war was punishable by death, while otherwise, the vessels only would be seized.

The prizes were ours; and they were sent to St Helena for adjudication, where they were very profitably sold for the benefit of the captors. The slaves, four hundred and thirty in number, were in the pens on shore, and they were sent to Liberia, and there released, to become denizens of that then new republic.

'How dared you fire at Her Majesty's boats at all?' demanded the lieutenant.

'It was not I, but the fool of an officer on deck,' replied the captain, who, though I veritably believe he was an American, professed to be a Portuguese.

'Lucky for you, no harm was done,' was the reply.

There was mischief done, however, though at the time no one was aware of it. It was determined to send one boat back to the ship, and to keep the other, the pinnace, alongside till daylight, and the crew were ordered out of her. The men had got into the boat again, expecting to return to the ship, and they returned to the schooner, at the command of the officer—all but one. That one was the second chief, who had never stirred from his seat in the pinnace. There he still sat, in his white garb, erect and silent.

'Come up out of the boat!' repeated the officer.

Still the chief never stirred.

'Ask the fellow why he does not come out of the boat!' said the officer to one of the sailors.

The man shook him roughly by the shoulder, and told him to mount to the deck. The hitherto erect body fell over on its side.

'Ah, sir, the nigger's shot dead,' said the sailor. 'There's blood runnin' from his breast, and stainin' his white dress.'

'Is it possible?' exclaimed the lieutenant, hastening into the boat.

A very cursory examination told that such

was the case. Conspicuous in his white robe, the poor fellow, who was in the foremost boat, had made a good mark for the men on board the slaver, and a bullet had entered his breast, killing him instantly.

This was the only casualty we met with in capturing the most profitable prize we secured during our cruise; and as it did not befall one of our own men, it was not charged against the captains of the slavers, who got off with the loss of their vessels and all the property on board.

At the earnest request of the head chief, however, who was deeply grieved at the death of his companion, the body was taken on board the ship and sent back to the country to which the unfortunate negro belonged. The sloop-of-war, however, did not return immediately; and the chief, with the reward he had earned and the dead body of his friend, returned home in another vessel.

SOME MODERN CHANGES.

THAT fashions should constantly alter, is not only an inevitable, but probably a desirable thing; the progressive waves of varying style and usage that are continually passing over everything within the scope of human affairs, from petticoats to politics, are to the world, in preserving it from stagnation, what the tides are to the sea; and however much we may grumble at the eccentricity or extravagance of any prevailing mode, we must remember that habitude makes all things tolerable, and that the fashion which we now dislike to change, and uphold from custom, appeared just as absurd and undesirable to our forerunners, when it superseded something else, as the new one does to us. The consideration of such changes as these, however, not being within the scope of the present paper—it is difficult, indeed, to imagine any paper which would afford scope for them!—we shall glance only at a few of those alterations affecting the minutiae of daily life, which, trifling in themselves, and scarcely appreciable in the individual, when taken as a whole, sometimes serve to mark the strides of civilisation, or even in some instances, the retrogression of nations.

Let us start with that most commonplace object, a tallow-candle—so useful, and yet so vulgar compared with the sperm, ozokerit, stearine, composite, and other beautiful varieties of our own day. Where are the farthing dips and the 'long sixteens' of our youth? Well, we shall breathe no sigh of regret for them; peace be to their ashes, or rather their 'snuffs,' which were malodorous, productive of conflagrations, and exigent of constant trimming. And this last item brings us to the point—where are all the snuffers gone? It is only a few years since the snuffers-tray appeared regularly with the candles at nightfall; now they are never seen, and ten years hence will be as rare and as valuable as Queen Anne's farthings, unless some specimens are preserved in our museums. As modern candles consume their own wicks, snuffers have become things of the past, and the fact of their

desuetude marks an important epoch in the progress of a great manufacture, which, by its exports and imports, not only visibly affects our revenues, but exercises considerable influence in our commercial relationship with the countries from which tallow was derived.

Who now possesses a tinder-box, or one of the old flare-up dipping-match and bottle arrangements? If there be any such among the readers of this paper, we would say with emphasis: Keep them, and hand them down to your children's children, as an heirloom precious above rubies; for when rubies are manufactured by the pound, and original sculptures of Grecian and Babylonian antiquity supplied wholesale by Birmingham houses at so much a ton, these things will be known only in the dim traditions of our race. Blue-blazing, ill-smelling, sputtering, suffocating phosphorus and sulphur matches, in their red and blue boxes, are rapidly becoming engulfed in the abyss of forgotten things too. We have read the details of Messrs Bryant and May's manufactory, of their enormous consumption of wood, paper, metal, and other materials, and are not certain that one species of tree is not supposed by botanists to be approaching extinction, owing to the magnitude of their operations! A watch-key will, after a time, become an interesting curiosity, and be transmitted to posterity as evidence of those dark ages when keyless watches were not in universal use. And what—oh, whatever will future generations think of a warming-pan! already at the present day seen only in the hands of the Clown in Christmas pantomimes, and by him employed as a weapon of offence. Let us trust that our descendants may be oblivious of any other purpose which the hideous article could serve, and that a fossil clown with an ancient warming-pan may be dug up somewhere or other for their edification. For, whatever its utility may have been at a bygone period, is not the survival of such an atrocity now an insult to an age of india-rubber, to a land flowing with elastic hot-water bottles, pillows, cushions, and beds—to an era of æsthetic comfort—to the days of well-built houses, well-fitting window-sashes, impermeable roofs, decent drainage, and damp-excluding doors, of bedroom fires, and eider-down quilts?

Great simplification has been effected of late years in our appliances for writing; but there is room for much more. The most ordinary incident of our every-day business, that of writing a letter, is perhaps more cumbrous and complicated in its necessary arrangements than anything else coming within the pale of that civilisation which, like charity, should begin at home. The pen, the penholder, the ink and inkstand, the blotting-paper, the sealing-wax occasionally, and postage-stamp—surely, it is high time that some of these were consigned to the limbo whither the sandbox has already departed, and wafers are fast going. Stylographic pens are a step in the right direction; but perhaps some better kind of indelible pencil than those which already exist would be more fitted to answer the requirements of caligraphic man.

The snuff-box, with all its historical and classical associations, is doomed, and 'collections' of those articles are even now to be met with in the

possession of people whose particular fancy it is to establish private museums of different things. It is curious to note that the snuff-box, so frequently placed in the hands of their *dramatis personæ* by the playwrights of the last century, and to which they make constant verbal allusion, has but a poor successor in the pipe, cigar, or other accessory of nicotine worship, in the favour of modern writers. The fact is, the use of the box by a skilful actor might be variously rendered playful, cynical, sly, graceful, or statuesque—might, in fact, be employed to interpret many emotions; while the amusing *contretemps* to be extracted from it were innumerable.

Smoking, on the other hand, admits of much fewer phases of expression; and if there is any situation in which the most dignified of mankind appears at a greater disadvantage than when looking in the glass at himself while shaving, it is in the act of lighting a pipe or cigar and squinting at the match. At the same time, we can hardly think that the pipe will ever fall out of fashion among smokers, as the medium through which they derive comfort from their favourite weed; though great changes in form and material may take place. Cigars, also, it may be remarked, are daily coming into vogue to a greater extent than ever. Nor is this gradual increase confined to England alone. Germany and Turkey consume more cigarettes and cigars every year; and a large exporter of meerschaum from the former country assures us that the trade in expensive pipes has decreased nearly one-half during the last ten years, while wood and clay still hold their ground.

The tobacco-trade, possibly, has more mysteries than any other in this age of commercial immorality. It is almost as difficult to purchase a good cigar promiscuously in Havana as it is in London; unless you know the right shop to go to, you are as likely to buy Whitechapel and Bremen abominations, exported from Europe for the purpose, and put up in the most orthodox 'Habana' boxes. In Vera Cruz, you may buy cigars for five shillings a hundred, which the vendors for a few cents extra will pack and label with the name of some famous brand. So they will in Porto Plata or San Domingo. So they used in Brazil; but Bahian and other Brazilian cigars have now made their own name, and have established an honourable claim to be considered amongst the best cheap cigars in the world. It is impossible to get an inexpensive good cigar in Cuba itself; the best brands are never exported, for few people here would care to give half-a-crown or three shillings apiece for their 'smokes,' which the wealthy Cuban—who consumes them soft and green, wrapping them in oiled silk to preserve the flavour—pays on the spot. There is much in a name. Thousands of really excellent weeds are made yearly both in England and Germany from good raw tobacco imported for the purpose; but it would never do to offer them for sale as British or German produce. What a charm lies in the words 'Vuelta Abajo,' to be read on your cigar-boxes! Vuelta Abajo is a small district between Havana and Santiago, consisting of a few acres of land only, now in the possession of two or three of the richest planters in the island; and probably not an atom of the tobacco—noted for its richness—which is grown there finds its way

beyond their own air-tight bladder cigar-pouches, or those of their intimate friends.

Throughout the whole of South and Central America, the Southern States, and in many other parts of the globe, it may safely be averred that the majority of the male population of all classes have a cigarette between their lips during the greater part of their waking existence from childhood upwards. The senator smokes in the Chamber of Debates; the servant smokes as he waits upon you; the shopman does not trouble himself to remove the smouldering rice-paper from his mouth as he answers your queries; the coachman who drives you, the half-clad nigger who blacks your boots, the hunter on the prairie or pampa, and the Indian in the backwoods who rolls his morsel of tobacco in a maize-leaf—all smoke cigarettes. We visited one huge manufactory in Havana which stands out into the bay like an immense mahogany cigar-box itself, where over a million cigarettes are turned out daily. We entered our names in a book, on admission; and when we had completed the tour of the factory, were each presented with an elegant case of cigarettes, every bundle of which bore our respective names, the date, and a complimentary sentence in Spanish, printed in different styles on beautifully embossed labels. There can be no doubt that the introduction of tobacco in this form has greatly increased its consumption in this country. A cigarette is a thing that can be lighted or tossed aside at any time, and often serves to fill up odd intervals of a few minutes; while a pipe, as a rule, demands premeditation, and is indulged in only at regular periods; and a cigar—especially a good one—is rarely commenced by one who can appreciate it, except under circumstances favourable for its full enjoyment and completion.

CHILD SONGS—THE LITTLE PRUDE.

HERE she comes, her nut-brown eyes
Downcast, but slyly peeping.
Oh! beware;
Such a snare
Must never find you sleeping.

She puts her finger in a mouth
Where butter would not melt away,
With an air
As if she were
Much too shy for 'Yea' or 'Nay.'

'How do you do, my little maid?'
(Her silence is so pretty).
'To lose your tongue
Is very wrong,
And to my mind a pity.'

Up she comes to me quite close,
Shoots a glance, that never misses,
With a smile
All the while,
Whispers: 'There must be no kisses.'

T. P.

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THE RAIN-BAND.

THE spectroscope is one of the most distinctive of modern wonder-workers. In its essentials, it is based on a simple natural phenomenon. When a ray of daylight enters a darkened room through a small hole, it gives an image of the sun on the opposite wall. If a prism—or three-sided piece of glass—is placed, apex upwards, so as to intercept the ray of light between the aperture and the wall, the image of the sun disappears, but is replaced further down the wall by an elongated upright figure, termed the spectrum, and consisting of bands of different colours, beginning with red at the upper extremity, and ending with violet at the lower. These colour-bands are due to the fact that the original ray of white light in passing through the prism has been analysed into the different coloured rays of which such light consists. The spectroscope, therefore, is an instrument by the aid of which spectral phenomena, such as the above, may be studied. It consists essentially of, first, a narrow slit, through which the parallel rays of light pass; secondly, a prism or train of prisms, to separate the coloured or differently refrangible portions of these rays; and thirdly, a telescope, to form a magnified image of the spectrum produced. Newton effected a sevenfold division of the colours in the spectrum above described; and Wollaston and Fraunhofer, at a later period, made great advances in the use of the instrument, especially for chemical analysis, till now it is possible to tell, by the dark absorption lines which the instrument shows interspersed throughout the coloured band, the nature of the gases of which the luminous envelopes of the sun and even the stars consist.

Early in the present century, when Fraunhofer was studying these lines in the solar spectrum, which Wollaston had first observed, he made an important discovery. Examining the sunlight under various circumstances, he found a peculiarity in its spectrum when the sun is near the horizon. He detected the presence of

dark lines, in fact, which are absent in the spectrum of a mid-day sun. Now, a moment's reflection shows us that the sunlight has to pass through a thicker layer of atmosphere when the luminary is close to the horizon than when he is overhead. What more natural than to ascribe the extra lines to this additional thickness of air? Without knowing at that time anything of the nature or cause of the lines, scientific men regarded them as of atmospheric origin.

After the true interpretation of the dark (or absorption) lines had been indicated by various physicists, Brewster and Gladstone, in 1860, again took up the subject of these atmospheric lines—sometimes called the *telluric* lines, because of their terrestrial origin; and in order to demonstrate their existence, prepared a map of the solar spectrum containing more than two thousand of the dark lines. A considerable number of these apparently owed their presence to atmospheric influences. Professor Cooke, of America, next investigated the matter, and found that many of the lines are dependent upon the relative moistness of the air, being stronger when the air is humid than when it is dry. The indications of the hygrometer accordingly showed a marked agreement with the strength of the bands in the spectrum.

In 1864, Janssen revised the whole question. His interesting researches are thus described by Mr Proctor in his little book on *The Spectroscope and its Work*: 'Janssen, using a spectroscope with five prisms, succeeded in resolving the dark bands seen by Brewster and Gladstone into fine lines, and ascertained that these lines vary in strength. They are darkest at sunrise and sunset, and weakest—but never entirely absent—at noon. Observing next from the summit of the Faulhorn, about nine thousand feet above the sea-level, he found that these lines were still further reduced in strength. In order to ascertain whether they are entirely due to our atmosphere, he caused large pine-fires to be made at Geneva, about thirteen miles from the Faulhorn, and observed the spectrum of the flame. As he found that

some of the dark lines were seen which are observed in the spectrum of the setting sun, it was proved that these lines are caused by our own air. To ascertain next what part the aqueous vapour has in producing them, he made use of an iron cylinder one hundred and eighteen feet long, placed at his disposal by the Paris Gas Company. After exhausting it of air by forcing steam through it, he filled it with steam, and closed both ends by pieces of strong plate-glass. A bright flame—produced by sixteen gas-burners—was placed at one end of the cylinder, and analysed by means of a spectroscope placed at the other end. The light, after thus travelling through one hundred and eighteen feet of aqueous vapour, gave a spectrum crossed by groups of dark lines corresponding to those seen in the spectrum of the horizontal sun. Janssen proved, indeed, in this manner that almost all the lines then seen are due to aqueous vapour. To make assurance doubly sure, he extended his observations to the fixed stars, to see if similar lines appear in their spectra. The results of his observations of these spectra accorded well with those he had already obtained.'

No further interest seems to have been taken in the subject until, in 1872, the attention of Professor Piazzi Smyth was drawn to it. Since then, he has been a devoted student of what is termed Rain-band spectroscopy, and has published the results of his observations. In the beginning of September 1882, he based a prediction—published in the *Scotsman*—of a spell of fine harvest-weather upon the exceptional faintness of the rain-band at that time. The prediction was borne out; and its success gave rise to a controversy in *The Times* regarding the predictive value of the rain-band spectroscope. Popular interest having been thus aroused, the importance of meteorological spectroscopy has of late become as greatly magnified as it was before depreciated. The public, too, unwilling to believe that they have so long deprived themselves of a good thing, persist in believing that this application of the spectroscope is a new and startling discovery. To correct the latter notion, we have given a summary of the rain-band's history. To correct the former also, we purpose briefly discussing its real value.

It must be remembered, to begin with, that the strength of the rain-band does not afford any clue to the approaching *weather*, but only to the wet or dry element in it. This statement is here made because not a few people seem to imagine that the spectroscope is to supersede the barometer. It may form a useful adjunct to that venerable instrument, but can never supersede it. The barometer measures *pressure*, the rain-band indicates *humidity*.

As may have been gathered from the description of Janssen's experiments, what the spectroscope really does is to indicate the degree of moisture—the quantity of water-vapour or 'raw material'

of rain—in any section of the atmosphere from the vertical nearly to the horizontal. If there be a great deal of the water-vapour present, there is a presumption that some of it will come down; if there be very little, there is a likelihood of dry weather simply because the rain material is not there. So much is certain. But mark what is uncertain. The rain-band might correctly indicate much water-vapour, yet the temperature conditions which follow the observation be such as to favour continued suspension, and no precipitation (rain) take place for days. The temperature, on the other hand, might suddenly be reduced, and a downpour occur within an hour's time. Again, the wind might bear away the vapour to some other locality, and so prevent any precipitation at all at the place of observation. Then the faintness of the rain-band might show the presence of very little water-vapour, yet the deficiency be quickly supplied by a moisture-laden current of air, with rain following in an hour or two. These chances of error, it will be seen, somewhat limit the utility of the spectroscope as a weather prognosticator.

Still, there is no doubt that in the hands of an intelligent observer, the 'rain-band' has a meteorological value. To expect its indications always to be true, is as unwarrantable as to expect a falling barometer always to mean rain, or a rising barometer always to mean fair—or what we fear to be even a more widely-spread popular error, a *high* barometer to mean 'set fair.' The true meteorological value of the spectroscope cannot be determined until many observations have been made; and the observer must supplement his observations by such considerations as the direction and strength of the wind, its tendency to change or otherwise, &c. There is thus a great deal of work to be done before the importance of the thing can be surely estimated; and those who have the opportunity will do well to help, while those who haven't must wait to learn the result.

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER XLII.—'MISTER, THERE'S A SCORE OF LIVING SOULS ABOARD THAT CRAFT. LET GO THE WHEEL.'

MILLY found Gerard alone in the smoking-room. He was not smoking or reading, but simply standing with his hands in his coat-pockets, staring out of the window at the rain. At her entrance, he looked round, but turned back to the window without a word.

'Gerard,' she said tremulously, 'are you quite resolved on leaving us? Can you not be prevailed upon to stay?'

'Why should I stay?' he asked in answer.

She took sudden courage, and advancing, laid her hands upon his arm. '*Vengeance is mine,*'

she said ; ' *I will repay.*'—He looked swiftly down upon her, and away again.—'Gerard, dear Gerard, they are unhappy already. They have parted. Their own consciences were against them. You have suffered enough, but you have nothing to repent.'

'Good-bye, Milly,' he answered very gently. 'My train starts in an hour. I shan't see you again, most likely.' His manner was so quiet, that he might not have heard her words. But the imminence of the danger which she saw so clearly braced her for a moment.

'Gerard,' she urged him, 'do not go upon this journey. Think of your father, and his sorrows. Think of your mother. Or if you will go, promise me that you will not follow—him.'

A curious look crossed his face. 'Did you care for Val Strange?' he asked. 'You weren't in love with him, were you?'

'No, no!' she cried. At another time, such a question concerning any man would have called a blush to her face, but now she scarcely noticed it. 'Promise me! you will not follow him.'

'Good-bye, Milly,' he said again, as gently as before. But she clung to him with tears, and would not let him go.

'Stay!' she pleaded passionately—'stay! For the sake of all who love you, stay!'

'Nothing of this,' he said, with an approach to sternness in his tones, 'to any one but me. Remember that. Good-bye, again.' He had always seen her so timid and so yielding until now, that her persistence amazed him. She clung to him with both hands; and without violence, which was impossible, he could not escape her. Seeing this, he stood with passionless sullen patience, and she wasted entreaty on a human rock. In the intensity of her eagerness, she tried to move him by force from where he stood; but she was so feeble and small, and he so great and strong, that with all her vehemence she could not sway him by a hair's-breadth. It was all so fearfully plain to her now, so certain that he meant the worst! 'Stay!' she wept, dragging at him with all her feeble strength. He answered never a word. The terror mounted higher and higher in her heart, and she assailed him incoherently. He must not, must not go, to break all their hearts.

'Hearts are not so easily broken,' he answered at last. It was like a statue speaking.

'You will break mine!' she cried.

'Poor Milly,' he answered gently—'poor Milly!'—Suddenly she crimsoned, on brow and cheek and throat, and her hands dropped from him.—He kissed her on the forehead and passed from the room. The drooping, weeping figure, and the manner of his parting from it, crossed him many a time, later on, when his heart had softened and his longing for revenge was stilled.

He said the rest of his few farewells, and went up to London with Hiram. They drove straight to the river-side, and found the yacht almost in readiness to weigh anchor. It was significant to Hiram of the eagerness which lay beneath his master's stony exterior that he slept on board. Next morning came the sailing-master, a cheery-looking old man, with a face the colour of a brick wall, and silver hair and whiskers. He told Gerard that he had sailed the yacht for its last owner, and was full of her praises. In the after-

noon they started, in a heavy snow-storm; but before they reached Greenwich a small mutiny came about. One of the crew, who had been drinking too freely with his friends ashore, approached the captain.

'Beggin' pardon for bein' so bold, cap'n,' he said. 'I ain't a-going to sail in this yere craft.'

'Oh,' said the captain, good-humouredly enough, 'I think you are.'

'No; I ain't,' returned the seaman hoarsely. 'Not if I swims for it.'

'What's the matter?' asked Gerard, who was standing near.

'This craft's unlucky, *she is,*' the man responded; 'and no good'll come of her.'

'What's the matter with her?' asked Gerard. A little chill came over him.

'Why, it's a Friday, to begin with,' said the man; 'and as if that worn't sufficient, we're thirteen aboard. There's you, cap'n, and the mate, and four of us, and that's six; and there's a galley-cook and a cabin-cook, and that's eight; and there's the engineer and a brace o' stokers, and that's eleven; and the gentleman here, and the Yankee cove, and that's thirteen; and I ain't a-goin' to sail in this yere craft.'

'Go to your duty,' said the captain, with a laugh. 'We shall have three more aboard at Greenwich,' he added; 'and I never heard, sir,' turning to Gerard, 'that sixteen was an unlucky number.'

'We starts with thirteen,' said the man, with drunken doggedness, 'and I don't sail aboard of this yere craft.'

'Better set him ashore,' said Gerard. 'I'm not an idler, and my man is an old salt. We shall not be short-handed.'

'Very well, sir,' returned the captain. 'But I wouldn't listen to a fool like that, sir. He'll be all right in the morning, when he's sober.'

'I won't sail in this yere craft,' the man repeated.

'Well, I don't want any Jonahs aboard me,' returned the captain, who may have had his qualms about unlucky numbers too. And so, when the boat which carried the remainder of the crew came alongside, the objector with his belongings was put into it, and dismissed with derisive hoots and groans by his comrades of an hour. 'Yah! Jonah!' The self-discharged stood up in the stern. 'You'll come to no good,' he roared; 'I tell you so; you'll come to no good.' And in the vehemence of his repudiation of them, he fell over sideways and dived headlong into Thames. The two boatmen hauled him out, and the men aboard the yacht were in fits of laughter. But there was one saturnine face among them. It was of course more than sufficiently absurd that a man of culture should be affected by the vaticinations of a drunken sailor; but the superstitions inherent in the heart, live on in defiance of cultivation. Gerard, now that he came to think of it, would rather have sailed on any day in the seven than Friday, and would rather have carried any number at starting than thirteen. He sneered down these ridiculous fears, but they lived again in spite of him.

It was rough in the Channel, whose waters rather lorded it over their *Queen*, and it was rougher in the Bay of Biscay. But being once past Gibraltar, they found peace in the waters

of the Mediterranean until they came south of the Adriatic, where a fierce wind roared down from the Austrian Alps, and got to cross-purposes with a wicked gale which swept westward from the gates of the Black Sea, and made wild work for a time. The *Channel Queen* touched here and there, and Gerard went ashore and came aboard again. To Trieste. Across to Venice. Southward again to Brindisi. Then to Larnaca, a long stretch; and at Larnaca, he got the wished-for news. The yacht *Mew's-wing* sailed yesterday, bound for Alexandria. It was at the end of the second week in March, and in that happy region the sun was already warm and the air balmy. As the yacht left Larnaca behind, Gerard stood on deck looking straight beyond the prow, beating with one foot on the plank beneath him; and on his face there was a look of steadfast waiting, with now and then the merest transient flash of exultation. Hiram marked the new elasticity of his walk, and caught once or twice the gleam in his eyes. Not another soul aboard guessed the purpose of the cruise.

Master and servant were alike popular on board the little vessel, and each took his duty manfully. A day out from Cyprus shores, a heavy squall came on, and Gerard and Hiram did rather more than their fair share in it. The storm lasted ten hours, and when it had blown itself out, they went below, and slept. Eight hours later, Gerard came on deck.

'Seen anything?' he asked briefly.

'Sail on the weather-bow, sir,' said the mate, offering his glass.

Gerard took it, and looked long. 'What are we making?' he asked at last.

'About twelve, sir,' said the mate.

'There's no hurry,' said Gerard. 'It's a lovely morning. Slacken down a bit.'

'You'll find it a little heavy, sir, if you slacken speed. She rolls a good deal already.'

'Never mind,' he answered; 'we are in no hurry now.' The mate transmitted the master's orders, and the throb of the engines came slower on the ear. The change brought up Hiram Search, and he, setting his legs apart, scanned sea and sky. After a momentary observation, he gave a sudden start, and diving below, returned with marine glasses, and fixed the craft ahead.

'Hiram,' he said under his breath, 'you'll be wanted by-and-by, or I'm mistaken.'

'What is that craft doing, do you think?' asked Gerard, addressing the mate.

'She's making about our speed, sir,' the mate answered.

Gerard went below, and spent the day in his own cabin. Hiram hung uneasily about the vessel; now here, now there, and passed whole hours in watching the *Mew's-wing* as she courtesied, with half her white canvas set, to wind and sea. He knew every line of her long ago, and had recognised her at first sight. Towards nightfall, the wind failed, and having less way on her, she courtesied more and more. A wonderful moon arose, and the whole sea and sky lay bathed in her light.

'Hard times lately, sir,' said the captain cheerily, when Gerard came on deck.

'Never mind,' said Gerard quietly. 'Take another spell below. I'll sail her to-night. I feel wakeful.'

The captain protested, but Gerard insisted; and having made what he thought a decent resistance, the old man went down. He knew the master of the *Channel Queen* for a thorough sailor by this time, and was willing enough to get an extra snooze. 'You may tell the engineer to get a little extra way on,' said Gerard. 'Let us see what she can do. You can sleep without rocking.'

The captain laughed a cheery 'Good-night, sir,' as he went down.

The measured jar of the propeller grew swifter, and the speed of the craft greater. An hour later, Gerard went below for a minute, and returned with a bottle of rum beneath his pilot-coat. There were two seamen on deck, one at the wheel, and one at the bows. The sea gleamed wide beneath the moonlight, and slowly sank to peace after the squall, now at rest for sixteen hours. 'I'll take the wheel,' said Gerard, quietly handing the bottle to the man. 'You and your chum there can drink my health, if you like. You may both go down for an hour or two. I'll call you when I'm tired.' And now the deck was clear, and Gerard held the wheel.

'Great heavens!' murmured the wretched faithful Hiram, watchful of all, though unobserved. 'Is it goin' to be as bad and base as this?'

The moonbeams fell wide and soft upon the rolling sea, and the rolling sail of the *Mew's-wing* shot now and again in a silver gleam across the black edge of the liquid disk. The silver gleam rose higher, creeping up and up into the sky, and growing broader as it climbed. The helmsman steered, and the sole eyes under heaven that saw his purpose, watched. Stiff and chilled to the bone, Hiram crawled on deck and looked ahead.

'Who's there?' said Gerard.

'You mustn't do this, mister,' said Hiram, advancing and laying a hand upon one of the spokes of the wheel. The *Mew's-wing* was scarce a quarter of a mile ahead, and the steam yacht was in a line for her, going at full speed.—Gerard looked at him without a word.—'I could call the crew and stop it in a minute, mister,' said Hiram hoarsely; 'but I don't want to let it out that Gerard Lumby ever meant wholesale murder. Stand aside!—You won't, you madman? You shall!' He set his hands to the wheel; but he might as well have tried to lift the boat as to turn back the grip that guided her. 'Mister, there's a score of living souls aboard that craft. Let go the wheel.'

Gerard looked straight on with a face as rigid as stone.

'Hollo, there!' yelled a voice. 'Ahoy! ahoy! Where are you coming to? Port! port!'

The *Channel Queen* bore down. Hiram took his master by the waist and tore at him like a madman. The vessels were very near each other now.

'You'll forgive me some day,' said Hiram, and releasing Gerard, he retired a little, and then sprang forward like a flash and felled him with one blow to the deck. Then he seized the wheel and tore it round, jammed it hard down and closed his eyes. Confused wild cries were in his ears, and he looked out again. The yacht was within twenty yards of them, but safe.

There was a figure that he knew leaning forward from the shrouds, and Gerard was on his feet again, shaking a clenched hand at it. The clenched hand opened a denouncing forefinger, and a voice rang out: 'I shall have you yet, Val Strange!'

And the *Channel Queen* swept on, and left the *Mew's-wing* far behind.

(To be continued.)

CARD STORIES.

ON one occasion when Washington Irving, Bancroft, and Everett were chatting over diplomatic reminiscences, the last named told how after he and the Neapolitan ambassador had been presented to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, Lord Melbourne intimated that they would be expected to join in a game at whist with the Duchess of Kent. 'I play but a very poor game myself,' said Melbourne; 'in fact, I scarcely understand it; but the Duchess is very fond of it.'—'And I,' said the Neapolitan to Everett, 'am a very bad player; and should I chance to be your Excellency's partner, I invoke your forbearance in advance;' to which the American envoy replied that he knew very little of the game himself. As he put it, three dignified personages, clad in gorgeous attire, were solemnly going to play a game they imperfectly understood, and for which none of them cared in the least. Upon reaching the Duchess's apartments the ambassadors were formally presented, and then, at her invitation, sat down to play. As soon as the cards were dealt, a lady-in-waiting placed herself at the back of the Duchess, and the latter said: 'Your Excellencies will excuse me if I rely upon the advice of my friend here, for I must confess that I am really a very poor player.' This was almost too much for Everett's gravity; a gravity undisturbed for the rest of the evening, since he found playing whist under such conditions inexpressibly dull work.

Cavour did not find playing an unfamiliar game dull work when he lost a large sum at double dummy whist to a member of a Paris Club. He paid the money with the best grace imaginable, merely remarking that he thought he saw the game, and it might not be such a bad investment after all. The next night he met the same antagonist, played high, played steadily, played long, and rose from the table a richer man by thirty thousand pounds.

Bold as he could be when the game was worth the candle, Lord Beaconsfield would never have been tempted to risk so much on the cards; for knowing the weakness of his play, he carefully eschewed anything like high stakes. One evening, at the time when parliament was agitating itself about the Empress-ship of India, Lord Beaconsfield sat down to whist with the Prince of Wales, and asked the latter: 'What points, sir?'—'Oh, sovereign, if you please,' was the answer.—Seeing the Premier's look of annoyance, Mr Bernal Osborne observed: 'I think, sir, the Premier would rather have *crown* points!' The Prince, taking the joke and the hint, altered the stakes accordingly.

Marlborough was not above playing for smaller stakes, though perhaps the Great Captain did not play high out of fear of his loving Sarah,

who had a tongue, and knew how to use it; like the lady whose liege lord contrived that she should not more than suspect the secret of his bad hours; until, coming home at six in the morning tired out with 'attending on a sick friend,' he dozed at the breakfast table, and solemnly passing the bread, said: 'Cut!—'That's your sick friend, is it?' exclaimed the wife; and what followed may be imagined.

A card-hating wife can upon occasion set her scruples aside. Soon after the close of the Secession War, General Forrest and his wife stopped at an hotel in Memphis, and upon examining their purses, found the sum-total of their wealth amounted to seven dollars and thirty cents. The General being due that evening at a house where poker was sure to be played, proposed that he should tempt fortune to the full extent of his means, and asked his wife to pray for his success. She would not promise; but he felt she was for him, and knew how it would be. Let him tell the rest himself.

'They had tables—one was a quarter-dollar table, one a half, and one a dollar and a half. I wanted to make my seven dollars last as long as I could make it, so I sat down to the quarter table. By dinner-time I had won enough to do better; and after we had eaten, sat down to the dollar-and-a-half table. Sometimes I won, and then again I'd lose, until nigh upon midnight, when I had better luck. I knew Mary was sitting up anxious, and it made me cool. I set my hat on the floor, and every time I'd won I'd drop the money in the hat. I sat there until day broke, and then I took my hat up in both hands, smashed it on my head, and went home. When I got to my room, there sat Mary in her gown. She seemed tired and anxious, and though she looked mighty hard at me, she didn't say a word. I walked right up to her, and emptied my hat right into the lap of her gown, and then we sat down and counted it. Just fifteen hundred dollars even, and that gave me a start.'

Mr Clay's devotion to cards did not disturb his wife's equanimity in the least. Asked by a Northern belle if it did not distress her that her husband should gamble, the candid old lady replied: 'Not at all, my dear; he most always wins.'

The wife of Bishop Beadon loved whist so well, that when the prelate told one of his clergy if he was able to sit up half the night playing whist at the Bath Rooms, he must be well enough to do duty at home, the invalided one silenced him with: 'My lord, Mrs Beadon would tell you that late whist acts as a tonic or restorative to dyspeptic people with weak nerves.' The bishop's better-half would have sympathised with Goldsmith's old lady, who, lying sick unto death, played cards with the curate to pass the time away, and after winning all his money, had just proposed to play for her funeral charges, when she expired.

There have been stranger stakes still. * In 1735, when Henry and James Trotter sat down at the *Salmon Inn*, Chester-le-Street, to play a game of cards against Robert Thoms and Thomas Ellison, the latter pair staking five shillings, and the former a child, the son of a Mr and Mrs Leesh, who gave up their boy to the winners.—A traveller in New Zealand, spending a night in a squatter's hut,

was invited to cut in for a rubber of whist. As he took his seat, he inquired: 'What points?' His partner responded in a tone significant of surprise at such a question: 'Why, the usual game, of course—sheep points, and a bullock on the rubber.'

Unless Espartero and his foe Marota are much belied, more momentous issues were decided by the cards in a lone farmhouse at Bergara, where they privately met to arrange a truce between their respective forces. No sooner did Espartero enter the room, than the Carlist chief challenged him to a game at tressillo, a challenge the Christino commander accepted with alacrity. Espartero first won all Marota's money, then his own conditions for the truce, article by article, and finally the entire submission of the Carlist army. Within twenty-four hours, Marota had paid his debt, and the first Carlist war was at an end.

A Mr Purdy, as the end of his bachelorhood drew nigh, let his old cronies know it was his intention to forswear card-playing after perpetrating matrimony. They thereupon put their heads together, and a day or two after the wedding, invited him to a little dinner at Delmonico's, at which he was to receive a three hundred dollar silver service. Dinner done, and the presentation made, the party made themselves and their guest merry over some excellent wine, and when they thought the time had come, proposed a game of poker; and after a little hesitation, Purdy gave in 'just for this once.' His hosts had fixed things nicely, and calculated upon winning the price of their wedding gift, the dinner, and the wine. The game went on till long after daylight appeared, but by that time the intended victim had cleaned every one of them out, besides retaining lawful possession of the silver service.

Even the sharpest of sharpers may meet more than his match. Robert Houdin happening to saunter into a continental casino where a Greek was reaping a rare harvest at *écarté*, looked on quietly until a seat became vacant, and then dropped into it. The Greek, dealing dexterously, turned a king from the bottom of the pack. When the deal came to Houdin, he observed: 'When I turn kings from the bottom of the pack, I always do it with one hand instead of two; it is quite as easy, and much more elegant. See! here comes his majesty of diamonds;' and up came the card. The cheat stared at the conjurer for a moment, and then rushed from the place, without waiting to possess himself of his hat, coat, or stakes.

Another of the fraternity, after winning ten games at *écarté* in succession, tried his fortune against a new opponent; and still his luck held. He had made four points, and dealing, turned up a king and won. 'My luck is wonderful,' said he. '—Yes,' said his adversary; 'and all the more wonderful since I have the four kings of the pack in my pocket!' and the professor of *legerdmain* laid them on the table.

'I remember,' said a gentleman who had travelled in Russia, 'being at a ball given by the Empress to the late Emperor, on his birthday. I was playing at *écarté*, when the Emperor, who was wandering about, came behind me to watch the game. My adversary and I were both at four,

and it was my deal. "Now," said the Emperor, "let us see whether you can turn up the king?" —I dealt, and then held up the turn-up card, observing: "Your orders, sir, have been obeyed." —A dozen times afterwards, the Emperor asked me how I managed it; and he never would believe that it was a mere hazard, and that I had taken the chance of the card being a king.'

The Czar was as much astonished at the result of his remark as the young gentleman who, looking over a pretty girl's shoulder while she was playing cards, observed: 'What a lovely hand!'—'You may have it, if you want it,' murmured she; and all the rest of the evening he was wondering what her intentions were.

MY NEW FRIEND.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

THE day appointed for the meeting, as detailed in the last chapter, was evidently to be an important one in my little history; for I was at length to see one of my employers, and I hoped that he would be favourably impressed with me. Perhaps I felt quite as much anxiety about my being favourably impressed with him. With his coming, too, my first recognised transaction in the service would be completed; for the representative of the Belgian firm would appear also, and hand me the delivery-orders for these goods, in return for cash. It was essential, as Scate had pointed out to me, that I should manage all this, as my agency would be largely concerned in the Belgian trade, and it was well that these people should see at the outset that I was intrusted with the conduct of a big affair. I was pleased at this, of course, and Mr Chelps was no less delighted than myself.

When the morning arrived, Mr Chelps was in unusual spirits, hopping about with a briskness quite remarkable for him, and quite remarkable, too, in an elderly invalid. He had already told me that he had succeeded in obtaining the money; he had received this on the previous afternoon, but it was in the form of a cheque; and he foresaw some difficulty in its acceptance by the Belgians, who would naturally regard a cheque offered by him with very different eyes from what they would regard one from such a firm as Bunner, Wreggs, and Carrowble. He had told Scate that this would probably be the case; and the latter, with his usual readiness, had promised that he would arrange so as to prevent any obstacle or inconvenience.

So remarkably brisk was Mr Chelps, that, having obtained permission for our servant Lizzie to go on a rather long errand for him, he insisted upon opening the street door to all callers himself, to save Mrs Matley and myself the trouble. Not only did his buoyant spirits prompt him to do this, and to sit all the morning, or nearly so, in the office, to be in readiness, but he avowed his intention of buying 'quite a lot of flowers,' as

he said; and so opened our front door at least half-a-dozen times to hail the passing venders of roots, blossoms, or bulbs. Once or twice, I came up into the hall while he was haggling with these men; but each time he playfully insisted upon my going back, as he did not intend Mrs Matley to have the slightest idea of what he was going to buy. It was to be a surprise for her, he said.

So the morning wore on until, punctual to his appointed time, Mr Scate appeared; and almost directly after him, the Belgian representative. This latter was a portly, respectable-looking gentleman, who seemed rather surprised at the aspect of the house to which he had been summoned to transact such important business. Scate evidently caught the glance, and, ready as usual, said: 'All very new here, sir—we shall have it altered in a few days. It was a long way to fetch you from the City; but Mr Matley—this is Mr Matley'—we bowed to each other—'will have a great part of our Belgian and French connection business, and so we wish him and his branch-house to be individually known to our continental friends. However, I'm sure you'll not mind, so long as the cash is here; and here it is.'

'No, sir,' returned the gentleman, who did not seem very much impressed by the rather ready jocularly in which Mr Scate so much excelled. 'As you say, it is no business of mine.'

'You have the delivery-notes, or warrants, of course?' said Scate, becoming terse in his turn.

'I have; here they are,' returned the stranger; 'and here is a receipt for sixteen hundred pounds cash.'

'Quite right,' said Scate.—'Now, Mr Chelms, your cheque.—And here in good time is Mr Wreggs; so you will have the security and see the principal at once, as I promised.' As he spoke, he ran and opened the door, at which a loud knock had just been given, and ushered in a dark, keen-looking man, who struck me as being one of the most sinister-looking individuals I had ever beheld; an idea not weakened by his being loaded with much ponderous jewellery.

'This is Mr Herdley, who represents Delroi & Co., sir.—And this is Mr Matley, our new agent, sir, of whom I spoke to you.—And this is Mr Chelms, a personal friend, who wishes, as I have told you, sir, to be allowed to join in your speculations.'

Mr Wreggs acknowledged each introduction with a short bow, accompanied in each case by a furtive glance, which in a measure reminded me of my customer Mr Jerry Wilkins.

'Will you see if those are right, sir?' said Scate to the new arrival, handing him the papers from Mr Herdley, as it seemed the Belgian agent was called.

'Yes; they will do,' said Wreggs; and after a little bustle in getting out his pocket-book,

Scate gathered up the papers again and laid them on the desk.

'Now, Mr Chelms,' he continued, 'Mr Wreggs has kindly promised to bring some more notes, as I know foreign houses are sometimes very reluctant to take the cheques of strangers.—Have you brought them, sir?'

'Yes,' said Wreggs briefly, drawing out in his turn a bulky pocket-book and handing therefrom a packet to Scate.

'Thank you, sir.—Then, if you will give me your cheque, Mr Chelms,' continued the latter, 'I will hand over notes of equal value, and give you the warrants besides.'

Mr Chelms, who had been gazing, as it seemed to me, in a kind of rapt admiration from Mr Wreggs to the Belgian agent, and back from the Belgian agent to Mr Wreggs, at this appeal produced a carefully folded paper from his pocket, and took thence a familiar-looking slip—the cheque. 'It's on the Bank of England, you see,' he said, as he handed it to Scate. 'Your friend Mr Wreggs knows all about that establishment.' He laughed as he said this; and the laugh was repeated by Scate and Wreggs, but in very different tones.

The former took the cheque, and thrust the heap of notes, increased by some from his own pocket, to Mr Herdley, saying: 'You will find those right, I have no doubt, sir;' then pushed the papers, or warrants, to Mr Chelms, adding: 'And there is your security, sir.'

Mr Chelms clutched them eagerly, crammed them into his pocket, and then, to my surprise, thrust two of his fingers into his mouth, and whistled loudly. We all started in amazement, and looked at him; but before a single word could be spoken, the door of the room was thrown violently open, and then, to my greater amazement, four men rushed in. In the momentary glance I caught of them as they entered, I saw that two of them were certainly fellows of whom I had seen Chelms buying flowers an hour before, while another was as certainly the stranger to whom I had spoken at the bar of the *Three Bells*.

'What the'—began Scate, turning fiercely upon Chelms; but ere he could complete his sentence, the old man had sprung from his chair full upon him, and had thrown his arms around him, two of the strangers seizing Mr Wreggs at the same instant.

'Get off, you old fool!' shouted Scate, with a savage oath; 'leave go, or it'll be the worse for you.'

'On with the bracelets, Bill!' cried Chelms, in a tone utterly different from his usual voice, and maintaining his grip with overpowering force, despite of the tremendous struggles of Scate. The latter plunged and kicked desperately; but the stranger of the *Three Bells* assisted Mr Chelms in holding his man, while one of the costermongers—actually one of the flower-men—pulled out a pair of handcuffs; and in thirty seconds from the time the door was opened, Scate and Mr Wreggs were each handcuffed and each held in the grip of two men; while Mr Herdley and myself looked on in helpless surprise, and, in my case at anyrate, some little dread.

When he released his hold of Scate, Chelms turned to me with a smile—a smile slight and

quiet in itself, but which yet seemed to change him altogether, so that I should hardly have known the man. 'You will apologise to Mrs Matley, if you please, for our causing so much unpleasantness in her house,' he said; 'but it was unavoidable. We shall not require your assistance at present; and I wish you particularly to assure your kind little wife that this will do you no harm—rather the other way. I shall call again this evening, after attending the court with our friends.'

Then turning to Mr Herdley, he continued: 'We shall want you with us, sir.—Now, Bill'—to one of the costermonger-like men, as I had once thought them, but whom I now began to see were something different—'call a couple of cabs, and let us be off.'

'But who—who and what are you?' I said, although I felt that I could have answered the question myself; 'and what have these men been doing?'

'I am Sergeant Moley from Scotland Yard,' replied my lodger. 'My name may be known to you. I will tell you all about these gentlemen when I call round this evening.'

His name known to me! I should think it was indeed, as that of the most dreaded and successful detective officer of the day.

'Oh, it's you, is it?' hissed Scate. 'If ever I get clear again, I'll put a bullet into you, if you are above ground.'

'Ah!' said Chelps—or Moley—coolly, 'that's what you are going to do when you are free. You are not free now, and my advice to you is to wait until you are, before you talk of your plans.'

In another minute the cabs arrived, and the whole of the strange party took their departure; Moley again leaving an assuring message for my wife, while the stranger of the *Three Bells* paused in the doorway to give me a most expressive wink.

I need not say how startled Susan was by my account of the long expected interview; indeed, but for the message left by Mr Chelps, in whom she still had great confidence, although he turned out to be a disguised detective—but for this, I am sure she would have utterly broken down. It was a great change, to be sure. All my bright visions, all my hope of returning prosperity, gone at a blow! and we were now as badly off, or even worse than when the hateful bills announcing the sale of my furniture were affixed to the house.

The day wore slowly and miserably away, until we had almost given up the hope of seeing our late lodger, when a knock was heard, and Lizzie after answering it, came to the breakfast-room door, and with her eyes opened to their utmost power of staring, and a face expressive of the most intense astonishment, said: 'Mr Chelps, ma'am, has called, and wants to see you.'

'Ask Mr Chelps down,' said my wife; and the next instant there was heard a quick firm step on the stairs, and then a dark, close-cropped, clean-shaved man, with keen small eyes, of square and powerful build, presented himself. He held out his hand, exclaiming: 'What! don't you know your old lodger?'

We asked him to sit down, which he did; and after a few apologetic remarks to my wife, he said, in answer to our inquiries, that he would

make a clean breast of it, and tell us all about the mystery. 'And, as you know I am fond of a pipe,' he continued, 'I will take the liberty, ma'am, of having a whiff during my story. I always think a man gets on better if he smokes.'

We of course made no objection; and Mr Chelps—to give him once more his old familiar name—after a moment's delay in preparation, lighted his pipe, took two or three kindling 'whiffs' at it, and then proceeded with his narration, thus:

'You know already that I am in the police, Mr Matley—and you, ma'am—so I need not stay to explain anything about that. Well, in the course of business, during the last year or two, we have been put on the track of a very dangerous and artful gang of swindlers, who were up to all sorts of dodges. Sometimes they would buy goods, and pay for them with bills that were never met. Sometimes they paid for them in forged notes, which then got into general circulation. Sometimes they bought stolen goods and goods from fraudulent debtors; in fact there's no telling all the games they were up to; and yet we could never quite get hold of them. More than once we have caught the men who actually appeared in the work; but they were at the best subordinates; more often, indeed, they were dupes themselves. At last it was pretty clear that one Edward Phillips, *alias* Scate, *alias* Nottingham Ned—by which last name he was generally known in flash circles—was deep in the business; and we were ordered to keep him in view.'

'We got some information soon after this which proved of use. We were told that his firm—as you know he calls it—were about to try their games on with some Belgian people, and that he was going to open a new receiving-house by the aid of a man who knew nothing of the firm or its plans. This man was you, Mr Matley; but as we did not wish to be always catching the dupe, who was as innocent as the persons who had been cheated themselves, I hit upon a plan by which I hoped to penetrate a little farther into the mystery. I made inquiries about you, sir; and found what difficulties you were in, and what a good character you bore, so I could pretty nearly tell what line Scate would take with you, and when he would begin.'

'I hit it, you must own, fairly well. I came to ask about your lodgings; and, to my delight, when I was asked into this very room, there sat the man I was most interested in. He did not want you to leave this house for a bit, so he eagerly advised you to take such an easy-going, purblind, thick-headed old fellow as me for a lodger. Of course I had expected to take furnished apartments; but when I found how things were, I said I would prefer bringing my own.'

'And so you did Mr—Ch—Moley!' exclaimed my wife; 'beautiful new furniture, which your married daughter, who had gone to Australia, had recently bought for you.'

'Ah! yes, to be sure, my married daughter! her furniture!' returned our friend, with a broad grin. 'Why, bless your heart, ma'am, I went straight from here that night and hired

it. I haven't got any married daughters! I haven't got any daughters at all. I'm an old bachelor.'

'Good gracious!' exclaimed my wife again; 'but you were quite overcome when you spoke of the loss of Mrs Chelms. Do you mean to say'—

'I do indeed, ma'am,' interrupted Mr Moley. 'We are obliged to do those things in the detective work. I could see you did not really like Scate; nor did Mr Matley.'

'I did not,' I said; 'I took a dislike to him from the first.'

'But to go on with my story. Once in the house and seeing him, and hearing what he had told you, my work began to be as plain as ABC. It was quite clear he meant you to run your head into the trap, and buy the stolen goods; be the responsible agent; give the forged bills; get rid of the flash notes, and so on. But the thing wanted was to get him to play all his cards at once, so as to smash the whole concern; because you see, ma'am, I wasn't quite satisfied even with the chance of getting him, while there were others behind. So I talked about my ready-money which I wished to have employed; and he jumped at the bait more readily than I expected.

'His plans were soon altered. Instead of going on gradually with you, he meant to have a big haul over this Belgian affair, and then sheer off. He meant, it was very clear, to sell the goods directly he got hold of them. He, or his precious partner Wreggs, had already sounded some people about buying them, and found they could get very nearly full value on the dock warrants. Then there was my money—eleven hundred pounds, you know—the two things together making such a pull as he did not often get.

'The first transaction you had was with Mr Jerry Wilkins. His name is no more Wilkins than mine is; but that don't matter. Well, what you bought was plate, sir, the proceeds of some burglaries at the West End.—Don't be alarmed, ma'am; nothing can touch your husband, who had no knowledge of what he was doing. Well, I wanted to be sure of this; so I took care to listen, and to loiter in the front garden so that I could see Mr Jerry when he called'—

'Then I suppose,' said I, interrupting him, 'that I really did see you looking over the banisters, and hiding at the back of the hall on both nights?'

'You did so, sir,' replied Mr Moley; 'and on the evening he came I planted one of our people at the *Three Bells*, who sent a boy to your place with a message, and so got you out of the way, while I examined the parcel you had bought. But when you said you had had a "turn" through not being able to find the package, which was on a different chair from where you thought you had laid it, you gave me a "turn" too; for while you spoke, I remembered that I had left it on the wrong chair. However, it came all right; and Scate no doubt thought it was all right, as he had succeeded in making you buy stolen goods. Yet, if this Belgian affair could be brought off, he would not want you at all; that was plain enough.

'Well, sir, to cut this short, as you know most of it. I was aware that these men were desperate

ruffians of the worst class. You would hardly think it, ma'am, but I am morally sure, though I can't bring it home to him, that this Scate has been in some of the cruellest things ever committed. So I got some of our men to call this morning, some dressed up as costermongers, one to ask a question, and so on, and I slipped them in without any one seeing them, and stowed them away in my room. When I whistled, they were to rush down at once.

'All went beautifully. The partner Mr Wreggs—a worse scoundrel, if possible, than the other—turned up just as I wished; while Mr Scate having got hold of my cheque, paid the Belgian party in bank-notes, every one of which was forged. He had given me the chance to examine them beforehand. He was a little too clever. He had prepared false dock-notes too; and when he was pretending to let his partner examine the originals and so forth, he changed the sets, so that he held the true ones, while he gave me the forgeries. When this was all done, I thought he had gone far enough, so I just gave my whistle, and— Well, you saw the rest.'

'I did see the rest!' I ejaculated; 'and thoroughly astonished I was to see it. But the strange gentleman—the Belgian agent—was he also of the gang?'

'O no!' exclaimed Moley; 'he certainly was not; and there come's in, ma'am, the best part of my story.' (He always addressed my wife, when he had anything specially interesting to say.) 'If I hadn't got such a finish to tell, I don't think I should have troubled you by coming round to-night. Mr Herdley was aware there was something suspicious in the business, although he did not know exactly what it was; and at first he thought, naturally enough, it was you, Mr Matley, who was at the bottom of it all. But I took care to put all that right; and shall always be glad I lit upon the idea of coming here to lodge, if only for being able, through doing so, to clear away any suspicion of that kind. Well, Mr Herdley and Mr Crobson, the head of your late firm, having married two sisters, are of course very friendly; and owing to what Mr Herdley has been able to say about you this day, your late firm have taken a great interest in you; so much so, ma'am, that old Mr Richards, the head-clerk, having resigned, they will write to-morrow, offering your husband the post.'

Susan and myself each uttered a cry of surprise here.

'It's quite, right, ma'am, you may rely,' continued Mr Moley, evidently delighted at the impression he had made; 'you will have the letter to-morrow for certain. And who so fit as you, Mr Matley, a man who knows the business, and who has always done his duty by the firm.'

I cannot stay to repeat all we said, or how we thanked the kindly detective, or how he pretended to ridicule my wife for crying at what ought to make her smile, while I could actually see a sympathetic glistering in his own eyes. He stayed with us long enough to smoke several pipes.

When he rose to leave, he said: 'Now, joking apart, ma'am, just the sober truth, you know—don't you think I was pretty well got up as an old man?—pretty well, for an amateur, you know?'

'It was wonderful,' said my wife. 'I never was more deceived in my life. I never saw anything on the stage to compare with it.'

Mr Moley quite giggled with pleasure and pride on hearing this testimony to his skill, and went away on excellent terms with himself.

His prophecy was borne out to the letter. My old employers wrote to me the next day; and on the following Monday I took my seat as head of the counting-house in which I had worked so long as a clerk. Nor did Mr Moley himself fare badly. The arrest of Scate and Wreggs led to other captures, and finally to the breaking-up of the best organised and most dangerous gang of swindlers in London; a result which brought Mr Moley promotion, a handsome present from some merchants, and repeated eulogiums in the press; the latter testimonials giving him, perhaps, the greatest pleasure of the whole; for with all his shrewdness and determination, he was rather a vain man.

For many years, until, indeed, he retired to his native county on a pension, Moley came once in each half-year to dine with us; always on a Sunday, and always with presents for our children, who regarded him as a sort of extra uncle, and were always uproariously glad to see him.

CRICKET CHAT.

BY AN OLD HAND.

Now that the bats and pads and flannels have been stowed away in their winter homes, and one more cricket season has gone to be numbered with the past, it is a fitting opportunity for us lovers of the grand old game to indulge in a little cricket chat. In cricket, as in all other sports and pleasures, retrospect is almost as delightful as actual enjoyment; and the true devotee of the game recounts past exploits, and tells how fields were won or lost, with just the same gusto that the Nimrod relates famous races, the mountaineer dwells upon past conquests, and the explorer shudders again over past risks and perils. So you young cricketer of the present day, with the bronze of the past season's sun scarcely yet driven from your face, and I, cricketer of the old school, whose cricket bronze has long since faded, will draw our chairs together and talk.

Let us just begin with the game as it was played on the old Lansdown and Brighton grounds, and upon the ever-green Vine at Sevenoaks, by gentlemen in silk tights and buckled shoes, and at a later period by old fogies like myself. The main features of the glorious old game are of course the same—a fact well worthy of remembrance by those who are fond of decrying the present age as one of wholesale innovation and Vandalic reform. But could royal Frederick Prince of Wales—Fred who was killed at Epsom by a blow from a cricket-ball—and his grandson the 'First Gentleman,' rise from their graves, and be stationed, say, at Canterbury or at Lord's, as spectators of one of our great matches, we may imagine that their surprise would equal that of one of Boadicea's warriors, could he be resuscitated and shown over Woolwich Arsenal. Fred and George used

four stumps in their game, and the modern bats were represented by a piece of wood laid upon the tops of the stumps; moreover, the stumps were not more than one half the height of those now in vogue; so that, as we shall see when we come to describe the bats used, to bowl a wicket was by no means an easy task. This arrangement of the stumps may be seen by an inspection of the interesting old illustrated score-sheets which hang upon the walls of the pavilion at the Sevenoaks Vine. Whether the 'W. Gs' or the Murdochs of the present day could run up their colossal scores with the bats familiar to Fred and George, is an open question; but to us, accustomed to the sturdy yet beautifully made willow weapons of the present day, they seem very cumbrous and unwieldy affairs. In London, two of them might have been seen not very long since in the window of Mr Mortlock's shop at the Waterloo Railway approach; but they have disappeared; and for the benefit of those who have not seen them, they may be described as huge scimitar-shaped pieces of dark wood, made of one piece, and guiltless of splice or whipping or inserted whale-bone, or of any of the little peculiarities of the modern 'stick,' and weighing considerably more than the double of the bat familiar to us. The ball, too, was a very ponderous concern, resembling more the *balista* of the ancient Romans than anything connected with modern games; and we can well understand that poor Fred did not survive the blow he received upon Epsom Downs.

It is quite an error to suppose that by the name given to the present era of cricket, 'the age of fast bowling,' our ancestors' cricket was a tame and effeminate pursuit. Alfred Mynn, Squire Osbaldistone, and Lord Frederick Beauclerk, could sling the balls in their under-hand style, at a pace which would make you, who may have seen Tarrant and Jackson, and who of course are familiar with 'Demon Spofforth' and Foord-Kelcey, stare as at the discovery of a new fact. And it should be remembered that the heroes first mentioned above no more thought of walking garished with pads and gloves to the wickets, than a sensible man would dream nowadays of going without them.

The introduction of the 'break-back' and 'twist' into the science of bowling—which is probably due to Fuller Pilch and old Lillywhite, although John Nyren, the earliest authority on cricket, mentions one man who was a master of these branches of cricket-cunning in his day—has of course rendered our modern bowling very far more efficacious than the old straight ahead honest system of 'trundling'; and it is to be doubted whether Alfred Mynn would be able to do much against A. G. Steel or Peate, although he might play Spofforth or Rotherham as well as any man can play such first-class fast bowling. I must say that I think it much to be regretted that there are so few fast under-hand bowlers at the present day, when there are such crowds of men and boys who waste time and energy in attempting to attain proficiency in the science of bowling round hand, notwithstanding all evidence that the gift is not in them. This opinion may be confirmed by watching the bowling at an ordinary match of the third or fourth class, and by noting

the very small proportion of straight balls delivered by men who professedly bowl for wickets and not for catches; and also by noting how frequently men who are, as a rule, 'very decent' bats, are completely nonplussed when confronted by village champions who are the last depositaries of the old fast under-hand style. If you doubt the efficacy of this style, make a point next season of going to Chislehurst, and observe the fatal effect of Crowhurst's bowling amongst good batsmen.

Paradoxical as it may appear, a cricketer of the old school is struck with the want of individual enthusiasm in modern cricket, notwithstanding the fact that the national enthusiasm in the game is growing year by year. To one match played fifty years ago, there are now probably played several hundred; yet I doubt if the combined enthusiasm of the hundreds of modern matches equals that which characterised the one match of the old days. The introduction of the colonial element into our great matches has brought out, naturally enough, the patriotic enthusiasm of English cricketers of all classes; but with this exception, there is none of the earnest, anxious, business-like interest taken in the game as of old. In the days, as the old cricketing song says,

When the great old Kent Eleven, full of pluck and hope, began

The great battle with All England, single-handed man to man,

a cricket-match between two clubs or villages aroused in the breasts of the spectators and of the players themselves, an intensity of excitement, an eagerness, an anxiety which only find modern parallels at a Tyneside boat-race or a stiffly contested election. Men went to cricket-matches then, not so much to spend an agreeable day beneath the shade of tall trees, to make a sort of picnic of the affair, with the accompaniments of gaily dressed ladies, military bands, and extravagant refreshments, as to enter heart and soul into the contest; to keep their eyes fastened on the game; to see how 'our Bill' would come off; to cheer lustily at every good stroke; to criticise; to live, in fact, in no other world for the time being than that shut within the limit of the cricket-field proper.

But what do we see now in one of our great Metropolitan matches? Be the title of the match ever so attractive, the majority of the company outside the ropes have come to see each other and to be seen, and it is to be doubted, if an analysis were to be made of the conversation of the five or ten thousand people present, whether the topics discussed would very materially pertain to the game itself. As with the spectators, so with the players themselves. Kentish Smith meets Kentish Jones, who has been playing in a county match. In the old days, Smith's first question would have been: 'Well, old fellow, did we win?' To-day, it would be: 'Well, old man, how many did you make?' or, 'How many wickets did you take?' The county man of the present day who gets out first ball, does not hang his head and walk despondently back to the pavilion because he has failed to uphold the honour of his county, but because he has been individually unfortunate and has 'spoilt his average.' At schools, the old feelings are cer-

tainly kept up; but when the boys leave school and go into the great cricketing world as men, it is to be feared they too frequently adopt the world's way of thinking, and play the fine old game simply for self. The very universality of cricket is, of course, the reason for this. Kent beats Sussex on Monday, and on Saturday the feat is forgotten. But in the old days, the victory would have been a subject for congratulation and enthusiasm for weeks after. Exceptions to this general apathy have been seen in the matches played by the Australian team in England. I believe that every Englishman who has been a spectator of these contests has been animated by a genuine earnest wish to see the Old Country come off victorious; and few who were present can forget the scene at Kennington Oval in September 1880, or in August of the present year, when twenty-five thousand persons were assembled to see the match between England and Australia. That was a sight to make the coldest and most impassive of hearts burn with enthusiasm; for it was a genuine match of the old sort, played by the finest living exponents of the game, in the face of the most critical cricket audience ever assembled.

When our ancestors played a cricket-match, they made of it a good, thorough employment and amusement for a whole day. There was no wasting the cream of the morning hours, as is now invariably the rule; no dawdling about with cigarettes in mouth; no aimless hitting and bowling at improvised wickets until within an hour and a half of luncheon-time; no unpardonable delays over luncheon and during the innings. They pitched their wickets at half-past nine, and by ten o'clock were hard at work—work which they continued until one o'clock, when they adjourned for half an hour, at the expiration of which time they recommenced play, and continued until the hour fixed for the drawing of the stumps. Now, this particular evil of indefensible waste of time is growing every day. It is quite the exception for any so-called 'whole-day match' to commence before twelve o'clock; and all who are familiar with active life in any shape, are aware how invaluable both in execution of brain and limb are the two hours preceding mid-day. At two o'clock the luncheon-bell rings. Luncheon lasts during the best part of an hour, and modern notions enact that it should be followed by a pipe or cigar, which brings the hour of recommencement up to three or beyond it. In these days of rapid communication, distance is no excuse to be offered for such meaningless waste of time as the commencement of a match at mid-day; and that it cannot be considered for a moment as an excuse is evident from the fact that there are hundreds of men who accept invitations to play 'whole-day matches' on Saturdays, and who find time to run up to town and accomplish a certain amount of business before it is necessary to put in an appearance on the cricket-ground.

Another crying evil which calls for the attention of all true cricketers is, as we have already hinted, the unnecessary extravagance and long duration of the modern cricket-lunch. The old cricketers adjourned to cold beef, bread-and-cheese, and beer; and surely we are not a whit inferior to them in

physical stamina and capability. But what do we often see? The modern cricketer, it may be taken for granted, is a man in full health and strength, makes a hearty breakfast between eight and ten o'clock in the morning, and yet it is deemed absolutely necessary that at two o'clock he should sit down to pickled salmon, meat-pies, cold and often hot joints, puddings, jellies, and tarts, washed down by beer, wine, and spirits of all kinds. No wonder he lounges out into the field afterwards as if he were filing out of church, and reluctantly parts with the end of his cigar or the unconsumed remnant of his pipe. No wonder that the batsmen who have become 'well-set' before lunch, frequently retire at the first straight ball, that catches are missed, and that 'wides' swell the total of the 'extras.' All this tends to support the statement we have made above, that the game is now regarded too much in the light of a picnic, and that the luxury which from all time has been the invariable accompaniment of progressive civilisation and refinement, has at last invaded many of the fields wherein, as the Iron Duke said, England's victories have been won.

In justice, however, I must concede that these delinquencies and shortcomings in the modern game have not yet become universal. There are hundreds of matches played every Saturday in England in the good old way—without waste of time, extravagances, or eccentricities. And after all, as you say, cricket is a pastime, and if some of its modern gentlemen exponents choose to invest it with the character of a picnic, why, be it so; it is so much the worse for the game, and perhaps for themselves. There is another evil, too, which is a serious one, and which has crept in with all these innovations. I mean the expense. A cricketer of the present day—I do not mean a village-green cricketer, but a member of some recognised club, who is prepared to follow the fortunes of the club wherever within reasonable limits they may lead him—must be a man of some means. Travelling expenses of course form an unavoidable item; but costume is considerably more than an item; and luncheon-money runs up very soon to the dimensions of a goodly sum. Cricket paraphernalia, too, are expensive, for every man who plays cricket at all regularly must be possessed of at least two bats, a pair of pads, and gloves; and all these put on to the sum of the annual subscription, form an almost insurmountable obstacle to many men. Still, as you remark, the old game flourishes exceedingly, and right glad I am to see it.

English cricketers have learned a lesson this year from the visit of the Australian team generally, and from the result of the great match in August at the Oval in particular. Amongst ordinary cricketers—I speak not of such men as those who fought for the Old Country in the above-mentioned contest—individual average, that curse of modern cricket, is the object of paramount importance to men from the very day they begin to fancy themselves becoming proficient.

To be a good cricketer nowadays seems to me to mean simply possessing the knack of knocking up runs. Let the doubter of this visit two or three of the great open spaces near London upon a Saturday afternoon. He will see that the applause which greets the success of a patient, painstaking bowler, or which follows a smart

piece of fielding, is nothing compared with that which is sure to reward a long innings or even a showy 'gallery' hit. Now, the Australians have shown us how utterly absurd this is. It may be said that they pursued their almost unbroken career of victory during their sojourn in England, simply by their magnificent all-round play. Every one of their men can be depended upon to do something out of the special department for which he is famed. Bonnor is a terrific hitter, but he is also a magnificent field; Bannerman, most patient of batsmen, fields and bowls equally well; Blackham, who vies with 'our Mr Lyttelton' for the honour of being the best wicket-keeper in the world, is a safe run-getter: in fact, without individualising the remainder of the men, we may say, that with perhaps the exception of Spofforth, who is good chiefly as a bowler, there is not such a thing in any department of the game as a 'tail' in the team. They are not a whit superior to us as batsmen. We could raise half a dozen such batting elevens, but I very much doubt if one of those elevens would, at such a critical period as during the last hour's play during the match at the Oval, show such wonderful nerve as did the Australians. They left us with the splendid record of having played thirty-eight matches, and of having been beaten but four times; whilst of the drawn matches, it was quite possible, when we remember their extraordinary faculty for 'pulling a game out of the fire,' that they might have won at least two. No county Eleven was victorious against them; whilst in some cases the utter discrepancy of power was so great, that the games were reduced to the level of farces—notably in the cases of Sussex, Derbyshire, Leicestershire, Middlesex, Kent, and even Nottingham and Gloucestershire. In four instances have they beaten combination Elevens which might almost be considered representative; and, with the exception of the Cambridge University match, the defeats they have encountered have been inflicted by very straggling, carefully chosen, and fully representative teams.

In the county matches, the causes of defeat have invariably been one of two—weak fielding, or unaccountable panic; and, as I have stated above, it has been to their excellent fielding and to their never-to-be shaken nerve that the Australians owe their success, far more than to their superiority as batsmen. However, the feeling of national humiliation seems to have taken such deep root amongst all classes of cricketers, that upon the next occasion of a visit from Australian cricketers, I sincerely hope the amount standing to the credit of Old England at the end of the season, may be of a very much more substantial nature than the balance of 1882.

What does an evening's practice at cricket mean, to the ordinary amateur of the present day? It means standing up with nets on each side and behind, to be bowled at for a quarter of an hour by a professional, afterwards to saunter away to smoke cigarettes or to play lawn-tennis. Who ever heard—I speak particularly of London clubs; I know not the custom in the country so well—of such a thing as fielding practice? Who ever saw an acknowledged bowler of merit, or rather of a man who might be a bowler of merit if he chose to take pains, bowling on the practice-

ground as he would bowl in a match? But every man bats his very best at practice. Does not this prove, my young friend, that your modern cricketers think everything of batting, and, to use an American expression, let everything else rip? Take down your nets; have double-wicket practice once a week; let every man try at least to be proficient in some one department of the game beyond batting, and when the Australian team next visits us, they will find county teams far harder nuts to crack than during the year 1882.

THE MONTH. SCIENCE AND ARTS.

MONSIEUR ESTIENNE, a well-known corn-merchant of Marseilles, annually compiles a most useful pamphlet giving information regarding the harvests of France and other countries in the northern hemisphere. This information he collects by means of inquiries addressed to leading men at home and abroad; and its authentic nature has long been recognised, for the little volume now holds its own in the corn-trade as a reliable guide. The issue for the present year is of a most satisfactory nature; for the reports are none of them of that gloomy character which familiar tales of agricultural failure would lead us to expect. The English crops generally are described as being the best for the past seven years. Scotland also sends satisfactory reports. In Ireland we learn that unfavourable weather has caused the wheat-crop to be under the average; but still the prospects were far from gloomy. Reports from Austria, Hungary, Russia, Germany, and other European states, all speak of plenty; while the wheat-harvest in the United States is described as the best ever gathered. Taking the information as a whole, we find that the world's harvest of 1882 is above the average, and is far better than has been experienced during the many years that these statistics have been collected.

We may reasonably hope that the attention now paid to agricultural chemistry, to improved machinery, and, more than all, the knowledge that has been acquired regarding insect pests, will gradually bring round British farming to its former prosperity. In former times, the farmer in his ignorance would too often kill his best friends, the small birds, which came into his fields not to rob him, but to destroy his enemies. Thanks to such workers as Miss Ormerod, these mistakes will be corrected. Her recently published *Manual of Injurious Insects, with Methods of Prevention and Remedy*, enables any one to identify an insect by means of pictures for comparison with the captured specimen, and gives directions for stopping its ravages. It forms an interesting book for all, but still more to those for whose use it is principally intended, and to whom it is dedicated, namely, 'the landowners, farmers, foresters, and gardeners of the United Kingdom.'

We recently alluded to the interesting trials

of various machines for drying hay and corn which took place at the Agricultural Society's Show at Reading. We then pointed out that the results of these trials could not be fairly considered until some time had elapsed, and the stacked produce had been thoroughly desiccated. The judges have now made their Report. A prize of one hundred guineas was offered for the best means of drying the material either before or after stacking; and there were eight competitors. It is a disappointment to find that the systems tried have failed; and that the judges report that they do not feel justified in awarding the prize. This result is most surprising, in the face of the letters which have appeared during the last few years in the *Times* and other newspapers testifying to the remarkable results attained by these hay-drying machines. The matter seems to require some explanation.

Some months ago, there was a great outcry among amateur archaeologists to the effect that the Ducal Palace and St Mark's, Venice, were about to receive irreparable damage at the hands of the modern restorer. A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who lately examined the repairs that have been and are being made, sets these alarms at rest. He reports that the old buildings were not only sinking in the soft muddy ground on which they stood, but that the sea-air had disintegrated the stone-work to such a depth that in many places the carvings were quite obliterated. Every particle of stone which it was possible to utilise has in these necessary repairs been retained, and the new work has been executed with such skill that the most fastidious could not object to it. On the whole, our informant considers that the work could not possibly be better done.

A curious observation regarding hailstorms has lately been brought before the Swiss Geographical Societies at Geneva by Herr Riniker, the chief forester of Canton Aargau. He maintains that hailstorms do not occur where there are forests, and instances the case of a small chain of mountains in the south of Aargau known as the Lindenberge which are normally completely covered with trees. About twenty years ago, the forest was divided in two places by wide gaps, and immediately afterwards the valleys were visited by frequent hailstorms. Fourteen years ago the larger of these two open spaces was planted with firs, since which time the hailstorms have entirely ceased. Herr Riniker is inclined to attribute the phenomenon to electric action, suggesting that the hail and trees being charged with opposite kinds of electricity, their union gives rise to sufficient heat to prevent congelation of watery particles. If his deductions should be confirmed by further observation, we shall be able to add one more reason to the many which already exist why forests should to some extent be left as nature designed them.

That many landowners are aware of the importance of this question of tree-planting, more especially in its bearing on the rainfall of a particular district, we must acknowledge. But there are many whose sole idea of the value of timber is governed by the price which it will fetch in the market, and unfortunately such persons do not remember to plant young trees where they cut down old ones. We have

a noble example to the contrary in a former Duke of Athole, who was one of the most extensive tree-planters in the world. It is said that during his useful life he planted no fewer than twenty-seven million trees, covering fifteen thousand acres.

Mr Peter Squire, of St Neots, has lately published a method of dealing with wasps' nests, which seems not only to be novel but effectual. The usual plan of thrusting a sulphureous compound into the nest and leaving it to smoulder, is fraught with some uncertainty; and unless the operation is conducted at night, when the nests are difficult to find, it leads to unpleasant if not dangerous attacks from the enraged insects. Mr Squire's plan is available at any time of day, and consists in dropping into the nest one or two tablespoonfuls of pulverised 'commercial cyanide of potassium.' Unfortunately, this drug is of a deadly character, and it certainly should not be placed in irresponsible hands. The mere suggestion of a tablespoon in such a connection is enough to make any one shudder who is acquainted with the properties of the drug. Still, with great precautions, the plan may be adopted by fruit-growers. The act of dropping the drug into the hole does not disturb the inmates, and those who are abroad afterwards enter never to return. Mr Squire lately had the curiosity to dig up one of the nests so treated. He found in it three thousand four hundred dead wasps, besides a large number of grubs.

The Edison Electric Light Company have after much talk and great preparation at length entered upon their task of illuminating a large portion of New York by their incandescent lamps. It must be some time before we can judge of the real value of this experiment. We know that the lights, so far as they go, are successful; but we do not yet know their cost as ascertained by their lasting properties; neither do we yet know how the new method of illumination will answer when trusted to the hands of the ordinary unskilled householder. That the new system may prove cheaper than gas, is probable, for gas in New York is very dear; but experiments in this country prove on the whole that gas with all its disadvantages is cheaper than the incandescent lamps. But of course there are many people who will be glad to pay more for an illuminant which will respect their books and pictures, and which will not vitiate the air which they breathe.

The Home Office authorities have recently issued rules for the erection of lightning-conductors on all factories and magazines where explosives are dealt with. These rules comprise both the materials which should be selected for the conductors, and the best form of construction; the instructions being based upon the recently published Report of the Lightning-rod Conference. The various rules consider the jointing of the rods, the form of the points, their number and height, the way in which sharp curves should be avoided, the earth-connection, &c. One rule in particular calls attention to a precaution that is very frequently neglected, namely, that all spouts, gutters, iron doors, and other metal-work about the building should, to insure adequate protection, be in electrical connection with the lightning-rod.

M. Tissandier, the well-known author, artist, and

aéronaut, is projecting the manufacture of an elliptical balloon which is to be driven by a dynamo-machine and storage-batteries. The balloon will be a hundred and thirty-one feet long, and will have a capacity of more than a hundred thousand cubic feet. It is calculated to give a lifting-power of three and a half tons, which will, when the machinery is in place, allow for a ton of passengers and ballast. We do not know the precise object of constructing such a machine. That it will in any way add to the solution of the problem of aerial navigation, can hardly be maintained. We know that storage-batteries will turn a dynamo-machine, and we can also imagine that large fans actuated thereby will move such a balloon along, provided that the surrounding air be still. We have no doubt but that such a novel machine hovering over the streets of Paris will make some sensation, but it remains to be seen whether the venture will be of any more solid use.

Colonel Ziegler, who recently brought the subject of badly-made shoes before the Hygienic Congress at Geneva, made some statements of great importance. He stated that the examining surgeons in Switzerland are compelled every year to reject eight hundred recruits simply because their feet have been deformed, and rendered unfit for continued marching by the use of bad shoes. He pointed out that the human foot is naturally a yielding bow, which expands and contracts in the most elastic manner with every step. The shoemakers—in entire ignorance of the anatomy of the foot they are called upon to clothe—supply an article which gives rise to corns, which forces the toes all together, and which often positively leads to articular inflammation. 'The test of a perfect pair of shoes is,' said the Colonel, 'that when placed together they should touch only at the toes and the heels; the soles should follow the sinuosities of the feet, and to give room for their expansion, should exceed them in length by from a half to three-quarters of an inch.'

Attempts have been made in this and other countries to introduce shoes answering these conditions, and occasionally we see advertisements to that effect. But it cannot be denied that the large majority of shoemakers go on the old lines, and sell boots and shoes which bear in their shape very little relation to the human foot. Unfortunately, the powerful god of Fashion has laid down the dictum that 'clumsy-looking boots' are to be avoided, and so the five poor toes, whose tips should naturally cover four inches of space, are cramped into two. Ladies' boots are still more wretched in construction, by reason of the high heels now in vogue, which, besides crippling the walker, give her foot the appearance of a hoof. In getting measured for a pair of shoes or boots, the foot should be placed on a sheet of white paper on the floor, and a line should be drawn by the shoemaker round the foot. Thus the contour of the foot is got, and upon this basis the shoemaker should make his last. *Verb. sap.*

In these days of sanitary reforms, we are constantly on the look-out for lurking dangers to life; and the healthy state of our large cities, when compared with those of other countries, is a proof that our precautions meet with abundant reward. Rookeries of tumble-down dwellings are still not unknown among us; but these are gradually

giving way to large colonies of bricks and mortar, where families are lodged in flats, enjoying every improvement that sanitary science can suggest. The different conditions under which people live in other countries can be instanced by reference to San Francisco, where many, if not most of the houses are built on wooden foundations. So much unaccountable disease was lately experienced there, that the doctors began to suspect the houses of harbouring some unlooked-for nucleus of malaria. As a result of their investigations, they found that the woodwork touching the soil favoured in its gradual decay a fungoid growth, which gave lodging to a mass of living organisms. These, it seems, die down when the wood is no longer able to support them, and the decaying mass with its unhealthy emanations forms a source of disease.

Mr J. F. Smith, of Leicester, has suggested a novel method of building bridges either for temporary or permanent use, which seems to have many advantages both in simplicity and cheapness. Iron or steel cylinders, twenty, forty, or more feet in diameter, constructed of plates riveted to rolled iron or steel ribs, are rolled into the stream over which it is desired to carry the bridge. These gigantic cylinders, with half their diameters sunk under water, form so many arches upon which a level road can easily be thrown. The cylinders can be built up on the spot where they are required, or, filled in with a temporary floor at one end, can be readily floated to their destination. The system is expected to be useful in laying railroads across land subject to occasional flood.

Mr Crookes, whose researches concerning electrical discharges in high vacua caused so much excitement in the scientific world a few years back, has had a graceful compliment paid to him by the jury of the Paris Exhibition of Electricity. While regretting that it was out of their power to offer him a prize, they expressed their admiration of his beautiful experiments, and placed upon record their belief that none of the incandescent lamps which are now competing for public favour could have been possible had not Mr Crookes first found out the secret of managing extreme vacua. (Reference to old patent specifications will show that electric lamps on the same principle as those of Edison were contrived many years back; but they failed because their authors could not, by means of the air-pumps then at their disposal, remove the air sufficiently from the glass bulbs in which their incandescent carbon or platinum was contained.)

The proverbial ingenuity of our American cousins is well indicated by a reference to recent statistics gathered from their Patent Office, and while they testify to the industry of the nation, they also show, by the places of origin of different specifications, how the groove in which a man's thoughts are apt to run becomes moulded by the circumstances by which he is surrounded. The New York inventors give their minds principally to mechanical applications and scientific discoveries. From the New England States come contrivances of a labour-saving nature, many of them having reference to ordinary operations of the most trivial character. From the centres of agriculture come inventions relating to harvest operations and the like; while the Rocky Moun-

tains furnish specifications of mining implements. A fair proportion of the seekers after protection are foreigners, of whom by far the greater number hail from this country. Unfortunately, it is a well-ascertained fact that few people who patent their ideas, and who devote the best part of their lives to work which immeasurably benefits their fellow-beings, ever receive any money reward for their exertions. It is calculated that only one in every hundred makes it pay. The proportion of disappointed ones must be much larger in the British Patent Office, for the fees are so great, that many of those who manage to pay the few pounds required as a preliminary, are unable to complete the purchase-money, and thus they forfeit their claim for protection.

From the *Scotsman*, we learn that at various iron-works in Scotland, experiments on different scales have been made in connection with the smelting process, with a view to utilising the waste gases before burning them, by extracting the tar and ammonia which were found to be present in the gases of all blast-furnaces where coal was used as fuel; and after much labour and numerous experiments, Messrs Alexander and M'Cosh, of the firm of William Baird & Co., Gartsherrie, have successfully solved the problem, in practical form, of extracting the tar and ammonia, as subsidiary products, from their blast-furnaces without in the slightest degree disturbing the process of smelting. Some time ago, a work on a very considerable scale was erected at Gartsherrie Iron-works, and it is now in successful operation, recovering the tar and ammonia from blast-furnace gases, which, after passing through the apparatus and parting with their valuable products, are conveyed by piping to different parts of the works, for the generation of steam and other purposes.

At the meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute at Vienna, a paper was read announcing the successful rolling of steel ingots with their own initial heat, by means of what is termed the 'soaking-pit process.' A difficulty to be overcome in rolling a steel ingot into a rail, for instance, was, that the exterior of the heated ingot cooled more quickly than the interior; and expensive means had to be adopted to overcome this difficulty. According to Mr John Gjers, of Middlesborough, who read the above paper, this can now be done by simply placing the ingot, as soon as cast, into a pit and covering it over, which practically excluded the air. During this, the 'soaking' operation, a quantity of gas exuded from the ingot, and filled the pit, thus entirely preventing atmospheric air from entering. When the lid was removed, combustion took place. The operation of steel-making on a large scale will by this process be not only very much simplified, but its cost materially reduced.

Mr Thomas Fraser, 84 King Street, Aberdeen, has patented a Corrugated Vent-lining, from the use of which it is hoped that sweeping of vents will be rendered less necessary. These vent-linings may be made of any suitable clay; and the principle of their construction is, that the sharp edges of the folds or corrugations in the interior of the tube being at right angles to the draught of the chimney, the soot will not 'coat up' as on a flat surface, but be carried off by the draught.

BOOK GOSSIP.

It might not unnaturally be thought, from the number of brilliant pens that have attacked the knotty subject of Burns, his life, and his works, that very little had been left for later writers to do. And yet it is surprising to note the variety of view which the subject admits of, and the amount of interesting matter which can be extracted by the 'seeing eye' from the apparently already exhausted material. Professor Nichol of Glasgow is the latest writer on the theme of the Ayrshire Bard (*Robert Burns: A Summary of his Career and Genius*. Edinburgh: William Paterson). The little treatise is intended as an introduction to the edition of Burns issued by this publisher—an edition which is rich in facts relating to the poet's life, though unfortunately weak in the department of purely literary criticism.

Professor Nichol—who was not, however, the editor of this edition—writes his Introductory Notice of the poet with the raciness of style and clearness of literary insight which are his characteristics. Coming after such a galaxy of eminent writers as have already treated the subject—Allan Cunningham, John Gibson Lockhart, Thomas Carlyle, Robert Chambers, and Professor Wilson—Dr Nichol's task was not an easy one. The career and genius of Burns present enormous difficulties to the critic, and only men who approach somewhat to himself in their degree of mental strength and perception, have any chance of successfully grappling with those difficulties. With the exception of Professor Nichol, there has not been, so far as we remember, any one within the last dozen years who, either as biographer or essayist, has shown himself equal to the task. Either we have had weak pictures of the poet, based upon the narrow sympathies of the biographer and an imperfect appreciation of the poet, or we have had microscopic examinations made of some particular phase of his character, with the almost inevitable result of general distortion and unlikeness. Professor Nichol has wisely avoided extremes in the treatment of his subject. He has neither risen into the vague flights of the panegyrist, nor sunk into the bathos of the apologist. He has simply taken the man as he is to be found—not indeed like other men, but rather as a kind of phenomenon among men; and the result is a treatise thoroughly healthy in tone, and fairly accurate in its results.

* *

Mr Robert K. Douglas, Professor of Chinese at King's College, London, has recently issued a very valuable work, entitled *China*, and published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. The volume is one that yields a vast quantity of instructive as well as entertaining knowledge of 'far Cathay' and its singular people. The sketch of the history of the Chinese Empire with which the book opens is concise and clear in its details, with enough of interesting bits to carry the reader through the drier chronological passages. According to Professor Douglas, the first records we have of the Chinese represent them as a band of immigrants settling in the north-eastern provinces of the modern empire of China,

and fighting their way amongst the aborigines. It is believed, from the philological evidence afforded by an examination of their language, that these first settlers came from the south of the Caspian Sea, and that the date of their exodus might be about the twenty-fourth or twenty-third century B.C. It would appear also, he says, that the Chinese came into China possessed of the resources of Western Asian culture, bringing with them a knowledge of writing and astronomy, as well as of the arts which primarily minister to the wants and comfort of mankind. We are not, therefore, to confound these early immigrants with barbarians.

In the production of his book, Professor Douglas has evidently availed himself of all the best and latest works on the subject of China; and hence we have therein a clear and succinct synopsis of all that is worth knowing regarding the history of that marvellous country: its government; its systems of education and agriculture; its medicine, music, and architecture; the forms and ceremonies of marriage among the people, their food and dress, their superstitions and funeral rites. There are three chapters of particular interest and value to the general student, namely, those relating to the religions, the language, and the literature of China. It is seldom that so much accurate knowledge combined with picturesque and graphic description, is served up to the public in a form at once so agreeable and convenient.

CONTRASTS.

A SHORT June night, now brightening fast to dawn;
A house with doors and windows open wide;
A silent sick-room, where a dying man
Lies prostrate in his youth and manhood's pride.

A bird's sweet carol, entering glad and shrill—
A bird that sings of Hope, when Hope has fled;
And the sound smites the watcher with a thrill
Of agony—as if some Voice had said—

'Weep on—and watch! but I shall sing as sweet
Among the roses—though thy dear ones die;
And all the world shall pass with careless feet,
Although *thy* heart be broken utterly!'

O little bird! how tuneful was that lay,
That fell so bitterly on mourners' ears;
Yet it was Summer—and what tongue will say:
'Twere well if Nature too could share *our* tears!'

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COSMIC DUST.

THE constant presence of dust in the air may be demonstrated by the familiar experiment of admitting a beam of sunlight into a dark room. The path of the beam becomes plainly visible owing to the reflection of the light by the myriad particles floating about. Were the air quite pure, of course nothing of the kind would be seen. But to prove that dust also exists in the open air, we must have recourse to a different method. If we cover a plate with a thin coating of glycerine and expose it to a strong wind, numerous particles of matter will be found deposited on its surface. Examined with the microscope, these prove to be pollen-grains from flowers, bits of vegetable fibres and hairs, mineral and rocky fragments of all kinds, and *iron*. The presence of vegetable and mineral particles is easily explained; but not so the iron. Let us see what we can learn about this singular element in the dust.

Showers of dust are not uncommon occurrences in the neighbourhood of active volcanoes. Mr Edward Whymper witnessed an eruption of Cotopaxi, in which dust and ashes calculated to weigh about two million tons were thrown into the air. But dust-showers of other than volcanic origin have frequently been observed. The first instance of such a one is mentioned by Theophrastus as having occurred in the year 743 A.D., accompanied by a luminous meteor, or fireball, as it is popularly termed. Dr D. P. Thomson cites many cases between 1548 and 1838, in most instances attended by a fireball. The evidence of such dust-falls occurring in past ages is not wanting, nor is the phenomenon confined to any particular part of the earth's surface. Nordenskjöld found particles of metallic iron and nickel in the snow during a snow-storm at Stockholm in December 1871; and in the following year, when exploring the Arctic regions, he discovered similar particles on the Polar ice and in the snows of Finland. Some hailstones which fell in Ireland in 1821 contained a metallic nucleus of iron pyrites. A

like phenomenon occurred in Siberia in the year 1824. Dr T. L. Phipson, and more recently M. Tissandier, exposed glycerined plates to the winds in various localities, and found iron particles deposited on them. In 1879, dust fell in various parts of Sicily and Italy; and about the same time some was got from the snow found in the open fields near Kiel in Germany. Dr Reichenbach, of Vienna, has shown that the dust which covers the tops of mountains and other elevated places contains metallic particles. Finally, magnetic dust was found by Mr John Murray, of H.M.S. *Challenger*, in the dredgings of the sea-bottom.

Arago long ago gave his attention to this metallic dust in the atmosphere, and published his views on the subject in the *Annuaire* for 1832. He said: 'The attentive observation of falls of dust renders it presumable that they are not essentially different from those of the ordinary *œrolites*.' In this opinion the eminent Frenchman has been followed by Reichenbach, Nordenskjöld, Silvestri, and Tissandier, who have each devoted some study to the question; but two dissentients have recently appeared in MM. Tacchini and Von Lasaulx, who state their belief that the so-called cosmic dust is of terrestrial origin. Before examining their grounds for this opinion, let us briefly notice the evidence in favour of this dust being cosmic, that is to say, non-terrestrial.

The similarity between the composition of meteoric dust and that of meteoric stones (*œrolites*) is very remarkable. We do not mean to say that their constituents are identical in every case. Sometimes the dust differs materially from an *œrolite*. But then we must remember that *œrolites* differ among themselves, a substance present in one being found in another in much smaller quantity, or even being absent altogether. This similarity, then, is sufficiently marked to render it extremely improbable that the dust and stones are derived from different sources. Another reason for assuming their intimate relation to one another is to be found in the fact that the fall both of *œrolites* and showers of

non-volcanic dust is generally preceded by the appearance of a fireball. It can hardly be a mere coincidence that in most of the recorded instances of the showers the previous appearance of a fireball is mentioned. The identification of our dust with the phenomenon of fireballs is one step. Let us take another. Every night in the year, but more especially on two nights in August and November respectively, what are known as shooting-stars may be seen. On some occasions these shooting-stars have been very large, so large as to assume the exact appearance of fireballs. We have reason to believe that these meteors are small fireballs; and that just as fireballs often burst and scatter stones and dust, the smaller meteors contribute their own share of foreign matter to our atmosphere. Now, are there any celestial bodies to which we may look as the common source of the phenomena of shooting-stars, fireballs, aërolites, and meteoric dust? Without detailing the various steps by which we have arrived at our knowledge, suffice it to state that comets appear to be the denizens of space to which we owe our meteoric phenomena. Olmsted showed that the meteor-showers of August and November diverge from certain fixed points in the heavens, thus indicating their planetary nature; and Schiaparelli, an Italian astronomer, demonstrated the identity of their orbits round the sun with those of certain comets. The fact has thus been established that meteors are due to the earth passing through rings of matter which revolve round the sun in cometary or elliptic orbits, the larger masses of this matter reaching the earth as aërolites, and the smaller ones being frittered into dust by the resistance of the air.

Professor Tacchini, of the Collegio Romano in Rome, has recently analysed the dust which fell in various parts of Sicily and Italy during 1879. The dust was borne on the sirocco, a dry wind which blows from the African desert. The examination revealed the presence of the usual constituents—granules of metallic iron, nickel, cobalt, phosphorus, magnesia, &c. The composition of the dust tells us nothing new. But Professor Tacchini has observed that its fall is invariably accompanied by a barometric depression. The full significance of this discovery will be appreciated when we mention that the Professor hangs a theory upon it. The theory we take to be this: Whirlwinds and cyclones in the Sahara raise quantities of dust into the higher regions of the atmosphere; it there remains suspended for several days until transported across the Mediterranean; then a small descending cyclone—the cause of the barometric depression—brings it to the surface of the earth. There can be no difficulty whatever in the way of the acceptance of this explanation, if it be shown that the dust of the Sahara contains the substances found in that deposited by the sirocco. Tacchini attempts to do this. Nordenskjöld's discovery of native iron in Greenland affords the clue. If metallic iron occurs in Greenland and elsewhere, why should it not do so in the Sahara, and thus supply the metallic, or so-called meteoric, element in the dust? We shall return to this question directly.

Nordenskjöld, in the dust which he collected in the Arctic regions, found certain small white

grains, which he described as 'cryoconite.' It was partly from the presence of these grains that he inferred its origin to be cosmic, and consequently not pertaining to our earth. Silvestri found spherules of iron with nickel in some dust that fell at Catania, and assumed from that circumstance that it must be meteoric. Specimens of the cryoconite and the Catanian dust, together with some obtained from the snow near Kiel, were recently submitted to the eminent mineralogist, Von Lasaulx; and that gentleman, as the result of his examination, has announced his opinion that the dust is not of cosmic origin at all, but simply detritus derived from the rocks on the earth's surface. The cryoconite he found to be principally composed of quartz and mica, two minerals which are almost unknown in meteorites. There were no mineral particles present which would indicate a cosmical origin. Hence he concludes that 'the dust may undoubtedly have come from the gneiss region of the coast of Greenland.' The constituents of which the Catanian dust was made up were, with the exception of the iron particles, such as might have their origin within Sicily. Mount Etna would supply the augite and olivine crystals found in it. Finally, in the dust brought from Kiel there was no trace of minerals which would indicate a non-terrestrial origin, with the exception of a few particles of metallic iron which could be attracted with the magnet. 'If we now group the observations of the various dust-masses precipitated from the atmosphere, it first appears that, in nearly their whole mass, these varieties of dust consist of mineral particles which may be very well regarded as a detritus of rocks more or less near. Only the metallic iron, present always, but in very small quantity, can be considered cosmic.' Having arrived at this conclusion, M. Von Lasaulx goes on to prove how the presence of metallic iron does not necessarily indicate a cosmic origin. The masses of iron found at Ovivak in Greenland were, in the opinion of many authorities, of terrestrial origin; and if that assumption were reasonable in the case of large blocks, it must be equally so in the case of dust.

It will be observed that both our authors find a difficulty in accounting for the presence of iron particles in atmospheric dust, and that they get over the difficulty by referring to the Ovivak masses discovered by Nordenskjöld in 1870. Tacchini supposes that similar matter may exist in the sands of the Sahara; and Von Lasaulx assumes that the blocks are volcanic, and that iron dust may therefore be of terrestrial origin also. Both observers seem to have completely forgotten the reasons why Steenstrup, Dr Lawrence Smith, and others came to the conclusion that the Ovivak iron was terrestrial. One of the reasons was this, that carbon was invariably combined with the Greenland iron, and as invariably absent from meteoric iron. So of course the Ovivak masses do not throw the least light upon the presence of meteoric iron particles in atmospheric dust. Were the composition of the Greenland native iron and that found in meteorites and meteoric dust identical, we would be forced to conclude either that it had all a common cosmic origin, or was all derived from terrestrial sources; but the difference observed permits, if

it does not compel us to assign the Ovifak blocks and meteoric iron to entirely different sources. The one was reduced by the action of organic matters (hydrocarbons); the other comes to us from the realms of space.

Until Arago took up the subject, the precipitation of dust from the air seems to have excited but little interest. At the present time, it is receiving some attention from scientific men. In 1879, Mr Ranyard presented a paper to the Royal Astronomical Society giving a detailed account of the known observations on meteoric dust previous to that date; and in the following year a Committee was appointed by the British Association for the double purpose of examining past observations, and discussing the best means of prosecuting more systematic investigations in the future. The Report of this Committee was read by Professor Schuster at the meeting of the Association at York, the principal point dealt with being the method of observation to be pursued. The first point to be determined is the approximate quantity of dust which falls within a given time. An instrument suitable for this purpose, devised by Dr Pierre Miguel, was described in the *Annuaire de Montsouris* for 1879. An aspirator draws a quantity of air through a fine hole, the stream impinging on a plate coated with glycerine, which retains all solid particles. The volume of air drawn in being known, the relative proportion of solid matter is easily got. A second, less accurate, but more portable form of the instrument was also described. The aspirator is dispensed with, and a weathercock substituted, which always directs the opening against the wind. The solid matter is retained by means of a glycerine plate, as in the other form. An anemometer placed in the immediate vicinity shows approximately the volume of air that has passed through the apparatus. The most difficult matter in using these aëroscopes, as they are called, is the selection of a suitable locality. The place ought to be as free as possible from ordinary dust. Some spot in mid-ocean would do very well; but uninterrupted observations for any length of time would be almost impossible there. An elevated station in the Alps is a more likely place, and should such a station be established, we may hope for valuable results concerning this vexed question.

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

CHAPTER XLIII.—THE HORROR OF THE VENGEANCE HIS ENEMY HAD PURPOSED LEFT VAL UNHINGED AND TERROR-STRICKEN.

MORNING broke bright and beautiful. 'Mr Search, Mr Search,' said the captain, with a half-comic, half-serious glance at Hiram, 'somebody's been steering a queer course lately.' 'We went out a point or two to look at that yacht,' said Hiram shiftily.

'And lost your reckoning afterwards,' said the captain. 'I thought you were better sailors, both of you. Might be running for Odessa this way rather than Alexandria.'

'Well,' returning Hiram, feigning ill-temper,

'you can steer the ship yourself, captain. I reckon it's your business.'

The genial old skipper stared after him as he left the deck. 'What makes him so sore all of a sudden?' he wondered. But he never spoke again of the night's wayward steering, and perhaps that served Hiram Search's turn.

As for Gerard, he showed little difference of manner. Hiram, when he was left alone, and the *Mew's-wing* had faded out of sight in the gray mist of morning, found time to think matters over, and came to the conclusion that he would have to encounter one of two things—a passionate and profound resentment, or a gratitude equally passionate and profound. Gerard gave sign of neither the one nor the other, but met him almost as if nothing had happened. 'British again,' said Hiram; but Gerard's behaviour was not the less bewildering to him that he pretended thus lightly to find a solution for it.

Meantime, aboard the *Mew's-wing* there was amazement and dread. Every man aboard had known the story of their owner's treachery to his friend in some garbled and distorted form. But Val from the first gathering of the crew together had been a favourite with them all, and in their eyes the elopement had been the triumph of true love over unknown obstacles. The rough fellows liked Romance, like the rest of the world; and Constance, who could be haughty and cold enough to social equals, had never been anything but gracious and kindly to those below her; and had, by dint of her regal beauty and her gentleness, enlisted all these hearts at once. They could not tell why she and Val had parted, but they talked about the parting, and thought about it, and had queer stories to explain it. Gerard had been once aboard the *Mew's-wing*, and in the awful moment when the steam yacht crossed her, Val was not the only man who recognised him. The wild cry of the look-out had brought them all on deck; and the look-out himself had seen the struggle at the wheel, and had beheld the blow which saved the yacht and every soul on board. The men talked these things over, and by-and-by murmurs of rage and fear began to rise amongst them. After a while, they came forward in a body, and setting forth their spokesman, demanded, through him, to be run into the nearest port and there disbanded.

'Us thinks, sir,' said the spokesman, respectfully but firmly, 'as after what took place this morning, no man's life's safe aboard this craft.'—A murmur of assent encouraged him.—'It's clear the party meant to run us down; an' him being steam, an' us being canvas, the odds is all agen us. All fair an' proper risks us is willing to run, sir, but not that. Some of us is married, an' some of us ain't; but us has all got our lives to look after, an' what us says is: "Make a clean run for the nearest port, pay us our doos, an' leave us to shift for ourselves."—That's it, I think, my lads?'

That was it, said a rough murmur from behind him. The horror of the vengeance his enemy had purposed left Val unHINGED and terror-stricken. He was not a coward; but in view of the deadly hatred Gerard's attempt bespoke, his

common courage left him. It was scarcely likely, he told himself, that he would long escape a revenge so ready to stick at nothing; but even at the push of desperation, he could not feel justified in dragging all these people into his own risk. He gave way without a word of protest.

'My lads,' he said, 'I cannot say that I share your belief; but since you hold it, I will let you have your way.'

'Not share the belief, sir?' said the skipper. 'Why, Thomson saw the struggle, and you know what the moonlight was. You don't mean to say you think they didn't see us?'

'You may be sure of this, Soulsby,' said Val, as quietly as he could—'since the struggle did take place, the attempt will not be repeated. You don't suppose that any crew would allow their vessel to run another down, do you?'

'There's some comfort in that reflection, sir,' said the skipper; and he passed the consolatory question to the mate, who passed it to the men. They agreed that one bloodthirsty madman would be as many as any one boat would be likely to carry at a time, and found satisfaction in the belief that by this time the late helmsman was probably in irons. 'You'll report this to the consul when we land, of course, sir?'

'I don't see what good that would do, Soulsby,' said Val.

'Well, sir,' returned the skipper, 'if you don't, I shall. And there'll be such a look-out kept aboard this boat as never was kept before; and if the gentleman tries his game again, I'm a reasonably good shot, and I shall have a fairish try to bring him down. I set a value on my life, sir,' he concluded, and walked away indignant.

No other attempt was made; and the sharpest look-out which could be kept failed to sight the *Channel Queen*. But the skipper kept his word, and reported the affair to the British consul when they reached their port; and the official sent for Val, and was for taking it up at once, as an unheard-of outrage. Val pooh-poohed the whole business.

'I never came near such a set of old women in my life,' he declared. 'The man at the wheel and some other fool were fighting, and only saw us just in time to clear us.'

'But your sailing-master tells me that he heard the man threaten you by name,' said the consul. '"I shall run you down, Val Strange," or words to that effect, were used, he swears.'

'Why not, "If you're not run down, it's strange?"' questioned Val readily. He had been prepared for this.

The consul burst out laughing, and admitted that this reading was the likelier of the two. After all, he said, Mr Strange was the interested party, and not the skipper. The skipper called once more to know what was being done; and the consul told him briefly and with some scorn what colour the yacht's owner had put upon the matter.

'It's well known to all of us,' said the skipper, 'who the man was that tried to run us down, and what was his reason for it. Mr Strange ran away with the lady he was to marry and married her himself; and as to the words, I'll swear to 'em before judge and jury.'

In effect, the skipper went away in high anger.

The consul told him that he was an insolent and cross-grained fellow, and was himself left a good deal puzzled by the business. He felt bound to accept Val's view of it, however; and the skipper being paid to the uttermost farthing, went to England in the first homeward-bound vessel, a little mollified, but not to be converted from his own belief. He was, however, a man of discretion, and had many grounds of gratitude to his late employer, and held his tongue between his teeth, therefore. Jacky Tar in general being discharged at his own desire, and plentifully supplied with money, sought his own joys and had his fling, and thought no more about his narrow escape than to make a foc'sle yarn of it.

The reason for Val's conduct was not far to seek, though it was somewhat complex. He admitted the gigantic wrong he had done against his friend, and was not so blind an egotist that he could not understand the injured man's longing for the wild justice of revenge. There was a feeling in his mind, too, that since he had left Gerard without any legal remedy an honourable man might try for, he was bound to accept the risk of any illegal remedy he might seek; and there was thus a sense in his mind that to ask the protection of the law would be base beyond anything he had done already. That is a sense in which I suppose that any high-minded man who will fancy himself in Val Strange's place will not find it difficult to share. And beyond these, which were more than sufficient for him, lay another reason: nothing could have been done, even had he willed it, without the introduction of Constance's name. Any one link in this chain might have served to hold him motionless.

The breach between himself and his wife was not a severance of love, but a confession of remorse. No man sins against his own high instincts with impunity; but there are some who are of fibre tough enough to long for pardon and yet retain the offence. But Val and Constance in the ordinary course of circumstance should have been blameless people, leading lovable lives, and as happy as this hard world will allow to the happiest. He wrote to her sad short letters, telling her he was here or there, and bound here or there; and she answered as shortly and as sadly. But now, to his surprise, came a letter urging him to return to her. He left his yacht in charge of the agent of an English shipping firm, instructing him to sell her, and took ship for Naples. May was drawing near, and all the exquisite country was in rich bloom. The Chiaja was crowded in the tranquil evenings; and there were trips to Posillippo by land, and trips to San Giovanna's Palace by moonlight, by water; and the gay southern city had fairly begun its long season of summer joys. Val had expected to be asked to share in these, and had with heavy heart braced himself to bear the burden of festivity; but he found Constance pale and languid and unlike her old self. She had news for him which would have revived his old tenderness had it needed revival, and which brought him to her feet again with a flush of something like the old rapturous delight. His joy and tenderness and fear melted her reserve, and this new meeting was the happiest moment of their brief and troubled wedded life.

'We may still be happy,' she murmured,

caressing his head as he knelt beside her. 'Let us make the best of life, Val. Let us be apart no more.'

'We will not part again,' said Val, with tears in his eyes, 'until death parts us.'

'Hush!' she answered, laying a hand upon his lips. 'Do not talk of that, Val.'

He was constant in his attendance upon her, and found her more than commonly full of those forebodings and presentiments which are common to women in her situation. He did not even know that they were common; and though he fought against them, and smiled them down in her presence, they weighed upon him heavily, and he had a horrible fear that they would be fulfilled. If she would have permitted it, he would have had every physician in the city in attendance upon her; though, with a touch of British prejudice, he despised them all, and would have had more confidence in an English medical student freshly dressed in the glories of a diploma. It chanced that a young English surgeon of great promise, though as yet of inconsiderable note, was at that time in Naples, whither he had accompanied, all the way from England, an elderly aristocrat, who had chosen to think himself ill, and now preferred to think himself cured of a complaint which had never ailed him. But the noble feeble Earl so enthusiastically cried the praises of his *medico*, in whose society he had chosen to cast off his fancied malady, that Val, hearing of him, eagerly got a letter of introduction to my lord, and from him an introduction to the young doctor. The doctor wanted to return to England, and was well pleased to find employment on the way. Val had a great desire that his child should be born at home, and Constance shared it. The doctor gave it as his opinion that she would do best to travel by sea, and if possible, by short stages. So they sailed for Marseilles, and lingered there a day or two, and then found a vessel bound for Cadiz, and sailed thither in exquisite summer weather, with scarce a heave upon the sea. Little Mary accompanied them, of course. She had written many letters to Hiram, bewailing her own wickedness, and giving her own small impressions of foreign parts. Hiram had responded in clerkly hand and periods rhetorical. When Hiram set pen to paper, he lost all the raciness characteristic of his speech, and modelled himself apparently on the dullest of newspaper leaders. 'I will not,' he wrote with most judicial and unloverlike gravity, 'attempt to add to the weight of your contrition by reproaching you for the part you have played in this lamentable tragedy. But I am attached by ties, which I will not pause to catalogue, to Mr Gerard Lumby, and I will not leave him until the wounds he has endured are cicatrised by time. You will see, therefore, that your own conduct holds us apart for an indefinite period.'

At first the very English of his epistle crushed its recipient. But it was so unlike Hiram, that she believed in her inmost heart that its severity was assumed; and this conviction, strengthened by desire, held her poor little heart alive. Like wiser people, she believed what was pleasant to believe; but in this matter she had the truth at least partly on her side. In Hiram's eyes, she had done wrong; but he had heard the argument by which she had been persuaded, and he knew

something of the struggle she had gone through. And he was, besides, one of those misguided people who have a mighty idea of the supremacy of the male creature in marriage; and like a good many others, he could be amazingly resolute—on paper. Of late, Hiram's letters had almost ceased; but she knew that he too was in foreign parts; and even that, though she could not hope to meet him, seemed vaguely to bring him nearer. She was immensely attached to Constance, who treated her with unvarying kindness; and altogether she was perhaps the least unhappy of the quintet whom the runaway match affected.

OBITUARY CURIOSITIES.

TIME was when people were content to wait a month to know how things were going in the world, and looked to the magazine, quite as much as the newspaper, for enlightenment on that head, an expectation in which they were not disappointed. A hundred years ago, the doings at court and in parliament, naval and military despatches, the results if not the details of criminal trials, theatrical criticisms, commercial statistics, and notifications of births, marriages, and deaths—lightened with a column or two of poetical effusions, were the staple contents of the periodical publications of the day, as represented by the *Gentleman's*, the *Scots*, and the *European* magazines. Announcements of births, marriages, and deaths were then accepted as gratuitous contributions, and the last mentioned were often expanded into biographical paragraphs, much more amusing and interesting than the curt advertisements familiar to modern eyes.

Dobbs, sexton of Ross, dying in 1798, aged eighty-seven, is described as the only inhabitant of the place having any recollection of the person or manners of John Kyrle, the Man of Ross. There was much ringing, singing, and drinking at his interment, the ceremonies commencing at noon, 'and the clock had told three in the morning before the tears of the tankard were dried up.' No such unseemly merry-making attended the obsequies of Thomas Bond of Lichfield, 'the original of Scrub in the *Beau's Stratagem*,' or those of 'Mr Psalmanazar, well known in many ingenious performances in different parts of literature,' who died in August 1763, many years after he created a sensation by the publication of his fictitious *History of Formosa*.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* of July 1799, we read: 'At Bristol Hot Wells, Anthony Morris Storer, Esq., of Devonshire Street, and Turley, Bucks. A man whose singular felicity it was to excel in everything he set his hand and heart to, and who deserved in a certain degree, if any one ever did since the days of Crichton, the epithet of Admirable. He was the best dancer, the best skater of his time, and beat all his competitors at gymnastic honours. He excelled, too, as a musician and a disputant, and, very early, as a Latin poet. In short, whatever he undertook, he did it *con amore*, and as perfectly as if it were his only accomplishment. He was polite in his conversation, elegant in his manners, and amusing in a high degree or otherwise, in the extreme, as he felt himself and his company.'

Twelve years afterwards, Mr Urban records that the world had lost a feminine paragon, by the

death, at the age of twenty-one, of Miss Anne Butters; a young lady of delightful disposition and polished manners, who was conversant alike with ancient history, and the annals of her own country and of modern Europe; had an extraordinary acquaintance with geography, biography, and chronology, was alive to the charms of French literature, but enriched her imagination, strengthened her judgment, and refined her taste by perusing our own classics and poets. She was proficient at drawing, a beautiful writer, an admirable dancer; and when she played the piano, the effects produced by her correctness of judgment, delicacy of ear, and skillfulness of hand, were not unfrequently heightened by the clearness and melody of her voice. Some lucky man had won the heart and hand of this peerless maiden; 'but alas, she had a heart too susceptible of the fine feelings of our nature. The too eager contemplation of the supposed scenes of future happiness which had recently opened upon her mind, the powerful effect produced by the consequent congratulations of her friends, and by regret at leaving a parental roof, gave rise to a nervous affection of the mind, which speedily terminated in her death.'

Anticipations regarding the future had not in the same degree troubled the mind of Barbara Wilson, 'a virtuous old maid,' who died at Whittingham, East Lothian, in 1772, after enjoying single-blessedness for a hundred and twenty years! She was the hen-wife of Alexander Hay, Esq., and 'was so remarkable a genealogist of her feathered flock, as to be able to reckon to the tenth generation.' In testimony of her uncommon merit, her remains were conveyed to the grave by a large assembly of females, uniformly dressed, no male creature being permitted to join in the procession.

Tom Brown, of Garstang, had as great a contempt for mankind as Barbara Wilson herself. 'An occasional assistant in the kitchen of the neighbouring gentry, he could either please their tastes or mend their soles with any man of his day; but Tom would neither mend nor make for the lords of the creation; he would only take the measure of a female foot. A short time before his demise, he selected thirty-six of his feminine acquaintances to attend his funeral; and devised every penny he possessed to his female relatives.

A formidable list of centenarians might be compiled from the obituary columns of old magazines; but we will content ourselves with mentioning two, Isabella Sharpe and William Haseline. The last-named died in 1733, being then the oldest pensioner in Chelsea College. He well might be, if he had really attained the age of a hundred and twelve years and six months; after fighting for the Parliament at Edgehill, for King William in Ireland, and for Queen Anne in Flanders. There can be no question as to his courage, since he wedded and buried two wives after passing his century, and at the age of a hundred and ten took a third helpmate, who survived him. Besides his allowance from the College, this undeniable veteran had an income of ten shillings a week; one crown coming from the Duke of Richmond's pocket, and the other from that of Sir Robert Walpole. Isabella Sharpe was a widow, dwelling in Gateshead, where she died on the 17th of August 1812; and we are

told that, according to the baptismal register of the parish, she was christened on the 17th of August 1698—exactly a hundred and fourteen years before—having lived during parts of the seventeenth and nineteenth, and through the whole of the eighteenth century! We cannot vouch for the truth of these instances of longevity; but if we must not believe in them, what are we to think of this paragraph in a London paper of April 9, 1882?—'Mary Simms, who would have been a hundred and eight years of age next month, died at the workhouse at Portsmouth on Wednesday. Her husband and father were soldiers, the former being present at Waterloo. The authenticity of her age has been established by War Office records.'

Mr Guy, sometime rector of Little Coates, Lincolnshire, is credited with being the father, by two wives, of twenty-six sons and eight daughters. How many descendants the septuagenarian saw, the record sayeth not. Maria Sproutt, blessed only with two children, left behind her, at the age of ninety-five, fifteen grandchildren, forty great-grandchildren, and ten great-great-grandchildren; while the funeral of one Janet Cameron was attended by four generations of her descendants, numbering just two hundred.

Recording the death, in 1762, of the Hon. John Petre, Mr Urban informs us that this younger brother of Lord Petre was the eighteenth member of the family that had died of smallpox in the space of twenty-seven years. In 1798, was 'executed, behind his own meeting-house, at Grey-Abbey, near Belfast, in Ireland, for treason, the Rev. James Porter, a dissenting minister. His head was *not* severed from his body.' In the same year, Sergeant Mackay, of the Royal Edinburgh Volunteers, went over to the majority prematurely. 'The cause of his death originated in the treatment he received at the barbarous amusement frequent in that city on His Majesty's birthday called "making burghers;" at which time, and from the same cause, a gentleman of the royal corps of artillery unfortunately received his death.' More mysterious was the demise of the landlady of the *Three Stags*, in St George's Fields, London. Indulging in an afternoon nap behind the bar, she dreamed she saw herself come into a room in which she was sitting, and that she spoke to and shook hands with her second self. Whether it was her *eidolon* or not, certain it is that the next morning she was taken ill and died in a quarter of an hour. A Mrs Johnson went off without even that much warning, dying 'suddenly as she sat in her chair, and next day her husband as suddenly.' Even more of one mind were a Yorkshire pair, who were born on the same day, died nearly at the same hour, and—but that was a matter of course—'were deposited in the same grave'—a notification that would have befitted the announcement: 'At Prescott, Lancashire, Mrs Blakesley, aged a hundred and eight; Mrs Chorley, aged ninety-seven; and Mrs Bennet, aged seventy-five; they were intimate acquaintances, and all died within the space of twelve hours.'

On the 9th of December 1736, Basingstoke churchyard received the remains of a zealous churchwoman, Dame Box. 'When Dr Sacheverel

was cleared from his troubles, she clothed herself in white, and kept the same clothes by her, and was buried in them. During the Doctor's life, she constantly went to London once a year, and carried with her a dozen larks, as a present to that high-flying priest. Her corpse was adorned with oaken boughs, in memory of King Charles II. This loyal lady was not quite so provident as a gentleman whose coffin of heart of oak covered with red leather was made long before it was wanted. Such preparation for the end is not so unusual as one might suppose. A rector of Plympton not only bespoke his coffin six weeks before he needed it, but at the same time ordered the building of a vault, visiting the workmen every day until their work was completed. Mr Brookman was buried in an oak chest made for the purpose four years previously. Two days before his death, he walked with the undertaker to the churchyard to show him exactly where he wished to be laid; returning home, he had his chest out, superintended the cleansing of it, and that accomplished to his satisfaction, took to his bed and died. John Moody, who lived long enough to be called the Father of the English Stage, directed that his body should be interred in the burial-ground of St Clement's, Portugal Street, and a headstone set on his grave inscribed: 'Native of this parish, and an old member of Drury Lane Theatre. For his professional abilities, see Churchill's *Rosciad*; and for his memoirs, see the *European Magazine*.' He did not trouble to insure a libation to his memory, like the ancient Lumber-trouper, who served forty years in that distinguished corps, and bequeathed the troopers a crooked guinea, to be spent in punch and tobacco on the day he was laid under the turf.

There is something extraordinary in a man being successively condemned to suffer hanging, amputation, and transportation, and yet undergoing none of these penalties. Such was the fortune of George Chippendale. Sentenced to be hanged, he was respited, in order to have his leg cut off, to try the effect of a newly invented styptic. For some reason, the experiment was not tried, and he was 'pardoned, on condition of being transported for life;' a condition he evaded by dying in Newgate in 1763. John Dodley, of Worcester, experienced an unexpected deliverance of another kind. Born with a contraction of the tendons on one of his legs, he was obliged to wear an artificial limb for thirty years. One day, endeavouring to adjust a church-bell which happened to remain inverted, the rope pulled him up with such velocity as to break the bands that fastened his artificial limb, and in the same instant relaxed the tendon of the 'game' leg, thus rendering it as useful as its fellow for the remainder of his life, which extended to ninety years.

In 1798 there died in the Borough a man known by the name of Leeds. Once an officer in the army, he sold out to become a tea-dealer. Finding the occupation not to his liking, he entered the Russian service, but happening to kill a brother-officer in a duel, fled to England, where he was glad to earn a living by keeping the books of an eminent woollen-dealer. Sent adrift again by his employer's death, Leeds opened a chandler's shop, a venture ending in bankruptcy;

and after many chances and changes, turned cobbler, and plied the awl to the last—'a melancholy example of the vicissitudes of human life.'

THE HERRING-FISHERY IN ICELAND.

THOUGH the land in Iceland produces little except the grass which nourishes such animals as subsist thereon, yet the seas around it, and the lakes and rivers within it, teem with fish of various kinds. The fisheries for salmon, cod, herring, sharks, and whales are prosecuted with much vigour, though with varying success. Unfortunately, however, for the prosperity of the island, those engaged in these fisheries are not natives, but mostly strangers. For instance, the French cod-fishery around the Iceland coast is very extensive, and is carried on in large schooners and *chasses-marées*, which receive a bounty from their government on all fish proved to be caught there. A fine nursery is also thus encouraged for the training of seamen. Many English and Shetland smacks are likewise so engaged.

While the native Icelanders were until 1874 compelled to fish in small open boats, they are now liberated from the thralldom in which they were held under the monopolies granted to trading Companies of Danes by the Danish government, and have got one or two decked vessels; but this branch of their industry will take some time to develop. They have, however, the shark-fishing and salmon-fishing in their own hands; but the former is not very remunerative, and they are under obligation to strangers for the disposal of the latter, and so cannot by any means get the full advantage of the markets. The whale-fishing, while worth prosecuting, was in the hands of Americans; but they nearly extirpated the 'black' whale along the coast ten or twelve years ago, and the other varieties are not worth the trouble of capturing.

The herring-fishing has always been in the hands of the Norwegians; and, strange to say, although so much used and so much valued as an article of food by all nations in the north of Europe, the herring never has been, and is not now an article of food with the Icelanders. The only plausible reason which can be adduced for this, is the Icelanders' objection to salt—due to their fear of scurvy. All their preserved provisions are cured fresh either by drying or smoking, or pickled by souring; but herring cannot be cured without salt, on account of the large quantity of oil they contain.

As is well known, the herring has frequent and erratic migrations from and to different parts of the same coast; sometimes leaving the coast of a country altogether for a period, as was the case a good many years ago on the Norwegian fjords. Some such event may indeed have been the primary cause of Norwegians going to fish in Icelandic waters, though the exact period when they began to do so cannot be exactly fixed. There they could fish in the same manner as in their own fjords; for, as stated to the writer by Captain Otto Wathne—engaged in the Iceland fishery on his own account—'they [the Norwegians] will catch the fish if they come up to their very doors asking

to be caught; but they have not the enterprise of your Scotch fishermen, to go far out to sea in search of them at great risk in all weathers.' And yet they are hardy sailors.

The herrings are all caught in the fjords, none in the open sea. The Norwegian ships that come to Iceland are generally schooners, having the necessary complement of salt and barrels on board. After their arrival, they are partially dismantled and laid up at anchor, having first landed the curing materials at their various stations. These stations are mere wooden sheds built on the shore, and partly projecting into the water, with a platform or jetty on the side next the sea for discharging the fishing-boats. They are always situated where deep water comes close inshore, so that vessels may be loaded by a gangway from the jetty and still be afloat, the rise and fall of the tide in the north and east being only three feet.

The fishing-boats brought from Norway are smaller than those in use on our coasts, but larger than those of the Icelanders; and are fitted with mast, spritsail, and jib, all very light, as they are not expected to meet very heavy weather. The net is in one piece—a seine-net—with which the herrings are swept towards the shore. Should it contain more than the boats can carry, the ends of the net are anchored ashore, and the boats are loaded with as much as they can carry from within by bag-nets on the end of long poles; the remainder of the fish remaining safely inclosed in the net all alive for days until they are wanted, or the contents exhausted. The nets are of various sizes—from twenty fathoms long by five fathoms deep, to a hundred and fifty fathoms long by twenty fathoms deep, and are in use according to the depth of water at the shore to be fished. The nets are only of half-inch mesh, and are used in Norway for sprats and herring alike.

The fish when landed are at once packed *entire* with salt in the barrels, not gutted as with us. Although their curing is not so good as ours, this system involves less labour, besides less handling of the fish, which consequently are less broken. A good many Icelanders are employed to assist the Norwegians, but only as labourers for hire, whether in the boats, or loading vessels at the stations.

The period and direction of the Icelandic shoal, or *drave* as it is called in Scotland, seems to be identical with that of the Scotch—namely, from May and June on to September and October, and from the west coast round the north to the east coast. The northern part of their progress is at times within, and at times without, the line of the Arctic Circle; but they do not enter all the fjords on their line of march, seeming to avoid those which have either a shelving beach, or obstructions in the shape of sandbanks, rocks, or islands. Their favourite haunts are fjords having a clear sweep of deep water quite up to the shore. Of the former class are Hrutafjord, Skagafjord, and Eyafjord on the north, where there are no fishing-stations; yet in the first mentioned, where there is the trading-station of Bordeyri—by which name the fjord often goes—Captain John Coghill, the travelling agent for Messrs Slimon of Leith, who have developed a most extensive trade between Britain and Iceland,

saw the beach of the fjord on one occasion, a few years ago, piled for miles with dead herrings. The fish had been chased up the fjord by a shoal of whales, and had gone ashore in their terror. A similar thing occurred at Crail on the Firth of Forth between forty and fifty years ago; and being before the time of railways, the fish could not all be used, and had to be carted away for manure.

Eyafjord is not a favourite resort of the herring; but at Akureyri, the northern capital of Iceland, on 29th June 1880, the writer saw a few dozens hauled out opposite the hotel window. This was at the south or upper end of the fjord, from twenty-two to twenty-five miles from the Arctic Ocean, in comparatively shallow water. The fish were small—seven and eight inches long, but very delicate, and of fine flavour.

The herrings appear first off Isafjord, on the north-west of Iceland, in May or June, but varying in different years. The *drave*, coasting along the northern shores, proceeds round Langanaes (Longnose), the north-east point of Iceland, and down the east coast, but never on the south and south-west coasts. Sometimes by the end of August, always in September, they may be found in nearly all the eastern fjords, notably Eskjffjord and Seydisfjord, on which latter fjord the writer had, in the first week of October of the above year, an opportunity of observing the operations.

Seydisfjord is one and a quarter to one mile and a half wide, runs straight west for ten to twelve miles, and turns south three to four miles at its head, being inclosed by steep mountains, two thousand five hundred to three thousand feet high, all the way round on both sides, with deep water close inshore all along, except at the head and north-west corner, where it shelves a little, from the detritus brought down by the rivers at these places.

The placid waters reflecting the piled-up mountains give at first glance no indication of the life beneath. A large patch here and there inshore of white sea-birds, or the occasional splutter of a few herring-whales and young finners (rorquals), which do not spout very high, are all there is to tell that the water teems with fish of all sorts. No crowd of boats arriving in the morning and sailing in the evening; neither shouts nor laughter at landing-places; no hurry or bustle; and no need; the game is in their own hands, and they can regulate their work at will, whether to haul and cure, or to ship, as suits convenience; all very quietly—much diligence, but no hurry. All hands on board our steamer who can muster a line and a piece of herring for bait, are hauling in as fast as they can, cod, haddock, flounders, and halibut. Even a fine wolf-fish is sometimes so caught. Some of the officers, in a boat some distance from the steamer, hauled from forty to fifty large cod with four hooks in three hours. But this is a bagatelle. The water is alive with herrings. Where those sea-birds are sitting fishing at leisure, they are in absolutely solid masses, hemmed in by the enormous nets, one hundred and fifty fathoms by twenty fathoms. All their large nets are down; and they try to increase their number by sewing several of the smaller ones together; but not being deep enough—only five fathoms—to take the ground, are of

no use. Sailing-vessels are coming in; but they are too slow. Three steamers were at anchor for herrings on September 28, loaded up and left; the first of another detachment steamed up the fjord on October 9, and so on until the harvest was reaped.

The fish are very large—thirteen, thirteen and a half, and fourteen inches long, actual measurement, and weigh from twelve to fourteen ounces each. The gulls have some difficulty in getting proper hold for swallowing them. If by the head, they are all right, though costing a mighty effort to swallow. Many fish are found with the skin scratched off their backs by the bills of the birds, in the vain attempt to swallow them so held.

Upon inquiring whether the fish did not deteriorate in quality by being kept so long in captivity, say six weeks, and although alive, virtually without food; the answer was, that they were so very fat that there was no appreciable difference, at least in a commercial point of view. They are very fat and well flavoured, but have not the delicacy of flavour or texture of the smaller herring either in Iceland or Scotland. Such fish—small and fine—when found by the Norwegians, are quite as carefully treated in gutting and curing as by us, if not more so, the Norwegians being quite epicurean in their tastes as regards herrings.

THE ENFIELD COURT ROBBERY.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

‘WHEN are you going to return Lady Dasent’s visit, Aunt Frances?’ asked my niece Amy one lovely morning in August. ‘It is quite a fortnight since she called.’

‘In a day or so,’ I replied, knowing the duty must be performed, particularly as Lady Dasent had, since she called, sent us an invitation to a ball which was about to take place at Enfield Court. In my inmost heart I should have been pleased had Lady Dasent’s visit never been paid. We had lived in seclusion for so long, that I almost dreaded any interruption to the even tenor of our quiet existence. But Amy was eighteen, and just at the age to appreciate a little gaiety; and I felt it was my duty to set my own feelings aside, and allow her to enjoy the present to the utmost.

We lived just on the outskirts of one of the principal southern provincial towns, in a little paradise which some one had aptly designated the ‘Wren’s Nest.’ I thought it perfect, and would not have exchanged its peaceful beauty for Enfield itself, which was considered one of the finest places in the county.

Owing to Lord Dasent’s very delicate health, the family had been absent for some years; but directly they returned, Lady Dasent had called on us. The Court was barely a mile distant by road, and we were really their nearest neighbours. It behoved me, therefore, for Amy’s sake, to make an effort and return her visit.

‘What do you think of our going to Enfield this afternoon, Amy?’ I said presently.

‘I think it would be delightful,’ she replied. ‘Shall we walk or drive?’

‘Drive, decidedly,’ I rejoined. The day was

lovely, and I inwardly hoped that Lady Dasent might be enjoying its beauties herself, and that we might thus continue our drive, having done our duty by leaving cards only. But my hopes were disappointed. Lady Dasent was at home; and we were ushered with due ceremony into her beautiful drawing-room, where we found her most graciously inclined towards us both.

Her daughters were playing lawn-tennis, she told us. Would we like to join them on the terrace? Very gladly would I have declined; but a glance towards Amy decided me otherwise. Very probably, my diminutive groom and ponies would be entertained hospitably during our detention; and I could quite fancy, after the splendours of Enfield, that Joseph would return home signally dissatisfied with the humble ways at the Wren’s Nest.

Accompanying Lady Dasent, we found ourselves in the midst of quite a large party of young people, some playing tennis, but the greater number merely looking on. Amy was swept from my side immediately; but my anxious eyes followed her, and with pleasure I observed the cordiality with which the Misses Dasent welcomed her.

By-and-by I saw her standing under a lime-tree at some little distance from where I was seated. She was dressed in white; and as she stood in the half-shade, half-sunshine, there was a look of ethereal beauty about her.

‘How very pretty your niece is, Miss Courtenay,’ Lady Dasent observed.

‘Yes; I think she is rather pretty,’ I replied.

Some one else thought so too. Just as Lady Dasent spoke, I saw a gentleman introduced to Amy; and while we remained, he determinedly maintained a close proximity to her side. He was young, good-looking, and evidently bent upon making himself very agreeable to my niece.

Hitherto, Amy had lived a life of complete retirement. I had guarded her with a jealous care from all contact with any outward influences that might prejudice the future of my darling. She had been consigned to my care by her mother on her deathbed, when an infant of a few months old; and I had accepted the charge, vowing to be faithful to the utmost of my ability.

I had loved her mother; but I had adored her father—my youngest brother—who had gone out to India with the fairest prospects, and come home, after being there only for a few years, to die. Out of a large family, I was the only one left who could possibly have undertaken the absolute charge of Amy.

And here was I, with my youth far behind me, an unloved old maid, until the child came to me, and in the clasp of her little chubby arms I seemed to grow young again myself. My sorrows became dim in the distance as my charge grew; every day and hour adding to my devotion to her, and, thank God! to her love and affection for me. We were not rich, but we had enough; and I was enabled to have a governess for Amy, so that not even for part of her education had she to leave me. Sometimes, I wished she had some companions of her own age; but when I mentioned it, she always rejected the idea of such a necessity. She was perfectly happy. What more did I want? Nothing, except to insure her continuing to be happy all the days of her life.

Lady Dasent's desire to cultivate our acquaintance presented at least one advantage for Amy; the Misses Dasent were about her own age, and, judging by outward appearances, nice lady-like girls, who seemed anxious to be friendly with her. Still, I shrank from giving encouragement to the intimacy between them; for though Amy's birth was that of a lady, still the Misses Dasent were undeniably above her in rank; and—perhaps from an old-fashioned idea on my part of possible patronage—I rather threw obstacles in the way of any sudden friendship between them.

But I am anticipating, and must revert to the introduction I had witnessed in the distance between Amy and Mr Alfred Mauleverer, which was the name of the individual I before alluded to. I did not make his acquaintance that afternoon; that was an honour reserved for the following day, when he, accompanied by two of the Misses Dasent, came over to the Wren's Nest to invite Amy and myself to a small afternoon party.

It was the beginning of many visits both on their part and our own; in fact, hardly a day passed without our seeing at least Mr Mauleverer, who invariably found some pretext for coming over to us, if we were not to be at Enfield. And then came the ball at Enfield—Amy's first, destined to be a most eventful one, and to which she went arrayed in simple white.

I was not altogether comfortable on the score of her growing intimacy with Mr Mauleverer. Perhaps he was trifling with her; perhaps he was not in every way desirable himself. A thousand disturbing possibilities kept shooting through my old heart, as I sat watching my darling at her first ball, looking radiantly pretty, while Mr Mauleverer redoubled his devotion, and immolated himself so thoroughly at her shrine as to insist on taking me into supper—a piece of civility which I duly appreciated.

Never before had I seen the Dasents' celebrated gold plate, which was on this occasion fully displayed. It was magnificent. Such tankards and salvers of solid gold, to say nothing of plates, spoons, and forks, all apparently of the precious metal. Our conversation naturally turned upon this display; and just as we were admiring it, Florence Dasent happened to join us.

'Miss Courtenay has been admiring the plate,' remarked Mr Mauleverer.

'Yes; isn't it beautiful?' she replied. 'But really, I think pretty china would be almost nicer. I believe papa would prefer it; but we can't get rid of our plate, simply because it is entailed; so are mamma's diamonds.'

Lady Dasent was wearing her diamonds that evening. From my quiet corner in the ballroom, I had specially noticed the necklace, which was rather a tight circlet round her throat, set in squares of a formal but of course magnificent description.

A few trifling remarks followed; and then Mr Mauleverer conducted me back to my seat, in the vicinity of which we found Amy, to whom Mr Mauleverer was engaged for the next dance.

I must say they looked a charming couple as they moved away. I suppose my eyes were expressive of my thoughts, for Lady Dasent's voice close beside me seemed to echo them.

'They make a good pair, don't they?' she said. 'Ah, Miss Courtenay,' she continued, 'I am afraid you must not expect to keep your niece always; some one is sure to carry her off soon.'

'I am in no hurry for that time to come,' I replied.—'But, Lady Dasent, do you mind telling me one thing: who is Mr Mauleverer?'

'Who is Mr Mauleverer?' repeated Lady Dasent, with a shade of sarcasm in her voice. 'Well, my dear Miss Courtenay, I believe he is of very good family, very well off; and I know he is very charming, and moves in the best society. You may be quite sure, had he not been very desirable in every way, he would not have been our guest.'

Some one else just then claimed Lady Dasent's attention, and she moved off, leaving me to digest at my leisure the satisfactory remarks she had made relative to Amy's admirer. Very good family—very well off—very charming, and so forth. I was glad to hear it; and could scarcely avoid a feeling of exultation when, on our return home, Amy told me that he had asked her to be his wife, and she had accepted him.

Tired as I was after my unwonted dissipation, sleep seemed to have forsaken me; Amy's engagement was all I could think of until daylight began to struggle into existence; then I suppose I fell asleep, and might have slept for hours, had not my old housemaid Margaret burst into my room without any ceremony, and awakened me with the startling tidings that Enfield had been on fire; and that the gold plate, also nearly all Lady Dasent's diamonds, had been stolen!

It seemed altogether too dreadful to be true; but very shortly afterwards, Mr Mauleverer himself appeared, and fully confirmed the tidings. He had distinguished himself greatly by his bravery in endeavouring to extinguish the flames, and in doing so had burned his right hand rather severely.

'I thought you might hear an exaggerated account of it, so I came over at once,' he observed, with a glance towards Amy.

'Who discovered it?' I asked. 'What can have originated the fire? and above all, who can have taken the plate?'

'And the diamonds?' added Amy.

'That remains to be seen,' replied Mr Mauleverer. 'On my way here, I telegraphed to Scotland Yard, and no doubt a sharp detective will unravel the mystery.'

Partly in order to make it more convenient for guests at a distance, partly because Lord Dasent himself objected to late hours, the ball had begun at the unfashionably early hour of nine o'clock; by half-past two it was over; and by three o'clock comparative silence had reigned over Enfield. The butler had judged it safe—never dreaming of danger—to lock up the supper-room, the shutters of all the windows being strongly barred as well. With an easy mind, and the key in his coat-pocket, that functionary retired to bed, while the rest of the servants gladly followed his example.

Neither bolts nor bars, however, defended the diamonds. Lady Dasent replaced them with her own hands in their cases, which, without any anxiety whatever, she laid upon her toilet-table. To-morrow, they would, as usual, be deposited in the safe, where they were ordinarily kept. She

had dismissed her maid directly she came to her room; one of her daughters unclasped the circlet from her throat; and shortly afterwards—as it came out in evidence—Miss Dasent left her mother's room, crossed the corridor, and was just about to enter her own room, when, in the darkness, some one brushed past her. The circumstance did not alarm her; it was no doubt one of the servants; so she thought no more of it.

Lady Dasent's dressing-room adjoined her bedroom; and her account of the affair was that, a few minutes after she had got into bed, she distinctly heard the handle of her dressing-room door turn; and she fancied she heard a very quiet step in the dressing-room, which in a sleepy way she fancied was her maid.

Lord Dasent heard nothing—had nothing to tell; he wished he had. If any one had brushed past him in the corridor, or he had heard steps in the dressing-room, there would have been neither robbery nor fire. As it was, the stealthy footsteps must have approached the dressing-table, and with a deliberation almost incredible, some one must have opened the cases and abstracted the contents. The circlet, the bracelets, and a pair of magnificent earrings—all were gone. The gold plate had also been cleverly carried off; only a few minor articles having been spared.

At first, all the energies of the household were directed towards subduing the fire. It evidently had its origin near the supper-room, which chanced to be directly below Lady Dasent's rooms. At all events, it was owing to her being awakened by a strong smell of fire, that the alarm was given in time to save not only the house but some of the inmates, who might otherwise have perished in the flames. And from this fate it appeared Mr Mauleverer had a narrow escape. He had behaved 'splendidly,' so the Dasents said; and as my nephew-elect, I was proud to hear it.

PAVEMENT PORTRAITS.

VIOLET CHARMION.

I STOOD one hot June day, years ago, in the shade of the east end of the church of St Paul, Covent Garden, talking with an old schoolfellow whom I met accidentally at that spot—a dear friend, who now, alas, lies at the bottom of the Red Sea—and the news which we were exchanging with one another was sufficiently engrossing, and the pleasure of meeting after a long interval of separation sufficiently absorbing, to blot out for a time from our notice the crowds of carriages and pedestrians which were passing and repassing before us in this busy corner of London, at this busy time of the year. We talked long and cheerfully. The world was not grown gray to us; it was still young, and arrayed in that glorious garment of youth—Hope. Stories of mutual friends of our recent boyhood were told and listened to; and the long hand of that honest old church-clock had made more than a complete circuit of its face ere our talk flagged. Indeed, it was the striking of the hour of five which roused us from our recollections of other days and early pleasures, and caused us to pause for a moment in our talk,

to consider the time and what each of us had actually to be doing.

During this pause, we turned and faced the narrow entry, on the other side of the road, which leads to that avenue of Flora and Pomona where gifts of both those goddesses can be had all the year round—for a consideration; and we then became fully aware of the bustle and business in front of us. A block occurred in the road, and for a moment there was a lull, as the traffic was stopped through the entanglement of two or three carriages, and in that moment she appeared!

Clad all in white.—How is she to be described? My pen seems such a barbarous, rough instrument wherewith to attempt to produce a likeness of this lovely vision!—Clad all in white. A straw hat, adorned by a magnificent white feather, shaded the fairest face I had ever seen. A white Cashmere dress, neatly fitting, and gracefully gathered up into loops as regards the skirt, concealed and displayed a form of singular gracefulness. White gloves encased the most exquisite little hands that ever chose 'sixes' at Piver's or Houbigant's; and a ruffle of white lace encircled a noble throat. There she stood, Purity itself! In her hands she held a wealth of roses, and here was the colour in the picture. Roses not made up into formal, if beautiful, bouquets, wired and arranged for opera or ball; but evidently chosen by the fair bearer of them blossom by blossom, just as they had been cut from their bushes or trees, with a wonderful appreciation for their form and hue. A wealth of rippling golden hair, looped up behind, but apparently impatient of restraint—for one vagrant tress had escaped, and lay languid on the right shoulder, looking for all the world as if waiting for some zephyr to come and play with it. Her complexion was pale; but a flush which spread itself over her cheeks as she watched the disentanglement of the carriages, was a concentrated sunrise in itself.

My friend and I with one accord exclaimed: 'What a lovely girl!' and then we became silent. The lady, it turned out, was waiting for her carriage; and while this was being fetched, quite a semicircle of admirers gathered round her at a respectful distance; for there was that in her face and whole appearance which commanded respect as well as admiration. An old dame, of some seventy years or more, rugged as a gnarled oak, and ruddy as a Ribstone pippin—one of that race of female carriers apparently indigenous to Covent Garden Market—put down her basket, folded her arms, and indulged in a good stare, enjoying the sight, to judge by the look of pleasure in her twinkling old eyes, as a thing which did her heart good. The young women who mind the stalls at this part of the market stopped making up their nosebags, and apparently nodded to each other any amount of 'Oh! I says!' and 'That's something likes!' The work of the market was in danger of being stopped by the lady.

But the carriage came—an open carriage, with an elderly lady in it, half asleep; and the steps being let down, the white figure mounted into the vehicle and seated itself. While the old lady was giving some direction to the footman, I saw the young lady bow, blush, and smile; and

North. I fervently assent. Mrs Helmsley at least is a partial contradiction to my assertions. But you can't crush my theories so easily.

Helm. I do not want to crush; I wish to convince. I do not think I am of a weak nature, or easily swayed; but I believe that I am much the better for the kindly influence of a gentle woman. I never imagined, in the days when I was a scoffer and sceptic regarding married happiness, how much pleasure could be found in the companionship of an intelligent, well-informed woman. I know now, and I wish you did.

North. My dear fellow, we are getting far too serious. I do not wish or intend to marry—

Helm. Ha! I have just hit on an idea you ought to appreciate, North. I have not forgotten your old taste for studying statistics, which I always considered dreadfully dry work. I happened, however, last week to be looking at a statistical table neatly introduced into an article on Population, and was struck by the fact of the immense number of unmarried women of all ages there are in this country. Looking at the number as a whole, it is positively appalling. Now, is it not the duty, the unselfish, disinterested duty of every man to save *one* woman from being an old maid? Of course, there are some women very well suited to fight the battle of life for themselves, and who are very well content to do so; but there are others who cannot stand alone; while, with some one to cling to and look up to, they may gain a certain strength and confidence, and feel much happier and safer than when drifting alone on the sea of the world, knocking up against obstructions, and buffeted by the stronger craft.—Don't laugh, North! I'm not poetical, but I *do* feel sympathetic. Why don't you and others like you take a weaker vessel in tow?

North. My dear fellow, the young women of the present day are not such as to induce a man of sense to link his existence with any one of them. No soul beyond dress and personal appearance; no ideas beyond driving, promenading, dancing, and flirting; no ambition beyond making 'a good catch.' A fig for the sex! with their flowers and feathers, smiles and simpers, airs and graces! They do very well to dance with or flirt with—I can amuse myself that way; but for a closer connection—not for me!

Helm. I must admit that there are women who answer to the description you have given. But are you compelled to choose a wife from among them? Are there not many quiet sensible girls, pretty, and clever to boot—well brought up, well trained in household affairs and domestic economy, yet with souls sufficiently above the kitchen, and minds well informed enough to make them fit companions for any reasonable man? I know of many such—many who could contribute to any man's happiness, but who remain unmarried simply because men will judge of a class from an individual, and because they see *one* giddy extravagant girl, studiously avoid any close observation of or comminglement with the sex, and so never come across one of the reasonable, home-loving, intelligent sort. And as to the so-called 'fast' style of girl—my hatred of the word is only second to my dislike of the thing—I think it is in a great degree owing to men that they are what they

are. If they see that men regard them as mere dolls, made to serve for an hour's amusement, or to act as mere chatting, dancing, trifling machines, what wonder is it that they behave as such? I think we do women injustice, North. There are clear heads among them; there are clever brains; there are noble characters—good, true hearts. I have known many women worthy of the friendship or the love of any man. If they be not all they might and should, we may at least treat them as reasonable and sentient beings, our equals in most things, our superiors, heaven knows, in many; without any nonsense about angels or anything of that sort. Perhaps, seeing themselves so considered, they might try to work up to the standard of some of their nobler sisters—women whom we must all respect.

North. You would not expect me to wed one of the strong-minded sisterhood, surely—blue spectacles, stiff curls, sharp tongues, and all the rest of it; or a gushing young miss in her teens?

Helm. My friend, I fear you are losing not only your ground but your patience. No; at your age you would have little sympathy with a girl of eighteen or thereabouts, unless she were an uncommonly gifted one; and your other idea is a purely fancy sketch. I would say: Marry a woman some five years your junior, one who has made her own home happy, and can make yours so; one who, having been a good daughter and sister, will be a good wife. I do not know that I should ever have fallen in love with Fanny, had I only known her as the young lady with long curls, who played so prettily and sang so sweetly. But when I was admitted into the home circle, and saw how her bright kindly influence cheered her careworn father, helped her invalid mother, and guided those wilful young brothers of hers, I began to feel as if something of the sort might be good for myself. My principal enemy had been self-love, backed up with various baseless doubts and fears. Single life is a capital thing for feeding and fostering selfishness.—But I think we are wandering from the main question, and this is too much of an oration.—Did you speak, North? I beg pardon.

[*North is, however, all but inaudible, the only distinct words being 'dozen,' 'country,' 'population,' 'overcrowded.'*]

Helm. Oh, if you bring Malthus & Co. to support your theories, I might as well call the Scriptures to the assistance of mine; and as we should be each doing a very superfluous thing, I think we will not, which you must acknowledge a deed of grace on my part, as the arguments I should bring forward would have the advantage not only of a higher authority but a greater antiquity. And talking of age, what sort of creature is the *really* old bachelor? I suspect a good many regret their state of single-blessedness, when they find themselves left behind, out of the race, past finding pleasure in the ways they were used to; and wish they had a home and ties of their own, some one whose care and companionship they could really claim. Imagine yourself, North, five-and-twenty or thirty years hence! Now, what say you?

North. Don't croak! Why look into the future? I am what I am, and feel happy enough, as a

rule. Every dog has its day; may not I have mine? And there is something you have forgotten, Helmsley, in all your inveighing against selfishness. Cannot an unmarried man do far more good, having more time and money at his disposal, than a married ditto? Cannot he be far more of a benefactor to his kind—do more for the world at large?

Helm. He can; but does he? I will say nothing; you shall ask yourself, and your own good sense will answer.

North. I freely admit I am a selfish wretch; but there are some of the sort I mentioned.

Helm. Yes; one or two; bestowed on us to show us what we might and should be. Not that all our best men and greatest benefactors have been single men, North. A statistical table might be useful in this case, to convince unbelievers such as you. I do not think my public life has suffered because my private life has been a happy one; and I think I shall benefit mankind about as much as I can, by training my children to bear their part well in the world's work, letting them learn the great lesson of helping to bear the burdens of others, as well as blithely carrying their own. And who knows? They may be living illustrations of my theory, that members of a family where good influences have held sway, will unconsciously carry those influences with them wherever they go in the world.—Forgive me, old fellow, if I seem to be sermonising, but we must sometimes look on the serious side of things. Don't you indorse my opinion?

North. Well, I do; and I thank you, old friend, for the sensible and reasonable way in which you have put things. You have at least given me food for thought.

Helm. Ah! very good.—But here we are, out of the Park, and nearly at my house. Come in and have a cup of tea, and we'll have some music, and perhaps a pipe afterwards.

THE LIGHT-GLINT ON LOCH LOMOND.

THE beautiful Queen of Scottish Lakes has, we are told, 'waves without wind, fish without fins, and a floating island;'* but it has also other mysterious secrets which still remain hidden from us. Among these are the many drifts and under-currents, the cold and warm eddies, the deep holes and crevices, which exist in the lake, and are only partly known. Often when the summer season is at its height, we hear of some catastrophe involving loss of life by the sudden upsetting of a frail boat on Loch Lomond; and afterwards, that the most strenuous efforts to recover the bodies of the victims have proved fruitless. The dead sleep their sleep far down in the dark depths of the waters of the Queen of Lakes, and jealously she holds the victims of the treacherous blasts that sweep over her bosom. The terrible gusts which rush down the mountain valleys come without the slightest warning, so that

* Waves without wind—the unsubsid result of sudden squalls; fish without fins—namely, adders, which occasionally swim from island to island; a floating island—an agglomeration of weeds, roots, &c., that once existed on the Loch.—ED.

even the most experienced boatman at times becomes a prey to the death-grip of the dark waters.

Many must remember Dougal—or 'Tougal,' as he called himself—the old fisherman at Luss, with his wrinkled face, bronzed by the sun of at least seventy summers. A rare old specimen of a true Highlander was Dougal. A family of soldiers, and belonging to the Forty-second Highlanders (the Black Watch), his father was one of eight brothers who fought at the disastrous battle of Fontenoy. Six of them died a soldier's death on that fatal day; a seventh was seriously wounded, yet survived to return home; and the remaining brother, Dougal's own father, also bore such scars upon him as showed that he too had been in the thick of storming the French intrenchments. Dougal himself would have been a tough antagonist for any foe to meet, for fear was a thing unknown to him. Now, he sleeps his long sleep in the little churchyard at Luss, where the ivy and flowers grow luxuriantly over the green graves, and high up the summer wind sighs through the tall trees that shade his last resting-place.

One reminiscence of Dougal always clings to me, and I never visit Loch Lomond without recalling it. Dougal was a keen fisher, and no man knew the waters of Loch Lomond better. There was not a feeding-ground or an eddy which Dougal did not know, as well as the salmon or trout which frequented it; but he had a strong dislike to see his favourite waters whipped by an inexperienced hand; and although he accompanied many fishing-parties, he jealously reserved his pet spots for those who knew the difference between the fall of a fly upon the water and the splash of a stone. For the ordinary run of visitors he reserved other waters, where his fish ran no fear of being disturbed, and where the inexperienced could lash the waters to their hearts' content.

Dougal was not of a very communicative nature; but occasionally, to those whom he knew well, he would open up; and often a deep earnestness would mark the account of some of his adventures. He was keenly susceptible to the beauty and glory of the surrounding scenery, and a hushed silence would steal over him when the lights of heaven rested on the mountain and valley, and the lake mirrored them on its calm surface. It was on one of those exquisite evenings, such as one seldom sees elsewhere, when the Queen of the Lakes had decked herself in all her beauty, that Dougal and I quietly turned the boat towards Luss, after a pretty successful day's fishing. The mountains were bathed in the softest light of the setting sun; the surface of the lake was like a mirror, on which the wooded islands looked like floating fairy homes. Far away up the Loch, range after range of mountains faded into the most delicate purple, until in the extreme distance they passed as it were into air. Involuntarily, Dougal stopped rowing and rested upon his oars, as the great shadows fell deeper and deeper upon the water. Some time elapsed before the old fellow resumed rowing, and indeed twilight had set in.

'If you wadna mind, sir,' he said, 'I would like to pull round by Inch Murrin before we go home.'
'All right, Dougal,' I replied. 'It would be a pity to hurry home on such a night as this.'

'Ye're right there, sir,' said Dougal, lapsing into silence.

I was so much wrapped in my own thoughts, that it did not occur to me at the time as something unusual for Dougal of his own accord to pull so far out of his way as Inch Murrin. It was not until we were off the island itself that I noticed that the poor man was very much affected and that he wiped his eyes with his shirt-sleeve.

'Hullo, Dougal!' I said; 'what ails you, man? Are you ill?'

'Na, na, sir,' he said. 'I'm well enough. But ye maun bear wi' me, sir. I'm kind o' minded to-day o' my poor laddie that was drowned here langsyne.'

'Indeed, Dougal! I never knew that you had lost a son in Loch Lomond.'

'Deed, sir, and I did; and it is twenty year this very night.'

'How was it, Dougal?' I asked.

'How it happened,' he answered, 'naebody kens; but it was God's ain doing that I found my laddie's body. It was just here at this very spot where we now are; and deed, sir, I would never have had the heart to boat all these years on the Loch, had I kenned that my bairn was lyin' dead at the bottom of it. Well, sir, it was a braw simmer's day when my laddie left Luss in the wee boat to take owre some fishin'-gear to a gentleman near the Balloch end o' the Loch; and frae that trip he never came back. I mind there was a bit o' a squall in the evenin'; but neither me nor onybody else fashed about that. But the laddie didna come home that night; and when next day our boat was found capsized, and driftin' awa' up the Loch, I kent that a mischance had befallen our bairn. Me and my neighbours went off at once to try and hear tidings o' him. We put in at a' the islands, and awa' along baith shores o' the Loch; but couldna hear tell o' him. We then got out the irons, and grappled and searched every corner between Luss and Balloch; but not a trace could we find. We tried until the neighbours said it was no use searching any more, and we must just bide and see whether the body wouldna come ashore o' itsel'.

'Sair, sair did my auld woman greet, and little heed could I gie to my wark; but I aye wandered about and up and down the shore seek, seeking. Well, it was just the fourth day after we found the boat, that I pulled awa' out among the islands a' by mysel'. It was a Saturday night; there was not much wind, but it was a dark night, and I thought I would go the length of Inch Murrin. Just as I reached the spot we're at now, sir, there came the queerest glint o' light upon the water I ever saw. It came straight down from the lift, and lighted up one solitary spot on the Loch for two or three seconds; and I knew it was God's hand pointing out to me where my laddie lay. I canna say what it was—it wasna fear—but my heart seemed amaist to loup to my mouth. I had naething in the boat to grapple wi'; but I rowed home as hard as I could, after I had gotten the exact bearing o' where the light had been. I told naebody, not even his mother, o' what I had seen, for I was dazed wi' my ain thoughts; but next mornin'—though it was the Lord's day—I was up wi' the first o' the daylight, and awa' out to this

very spot. I put down the grapplin'-irons; and, O sir! the very first pull I struck something heavy. I kind o' prayed to the Lord to gie me strength; and I took heart, and I pulled up the iron—and there, at the end o' the grapplin', was my puir dead bairn! I can never pass here without thinking on that night, and the light which God sent down upon the water!'

I let no word of mine disturb the poor old man's thoughts, as I took the oars from him, and, leaving him to sit silent in the stern of the boat, rowed slowly into Luss.

AN OLD GARDEN.

SOMEWHERE in the Past so golden,
Whose sweet memories are my own,
Was a garden, large and sunny,
Filled with blossoms, whence the bees
Gathered richest stores of honey,
And the rose-shrubs grew like trees;
With fair petals round them strewn.

Sloping downwards to a river,
Grassy terraces were there;
And great beds of daintiest flowers,
Pansies with their purple glow,
Palest woodbines wreathed in bowers;
And the streamlet ran below,
Singing to these creatures fair
Through the blessed summer hours.

You could wander at your leisure
With a deep and quiet content;
You could lose yourself in sweetness;
Hedges of the May rose grew
With a lavish, full completeness;
And bright lilacs, steeped in dew,
Shook above your head, and bent
To each wind with very pleasure.

Softly in the verdant mazes
Of green walks your footsteps fell;
And the murmur of the river,
Like a song of love and rest,
Seemed to warble on for ever;
Then some bird with russet breast
Startled, flew across the dell,
From its bed among the daisies.

Then in autumn what a treasure
Of all sweetest fruits you found
Hanging from each laden tree,
Ripening on the sunny wall;
And you picked them at your pleasure.
They were free to you and all,
As the sun and wind are free,
Scattered in rich plenty round.

Ah, those days of untold sweetness!
Ah, those hours of Hope and Rest!
Who shall tell their wondrous beauty?
Who shall bring again the Past?
Years grow swifter in their fleetness,
And our spirits murmur sadly
That 'the olden days were best.'

J. H.

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TROPICAL BRITAIN.

It is a common remark, that a former dweller on the earth, were he permitted to revisit scenes once familiar, would find them in many instances changed out of all knowledge. We may with equal justness reverse the remark, and find it applicable to ourselves, were we taken back through the scenes of the historic past, and especially the long ages of the geological periods. Such glimpses of the past are not unattainable. All the principal geological and climatic changes which in succession have passed over the surface of the earth, have been self-registered. Successive landscapes have as it were photographed themselves upon the sensitive plate of the earth's successively renewed surface; their impressions lie buried beneath our feet everywhere, or traced on hill-slopes all around; and where uncovered or detected, though the lines are in many cases blurred and indistinct, to the trained eye of the student they unfold scenes which stand out before the mind with singular distinctness.

How fascinating the interest of endeavouring to recall the long past! Let us, therefore, imagine ourselves transported to the Britain of the Eocene period, and under the guidance of the most recent discoveries and conclusions of geologists and others, picture the scenes which would then meet our view. It is B.C.—we know not how many tens of thousands of years. One thing we are certain of—it is a long distance on this side of that chaotic period, millions of years ago, when, according to Mr G. H. Darwin and Professor Ball of Dublin, the earth, a huge molten mass, gave birth to the moon; and mother and daughter hung perilously near each other till the latter began that retreating movement which she still continues. The Primary and Secondary periods had already done their work in moulding our earth into habitable conditions for higher and higher forms of life. We are at the dawn (*Eocene*) of the Tertiary period, in whose later development man appears upon the scene.

But as we find our way to what is now British soil, and look around, how difficult to believe that we are in Britain's latitudes. For on every hand we see the rich and luxuriant life of the tropics; and the hot air smites us with faintness. From the teeming soil springs a bewildering variety of vegetation, and unfamiliar species appear everywhere. We recognise with astonishment forms of vegetable life which at present we naturally look for only in sunnier climes. When we examine closer, it seems, indeed, as if the plants and flowers of all regions of the earth are gathered around us. To see the nettle-trees, but especially the honeysuckle-trees (*Banksias*) and the leathery-leaved gum-trees (*Eucalypti*), we might fancy ourselves in Australia with its characteristic evergreen vegetation. The weird shapes of huge cacti, again, transport us to the regions of Central America, parched with frequent droughts, while the fig-tree at our side speaks of the shores of the Mediterranean; the palm yonder leads the thoughts to Africa; and that bread-fruit in the distance awakens visions of the beautiful scenery of the islands of the South Seas. Twining round the tree-stems, flinging their tendrils from branch to branch, creeping, twisting, interlacing everywhere, wreathing themselves in myriad graceful festoons, gorgeous with flowers of every hue, and making our forests as impassable as those of South America, are those wonderful climbing-plants, amid which veteran explorers might recognise their most inveterate foes.

And withal, the trees and plants of temperate climes abound also. And just as the British traveller of to-day in tropical latitudes welcomes the sight of them as old friends, linking him with the temperate regions which are his home, so in that far-back Eocene age, amid so much to make us doubt whether we are on British soil, we welcome the sight of the beech, the elm, the chestnut, and the oak. The air is alive with the hum of insect-life characteristic of the tropics. Glancing, flashing, gleaming in the sunlight, many of them rivalling in colour the flowers

over which they hover, these ephemeral creatures are fed by, and in their turn help to feed, the profusion of living forms which the prolific heat engenders.

And if the vegetation around is strange to us, stranger still are the animals and the birds we observe from time to time. Even while we stand entranced with delight at the rich and varied beauty of the forest scene, or the view by the sleeping waters of a lagoon, the ugly form of an alligator is seen floating like a log, with cruel watchfulness intent upon his prey. Yonder, again, a splash is heard, and there glides forth on land or water some fierce monster, of a shape which suggests that the goblins and dragons fabled by primitive races were not drawn wholly from imagination.

Lingering still in the Britain of the past, we must beware of bathing in this noble stream, whose waters, bending round in graceful curve, have here left a clear stretch of sand and gravel, and yonder are swept by the overhanging luxuriance of the forest. Safe, tempting as it looks, the crocodile and its cousin the gaviol, with long, flat, ugly muzzle, are not far off. Peeping through the forest branches, rustling the leaves as they steal down to drink, we catch glimpses of bright graceful creatures not unlike the deer and the antelope, and probably the progenitors of these. Curious it seems to catch sight of one of the oldest and least changed of still living species, an opossum peering down upon us from the branches overhead; while we discover with surprise that animals like the kangaroo are native to these shores. We seem to be in half-a-dozen different regions of the earth at once. Places as distant as the Malay Peninsula and the forest recesses of South America, are brought to our door, when we see in these latitudes the tapir, for example, with his long flexible snout and thick hide, feeding greedily on the tender tree-shoots. High overhead, in the serene air, floats the vulture, looking for the dead. Down stream, kingfishers flash to and fro with gleaming plumage; and herons stand watching for their finny prey. Birds shaped like geese, but with what resemble teeth upon their beak, flounder in the water; while in the open glades feed others, huge and wingless, like a now extinct species in New Zealand.

And when, emerging from the forests, we stand on the shores of the shallow Eocene Sea on the south-east, we find it also teeming with the life of tropical as well as temperate climes. Flights of gulls crest its waves, or hover over it, dashing down from time to time to seize an unlucky fish. 'Gigantic sharks, rays, sword-fishes and sturgeons' tumble about in its waters, and find abundant prey; while among them is a peculiar armour-clad fish. Gliding in graceful undulations are sea-snakes twelve feet long; while the number of turtles is countless. The nautilus frequents the seas; the cowny, minute and burdensome coin of India, abounds upon the sand beneath our feet; and other tropical shells, as the cone, volute, olive, and large spindle shells, seem to be indigenous to the shores.

Nor are these the only features of the scene fitted to fill us with surprise. There are many other characteristics of British scenery and geography in that Eocene period which startle us

by their contrast with the present. What a rude shock, for example, to our insular exclusiveness and sense of insular security, to discover that Eocene Britain is not an island! Not only do Ireland and all the islands to the west and north form an integral portion of it, but it is joined on the south-west to Bretagne. From the east of Scotland to Norway extends a great valley covered with forests, and watered by a noble river receiving its tributaries from the ravines of what are now Norwegian fjords and the firths of Moray and Forth. And stranger still, there is a land-connection, broadening as we follow it northward, extending from the north-west of Scotland by way of the Farøe Isles and Iceland, to Greenland and the northern portion of North America.

And while our land forms a portion of two continents, the coast-line of Britain is at the same time far more extensive in these Eocene times than now. The sea tossed and moaned far distant from these cliffs and bays of to-day. Many miles out beneath the Atlantic are the old shores of England and Ireland. Land's End is thus not the land's end, but a lofty inland plateau breaking away probably in terrific precipices on the south and west; and stretching away from the base of these is an undulating plain covered with dense forests, its bounds washed by the remote Atlantic. Northward, where we expect to see the gleaming waters of the Bristol Channel, we behold a wide valley, along which the waters of the Severn flow, till at a point farther west than the now westmost part of Ireland, they join the ocean. Eddystone Rock needs no lighthouse. It is probably a lofty mountain peak. Torquay is far inland. All the delightful bays and pleasant health-resorts of the south-west of *our* England are many miles from any sea.

We look with deep interest and curiosity to see how much of the present well-known scenery of mountain, plain, and valley can be identified; and under the guidance of Professor Dawkins and others, discover that the general outlines of English, Scotch, and Irish landscapes are much more striking, bolder, more abrupt than now; not having been yet smoothed by the action of the ice of later periods. We gaze with wonder not unmixed with awe on the wild grandeur of the mountain scenery of Wales, Cumberland, and Western Scotland, in the dawn of this period. Many of the mountains of the Hebrides are active volcanoes. Volcanic agency has built them up. Hence we see them as groups of cone and dome like shapes, like those of Auvergne of to-day, 'rising above the forest which spread from these rugged Alpine heights, far away in one mass of green, broken only by the rivers, to Ireland and the remote coast-line of the Western Sea.' But their height fills us with astonishment. See that volcano of Mull, of which but a fragment now remains, grand doubtless, in its way, but insignificant when compared with the ancient magnificence of the mountain. It has been calculated—by Professor Judd—as from ten to fourteen thousand feet high, inclusive of the cone rising above the trees in the distance yonder. These Welsh, Cumbrian, and Scotch mountains are more than twice as high as in degenerate nineteenth-century

times. Such at least are they, according to one geological authority, in the period immediately succeeding the Eocene—namely, the Miocene. Low as even these heights are in comparison with the giants of the Himalaya and the Andes, we cannot, gazing on the Highland hills of to-day, think without wonder and awe of an ancient grandeur which made them worthy rivals of even the Cottian, Pennine, and Bernese Alps, with their historic summits—Monte Viso, Mont Blanc, and the Jungfrau. On those awful heights, the snow never melted. Clouds floated around their dazzling ice-clad summits, and hid from time to time their white, sky-piercing peaks. Dizzy precipices, abyssmal ravines, cleft and scarred their sides. Go where one would, the solemn grandeur of these towering mountain masses must ever have dominated the view; while more awe-inspiring still the spectacle when from time to time one or other of them burst forth in volcanic fury, vomiting ashes and fire, and spreading far and near, over the luxuriant vegetation beneath, death and desolation.

Curious in its way it is to think how different would have been every feature of our life of to-day, had those Eocene conditions lasted till now. So completely are those physical circumstances distinct from those of the present, that to all but such as have made a special study of them, they must at first appear unnatural and incredible. Yet the fossil remains of plants, animals, birds, fishes, found in these islands, tell their own tale; and speak of tropical conditions of temperature, and distributions of land and sea very different from those of to-day.

Wonderful as it is to think of that teeming life multiplying itself in myriad forms, and spreading its beauty and its fitness forth beneath the Creator's eye; more wonderful still, and instructive too, it is to think of it all as a vast and steady progress and preparation which is to culminate in the appearance of Man, the 'minister and interpreter of nature,' to whose gradually strengthening gaze these long ages of the past now unfold themselves; and who, from their petrified remains, pictures many a life that had begun, culminated, and perished, ages before his epoch.

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER XLIV.—'AY!' CRIED GARLING IN A QUAVERING VOICE, 'YOU HAVE PUNISHED ME ENOUGH, AMONGST YOU.'

HAVING once decided in her travelled mind that foreign cities were not only unlike London, but exceedingly unlike each other, Mary was steeled against the surprises of costume, architecture, and physiognomy. But that she shared the common frailty, and was not steeled against the amazement of meeting what used to be common in the midst of so much uncommonness, was fairly proved by the fact that suddenly encountering Hiram Search in a shady street in Cadiz, she sat upon a convenient doorstep and fainted. Hiram himself, though much amazed by the encounter, was less affected, and seizing a passing water-carrier, borrowed his little tin vessel, and knelt above his sweetheart and laved her temples

and her lips until she recovered. He had pictured to himself another meeting, and had all ready for delivery an impressive discourse calculated for her moral benefit; but now, when she came round, he was nursing her head upon his breast and murmuring, 'My poor darlin', my poor darlin', and taking not the slightest notice of half-a-dozen ugly but picturesque old women, and one picturesque and astonishingly pretty young one, who suddenly found this little drama acting beneath their noses, and stood attentively to watch it through. Mary was much more sensitive to public observation than her lover. The first thing she did was to arrange her bonnet and lower her veil, the next to resume her seat upon the convenient doorstep and cry comfortably. Hiram addressed the assembled ladies in their own language, and begged them to disperse; but being unable to prevail upon them, he lifted Mary to her feet, tucked her arm under his, and marched off with her.

'Mrs Strange is in Cadiz, I suppose?' asked Hiram.

'Yes,' answered Mary; 'and Mr Strange. They are going home to their house at Brierham.'

Hiram's reception of this simple piece of news astonished Mary; but it meant so much to him that she could not understand. He resolved at once to keep a hawk's eye on his master.

'You have been very angry with me, Hiram,' said Mary, attacking the subject next her heart; 'but you will forgive me, won't you?'

Somehow, Hiram's sternness had dissolved, and he forgave her, without the lecture he had intended to deliver; and she began to bubble over with innocent happiness and gaiety, and to talk of her curiosities of modern travel, all grown remarkable again, now that Hiram was here to listen whilst she spoke of them. He allowed her to run on, and threw in here and there a question to direct her talk, so that, without alarming her by any inkling of his own fears, he drew from her a contradiction of them. Gerard had touched neither at Naples nor Marseilles, and could, therefore, not be here of malice aforethought, since he had no knowledge of his enemy's journey. And just as this dread was finally lifted from Hiram's mind, Mary stopped, and clasping his arm with both hands, made as if to hide herself behind him, whilst with frightened eyes she stared across the street. Following the direction of her glance, he was aware of his master, standing stock-still with folded arms, unconscious of their presence, but tracking with eyes that burned like fire another figure in their rear, which, as they halted, approached them, leaning heavily on a walking-stick, and moving with a dejected head and downward glance. The face of this bent and ancient-looking figure was hidden from Hiram, though visible to Gerard. The latter crossing the sunny pavement, stepped into shadow within two yards of Hiram, so absorbed in his contemplation of the bent figure that he had no eyes for his servant. When the man tottered and quavered quite close, Gerard gripped him by the shoulder, and the pinched old face whose hollow careworn eyes looked up at him was the face of Garling. Hiram fell back a step with an exclamation which drew his master's regard upon him. Garling's glance travelled from one

to another, with an uneasy half-apprehension of their presence. His own daughter; the man who had ruined his plans; and the son of the man he had plotted to ruin. He murmured that they had not often looked so real, and made as if to pass on; but Gerard's grasp detained him.

'So you are here, Mr Garling, are you?' asked Gerard, swaying the quavering old figure gently to and fro in his strong hand. 'Your villainy hasn't led to happiness, either?' That truth was written in his face.

'That's new,' said Garling, turning his head aside, as if to listen. 'They say the same things over and over again. A trick—a mere trick, to trap me into weakness and confession.'

'Mister,' said Hiram, 'he's as mad as a March hare!'

The old man's eyes shifted to the last speaker, with a new look in them, half dreadful, half inquiring. Then they wandered to his daughter's face. 'Why don't you speak?' he asked.

She shrank away from him. 'Hiram,' she said falteringly, 'he frightens me. Take me away.'

'You can't hold malice against a thing like this,' said Hiram, addressing his master.

'Malice?' replied Gerard, dropping the hand that had held Garling. 'No.'

'Ay!' cried Garling in a quavering voice, 'you have punished me enough, amongst you! But you were gentle when the rest were hard. Perhaps you guessed I meant to use you kindly after all.' This was to Mary, who shrank back from him appalled. 'Ay, you're afraid of me; but I meant well by you. And I mean well by you still. It isn't much, compared with what it might have been, but it is all honestly come by, and that's a great matter—a great matter. Make a good use of it.'

The three who heard him looked from one to the other, and little Mary, whose nerves had already been greatly shaken, began to cry again.

'Why, now you weep,' he said, 'and I perceive you feel some touch of pity. Ah, that's Shakespeare! I was a great student of Shakespeare when I was a lad. A man of lofty imagination, and versed in all the mysteries of human nature. Cæsar haunted Brutus. But no man was ever so crowded round with ghosts as I have been.'

It was evident alike to Gerard and to Hiram that he was not sure of their corporeal unreality, but they could each trace the meaning beneath these scattered words of his.

'You don't take me for a ghost, do you, mister?' said Hiram.

Garling looked startled and perplexed, and made as if to go on again, but turning, caught sight of Mary, and laid his hand on her gently. 'Don't go,' he whispered; 'don't leave me. I shall make it worth your while.'

'Heaven's my witness, mister,' said Hiram earnestly to Gerard, 'that I don't want my little gell to finger a penny of his money, if he's got any; but it ain't the thing to leave him in this condition in a foreign city. He's been a rare bad old lot, and that's a fact; but he ought to be looked after.'

Gerard returning no answer, Hiram laid his hand on Garling's shoulder and addressed him in Spanish. 'Do you speak the language, old man? Can you get on by yourself?'

'Yes, yes,' returned Garling, putting him fretfully aside, and striving once more to get past Hiram to his daughter, who, with terror in every gesture and feature, avoided him.

'Take her away,' said Gerard. 'I will see that he does not follow you. I can get somebody to take charge of him, I daresay.—You needn't be afraid of me, Search,' he said, somewhat bitterly. 'Heaven has taken vengeance here.'

'That's like yourself,' returned Hiram. 'That's the first thing like you sence we sailed out of Thames river!'

'Take her away,' said Gerard again, speaking sternly this time. Hiram obeyed.

The old man struggled to pursue the retreating pair; but Gerard, passing an arm through Garling's, turned round, and led him in the way he had been originally going. He resented this for a moment only, and then, with drooping eyes, submitted.

'Where do you live?' asked Gerard.

Garling raised his stick a little from the ground and pointed forward. He went on slowly but without hesitation; and before they had gone far, he paused, and drawing a key from his pocket, entered at an open doorway, mounted a set of white stone steps, and admitted himself to a large chamber, furnished in the fashion of the country, which always looks sparse to an English eye, but with no sign of poverty or neglect in its appearance.

'Is this your home?' Gerard demanded softly.

Garling laid down his hat and stick and passed a hand across his forehead before answering. When he responded, it was with a tone and manner so different from those he had hitherto employed, that the questioner was startled. 'This is my home, Mr Lumby, and will be for the remainder of my time.' He motioned his visitor to a seat, and himself sank down wearily. 'I cannot resent your intrusion,' he said feebly; 'and since you have found me here, you may tell my late employers that I am a good deal worn, and that I shall not last much longer. I have had many troubles lately, Mr Gerard, and my mind is affected; I feel it unhinged at times. I was proud of my intellect many years ago, and I misused it. I am broken down, as you may know by these confessions; shattered, quite shattered, and an old man.' The light alternately flickered and faded on his face, and his voice seemed to fall and rise with the brightening and the dying of an inward gleam. At one second his face and voice looked and sounded altogether sane, and in the next both had grown senile. The words 'I am broken down' were maundering: 'as you may know by these confessions' followed swiftly, with a re-assertion of his ancient self: 'shattered, quite shattered; an old man,' might have been spoken by one hopelessly gone in melancholia.

'The evil you attempted to do us, failed, or partly failed,' said Gerard. He might have gone on to say more; but Garling broke in with a murmur: 'Failed? Yes, yes. It failed.' Then they both sat silent for a time, until Garling looked up with a bewildered air. 'Help me,' he said; 'I want to think of something. Whom did I meet? Have I met anybody to-day?'

'Your daughter?' asked Gerard.

'Yes,' he said, brightening instantly, but sinking

back again. By-and-by he said, in the old dry reticent way which the listener could remember from his boyhood: 'It is a curious thing for me to ask a favour of any man belonging to your house. Will you do me one?'

'If I can,' said Gerard. 'Yes.'

'There is some remnant of my own money left me, and I wish my daughter to inherit it. I have not command of myself at all times, and my mind is shattered. It is going. What did I want to say?'

'Listen to me,' said Gerard, as he drooped again. 'You wish to make a will in your daughter's favour?'

'Yes, yes.'

'Entirely and without reserve?'—He nodded. 'Yes' again, with brightening eyes.—'And you wish me to have it prepared and bring it to you to sign?'

'Yes,' he said, once more collected; 'and to make immediate provision for the transfer of my last penny to an English bank.' He arose and produced papers, and gave instructions drily and clearly, without even a verbal stumble. 'If you bring a lawyer with you,' he said then, 'see me before you bring him, and let him meet me at my best.'

Gerard promised this also; and Garling again began to maunder in his speech; and after a time the young fellow left him, bound by his undertaking, but not sure that the broken swindler would ever again be in a mental condition to make any business transaction valid. He did perhaps the wisest thing he could do, and consulted the British consul, to whom he told the whole story. The consul himself drafted Garling's last testament, and he and Gerard witnessed the document when it was signed. When called upon for his signature, Garling was in the full possession of his powers. The man's tremendous will was equal to the strain he made upon it; but it never answered to another call; and in a week his stubborn wasted heart beat its last, and the ghosts his wicked life had gathered round him haunted him no more.

CURIOUS CASES OF GUNSHOT WOUNDS.

BY A RETIRED ARMY SURGEON.

HAVING read the article on 'Curious Facts relating to Gunshot Wounds,' in No. 931 of your *Journal*, I send you a few facts relating to wounds of the above nature, which came under my own observation while I was surgeon of a regiment.

At the relief of the Residency of Lucknow, during the Indian Mutiny in 1857, the following cases were brought to me. A private of my own regiment who had remarkably prominent eyes and a very flat nose, had both eyes cut open by a bullet which passed across them without injuring the nose. Another private was struck by a bullet on the outer edge of the right orbit. It broke the bone, and grooved the temple deeply. I dressed the wound, and applied a bandage to keep the dressing in its place, and desired the man to sit down while I attended to other cases. There is an old saying which was in use amongst sailors, namely, 'If you wish

to be safe, put your head into a hole that has been made by a cannon-ball, as the chances are that a second shot will not strike the same spot.' The case of this man, however, was a curious contradiction to this saying. About an hour after I had dressed his wound, I missed him; and as I was making inquiries about him, he presented himself, wounded a second time, and strange to say, in the very same spot, the bullet having ripped up the bandage and the dressing, and considerably enlarged the first wound. It appeared that after the first wound had been dressed, feeling that he had the use of his arms and legs, he slipped quietly away while my back was turned, rejoined his company in the fight, and was wounded almost immediately in the very same spot.

A third private was struck by a bullet on the outer edge of the left orbit. The bone was broken, and there was only a small wound, about a quarter of an inch long, on the skin, extending downwards—so small, that I did not think it possible that a bullet could have entered it. The wound healed; and for eight years afterwards the man did his duty. About the end of the eighth year, however, an abscess formed at the spot where he had been wounded; and on opening it, I observed a small dark body appearing just above the edge of the orbit. At first I thought it was a piece of dead bone; but on removing it, found it to be the half of a bullet. It had been lying within the orbital space under the eyeball for eight years. When he was wounded, the bullet must have been split on the edge of the bone, one half flying off, and the other half lodging within the orbit. He lost the sight of the eye from the moment that he was wounded, though there was no apparent injury to the organ; but strange to say, the half-bullet lying under the eyeball never gave him the least inconvenience; and he was as much astonished as I was when I removed and handed it to him.

A fourth private, a huge man, standing six feet four inches, and with an immense chest and frame, was struck by a bullet on the breast-plate, and knocked down, but without being injured, except that 'the wind was knocked out of him,' as he said himself. How such a huge body could have been knocked down by a musket-bullet, was astonishing.

A fifth private was struck on the rim of his feather bonnet. This broke the force of the bullet; but it passed through the frontal bone and lodged in his brain. He was quite sensible, had no pain, and only complained of giddiness. He was sent home as an invalid; and two years afterwards I heard that he was still alive.

Another private advancing at a run, had his mouth open; a bullet entered his mouth, passed between the skin and the muscle which is attached to the angle of the jawbone, and was removed from beneath the skin at the back of the neck. At first, he was not aware of having been

wounded, and was astonished to find himself spitting blood and his jaw gradually becoming stiff.

Another private was slightly wounded three days in succession, and began to think that he had had his full share, and would escape for the future. One day, however, as he was sitting in his tent in camp, into which the enemy occasionally sent shot and shell, a six-pounder round-shot came ricochetting along the ground, burst into the tent where the man was sitting, and struck him on the back, rolling him heels-over-head. He lay gasping for a minute or two, thinking he was done for; but he gradually recovered his breath, found that he could move his legs, then his arms, then that he could sit up; and at last he stood up, and with the assistance of a comrade on each side, walked to the hospital, which was close by, sheltered behind some ruins. He was black and blue for some time, and that was all. He was never wounded again.

An officer of my acquaintance is now living—I saw him only a few months ago, looking remarkably well—who has a bullet lodged in the base of his right lung, and it has been there since 1857, as he was wounded during the Mutiny. He suffers very little inconvenience, except that occasionally he has a fit of coughing, followed by expectoration of blood.

On the field of Inkermann, sixteen months after the battle, I picked up the mummified head of a Russian. The eyelids, nose, lips, and skin of the cheeks, were still discernible, and the skull was covered by the scalp, to which some light yellow hair adhered. There was a hole right through the skull; and I found half a bullet lying between the scalp and the bone, on the top of the head. The bullet must have struck the bone, and been split, one half passing right through the head, and the other lodging under the scalp. I brought the skull home, and gave it to a brother medical officer, who promised to send it to the Museum of the College of Surgeons, Edinburgh.

A native servant of a brother-officer was struck by a bullet on the forehead just above the left frontal sinus. The bullet was wedged into the bone; the skin healed over it, and the man resumed his duty, and lived, feeling no inconvenience, for nearly a year. Suddenly one day he fell down, and after being convulsed for a couple of minutes, died. I had never heard of this case until after the man's death; but the moment it was reported to me, I went to see and examine the wound. I found a round bullet wedged tightly into the bone, two-thirds of it extending beyond the inner plate of the skull, and pressing on the brain, which immediately round the spot of pressure was softened.

On first entering the army—upwards of thirty-seven years ago—I was ordered to join a regiment at the Cape of Good Hope; and within eighteen months after my arrival, a Kaffir war broke out, and was protracted during two years—the war of 1846-7. During the second year of the war, I was with a detachment of my regiment, which was encamped on the north bank of the Great Fish River, close to the sea, for the purpose of protecting government stores which were landed there, that being the nearest point to the scene of hostilities. Upon a certain day, a sergeant

and one of the privates left the camp without leave, taking a horse with them to bring home some green forage. They went without firearms or any other kind of weapon, which was simply folly; but they had been so often on similar expeditions before and seen no enemy, that they concluded there were none in the neighbourhood. On arrival at some oat-fields, they tied the horse to a stump of a tree, cut a supply of forage, and were in the act of making it up into two bundles, to sling over the horse, when three Kaffirs, one armed with a gun, and the others with assegais, who had been lying concealed in the tall oats, sprung upon them. The one with the gun was facing the sergeant, who thought that his only chance was to close at once with his enemy, and accordingly he rushed forward with that object; but just as he was about to grasp the barrel of the gun, the Kaffir fired, the muzzle of the weapon almost touching the sergeant's stomach as he did so. Though he felt that he was wounded, the sergeant grappled with the Kaffir, and after a struggle, wrenched the gun out of his hands, and clubbing it, struck him a blow on the head which killed him. The private in the meantime had fallen pierced by assegais. While the sergeant and the Kaffir were struggling, one of the other two Kaffirs ran to where the horse was tied up, and cut the halter through with his assegai. But the horse thus freed escaped from the Kaffir, and fortunately approached his master, who got upon his back and galloped off towards the camp.

I was standing at the door of my hut, and saw the sergeant gallop in and dismount; and to my surprise, he walked quietly up to me, saluted, and said: 'I am wounded, sir;' and then he turned and walked with me to the hospital, and on entering the hut, fainted. We laid him on a cot and removed his clothes, when I found that he was shot right through the abdomen. The bullet had entered a little to the left of the umbilicus, passed straight through, and made its exit just below the rim of the ala—or large curved bone—of the pelvis, making a clean round hole. The skin round the wound in front was much scorched, showing that the muzzle of the gun must have been very close to the part when fired.

He rallied slowly from his faint; but of course I thought the wound was a mortal one, and that my patient had not many hours to live, so sat beside him during the afternoon and all that night, and attended to him next day, giving him a little nourishment frequently. To my astonishment, he relished his nourishment and fell asleep, and woke up and took more soup and fell asleep again. Meanwhile, no bad symptoms appeared, and as there was no interruption of the visceral functions, I began to be hopeful.

Matters went on in this way for several days, during which the only discomfort—I could not call it suffering—that he felt was that the scorched dead flesh around the wound in front began to separate; and when this came away, there was exposed a large opening nearly two inches square, through which I saw plainly then, and for days thereafter, the bowels lying in their natural position, and apparently uninjured; and yet I could hardly believe this possible. However, the case went on favourably; the large hole

gradually contracted and healed up, and so did the wound behind; and within two months from the day that he was wounded, he was able to move about, and within another month, to make his appearance on parade again.

It was an extraordinary case. The bullet must have passed straight through; for there was nothing to deflect it, and the two wounds were exactly opposite each other. How the bowels escaped injury, was truly wonderful; and I can only explain it by supposing that the bullet—a small round smooth one—passed immediately under the large, and above the small intestine, in fact between the two, and as close as possible to each, almost touching both. This happened thirty-six years ago; and within the last seven years, I heard from an old brother-officer that the man was alive and healthy, though well stricken in years. Wounds in the abdomen are almost always fatal, and this is the only case of recovery within my experience.

One or two cases of very narrow escapes from death by a bullet occur to me. During the Kaffir war which I have already alluded to, I several times accompanied large parties of troops sent out to intercept or pursue bodies of the enemy; or to destroy kraals or capture cattle. We never succeeded in intercepting or overtaking Kaffirs unless they were in strong parties and desired to fight; and as we marched along by day, the Kaffirs, in loose order and in parties of two or three, would hang upon our flanks and rear, showing themselves upon the high ground, but keeping out of range of our muskets.

One night, four of us were sitting cross-legged round a little fire on which we had put our coffee-kettle to boil; and as we thus sat, a report, followed by the ping of a bullet close over our heads, warned us that Kaffirs were prowling about. This was followed by several other shots, which struck the ground quite close to us; but we were tired and cold and hungry, having had no food all day, and we were unwilling to lie down to sleep on the bare ground with empty stomachs. We therefore determined, in spite of danger, to keep the fire burning until the coffee was ready; and to hurry this, one of us stooped down to blow the fire with his mouth, when another shot settled the matter, for a bullet passing between two of us, smashed the kettle, and scattered the embers about the head of the one who was blowing the fire. How close the bullet passed to his head may be imagined, for it touched his hair. There was nothing to be done but to stamp all the embers out, roll ourselves in our cloaks, and light our pipes to keep down the cravings of hunger.

At the relief of the Residency of Lucknow, the colonel of my regiment had two very narrow escapes. As he was cantering from one position to another, the motion of the horse raised him a little out of the saddle every now and then, and just at the moment when he was raised out of the saddle, a bullet passed below him, tearing the leather open along the whole seat of the saddle. Had he been sitting still in the saddle, he would have been horribly wounded. Shortly after, another bullet struck the handle of his revolver, which was in a pouch attached to his sword-belt, and but for the revolver, he would have received a mortal wound.

At the battle of Cawnpore, on the 6th December 1857, one of the men of my regiment had his arm at the elbow shattered by a round-shot, and I determined to perform amputation above the elbow, on the field, so got the man well under a bank, and out of danger as I thought. Unfortunately, the camels with ammunition crowded round us; and just as I was about to commence the operation, a shell from one of the enemy's guns came amongst us, and striking one of the ammunition boxes on the nearest camel, not three yards from us, exploded and blew up the ammunition also. Bullets flew in every direction; but though several assistants and myself were there, not one of us was touched, even the camel escaping uninjured.

On the same day as the regiment to which I belonged was advancing in line, a shrapnel shell burst right over us and wounded a few of the men. One of the bullets struck an officer in high command (since dead), who with his staff was riding close behind the line. I saw that the bullet had torn his coat open from the shoulder half way down his back, and ran up to his assistance. I got him to dismount, and took him into a dry ditch, and as he was in the act of sitting down, a round-shot struck the top of the bank. Had he been standing erect, the shot would have carried off his head.

On the same day, the brother of this officer, to whose staff he was attached, received a very singular wound. A grape-shot struck the scabbard of his sword, touched his stirrup, and entered the outside of the left foot below a prominent bone (the cuboid), passed under the sole, and lodged on the inner side or arch of the foot, from which position I removed it. This was a very remarkable wound, in that no bone was broken or injured. This officer is alive at the present time, and has the use of his foot, though I have heard that he walks a little lame. I have not seen him since the day on which he was wounded.

At the siege of Lucknow, the chaplain attached to a Highland regiment was in his tent, and while in the act of opening a box, a round-shot fired at a high elevation came straight down through the tent, passed close to his head, struck the box he was in the act of opening, and rebounded, again almost striking his head in its rebound. This gentleman is at the present time minister of a Scotch parish, and may possibly read this, and remember the start he got, and how we laughed over it.

It is sometimes quite possible to see a cannon-ball in its flight, and easy to follow its course after it has once touched the ground; and I have more than once seen the ranks open, when the regiment was in line, to let a ball pass.

In the midst of danger, soldiers are sometimes prone to jest and laugh, and even play practical jokes on each other, as the following anecdotes will show. During the trench-work before Sebastopol, there was a certain man in the regiment who disliked being on duty in the trenches, and who always got into what he considered the safest corner of the trench, and remained there as long as he could. The bugler of his company, a malicious urchin, soon found this out, and was constantly in the habit of playing tricks to frighten his cautious comrade.

He would peep over the parapet and call out 'A shot!' and then turn round to see his friend roll himself together like a ball. At other times he would call out 'A shell!' of which he knew the man had a mortal dread; and when he saw him throw himself flat on the ground, he would take a piece of earth or a stone and throw it close to his recumbent friend's head, and then run up and comfort him by showing him a bit of an old shell which he had picked up for the purpose, remarking at the same time: 'That was a near thing, man.' All the men knew and enjoyed the joke, and sometimes roared with laughter; but it was well for the urchin that his friend never found him out.

This same man was really wounded afterwards, and while I was removing the bullet from beneath the skin of his back, the same 'urchin' was standing by, and the moment I had extracted the bullet—a small spherical one—the boy held out to his friend a six-pound cannon-ball, saying: 'See what the doctor has cut out o' ye!' This occurred while my back was turned; but on hearing the remark, I looked round, and saw the boy holding out the shot, and the bystanders convulsed with laughter, and quite regardless of the heavy fire going on around us.

THE ENFIELD COURT ROBBERY.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

UPON further investigation, it was found that while the robbery at Enfield Court had been most carefully planned and premeditated, the fire had evidently been an accidental part of the thieves' programme, as a hastily done-up bundle, containing some valuable articles, was discovered just outside the supper-room window, as if dropped in a hasty exit. Happily, the fire had been subdued in time to save the greater portion of the house; but the damage done, to say nothing of the immense loss caused by the robbery, was very considerable.

In due time, two detectives came down from London, and the excitement continued unabated in the neighbourhood whilst they remained; but nothing transpired. They maintained an amount of stolid reticence which to the curious was most provoking; and finally they departed without having apparently done anything towards solving the mystery, far less securing the thieves.

Gradually things seemed to settle down, and the robbery at Enfield was replaced in my mind by my entire absorption in Amy's engagement, to which I had given a qualified consent, on the condition that Mr Mauleverer's family were satisfied with the connection, and that pecuniary matters were properly adjusted. Now that he had actually declared himself, I felt emboldened to ask questions and ascertain everything I possibly could as to the antecedents of the man who was to be my darling's husband.

He was well connected. His mother was dead; but his father was alive, and lived in great seclusion at his own property, which was situated in Yorkshire. He was reputed to be rich; but on this point I could gain no definite information. Still, remembering Lady Dasent's 'very well off,'

I was not much troubled on the score of money matters. I had felt it incumbent upon me to invite him to spend a few days with us before he left for Yorkshire, and it seemed natural that he should come to us. I told him frankly that Amy had very little money of her own—something less than two thousand pounds; but at my death, I intended to leave her everything, which I felt sure he would approve of being tied up and strictly settled upon herself.

I thought his expression changed a little when I mentioned this, and still more so when I casually asked him in a friendly way if he always meant to be an idle man; for he had left the army, it appeared; and I was anxious, for Amy's sake, to see some symptom of his wishing to get an appointment or occupation of some kind.

Meanwhile, Amy seemed satisfied; but my doubts—born of my extreme affection for her—began to arise, and refused to be silenced.

Mr Mauleverer had written to his father announcing his engagement; but as yet neither line nor message from the old gentleman had reached us. It was not treating Amy properly; and though Amy's entreaties to me to be patient, and oft-repeated assurances that Alfred said everything would be all right, silenced me for a time, I was fully resolved to see matters either ended or placed on a satisfactory footing before much longer time elapsed.

In the meantime, Mr Mauleverer received one morning a telegram, which he informed us contained the news of the illness of an old friend of his in London. He must start immediately, if he wished to see him alive. If I did not mind, he would leave his heavy luggage behind him, and only take a small portmanteau. Unless something very special happened to detain him, he would be with us again in a couple of days. His adieux were hurried, but impressive. He seemed really sorry to leave Amy, who was, however, enabled to bid him a cheerful good-bye on the strength of his speedy return.

On the morning of the second day after he had taken his departure, Amy was evidently expecting a letter from him—not unreasonably, I thought, as it was natural she should wish to hear that he had reached his destination safely. She was rather restless and fidgety. Perhaps that was the cause of my own almost nervous feelings as post-time approached. I could settle down to nothing.

'Amy, darling,' I said presently, 'suppose you take the garden scissors and snip these geraniums for me; they want it badly.'

So Amy stepped out on to the little lawn with its still brightly filled parterres; and I watched her from the drawing-room window with feelings of mingled love, anxiety, and apprehension, for do what I might, I could not get over the sense of some impending calamity—something sorrowful for her. Soon afterwards, she joined me, radiant with her letter, the first she had ever received from him; a very ardent, gentlemanly epistle, I was obliged to own; satisfactory too, as it contained the information that he had heard from his father, who, on certain conditions, which he saw his way to comply with, had promised to consent to the marriage. A letter for me from old Mr Mauleverer had been inclosed in his letter to his son; but the latter preferred delivering it

to me personally; consequently, I would not receive it until his return to us.

Amy had an engagement that afternoon to visit the Dasents, who were now installed in a small house they had at some distance from the Court, whilst the latter was being repaired. She was to drive over, taking our small groom with her; and I was not to expect her back until after nine o'clock at the earliest; so I was to spend a solitary evening. After she left me, I wrote a few letters; then I tried to read; but my attention wandered. A slight drowsiness came over me, and I suppose I fell asleep. All at once I woke up with a consciousness of some one standing just outside the closed window, gazing into the room, and I discerned distinctly the features of a man's face pressed closely against the window-pane. I was not generally nervous, but I confess a thrill of fear shot through me then, and for a moment I was almost too terrified to stir. The next instant I got up, and simultaneously with my doing so, the face vanished. But the eyes I had so clearly seen might be watching me still. I controlled all outward symptoms of alarm or consciousness of what I had seen; and after a few minutes—to me each seemed an hour—I moved towards the door, and summoned one of my servants. I mentioned the circumstance to her, and enjoined extra care that night as to our bolts and bars. Though we had neither gold plate nor diamonds to attract thieves, still there was enough silver to satisfy moderate cupidity, and it was wonderful how such facts got abroad. After the Enfield Court robbery, one could not be too careful.

Very soon Margaret my servant had secured all the shutters, drawn the curtains, and I sat down to my solitary tea, wishing most fervently that Amy were safely within doors again.

A sudden storm had come on; the wind had risen to a hurricane, and bade fair to continue during the night. About eight o'clock, a message arrived for me from Lady Dasant, telling me that as the storm was so severe, they had ventured to detain Amy for the night; in the morning, she would be with me early.

I was both glad and sorry—glad that Amy would not run the risk of encountering any lurking individuals in the darkness; that she was safely at Enfield; but sorry for my own sake, I felt so solitary and, truth to tell, so strangely nervous.

The evening wore on slowly, and as ten o'clock struck I went to my room. It was directly over the drawing-room. Next to mine was Amy's; and on the other side of the landing was the spare room, which had so recently been occupied by Alfred Mauleverer. Above, slept the servants. I heard them go up to bed, and while I could hear them moving about overhead, I was tolerably comfortable; but soon, stillness reigned over the Wren's Nest. My domestics were asleep. The best thing I could do was to follow their example, which after a time I suppose I did, for I was awakened by a noise, a distant sound from the hall below. I scarcely breathed. I could hear my heart beating as I lay listening with strained ears, and recalling with horrified terror the face I had seen at the window.

I need hardly say that I was thoroughly awake. Every nerve was strung to such a pitch of tension,

that if a pin had been dropped, I feel sure I should have heard it. It came again—the sound from below—dull, this time, but distinct; and presently I heard stealthy footsteps coming rapidly and quietly up-stairs—evidently shoeless feet, but none the less audible to my ears. Never since I had lived at the Wren's Nest had I locked my bedroom door; I had a dread of doing it; and despite my nervousness on this occasion, I had not departed from my rule. It was too late to attempt to accomplish it now. Besides, looking back, I think a sort of temporary paralysis had come over me. I heard a hand laid upon the handle; it was turned cautiously, and the next moment, from my curtained bed I distinguished a man bearing some sort of small lamp—his face concealed by a mask—enter.

It was a matter of life or death to me to remain quiet. Through my mind flashed a resolve to deliver up everything I was possessed of—family plate, my mother's amethysts, all my small valuables, to this ruffian, in exchange for my life, should he demand them. But no such intention appeared to be his. He approached the bed, raised his lamp, flashed it for a second on my closed eyes; and then withdrew it, apparently satisfied that I slept. It must have been a cursory glance, for I could not have sustained the deception for more than a moment. He gave a keen look round the room. Only the lower part of his face was covered, so I could see his eyes, small, black, and piercing, with something familiar to me in them, even then. My watch—a legacy from my mother—lay on the toilet-table, but he overlooked it. Evidently, mine was not the room he meant to rifle. Almost noiselessly he vanished out of it, and I heard him proceed into Amy's room next—thank God, it was empty—then into the spare room, where he remained.

All at once it flashed across me that by a little courage I might save everything and secure the thief. In former days, my spare room had been a nursery, and the windows were barred, so as to make all exit from them impossible. If I could slip out of bed, get across the passage, in one second I could lock the door, and, secure from any attack, raise an alarm.

The agony of fear I was in was such that I felt equal to any effort. Without losing a moment, I glided out of bed; a moment's pause acquainted me with the fact that the miscreant was busy; I heard him throwing out things all over the floor. He was searching Mr Mauleverer's portmanteaus; they were quite at the far end of the bedroom; so I calculated that I could safely close and lock the door before he could possibly prevent me. Like a ghost, I moved out of my room on my perilous errand. Through a chink of the half-open door I beheld the man kneeling in front of the larger of the portmanteaus, rifling it with a rapidity and intentness which secured my being for the present discovered. I had intended to seize the door the instant I reached it, but something made me pause in the darkness and peer with terrified eyes into the bedroom. He had his back to me, and I could see the quick movements of his arms as one thing after another was hurriedly thrown upon the ground.

Imagine my feelings as I stood within a few paces of him, to see him with the utmost celerity

tear open the lining of the portmanteau and draw from it a glittering mass of diamonds, which I instantly recognised as Lady Dasent's famous circlet, the one she had worn on the night of the eventful ball, and which, with the other things, had so mysteriously disappeared!

Horror, anguish, and fear well nigh caused me to fall to the ground. I made an involuntary movement; I thought I was fainting; and the noise reached him. Looking up, our eyes met. With the strength born of desperation, I seized the handle of the door, and in a moment the key was safely turned in the lock.

Happily for the lives of myself and my servants, the door was an old-fashioned one, of a particularly strong description; and having a strong outer moulding, it was almost a physical impossibility to break it open from the inside of the room. The exigency of the situation sustained me for the moment, and enabled me to rouse my three servants, who must at first have thought I had gone temporarily out of my mind, when I tried to make them comprehend our position.

It was two o'clock in the morning, still blowing a gale, and dark as Erebus. But assistance must be got. The man within our spare room might have accomplices without; our danger might but be beginning. We had an alarm-bell; that must be rung. Four trembling women, we proceeded in a group to the outer back court, where the bell hung, only to find the rope severed. I had snatched up a cloak, and arrayed myself in my slippers and a skirt. The servants were as little dressed as myself. But it was no time to hesitate; immediate action must be taken. We must rouse the gardener, who lived a considerable way from the house. Through the dark dripping shrubberies, we flew, at every step expecting to be dragged back by some lurker; but no one stopped us. In safety, we reached the cottage; and in a few minutes Arkwright, my gardener and general factotum, was in our midst.

His cottage was within a short distance of several others; and though he wished to go straight to the house, fearing lest the man should have escaped, or been liberated by accomplices, I would not hear of it. I insisted upon his getting a couple of men to accompany him, a precaution for which I saw Arkwright's nice little wife was grateful. This caused some delay; but it had not enabled my captive to escape. The hall door was found open, and everything just as we had left it, the spare room door still closed. By my orders, it was not to be unlocked until the police arrived. Several volunteers had hastened to summon them; and while we were awaiting their arrival, I had time to think a little of the horror of the position. How had Lady Dasent's diamond necklace found its way into Alfred Mauleverer's portmanteau? Could he be some awful impostor, some villain in the guise of a gentleman, whom I had harboured in my house, and to whom I had meditated giving my niece? The shock would almost kill Amy. Even I felt as if I should never get over it.

Who was the man? A dreadful tightness came over my heart when this question presented itself, a suspicion too horrible.

It made the suspense almost too terrible. I heard the policemen arrive, and while they were ascending the stairs to the spare bedroom, I felt almost choked with an apprehension for what I should next hear. The door was unlocked, and there was the thief. He made no resistance; the game was up. Thanks to 'the old woman,' as I heard him style me, he had missed the best chance of clearing a fortune he had ever had. Who was he? Where had I seen him?

The mystery was soon explained. He was the Dasents' magnificent head-butler—one of a gang, as it afterwards was discovered—and who had, with the connivance of his comrades, cleared off the plate, but hoped to secure for his own private benefit the famous diamonds. The fire had so far upset their plans, that he had found himself left in possession of the diamonds, when his services came to be required in aiding to extinguish the fire. In place of flight, therefore, as he had at first intended, the wary butler judged it best to let his confederates make off with the plate, while he remained with the diamonds in his possession, one of the most active in subduing the flames, and suggesting the most feasible schemes for discovering the thieves.

When the detectives came down to Enfield, it became imperative upon him to hit upon some safe place for the diamonds. Mr Mauleverer was blessed with an over-abundant wardrobe; and during his visit to Enfield, this butler had chosen to consider him under his particular care, laying out his clothes, arranging and settling things generally for him. The idea of temporarily depositing the precious gems within the lining of one of that gentleman's portmanteaus, struck him as a brilliant one. His intention of course was to withdraw them directly Mr Mauleverer's departure was about to take place, and he would of course have the best opportunity of doing so while packing his clothes; but his plan by a mere chance miscarried, and he had the mortification of seeing the portmanteau leave Enfield with the diamonds still safely secreted within it.

Mr Mauleverer's temporary absence from our house afforded too good an opportunity to be missed; hence the visit to the Wren's Nest, which very nearly terminated my existence, for the shock and exposure combined brought on an illness from which, for long, it was not expected I should recover.

Amy was my tender nurse all through it, and it was from her lips I heard all the particulars of the robbery, in the sequel to which I had been called on to play so prominent a part.

Happily for both our sakes, she never knew of the terrible suspicions I had for a brief time entertained regarding Mr Mauleverer. That gentleman made his appearance in due time at the Wren's Nest, bearing his father's letter, which informed me not only of his willingness to welcome Amy as his daughter, but to settle an income upon the young couple of the most satisfactory description.

Shortly afterwards, the butler was placed upon his trial, and I was called on, despite my weakened condition, to give evidence against him. This, however, I was happily spared, as the prisoner, acting on the advice of his counsel, pled guilty.

Indeed, I was doubly relieved, as Mauleverer's character was thus vindicated. As the wretched prisoner was being removed, he vowed he would 'pay Miss Courtenay a visit again when his term of imprisonment expired.' However, ten years' penal servitude may bring about a change in his intentions.

Lady Dasent amused me very much by the comforting view she took of the matter. 'Do not trouble your head, my dear Miss Courtenay, about anything the wretch may have said; in the course of nature, you will be beyond his reach long before then.'

'Quite true,' I replied with a smile. 'At all events, I am glad I have lived long enough to be the means of your recovering your diamonds.'

THE PARCELS' POST.

By an Act of Parliament passed in August, the Postmaster-general is authorised to add to the already varied work of the Post-office that of the carriage of parcels within the United Kingdom, according to the following moderate tariff, namely, not exceeding one pound, threepence; three pounds, sixpence; five pounds, ninepence; seven pounds, one shilling. The Act does not, however, prescribe the limits of size of the parcels to be so conveyed, nor the time at which the new scheme shall take effect, these points being left to the determination of the Postmaster-general; but as regards the latter, it is not likely that the scheme can come into operation until some time next spring. Meanwhile, all needful preparations are being made, and the new department of business will no doubt be brought into existence at the earliest possible moment.

To the ordinary individual who takes things as they come, and who does not concern himself with aims and means, the idea of a parcels' post presents itself as a simple arrangement for carrying packages, the only visible signs of which would be an office to take them in and a conveyance to deliver them. But to any one who has seriously reflected upon the vast and intricate machinery by which the operations of the Post-office are carried on, the labour of devising and setting up this new branch of business, and carrying its work into every nook and corner of the United Kingdom, must present itself as one of exceeding magnitude, necessarily demanding a large amount of anxious thought and foresight. When it is remembered that within our little kingdom there are some fourteen thousand post-offices, at each of which provision must be made for the new branch of work, and that at every one of these offices some persons must receive instruction in the new duties about to be imposed upon them; that the mode of delivery in every town and place in the country has to be planned and arranged (not the least troublesome of which will be the delivery along the routes of the rural posts); that a precise and fixed course must be laid down for the transit of the parcels' mails between each place and every other place in the country; that the heavier nature of the parcels' mails will probably revolutionise the mail-cart services along the high-roads—all of which things must be provided for at the outset; it will be understood that the Post-office department has

undertaken a task which will try its energies to the utmost.

That the scheme of the Parcels' Post will be placed on a satisfactory footing, so far as giving a thoroughly good service is concerned, there is little reason to fear. The acquisition and consolidation of the telegraphs have shown what a department of practical officials can do in putting together a large working concern; hence the experience gained by the executive of the Post-office in connection with telegraphs since 1870, will be eminently useful in the work which they have now in hand.

But apart altogether from the purely official aspect of the scheme, there are things to be considered as affecting trade, and the prosperity or otherwise of individuals, arising out of the coming boon to the country at large. Just as the opening up of the country by railway lines has had the effect of driving stage-coaches off the great highways, laying open new avenues to commerce, diverting business into new courses, and taking it away in many cases from the old, thereby bringing adversity to many towns which flourished under the old régime; so the Parcels' Post, by affording a cheap and ready means of obtaining light articles from a distance, will in all probability create disturbance in many branches of trade. It requires no stretch of the fancy to imagine that there will arise a rivalry between tradesmen in a large retail way in the great cities, and their less pretentious brethren in country towns; the former striving by means of advertisements and the Parcels' Post to supply country districts with their wares, the latter struggling to retain the share of business which they already possess. Haberdashers, stationers, tea-merchants, seedsmen, fashionable bootmakers, and smallwares' people of all sorts in the larger towns, besides the great Stores in the Metropolis, will not be slow to discover an extended field for trade brought within range by the new post, and to take advantage of it; while country-people, finding the cost of conveyance for light articles to be but small, may frequently make their purchases in the larger markets, and no longer depend entirely upon local tradespeople.

Yet the country shopkeepers will not be without some compensating advantage; for the ease with which they will be able to procure supplies in small quantities, will enable them to maintain a more varied stock, and so be in a position to supply the neighbourhood with articles for the purchase of which it is now necessary to visit the larger towns. The farmer's wife will no longer need to delay purchases which are not of every-day occurrence, till she makes her periodical visits to the 'big town;' the village shopkeeper will either have the required articles in his more varied stock, or will be able to get them for her promptly and at a trifling cost for carriage. The precise way, however, in which trade will balance itself as between the large and small towns, will not be felt until the Parcels' Post shall have been some time in operation. There seems no reason why townspeople should not obtain fowls, butter, &c., if properly packed, direct from the farm; or why the people of Scotland should not enjoy the luxury of clotted cream direct from Devonshire; or the citizens of London receive

their grouse direct from country dealers in Scotland. But there are very many ways in which trade in light articles will be facilitated by the Parcels' Post; and one decided effect of the scheme will be the equalisation of prices for many articles of the same kind, which now have different values in different parts of the country.

The new post will also greatly encourage intercourse in social circles, by enabling friends to exchange presents more freely from all parts of the kingdom, the cost of sending parcels across country by existing means, acting as a bar to freedom of intercourse in this direction. How the amount of work will be met during Christmas seasons, is a matter for serious thought on the part of the Post-office; for the number of articles that will certainly be sent, as well as their aggregate weight and bulk, will far exceed anything which the railway Companies have hitherto had to contend with at that season.

Another period which will bring special strain upon the department will be the earlier days of the grouse season. Hitherto, sportsmen residing at shooting-lodges along the straths and glens in the Highlands, have been under the necessity of sending their boxes of game for despatch to the nearest railway station, perhaps many miles away; but in future they will no doubt seek, and expect to be relieved of these consignments by the rural postmen, or at the small post-offices in their neighbourhood. The boxes of game which are sent from the Highlands southwards during the shooting-season are numbered by thousands, and the disposal of these, superadded to the ordinary business, will tax the energies of the local post-office people to a large extent.

The simplicity of the tariff, and its uniformity in relation to distance, as well as its moderateness, must bring the service within the understanding and means of the poorest; and every post-office throughout the country being a *dépôt* to receive parcels, the scheme will be brought to the door of every one. Some idea of the extent to which the parcels' business will probably grow when the vast agency of the Post-office is set in motion, may be gathered from the experience of the telegraph department, the number of telegrams having increased during the past decade from twelve millions to nearly thirty-two millions annually. Thus, the whole country being brought into complete correspondence with itself, and its telegraph business having nearly trebled in ten years, it may be expected that a somewhat similar development will follow upon the inauguration of the Parcels' Post.

This new business of the Post-office must, however, prove vastly damaging to public carriers generally, the railway Companies excepted. Those carriers who make a trade of collecting parcels in the large towns, and of packing them for transit over the railways in bulk by goods-trains, will inevitably lose a great part of their business. The railway Companies will not suffer, however, for they will be partners with the Post-office, and will share in the business lost to the packers. The Post-office has acquired and maintains so great a prestige for punctuality and reliability, that no Company or undertaking in the country could withstand its competition.

It is impossible to predict what the financial result of the new scheme will be, nor for some

years is it likely that this will be ascertained. At the outset, there must be incurred great expense in providing additional space in all large offices, and in superseding rural foot-posts by horse-posts, over and above the cost of providing additional indoor staff at all important offices. How far the revenue will cover these expenses, experience alone will show. There is one thing at any rate that may be safely predicted, which is, that the new Parcels' Post will prove as great a public boon as the government monopoly of the telegraphs has done.

THE BLACK BUOY.

'SWIM?' said Grandmamma, as we sat round the crackling billets one Christmas Eve. 'Every boy and girl should learn to swim. Why, I could swim like a duck when I was a girl. Dear me, dear me!'

Grandmamma sat bolt upright in her high-backed chair, resting her elbows on the arms, and smiling across at Grandpapa—who sat on the other side of the hearth—with a conscious look in her bright old eyes. Grandpapa, the General, pausing in the act of raising his tumbler to his lips, nodded and smiled back again at Grandmamma. They were both white-haired, bright-eyed, and rosy-cheeked; both sat, straight and erect, in tall red-cushioned oak chairs; and each saw the other through an effacing medium, that smoothed out wrinkles, restored hyacinthine locks, and blotted out the fifty years that lay between them and youth.

Now, when we, the youthful descendants of this stately pair, grouped in lazy attitudes around the vast roaring hearth with its tall carved chimney-piece, saw the meaning looks that were exchanged between our respected progenitors, we scented a story. And when a many-voiced appeal for the story broke from us, Grandmamma hesitated for a moment and shook her head, then looked across to Grandpapa, who nodded again, and after a little pressing she thus began:

You know, young people, that you are of good family only on your Grandfather's side, and not on mine; for he came of an old and honourable stock, while my father was only a ship's bos'n. My father was killed in a great sea-fight, when I was only a little child, and I was brought up by my Grandfather, who was ostensibly a boat-builder and fisherman, in reality a smuggler. A successful smuggler too! In those days, smuggling meant great risks and enormous profits; for duties, especially on foreign wines and spirits, were exceedingly high. It was not only a profitable trade, but it was reputable in a peculiar sort of way; for it required great courage and great skill. England was always at war in those days, and the smuggler ran the risk of being snapped up by an enemy's cruiser as well as of falling into the clutches of a revenue-cutter. In addition, there were the inevitable chances and dangers of the sea. So that a good smuggler had to be

not only a man of great daring but of great knowledge of navigation. He had to work into harbour on the darkest nights—for it was only on dark nights that he could venture on 'a run'—with the utmost secrecy and despatch. To do that, he must know every inch of his way, be able to distinguish landmarks and buoys where an unpractised eye would only see indistinct blackness, and know to a nicety the time the tide turned, the twists of the sandbanks, and the position of sunken rocks.

My Grandfather could neither read nor write, and he had, as I think for that reason, a wonderful memory. He was assisted in his work by my two uncles, both illiterate men like himself; and the three seemed to find their way, through long practice and acute observation, as if by instinct. There was only one channel leading to the landing-place; the mouth of the little river where we lived being almost choked by sandbanks, which ran out to some distance. It was necessary to hit this channel a considerable way out at sea, and a small black buoy bobbed up and down to indicate its commencement. One side of the harbour was formed by a line of rocks, jutting out to some length and shelving down gradually into the water; and the buoy was distant from the extremity of these rocks about three-quarters of a mile. This headland was called the Point.

The black buoy, a mere speck on the waters, was hard enough for any one to find in the broad day; yet my Grandfather never failed to find it in the dark—for of course it was only on a moonless night that he could hope to run a cargo. The usual course of proceeding was this. The lugger arrived off our coast at nightfall, lay to until a signal was flashed from our friends on shore, and then found the entrance to the channel, and worked in with the tide. It was necessary to be very careful in hitting-off the channel at first, where the buoy was, or they might ultimately run on the sunken rocks at the extremity of the Point.

Grandfather and I lived in a pretty cottage at one extremity of the village. Our house was better than most of the others, for Grandfather had money in the bank, and was well to do. The cottage was covered with honeysuckle and creepers; at the back was a well-stocked kitchen-garden; in front was a grassy bank sloping down to the sand, at its junction with which stood our wooden boathouse. By the boathouse lay three or four of our boats, broad, strong, and unwieldy; and opposite the boathouse were the moorings of the *Little Lady*, our naughty, fast-sailing, clever little lugger.

I had a very independent, irregular kind of life. My Grandfather was often away for days at a time, and the old woman who looked after the house—for Grandmother was dead long since—would have had little time for scouring and cleaning if she had tried to look after me. I got

a little book-learning from the old vicar, but it was not enough to hurt me. No, my dears; I knew no Italian, or Latin, or Algebra; but my eyes were none the less bright, my lungs none the less clear, my colour none the less blooming that I passed most of my days in the bright sunshine and the free fresh air. I could run a couple of miles and jump a gate; I could pull an oar with the best, and I could swim like a duck. I was thoroughly at home either on the water or in it. The sea had no terrors or difficulties for me except such as it was a pleasure to overcome. So at sixteen, I am told, I was a fresh-coloured, free-limbed, bright-eyed young maid, whose only trouble was her long tresses of thick brown hair, and who bothered her head very little with the other sex.

Not but what I had my admirers. But they were limited in quantity and coarse in quality. I mean, rough; manly enough, but lacking in that refinement which a young girl in any rank of life always longs for, and with sometimes sad results. Anyhow, the bold young fishermen who made sheepish overtures to my formidable self, excited nothing on my part but polite amusement, and I was quite heart-whole. I was very happy, had a wonderful appetite, was sound in wind and limb; and perhaps, young people, you have to thank the rough freedom of my early life for the excellent constitutions which you now enjoy.

On a certain day in September, when I was nearly seventeen years of age, my Grandfather being absent on one of his expeditions and expected back at night, I set off for one of the long rambles in the country which I was in the habit of taking when he was away. As I was not allowed to go off in this fashion when Grandfather was at home, I made a big day of it, starting immediately after breakfast, and taking some bread and meat with me for dinner. I rambled much farther than I intended, lost my way more than once, and the night was coming on apace when I returned. Tired and footsore, I was taking a short cut over the heathery cliffs, where was only a narrow track made by the sheep, when amidst my dreamy anticipations of supper and bed came the recollection of a little serge bathing-suit which I had meant to fetch in the morning in order to repair it. The little cave where I kept it was among the rocks of the Point, and from where I was, being already on the seaward side of the village, it was not far distant. So I stepped out briskly and soon came to the little gully or ravine in the rocks which led to my cave, and up which, in the course of the night, our smuggled treasures would be stealthily conveyed. Carts used to stand at the upper end of it to take them away.

I slipped into my cave, felt for my dress and found it, and too lazy just then to face the ascent up the gully again, stood gazing out to sea and wondering where my Grandfather was at that moment. Then I turned homewards. I had got about a third of the way up the gully, which was very dark, when I heard a strange sound. I stopped to listen. It was not the scream of a sea-bird nor the moaning of the sea. It came down the gully and drew nearer, beat, beat,

with a little, very distinct jingling sound. It was the tramp of men and the clink of steel. Soldiers! I had never seen any; but I guessed what they were. In a moment I had scrambled cautiously up the rocks, and, hidden behind a ledge, I crouched perfectly still, with every sense on the alert. Suddenly the measured tramp ceased, and presently two men came slowly down the gully, talking in low voices. They wore long cloaks, and their weapons jingled as they walked. They passed me and stood at the lower end of the gully. The air was very still, and I could hear every word they said.

'This is the place, sir,' said the bigger and stouter of the two. 'The goods are landed a little to the left here, carried up the gully, and received at the top by the carts. The carts stand where we came down.'

The other, who, by the ease of his bearing and the deference of the big man, I took to be an officer, had a paper in his hand. He looked around him, evidently taking in the features of the place.

'There won't be any carts to-night, sergeant,' he said in a pleasant voice. 'The people in the village know we are here, and are sure to warn them. I hope they won't manage to warn the man we want.'

'Not they, sir,' answered the sergeant confidently. 'Not a boat can leave the harbour without its being stopped by our men; and not a man can leave the village and come in the direction of the Point, if you post the men as I venture to suggest.' Here the conversation became inaudible for a moment. 'A man at the top of the gully, sir, and the others at intervals on the seaward side of the village. You and I, sir, to manage the signal down here, and then I step up to the man at the top of the gully, one calls in another, and we are all down here ready to receive them.'

'By all means,' said the officer; 'and as you know the place and I don't, you had better post the men.—By the way,' he added, scanning the paper in his hand and holding it close to his eyes, 'at twelve-thirty, I think it is, the signal. You undertake that, don't you?'

The sergeant produced something, probably a lantern, from under his cloak. 'Here is the signal, sir.'

'Then we're right.—Now, post the men.'

The sergeant saluted and clanked up the gully; while the officer walked slowly towards the water and stood at the edge—some distance from me, for the tide was getting low—with his head bowed, and his hands clasping the paper behind his back. I ventured to breathe freely again, and began to review the situation. What did it all mean? It meant that the authorities had got wind of my Grandfather's doings, and had sent this detachment of soldiers to take him in the act. It must be my Grandfather, because there was no one else in the village likely to be aimed at. And if they caught him, what then? What was this form of words that kept ringing in my ears over and over again? 'Transportation for life!' What was that? It was no uncommon punishment, I had heard, for a smuggler taken, as my Grandfather was likely to be, red-handed. For a moment the hope flashed into my head that he

might not come that night. But no! The wind was light, and not unfavourable; there was no suggestion of a fortunate storm in the sky, and I knew that our friends with the wagons had arranged to come and that all was in readiness. My heart sank within me as I thought of my old Grandfather's gray hairs dishonoured in the felon's dock—for I had once seen a man tried—and his kind old face bidding me farewell for ever. I bowed my head on my hands and longed to cry.

Suddenly I raised my head, and my heart beat with a bold resolve. I would save him. Yes, I! The skill that I had attained for my own heedless pleasures should be put to stern service. My resolve was this. When the lugger showed her signal in answer to that treacherous one from the shore, I would swim out to the buoy, and keep myself afloat at the entrance of the channel until I could hail our people and warn them of their danger.

I never hesitated after I had formed this resolution. I forgot that I was tired and hungry, put aside the thought of cold or exhaustion in the water, and began instantly to make my preparations. On the narrow ledge of rock where I now knelt, I undressed and put on my little bathing-dress, which consisted only of a tunic and drawers. My own clothes I made into a bundle and stowed away behind a stone. Then, like a cat, I clambered up the rocks, hiding behind every projection, and keeping a fearful watch upon the sentinel at the head of the gully. Fortunately, the gully was not very deep. When I got to the top, I crept on my hands and feet until I judged I was well out of sight, and started for the end of the Point. I took my time, for there was no hurry, and I had to husband my strength; and at last I reached the rock from which I meant to start. There I sat down to wait.

I did not know the time and could only guess it by calculating from the sunset. How long should I have to wait? How long did I wait? Heaven knows; but it seemed an age. I got sleepy from my day's exertions. The night-air was cold too, and my clothing, however well adapted for exercise, was somewhat scanty for sitting in. Besides, it was damp. The wretchedness of that long watch comes over me now. Oh! would the slow minutes never pass?

Thicker and thicker grew the gathering darkness. The waters and the heavens were blended in obscurity, and there, at the end of the rocks, I sat patiently, a poor little figure shivering in the gloom, listening to the lap of the waves as they beat upon the rocks, and peering out to sea with all my heart in my eyes. I waited so long that I believed I must have fallen asleep and missed the signal, and at the thought I was burying my face in my hands, to give way to despair, when something stopped me—and flash! far out on the dark sea, there it was! I sprang to my feet, every nerve tingling. The moment for action had arrived.

I paused for a moment to picture to myself the bearings of the buoy. I knew exactly how it lay from the Point, for I had swum round it often enough. But not in the dark! Not with the water a vast black plain mingling with the black sky; not with the fear of sinking to those

mysterious depths, unseen, unheard, unhelped. But I never hesitated. Into the cold flood I plunged, and struck out boldly in the direction I had determined upon. After a few vigorous strokes, the sense of active exercise, exultation in physical power and use of skill, overcame my misgivings. But they came on again when I looked around on that murky waste of waters. Could I be sure I was going in the right direction? Might I not swim and swim and never find that of which I was in search, lose myself and become exhausted—to sink beneath that silent sky, alone?

But on I went, struggling hard to keep my wits about me in spite of the horrors that would rush over my brain again and again. It was hard physical work too, for the tide was coming in; there were breakers in the shallows, and in the channel the stream was fast and strong. It was impossible to see more than a few yards ahead, level as I was with the water. With the tide running so hard against me, it was difficult to judge how far out I had succeeded in getting. Once I all but gave up. I got out of the channel among the breakers, and the buffeting and beating bewildered me, so that I fell into a sort of panic. I threw myself on my back, and in the very act—thanks to my practised eyesight, that could more or less see in the dark—I caught sight of the buoy. There it was, bobbing up and down, looking to me like a thing of life. I swam to it and kept close by. It was like a friend in all this desolation of heaving seas. But now came the worst watch of the whole. The lugger must inevitably pass within hail of me; but what if my strength gave out before she came? For my strength was ebbing fast. I had been without food since noon, I had walked many miles, swimming is an exacting exercise, and I had still to exert myself resolutely with the tide running fast, to maintain my present position. My limbs moved mechanically, my head was dull and heavy, and there was a sort of tingling in my ears. I knew I was going fast.

A little gleam of parting waters, a black mass looming blacker than the darkness, and I summoned all my energies for a shout. '*Little Lady*, ahoy!'

A voice came from the darkness. '*Little Lady* it is. Who are you?'

'Lay to, and throw a rope over your starboard quarter.'

The lugger was not thirty yards distant. I made my last effort and swam to her. A rope was thrown; they hauled me on board; and I had just time to give my warning before I fell fainting on the deck.

When I came to, the last keg of our cargo was being lowered into the sea. We were some little distance up the coast, and floats were attached to the kegs so that we might be able to find them again. So expeditiously was all this done that it was only some two hours afterwards when we beat cautiously up the channel and cast anchor opposite the mouth of the gully. We pulled ashore in our boat. As she grounded and we leapt out, dark figures started up around, lights flashed upon us, and we were surrounded by soldiers.

'In the King's name,' said the young officer, advancing with his sword drawn and his cloak thrown back to show his scarlet uniform.

It was a picturesque group illuminated by the flickering light of the soldiers' torches. My tall, old Grandsire with his weather-beaten face and gray hair; the boyish, handsome young officer, bright with scarlet and steel; the stolid seamen in their blue jerseys and sou'-wester; the soldiers with their bronzed faces and glittering accoutrements; and, I suppose, myself keeping under shelter of my stalwart Grandsire, disguised as I was in a suit of oilskins and a big sou'-wester that almost covered my rebellious hair.

My Grandfather said nothing when the young lieutenant ordered the sergeant to board the lugger, and only a quiet twinkle of his keen gray eye showed his enjoyment of the scene. He stood looking up at the sky, while the lieutenant kept his eyes fixed on the ground and toyed with his sword-belt. The soldiers had to row, and clumsily enough they did it, provoking one of the stolid seamen to a loud guffaw which was instantly suppressed.

The sergeant was back again pretty soon, his red face turned to purple with wrath. 'We've been made fools of, sir,' he exclaimed, saluting the lieutenant. 'Nothing on board except some nets.'

The lieutenant's face fell for an instant; then he looked at the sergeant's wrathful countenance, and bit his lips to keep from smiling.

The sergeant was at white-heat. 'With your permission, sir, I'll search these fellows,' says he.

'If you like,' answered the lieutenant carelessly.

The search was soon accomplished, and they found nothing that they wanted. I kept behind my Grandfather's back, hoping to escape observation. But the sergeant caught me by the wrist. My Grandfather interposed.

'There is nothing contraband on that boy,' said he peremptorily.

'We'll soon see that,' answered the soldier, grasping my wrist until I could have screamed with pain.

My Grandfather did not strike him, but administered a kind of push with his heavy shoulder that sent the sergeant, big as he was, staggering a yard or two. With the losing of his hold, I slipped and almost fell; off went my sou'-wester, and down, alas! streamed my long brown hair all over me. The young officer instantly stepped between the sergeant and me.

'I don't think we need search this youngster,' he said in a tone of quiet authority. 'He is not likely to have anything contraband about him.—Where have you been to-night?' he added, turning to my Grandfather, while I got into the background, conscious that the young gentleman's quick eyes had found me out.

'Lobster-fishing,' answered my Grandfather unblushingly.

'Not much sport, I'm afraid,' said the lieutenant, looking abstractedly over my Grandfather's shoulder.

'Not a great deal,' answered my Grandfather. 'But we've taken as much as you, sir. Perhaps you would like to come with us some time and we might do better.'

'Perhaps I will,' answered the officer, still glancing over the other's shoulder. 'Meanwhile,

I am sorry to have caused you or yours any annoyance. Good-night to you.—Fall in, men!’

And away they went.—But my Grandfather gave up the trade after that and sold the lugger.

Grandmamma paused, and looked at Grandpapa with a smile.

‘And did you never see the lieutenant again after that?’ inquired a bright girl of fourteen, with long brown hair, probably like what Grandmamma’s once was.

‘My dear,’ said Grandpapa, ‘I was the lieutenant.’

A WORD OR TWO UPON FRIENDSHIP.

FRANCIS BACON closes his essay on Friendship by saying that ‘where a man cannot fitly play his own part, if he have not a friend, he may quit the stage.’ We cannot conceive a more wretched existence than to be entirely without friends. Unhappy indeed must that man be whose life has become so depraved and selfish, that in counting up all his acquaintance, the reflection forces itself on him: ‘I have not a friend in the world.’ Well indeed may Bacon say ‘he may quit the stage.’ He that would have friends, ‘must show himself friendly;’ and therefore, if it chance that any read this who are inclined to say, ‘I have no friends,’ let them be sure that the fault is, as likely as not, entirely theirs, and not that of the multitude around them.

Men are too apt to lament over the fickleness of friendship, which indeed is deeply to be deplored; yet in nine cases out of ten, if inquired into, it will be seen that this was due to their own fault in choosing such a friend, or to their own indiscreet actions subsequently. The first and most important step is in the choice of friends; and for this, it is very necessary that one should consider the object of friendship, and prove slowly—step by step—that there is such a communion of feeling and unity of purpose as can alone make friendship firm and lasting. If we desire to form a friendship for some particular object that we have in view, but cannot otherwise obtain, then our motive is unworthy, and we must not be surprised at finding a sudden cessation of the friendship before that object is gained. As friendship is slow in its growth, so it should be tough and lasting in its endurance; and there should be the greatest charity and forbearance on both sides ere one link of the golden chain which binds it is rudely snapped asunder.

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade.

Friends should be few—that is, those whom we would retain as bosom-friends; and they should be those on whom we can depend, for some firm and solid reason other than a mere sentiment, which may be changed and altered by more powerful motives; for any feeling that is based on sentiment only, and has no solid reasons to support it, must in time alter as that fact becomes apparent. There are few who can enter into the deep and earnest friendship which David so feelingly describes as between him and Jonathan:

‘Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women.’ A man’s duties and every-day work would in many cases preclude him from cementing friendships of so close and sacred a character. Time or opportunity might not admit of his communicating and interchanging thoughts, feelings, and ideas which would be necessary to insure and foster them. But he may be on terms of friendship in different stages and degrees with every fellow-creature with whom he comes in contact. It is not too much to say that there is some spark of goodness even in the most degraded of our race, and therefore it should be the anxious endeavour of every one desirous of obtaining friendship to find the common ground of association between himself and his fellow-man; to claim it and cherish it, and gain a friend on that one ground, if all beside should proclaim rather an enmity—but which a friendly nature would be careful not to declare in an unfriendly way. So in all our troubles and cares, our anxieties and misfortunes, our pleasures, our joys, our successes, we would have a multitude of sympathising friends; and they would be *real* friends in the degree that we have thoughts in common; and by the common tie and feeling we could always claim them. We should not mistake as friends mere acquaintances of whom we know nothing; or familiar faces. The chances are that there are many whose names we do not even know, more firmly united to us in friendship by the bonds of common feeling, hopes, and inspirations, than those to whom we are accustomed to bid ‘good-morrow.’ True friendship is a noble thing, and there are many instances of its perfection.

Some one may say: But what is the use of friendship? It is this—the intermingling of ideas and affections with each other, which, if fully carried out, would bind humanity with an encircling cord, rendering wars and tumults impossible, and the diffusion of the arts of peace and domestic comfort more practicable. In the narrower sphere of individuals, as Bacon says, ‘It is the ease and discharge of the fullness and swellings of the heart, which passions of all kinds cause and induce; for as there are diseases of stoppings and suffocations most dangerous to the body, so are there also to the mind. We take medicine for the one; but no receipt openeth the heart like a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatever lies upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.’ The loss of fortune often is the forerunner of the loss of ‘friends,’ so called, but who in reality are none; merely attendants on fortune, and for whom, if we acted wisely, we should have no other feeling except of pity. And to guard against such disaster, let us remember that it is not the fawning professor who is most likely to prove the ‘friend in need.’

Friendship real and true is that which suffers even death for its friend; that no hardship or trial or adversity can shake off, using plain and outspoken admonitions and warnings in prosperity, and kind and gentle advice and assistance in adversity.

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INFERIOR SOCIETY.

WE suppose there are few persons who do not believe in 'the deteriorating influence of inferior society.' Even the thoughtless, if made for a moment to think, and the vain, who love to be associated with flatterers, would, if urged to confession, admit the evil they often so heedlessly encounter. But what is inferior society? That is the question which has to be considered, detached from all its surroundings, and finally answered, before we can arrive at definite conclusions to help us forward.

Certain democratic writers of fiction are rather fond of choosing for their heroes and heroines low-born persons, often the mere waifs of society, endowing them with almost superhuman virtues, and a strength of purpose and of innate rectitude which enables them to triumph over all evil temptations, and win for themselves an exalted and honourable position. Far be it from us to say that there have not been such careers as these novelists indicate, bright examples of what can be done under difficulties; but if they were the ordinary rule of circumstances, there would be little need of schools and reformatories, and of the elaborate machinery which governments and individuals put in force to educate and civilise and elevate a nation.

Perhaps only those who have been brought into contact with that most forlorn of all created things, 'a neglected child,' can estimate how much we all owe to early training, to the fostering of good instincts, and the crushing out of evil ones, and can comprehend the terrible disadvantage at which the very ignorant are placed. But the ignorant man or woman who has sense enough to be aware of his or her ignorance, and who eagerly takes advantage of every opportunity of enlightenment, ought not to be classed with those who exert a deteriorating influence when brought into contact with their superiors. On the contrary, such individuals often stimulate for good those to whom they look up for guidance. There could be no learning or moral progress in the

world, if there were not a certain association of teacher and pupil, of the wise and the foolish, the good and the bad.

Now, as in most lives a vast amount of knowledge is almost unconsciously acquired, and surrounding influences go far to mould character, the mingling of different orders of mind to which we have alluded is a great boon to the inferior ones—it is their chance of moral and mental improvement. But there is a danger to the so-called superiors, if their superiority is more apparent than real. Every one has heard the story of the parrot which, having learned on board ship a number of oaths and vulgar phrases, terribly shocked the lady to whom it had been consigned as a present. But the bird was a beautiful creature; and the owner desiring that it should be trained to speak with propriety, sent it to keep company with a more carefully educated parrot belonging to a friend, in the hope that the stranger would forget its oaths and sailors' jargon and acquire a different vocabulary. Alas for the result! The new arrival quickly contaminated the other bird, which learned the objectionable phrases that were so much deplored, without imparting its own pretty little speeches and snatches of song to the culprit.

Perhaps if the indecorous bird had been introduced to two or three properly conducted parrots, instead of to only one, the good influence would have been strong enough to prevail, and the offender might have become a reformed character, instead of the corrupter of another. This old story of the two parrots has always seemed to us to point a moral, and show how necessary it is that in organising our society, the good, when necessarily brought into contact with the evil, should, in numbers or in strength, prevail over the bad.

Few families are so fortunate as never to have experienced the evil of a vicious influence operating on some of its members. It may have been speedily apparent, and speedily vanquished accordingly; or it may have been subtle and specious, and have done great mischief before

it was even suspected. In either case, the sort of 'inferior society' at which we are glancing is quite as likely to have been on what is called a social equality as not. Low-toned people, who corrupt morals by their bad example and evil communications, belong to all stations of life.

How often does it happen that a plausible acquaintance establishes a footing of intimacy with some young person, and without planning any special injury, achieves it nevertheless. There are so many by-paths of alluring aspect in life, but which lead to misery, that we all, and the young especially, are in constant need of the controlling sense of duty to keep us in the high-road. Woe be to those who have a tempter at hand to lure them astray, and to teach them to confound pleasure with happiness, if such tempter wears the mask of friendship, and has won their regard! Those who understand children best, are always alive to the importance attached to the choice of youthful playmates and associates, even from the earliest age. For the exercise of the imitative faculty seems instinctive with most children, and biographies of eminent people, especially autobiographies, constantly reveal the lasting influences set in motion in quite infantile years.

But the imitative faculty is not extinct when childhood is past, and there is an order of shy people who are particularly exposed to the temptations of inferior society. What we call shyness is often very closely allied to pride. There are people who take little or no pleasure in any society in which they do not themselves shine. They forget the high esteem in which a patient and intelligent listener is held by good talkers, and feel hurt at seeming of no consequence. Such shy people are very apt to fall away from the social circles in which they might find mental improvement and enlightenment, and gravitate to a lower scale, where they feel themselves of importance. The worst of the matter is that such persons are almost always self-deceivers, and think their shyness comes from humility instead of pride. Another sort of shyness, springing from another sort of pride, induces people to shun general society altogether; and then they need be on their guard against some baneful individual influence of an inferior sort. This is especially the case with shy young men, who make what are called low marriages, or, what is really morally worse, trifle with the affections of girls in an inferior station. Perhaps at first they mean nothing worse than the gratification of their own vanity; but some of the saddest of sad stories have had this sort of beginning.

We once heard a very shrewd sensible woman, the mother of a large family, speak to the following effect: 'My husband and I are very choice in considering the acquaintances we now make, for our children's sake. Our friends' children will, in the natural course of events, be their friends,

and perhaps even more closely allied, and we feel that we cannot be too particular as to the intimacies we may form.' They were wise words; for the hasty, ill-considered, unfortunate intimacies of youth are often found to be a clog all through life.

Young people whose characters as yet are but partially developed, are very apt to strike up sudden friendships on the basis of some temporary and superficial sympathy which has no real depth. Ardent professions of attachment are made—perfectly sincere for the time being—but often circumstances arise which develop character and change the position of affairs. One mind greatly expands, while the other either stagnates or deteriorates; one moral nature, strengthened by some fiery trial, rises purified; while the other succumbs to some grovelling temptation. It is impossible the tie between the two can remain unstrained, for sooner or later it must be broken. In such cases as these, the lower nature too often reviles the higher for its 'changeableness' and 'caprice,' though probably the change of feeling has been resisted as long as possible, and only acknowledged at last to the conscience with great pain. Well is it if there has been no obligation conferred by the inferior nature on the superior, to be considered a life-long debt incapable of being cancelled.

But there is one sort of 'inferior society' which is perhaps even more 'deteriorating' in its influence than the companionship of low-toned people. If it be true that Books are 'the best of all good company,' the adage can only apply to good books; for it is no whit less true that bad books are the worst of all companions. Many books are very subtle in their evil influence, so subtle, that the mischief they do is long unsuspected. And yet we think there is a test by which we may know the wholesome from the evil in literature. Does the reader feel stronger and wiser—more ready for work and endurance, with a higher ideal of duty and character, and of the possibilities of human life, when he lays down the book which has engaged him? If so, he may be sure that he has enjoyed 'the best of all good company,' and will, moreover, have acquired a distaste for that which is poorer.

The subtle bad book, however, leaves a very different impression. The reader probably rises from it discontented and querulous, inclined to excuse his own faults, as so much more venial than those of the people in whom he has just been interested; with his ideal of duty and human character lowered instead of raised, and with a general sense of disorder in his mind, that proves the unwholesome food it has been receiving. The present writer has assisted at the burning of more than one thoroughly bad book, and is ready to apply the match again whenever it is expedient to do so. We never know into what hands a bad book may some day fall, or what mischief it may occasion; but when we see the pages

yielding to the flames, at least we feel that with regard to that one copy its power is over. Bad books always deserve condign punishment, and there is a consolation in knowing that sooner or later they will find it. Truth alone prevails in the long-run. Truth, that moral truth which through all the ages finds a response in the higher attributes of the human heart, can alone float a book down the stream of time, and render it a delight to succeeding generations.

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER XLV.—'CONSTANCE! MAYBE GOD WILL BE GOOD, AND LET ME SEE YOU HAPPY, AS YOU NEVER COULD HAVE BEEN IN THIS WORLD.'

DAYS before Garling's death, Constance and Val had left Cadiz on their homeward route, and Mary had travelled with them in attendance upon her mistress. Constance had written to her aunt Lucretia, telling her of the new hopes and fears which dwelt about her, and entreating a renewal of her old friendship. The old lady came down, in answer to this letter, to meet her at Southampton, and received her very kindly; but she encountered her ancient favourite Val Strange with inexplicable and inflexible enmity. 'Don't tell me, my dear,' she said in answer to her niece's remonstrances; 'he left you alone at the beginning of your sufferings. I know it all. Everybody has talked about it. He was a faithless friend, to begin with, and he's a bad husband; and I will never speak to him again.'

'He is not a bad husband,' Constance answered, weeping. 'We have had cause for trouble, and we have been unhappy, but never, never, through any want of love on either side! And dear aunt, help us to be happy now. We shall have cause to be happy now.'

Aunt Lucretia wept with her, and relented partially, for Constance's sake. But against Val she was implacable, and she treated him with a distant coldness which pained him deeply. The elder Mr Jolly met the little party in town, having constrained himself to leave Paris in honour of the expected event; for which, without anybody precisely knowing why, he seemed to appropriate to himself an amazing credit.

'My dear Valentine,' he said, as Val sat moodily over his wine and a cigar, after dinner, on his first night in England, 'it has always been my practice to endeavour to make the best of everything. We have proverbs on our side: Love laughs at locksmiths, and All's fair in love and war. And apart from the romantic and sentimental aspect which, to eyes more youthful than mine, the case may wear, I console myself with the reflection that the marriage is a *fait accompli*. Your proceeding, I presume I may acknowledge without any danger of offence, and certainly without any intention of being offensive, was—er—a little startling. But all that is over; and you are prepared to encounter the commonplace of life, and I presume to stay at home, become *custos rotulorum*, and discharge the duties of a good landlord. I have always maintained that the one claim a father has to consideration in affairs of this kind is that he is interested in his daughter's

happiness. I am not without the emotions common to paternity; but I have never been inclined to obtrude my anxieties, and I will not obtrude them now.'

Val said 'Yes' and 'No' and 'Of course'—at the right places, for the most part; and Mr Jolly was absolutely satisfied with him, and with himself. When they all left London, he was established in free quarters in Val's house at Brierham; and he felt a pleasurable glow in the fact that this eligible family mansion was henceforth his daughter's home, and that in those days when Paris might seem dull to him, he would find a shelter here. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that had Val been poor instead of wealthy, Mr Jolly's ideas on the moral and sentimental aspect of the elopement might have undergone development in a different direction. Val himself was filled with anxious thoughts; but he too, like Constance, looked for a veritable sacrament of love in the birth of a child. But his emotions were not of that boisterous and thick-skinned quality which can bear to find vent in the presence of strangers; and thus, except in those now rare moments when he and his wife were alone together, he wore rather a morose and preoccupied air. Miss Lucretia set this down to a desire on his part to be away from the place, and charged him in her own heart with a perpetual longing after the fleshpots of a bachelor's Egypt. Not all Constance's faith in her husband's affection, nor Val's own constant presence in the house, could weaken this belief of hers. Women can be amazingly cruel on occasion, and the old maiden lady relented not to Val. He bore everything with patience, even with seeming apathy, strengthened inwardly by new hopes, and chastened by fears new and old.

In the midst of all this, news reached him that Gerard Lumby had returned, and had again taken up his residence at Lumby Hall. Before Constance had recalled him to her side, he had fallen into such a mood that he would not greatly have cared had he been called upon to expiate his falsity to friendship with his life. But now he had a reason for living, and he meant to live. He listened anxiously for tidings of Gerard and his manner of living; and such small items of news as reached him were reassuring. The defeated rival seemed at length to have settled down, accepting his defeat. Val had no wish to remember against him that wild night in the Mediterranean. He knew he had given horrible provocation; and he even looked to his own devotion to Constance as one means of appeasing Gerard's hatred. He laid plans for the future, and resolved, if things went well with him, that he would migrate to another county. He did himself more justice when he admitted that Gerard would find it unpleasant to have him for a constant neighbour; and since it seemed well that one of them should move to a distance, it seemed well that he should be the emigrant. He had robbed Gerard of enough already. He would not rob him of the house in which his ancestors had lived so long, by poisoning the air about it.

Let me say once more that Val Strange was not meant by nature to live disloyally. But fate is just, and his very virtues tore him.

Gerard in Cadiz had asked Hiram one question:

'Is she here?' Mary's unlooked-for presence had dictated this inquiry.

'She is,' Hiram had responded. 'She's goin' to England, and her husband's with her.'—Gerard started, and paled ever so little; but Hiram watched him with glittering eyes which missed nothing.—'They're going home for a special purpose. I reckon if it turns out a son, that when he's grown up, he'd like to feel he'd been born in the ancestral halls. Anyhow,' added Hiram, 'I guess I should, if I was going to be born over again as a British aristocrat.'

Not even Hiram had rightly estimated the purposes which moved Gerard to the reckless and horrible revenge he had once attempted. He was not avenging his own wrongs, but the wrongs done to Constance by her husband's desertion of her. He did not understand, he did not even dream, that the thought of his own sufferings, and their disloyalty to him, had cast the shadow which lay like an impassable barrier between man and wife. To his mind, Val had been doubly a traitor—false to him, and false to the woman he had stolen from him. It was the belief in the second falsity which had stirred him to the contemplation of that crime which it was Hiram's happy fortune to frustrate. It was not likely that Val's return to his old home after so remarkable a disappearance from it, should go untalked of. The general verdict had been unfavourable to him at his going, and it was unfavourable still. Had Miss Lucretia's tongue been less active, it might have been otherwise; for a wealthy, good-looking, good-tempered young fellow, who has the loveliest woman in a county for his wife, is likely to be popular, and to find more serious crimes than a runaway marriage forgiven him. Even the parting at Naples, and Val's extended cruises in the Levant, would have been condoned and forgotten; but it was murmured everywhere that Mrs Strange's aunt knew the naughty secret of their parting—that Val was guilty, and that she was implacable. After the lapse of a year from the date of his tragedy, foolish people felt justified in hinting at these things even in Gerard's presence, and the rumours reached him in a hundred ways.

A slow, bitter, awful fire of wrath burned in the young man's heart. By nature and descent, loyal and honest, but by nature and descent disposed to nurse revenge, his native virtue and his native vice of blood alike spurred him to hate his enemy. He said of himself, and it was true, that he would have roasted at a slow fire, rather than have deceived a friend as Val had deceived him. His own purity of honour made Val's dishonour all the viler. Yet even then, had Val continued true to Constance, and had she seemed happy with him, there was enough of heathen valour in the man to have hidden hatred and heartburning for a lifetime. But now, to his distorted gaze, Revenge stood consecrated by Hate and Scorn. He could leave Garling to the vengeance, or even the mercy of heaven, without an inward struggle. But Garling had not sought to rob him of his love; and Garling had missed his own prize, and had grown old on a sudden, and was near death's door, and had but a tottering reason left him; whereas this supreme criminal had succeeded in his crime, and having stolen his treasure, had thrown it

away. We know how false the popular talk was; but he did not. It found ready credence with him, and there was no baseness, however unexamined, of which he was not ready to believe that Val Strange had been or would be guilty.

But he, like the rest of us, was led by a way he knew not.

As the hoped-for yet dreaded time grew nearer in the house at Brierham, Val and Constance grew nearer to each other in confidence and affection. They looked forward, though with certain tremblings and forebodings, to a happy and united life. The child would lay a hand on each, and would hold them together to all times. But Val knew nothing of the county talk, and his moody troubled face bore no disguise that the dull wits of visitors and servants could be expected to look through.

The weather for many days past had been close and sultry, and had brought with it a feeling of depression, which affected both husband and wife. And now the time fraught with so much of desire and dread came on, and Val waited for news in the room in which Hiram Search first met him. For a time the messengers who found him waiting there, brought reassuring news enough; but in a while he was left altogether alone, staring out at the sultry noonday sky and the shadowless noonday fields. He waited a long time, and then rang the bell and asked for news. The messenger returned with an ominous face and an equivocal message; and after another anxious terrible pause of an hour, which seemed a year in its prolonged suspense, he was confronted by the doctor. 'Well?' he said. That was all. It was recorded against him afterwards, though the stern, almost savage brevity of the question meant Love on the rack.

'I may congratulate you on one side, Mr Strange,' returned the doctor; 'though on the other I am afraid there is scarcely room for hope.' Val looked at him stonily and said nothing. It was all set down against him with the rest, though his very heartstrings ached. 'Mrs Strange has implored me to allow her to see you. I am sure I need not ask you to be self-possessed, though I fear it can make little difference.'

There was a dryness in his throat and a fire in his eyes, as Val followed the doctor through the long corridor and up the stairs. A moment later, Constance reached feeble arms towards him.

'You have always loved me,' she whispered, 'in spite of the shadow that fell between us.'

'Always,' he answered huskily. 'I shall love you till I die.' He buried his piteous face in the pillow beside her, and those were the last words she heard in this world. The lax arm that lay across his neck told him the truth; but he did not move until some one entered and touched him on the shoulder. Then he arose and looked at the face before him for a minute, and walked away without a tear or a kiss or a murmur. It told against him in the common foolish tale; but in his soul lay the unutterable burden of coming hopeless years, and whatever broken gleam of light the world had held for him seemed at that moment to go out—for ever.

The doctor left the house of mourning, and was called to another case. He carried the news

with him; and before it was two hours old, Gerard Lumby heard it. He had shown grief once, and was on his guard now, and his Spartan heart carried him away alone to the rocky slope of Welbeck Head. To die loveless—the woman he had loved. If the man had loved her and been faithful to her, he could have borne to see her happy. As he thought this, and grief and hatred inextinguishable tore his heart, he sat upon a gray boulder, so still that he might have seemed a statue, in spite of the storm within. And behind him a pall as black as Death climbed up the western heaven, and blotted out the sun, and touched the zenith, and spread out and down until it draped the sky from west to east and from north to south. There was no sign of wind; but the vast sheet of cloud crept onward as if by its own volition, throwing forward great ragged feelers of the colour of red-hot copper. By-and-by this hue, as of heated metal, spread over all the doleful under-sky, and the face of the heavens was livid, as though some gigantic fury were held back there by the strong spirit of a god. Then, without further warning, before one drop of rain had fallen, or one sigh of wind had spoken to the ear, a flash of lightning fell, and close upon it came a roar so near, so sudden and so terrible, that he leaped to his feet, and whilst it lasted felt his own passions stricken deaf and dumb and blind. The rain lashed him like a whip, and the wind released, swept out of the western darkness with gusts against which he felt it difficult to stand. The lightning and the thunder seemed one, they came so close together; and the echoes of the first tremendous peal were still buffeting windily from rock to rock, when another came upon them, and smote their mockeries dead with overwhelming sound; and again the ferocious echoing laughter of the hills broke out, and again the thunder slew it, and again it rose, till the clamour seemed scarcely less of earth than heaven. And amidst all this, his passions rose from stupor, and leaped to madness, and for once in a life the forces of nature seemed strained to find voice for a human soul.

As he stood thus, resigned in unmeasured inward tempest to the storm, he saw on a sudden that he was not alone upon the headland; and in the next flash that split the gloom and held the landscape quivering whilst he might have counted three, he knew the figure of the man he hated. Val Strange was there, scarce fifty yards away, flying upwards along the broken path. Not knowing why he followed, Gerard sprang after him. It was as yet no more than evening; but the storm had cast a shadow which anticipated night, and the lightning was needed to show the way. In the deep gloom which followed every flash, he lost the flying figure; but with each succeeding flash it seemed cast out of night again, no nearer and no further than before. Strain as he would, he could not decrease the distance which separated them by a single yard. He never paused in the intensity in which every fibre of soul and body was set upon the chase, to think of a reason for his enemy's presence there. There was no thought within him apart from those the tempest spoke for him of madness and revenge. When he fell, as he did often, he felt no shock or pain. The storm gave the sole

counsel he heeded, and seemed to lift him on its wing, and yet with equal power to guide the other's footsteps.

Tempest-borne, pursuer and pursued fled upward. They were far past the Hollow, which lay below them on the right of their course, and from the first till now they had taken a precipitate road, a mere sheep-track, shunned by the feet of men. The subtle fluid showed the broad bare shoulder of the headland, and they were within three hundred yards of the sheer edge. Here for a second the hunted figure paused, and Gerard seeing this, paused also. In that second, he knew his purpose for the first time, and consciously surveyed it. Though they fell together, he would cast this villain over the precipice. He kept his eyes on the spot where he had last seen his quarry, until the lightning cast him out of the dark again, and then he saw that he was moving slowly onward. Gerard followed slowly, and they kept their distance still. And now the storm began to decrease in violence, and as he reached the summit of the Head, the pursuer saw that all along the western sea-line there was a yellow gleam of light, and that the clouds had broken there in scattered rags of purple, which trailed over a sky of tarnished gold. He saw, too, that this rift of gold was growing larger, and that in a little while the storm would cease almost as suddenly as it had fallen. Here, on the bare scalp of the headland, there was a gruesome twilight cast from the breach in the western clouds, and the lightning showed paler in it than it had done below, against the darkness of the higher skies.

He saw these things as one who did not see them, and all his thought was of the man ahead and how to stalk him. To go on at a rush might be fatal to his purpose; for he knew, from many a trial in boyhood and youth, that Val Strange was fleet of foot than he, and could out-distance and outlast him. So, with a cold deadliness of intent, as absorbing as the heat and passion of pursuit had been, he chose his ground, and crept from boulder to boulder, nearer and nearer. The rain had ceased to fall, and only now and again the lightning hung out its shuddering flame. The thunder rumbled miles and miles behind. The slower pace, the caution of the trail, and the cessation of the tempest, seemed to fit his mood anew, as completely as the wild chase and the tumult within had kept the tumult without in unison. He was within half a score of yards now from his quarry, and he crawled a little forward and coiled himself for a spring, when a wild voice broke on the late-born stillness.

'Good-bye all!' it cried. 'Good-bye to the world I did the devil's work in. Good-bye to the trusting friend I stabbed to the heart. God bless him. O Gerard, Gerard! And oh, my love, my love!' and the wild voice quavered down into sobs and murmured on brokenly. 'And the little baby four hours old. Good-bye. You won't know how your father died. They won't think the cold-hearted villain who played his friend so false, had the heart to die like this; or the heart to break as mine is broken. Constance! maybe God will be good, and let me see you happy, as you never could have been in this world.' The voice pealed out again madly, 'Good-bye—good-bye—good-bye, all!' and a staggering

step scattered the loose pebbles. Not six yards from the edge of the precipice lay a murderous figure coiled for a spring, and when the next staggering step came on, the spring was made. The suicide was caught in a grip of steel, and a voice cried out: 'Not that way, Val! Not that way!' And they were weeping wildly in each other's arms.

GAELIC PROVERBS.

'TELL me the proverbs of a people, and I will tell you what manner of people they be.' These little pointed sayings, in which a single flash of wit strikes fire from the gathered experience of past generations, give us a wonderful insight into the interior life of a nation. Reversing Burns's lines, we seem to be endowed with the gift of seeing our neighbours as they appear to themselves. In proverbs and familiar sayings, we have pictures of household manners and customs drawn by the people themselves, in perfect simplicity and unconsciousness; we catch glimpses of the farm, the chase; or, in more cynical mood, some little failing or weakness is revealed to us with quiet humour. And all this tells us more than whole volumes of travel, about the thoughts and feelings which lead to action, and the habits which are wont to be formed under these influences.

The collection of Gaelic Proverbs edited by Sheriff Nicolson, and published by MacLachlan and Stewart, of Edinburgh, is of singular interest, inasmuch as it opens up an almost unknown field of research, and preserves the memory of a state of things now past, or rapidly passing away. Where written records are few, as is the case among the Highlanders, proverbial lore seems to gain an added value. The book is based upon a collection published in 1785, which has hitherto been the only work of the kind in existence. It was made by the Rev. Donald Macintosh, who describes himself in his will as 'a priest of the old Scots Episcopal Church, and last of the non-jurant clergy of Scotland.' The book before us is carefully edited, with notes and illustrations drawn from varied sources; and the writer has a warm appreciation of the fine points in the Celtic character. The sayings are collated with those of other nations, which adds much to the interest of the subject. We find, as we might expect, a strong family resemblance between the proverbs of all the Celtic nations. Most of the more characteristic sayings are to be found in an Irish dress; and there are also parallels from the Welsh, Manx, and Breton languages. 'The Irishman's wit is on his tongue, but the Gael is wise after the time,' is a true distinction; and it is supplemented by the Manx: 'The Manxman is never wise till the day after the fair.' But what is very curious is, that we meet with many old familiar friends, apparently quite at home in their new surroundings. For instance, the saying, 'Every man knows best where his shoe hurts him,' is said to be as old as Plutarch; and every great European nation—even the Celt with his shoes of hide, and light step on the heather—has adopted the same form in speaking of a secret trouble.

Mr Nicolson is inclined to trace back the

origin of such sayings as have equivalents in Lowland Scotch, to the days before the reign of Malcolm Canmore, when some one or other form of Gaelic was probably the language of the whole of Scotland, with the exception of the Lothians. But then the Lowland Scotch is a direct representative of the old Angles, who held the Lothians during the period referred to, and has a perfect right to the paternity of its own proverbs. Then, again, there are those sayings which have parallels in the proverbs of continental nations. Doubtless, as Mr Nicolson suggests, Scotland had no want of communication with the continent of Europe, and the old French alliance has left distinct marks in this country. Many priests also were foreigners; and some of the young chieftains may have gone to the universities of Holland or Italy for their education. Still, this explanation seems inadequate in many cases; and looking to the large amount of proverbial wisdom which is common to all the nations of Latin or Teutonic origin, one is inclined to wonder if perhaps the original sayings were popular before the great migrations of our race, just as we find a common inheritance of fairy tales whose birthplace may be traced to the far East. To take two or three instances, pretty much at random: 'Well knows the mouse that the cat's not in the house,' is found in eight other languages; 'The blind of an eye is king among the blind,' has seven equivalents; 'Moss grows not on an oft-turned stone,' is found in Greek and Latin and nine other European languages. Under these circumstances, it is difficult to decide to what source we should look for the original root; but if any one could tell us how many of these widespread proverbs are to be found in Sanscrit, or in the modern languages of India, we might have some grounds for forming a theory how they arose.

Again, the experiences of our several lives, though they may differ widely in their surroundings, are curiously alike in essentials; and it may well be that one reason for the similarity of proverbs is, that all mankind have to learn the same lessons, calling the same qualities into play, and that they find the results of their summing-up not so very different after all. Such is the following: 'There will come in a day what won't in an age.' This is common to modern Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and English. It is an entirely abstract proposition; there is no picturesque allusion to catch the fancy; it is evidently drawn in each case from the deep wells of experience. In other cases, we meet with some central truth which seems to express the universal conviction of mankind, but which becomes clothed in strong local colouring, varying according to the varying circumstances of the people who give it expression. The proverb about counting one's chickens is transformed, among a race to whom the hillside was more familiar than the poultry-yard, into the caution, 'Don't skin the deer till you get it.' The Lowlanders went to the Highlands for a comparison, 'It's ill taking the brecks off the wild Highlandman,' which becomes peaceable enough in the Gaelic, 'It's ill taking horns from the hornless cow.'

In these proverbs, we are introduced to a people very much the reverse of the popular idea of the fierce and haughty Highlander of days of yore. There is much of the nobleness and generosity

of sentiment befitting a warlike race; but the people themselves are tillers of the soil, owners of flocks and herds, fishers on the sea. Poor they are, but full of patient cheerfulness, as may be seen in the saying illustrating their belief in the wise balance of things: 'In spring, when the sheep is lean, the shellfish is fat.' The numerous allusions to shellfish show how often the dwellers by the sea-shore were dependent on what they could find there. But in spite of the hardships of their every-day life, they are full of intelligence, with high conceptions of right and duty; they are close observers of nature; and many of their sayings have about them a shrewd and quaint simplicity, which has a flavour all its own.

There is a chivalry of feeling in their ideas of warfare, which is far removed from barbarism. True, there is a grim humour in the following: 'The Lowlander is the shorter from losing his head.' But many proverbs show a true sense of justice and honour, worthy of a knight of old. Here are two Ossianic sayings, both remarkable for their forbearance: 'Fingal never fought a fight without offering terms;' 'Neither seek nor shun the fight.' This is a noble motto for a sword: 'Draw me not without cause, nor return me without honour.' Again: 'Honour is a tender thing;' 'Honour is nobler than gold.' Many a Highland glen is deserted now where brave men used to dwell; but the old pledge, 'The clans of the Gael, shoulder to shoulder,' still wakens a hearty response from Highland regiments wherever strong arms and stout hearts are needed for the honour of Britain.

There are some interesting illustrations of clan-ship. 'To whom can I make my complaint and no Clanranald in Moidart?' originally said of the Clanranald who was killed at the battle of Sheriffmuir, has about it a touching wail of hopelessness. The following gives us a curious glimpse of a state of society long since passed away: 'It is not every day that Macintosh holds a court.' Macintosh of Monyvaird, Chamberlain to the Earl of Perth, held a regality court at Monyvaird; but it is commonly reported that he caused one person to be hanged each court-day, in order to make himself famous and to strike terror into the thieves, which severity occasioned the above saying. All readers of the *Fair Maid of Perth* will remember the cry, 'Another for Hector!' with which the heroic old foster-father devoted one after another of his sons to death for their chief. These words were really spoken at the battle of Inverkeithing (1652), where Hector Roy M'Lean of Duart was killed with hundreds of his clan. The attachment of foster-brothers is most marked: 'Dear is a kinsman, but the pith of the heart is a foster-brother.' Scarcely less strong is the sense of relationship: 'All the water in the sea won't wash out our kinship.' Yet, when we come to the various characteristics of the clans described by each other, they are almost always unfavourable: 'A M'Lean without boast, a M'Donald without cleverness, a Campbell without pride, are ill to find.' Again: 'M'Laine of Loch Buy, the chieftain of thieves.' The M'Gregors, however, are always mentioned with respect: 'Hills and streams and M'Alpines; but when did the M'Arthurs come?' and again: 'There never was a clown of the M'Gregors.' Some districts also come in for a share of the same bad character:

'What the Mull-man sees, he covets; what the Mull-man covets, the Coll-man steals; and what the Coll-man steals, the Treeze-man hides.'

We naturally expect to find a strong flavour of the sea derived from the Hebrides and the adjacent shores of the mainland; and the proverbs which come to us from this source are among the most racy and original of all. 'No wind ever blew that did not fill some sail,' is an improved form of the familiar, 'It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.' Making needless difficulties is happily described as 'Making a great ocean of a narrow strait.' For a man who piques himself on being always wiser than his neighbours, it is said: 'He knows where the whales breed.' For one who seems fated never to be in luck: 'When the herring is in the north, Red Malcolm is in the south.' Here is a brave and cheery utterance, peculiarly suggestive of the narrow seas, where the tide is a power not to be lightly set at naught: 'None ever got tide with him that did not get it against him.' Nor is the wind forgotten: 'I shall go to-morrow, said the king. You shall wait for me, said the wind.' What a world of suggestive tenderness and pathos lies in the following: 'There is hope of the man at sea, but none of the man in the church-yard!' To these may be added the following graphic little story. The small Hebridean islands of Ulva and Gometra are divided by a narrow channel, which is passable at low water. On one occasion, when the minister who had gone over to Gometra to preach—intending afterwards to return to Mull—was in the midst of his sermon, he was summarily interrupted by the beadle with the warning: 'Get on, Master John—the channel is filling!'

We turn with interest to inquire what weather folk-lore may be gathered from this new source, and we find that the testimony of the Gael does not differ greatly from that of the other dwellers in our island. This is very generally found to be true: 'Winter comes not till after New Year, nor spring till after St Patrick's Day' (March 17). The following shows the usual distrust of a too early spring, and is very gracefully expressed: 'For every song the mavis sings in February, she'll lament ere spring be over.' Another saying worth quoting is: 'A month from the first ear to the full ear, and a month from the full ear to the withered [ripened] ear.' The following excellent advice to husbandmen shows a remarkable insight into the true principles of agriculture: 'To feed the land before it get hungry, to give it rest before it grow weary, to weed it well before it get dirty—the marks of a good husbandman.' The proverb about 'far-away birds,' and Campbell's line about the enchanting effects of distance, are both paralleled in the saying: 'Blue are the hills that are far from us.' The Gael has also a proverb instinct with the breath of freedom: 'There is no smoke in the lark's house.'

Here are two curious proverbs: 'It would be something for one man, but it's a small thing for two, as Alexander the Proud said about the world.' And again: 'She is as good at spinning as the Greek woman.' The latter seems to allude to Penelope; and both are interesting (supposing they are not quite modern), as showing that the Highlanders had some knowledge of Greek tales.

This is also evidenced by the frequent occurrence of such names as Hector, Æneas, and Alexander. We have never seen any satisfactory explanation of this.

As specimens of the quiet yet keen humour in which these proverbs abound, take the following: 'The cock was very bountiful with the horse's corn;' 'Tis the less for that, the less for that, as the wren said when he sipped a billful out of the sea.' But even as he smiles, the Gael knows that inevitable Fate lies in wait for him; and the consciousness of this is seldom long absent from him. 'One must go where his grave awaits him,' for 'No man can avoid the spot where birth or death is his lot.' And, 'For whom ill is fated, him it strikes.' But in a nobler mood, we have: 'A man's will is his kingdom;' and, 'A bad man makes his own destiny;' for 'Short-lived is all rule but the rule of God.' And to sum up all, let us quote this beautiful and profound saying: 'Not less in God's sight is the end of the day than the beginning.'

The time will come—and under the influence of universal travel and School Boards it is approaching rapidly—when Gaelic will cease to be a spoken language, and will share the fate of its sisters, the Manx and Cornish. Yet it will always have an interest for antiquaries and philologists; and such collections of its proverbial folk-lore as this before us help to save for the coming generations what would otherwise be probably for ever lost.

THE STORY OF INEZ.

'EASY stages each day up the coast-line of California. Slowly over the steep hills which lay in rank like breakers rolling on the shore; down the other side at a helter-skelter gallop; breakfasting in lonely fishermen's huts, with the sweet surf-music coming to us with the sun through the open door and windows, and dining at rude wayside stations and homelike farmhouses. This was our daily programme; a very pleasant one to carry out.

'Yet the balmy breezes, bringing sometimes spicy perfumes from the pine-clad slopes of the coast-range mountains, and again blowing dreamily from the south-west, failed to call to the cheeks of our sister the bloom that had been there. We idolised our sister, and we do yet, and always shall; and we shall always do everything—in or out of our paths—which will aid in the restoration of her health and happiness.

'The cause, you ask?

'We say little of that among ourselves, and we say less outside; but we clench our fists and tap our revolver-handles meaningly when there seems a resemblance in the faces of those we meet occasionally, to a villain who in designedly blasting the heart's hope of our sister, has made us his lifelong enemies. Our ancestors gave us, among other traits—some good, some bad—a vindictiveness of spirit that is as tenacious as life itself. They could not help it; neither can we. They came over with Cortez, and at the close of their

glorious conquering, settled in the Californian peninsula; where are indeed to this day the original estates in the possession of lineal descendants. Yes! a Spanish American can forgive, though it be against the grain; but he can never forget. In this matter we can neither forgive nor forget the rascally adventurer who has cast a black shadow over our peaceful household.

'In the autumn there came to the hacienda a handsome young English naval officer—on sick leave, so he said—to whom with ready hospitality we offered the shelter of our roof.

'Frolicsome, mirthful, and an accomplished musician, he speedily gained entrance to our simple ways and simple hearts, and was treated as one of ourselves. We did not know then how happy we were; we know now by the contrast. He was soon conspicuous in the vintage festivals, treading the luscious, purple grapes in the great tubs, side by side with the girls of the valley (a privilege they denied my brother José and myself), and always the leader in the gay dances that succeeded. Yet we did not grow jealous—we are only jealous of those we mistrust. We boys of the peacefully happy Sonorada valley still basked in the sweet smiles of the señoritas, though we knew that their sweetest smiles and their sweetest words were reserved for the stranger—our friend.

'None of our companions had gained the love of Inez. They dared not speak to her of that, though a score of them had aching hearts and were sinking into chronic melancholy. They would bring in the skins of the grizzly bear and the 'mountain lion' as proofs of their valour, without exciting in her breast even a temporary admiration for themselves or their achievements. She would only say: "What a pity to kill those poor, harmless beasts!" Then the despairing gallant would mount his waiting mustang and rush madly away. She notably differed from her own flesh and blood. Long years ago, there had been a wreck, and we had saved from it a large collection of English books. As soon as she learned to speak and read in your tongue, she commenced poring over these mysterious attractions. They were 'mysterious' to us, because we could not understand why there could be any better amusement than frolicsome horse-back rides over the vine-clad hills and dales of the country around, mirthful dances at the harvest-feast, and rollicking trips in white-winged yachts.

'Roger Ayrton—that was his name—quickly discovered the intimate acquaintance Inez had with the English language and the authors of his motherland, and we were more than ever mystified at the conspicuous concord there was in their views. We soon learned that she was made happy by Roger's presence, and when he spoke of leaving, we endeavoured to dissuade him; for was it not our only object to contribute to her happiness? He was not behind in showing a lively pleasure in being with her; and their chats were of the merriest sort imaginable, when they sat on the wide veranda fronting the bay, looking out on the brown sails of the fishing-boats. Could he have been thinking of her, or of a lady-love far away,

when he sang blithely after leaving her side one night :

O thou moon that shinest,
Argent clear above,
All night long enlighten,
My sweet lady-love !

Might we not induce him to stay with us in the valley, if her happiness depended on it? We owned plenty of fine land, and if he married Inez, we would give him all he needed; besides, her ample dowry. We had no chance to ascertain this, for there came by a special messenger from San Francisco a summons to rejoin his ship immediately; and with a quiet but seemingly sincere farewell, he departed, promising to get an extension of leave and come back at once. And then the light faded out of her eyes, and there was but a sad smile when we spoke of Roger. Months flew quickly, and no tidings came from him whom we now characterised as a base, heartless villain—the thief of a precious affection. On going to 'Frisco, I found his ship had sailed for the China station, and I had to come back to the ranche with the tale. She said little—"Oh, Pedro!" and then after a while: "Can it be that he was only trifling with me?" There was no light left in her eyes then, and there were no smiles. She seemed to sink under the weight of her trouble; brain-fever set in, and her frail spirit battled long for mere life. When convalescence came, after weeks of anxious watching and nursing, we came here in pursuance of our physician's orders; and this then is our reason for apparently idling our time away here.'

Told in a mixture of Spanish and English, which I liberally translate, and in musically passionate tones, accompanied with the fiery gesticulation peculiar to his race, Pedro's tale impressed us considerably. How fondly he would stroke his heavy moustache at the memory of the bright-eyed valley señoritas, and what a cold, deadly glitter in his eyes at the mention of the lieutenant. Though the departure of their ancestors from sunny Spain dated back three or four centuries, these boys gave unmistakable evidence of the source of the hot blood with which their veins were filled.

'Were I an insurance man,' whispered my companion, who had been critically scanning Pedro's lithe, sinewy limbs—'were I an insurance man, I would ask a premium of at least nine-tenths of the whole amount of insurance in assuring that lieutenant's life against casualties;' and I unhesitatingly acquiesced.

Notwithstanding the marks of deep suffering on the sister's face, there was unmistakable evidence of unsullied beauty, and the trio speedily possessed our confidence and sympathy. We, too, were recuperating in the little seaport town.

Several days after this revelation to us, through Pedro, of the origin of her sickness, we were informed that he was to start for the city—San Francisco—and judging from his grim manner the object of the trip, we finally discovered that the lieutenant's ship was expected to arrive within a day or two from her cruise. There was something ominous in his mission, and we found, almost unconsciously, ourselves fretting about it as Pedro went forth with a set determination impressed on his swarthy visage, notwithstanding his sister's feeble remonstrances.

Jerkily pacing the floor of the deserted mess-room; stooping at times to look through the port-holes, eastward over the watery expanse; uttering impatient words and exhibiting various outward signs of discomposure and anxiety—this is the frame of mind possessing Lieutenant Ayrton as we examine his well-made form and rather intellectual countenance. His brother-officers having finished dinner, have gone on deck, and he has driven out the cabin-boy, who would clear away the debris, so as to get a chance to have a bit of soliloquy. He has been triumphantly successful in his endeavours, and save the appearance around the door's edge, at very long intervals, of the dish-wiping youngster's head, he is not reminded of the existence, by sight, anyway, of any of his fellow-mortals.

'I should have sent my letter to Inez by a special messenger, and not trusted to the dilatory and unsafe mail,' he says.

'What if it has never reached her! Still, it must have. To-morrow we reach 'Frisco, and the very next stage will carry me to Sonorada.'

Again he breaks out: 'Confound it! Why did we not cruise near some port from whence I might have sent information of my whereabouts? Always that odious junk-chasing, with no loot, no prize-money—nothing. One thing I have determined to do; it is this: Inez will marry me, and I'll settle in the valley and live the contented life of a ranchero. I can buy a small ranche, and we will be happy—so happy. After a while we shall travel about. There can be good achieved there in many ways, and it is far better to spend my life doing it than making miserable mathematical calculations and studying the laws of winds and tides.' The sound of the bell beating the hour summons his wandering mind to obvious realities. 'Two bells, sir!' calls out a gruff, hearty voice, adding, 'land in sight!' and Lieutenant Ayrton slowly mounts the staircase and surveys the dim blue outline of the distant shore.

How unconscious he is of the peculiar reception awaiting him; where he anticipates kisses and the warm handshaking of friends, he will find the sadness of a broken heart and the threatening muzzles of revolvers in the grasp of angry men. And now he is walking the upper-deck of the beautiful ship, and he is looking up at the stars, thinking of the pleasant events of the morrow. And he is revelling in the pure beauty of the stars; and can we doubt that he thinks them the counterpart of the light that has shone and will shine in her eyes when, clasping her in his loving arms, he kisses her anew?

A schooner dashing southward over boisterous, white-capped waves; all her available canvas set, and still they are constantly hoisting sail after sail, plainly of improvised and novel patterns, until the masts bend with their burdens. A bright sun overhead, a stiff breeze; still they are not content. Why is it? Why is it also that the skipper is chuckling over several broad gold pieces he has had lately added to his not over-profuse stock—earnests of more to follow? What can be the object in racing so determinedly to the south?

There is no cargo, and there are but three passengers—myself, José, and my 'companion.'

Let me explain. Only this morning, to our amazement, José told us Inez had received a letter from her recreant lover, and we, as their only friends in the village, were invited to be present at the deliberations. The missive had been written in San Francisco, dated 1st October, bore the city and Sonorada post-marks, and was accompanied by a note from the valley postmaster, saying that it had been found in his office that day, buried in some rubbish underneath a counter. We did not read the other letter, but we knew from the changed countenances of brother and sister, that the cloud had lifted, that there surely had been a revelation. All the blame that had been attached to the lieutenant was to be taken back, and an entire exculpation given him. In her face might be read the presence of anxious hope—a hope misty with dreadful apprehensions. Had not her brother Pedro gone to punish the seeming destroyer of her happiness? And might not the revenge be accomplished before the present truth was communicated? We decided speedily the course to pursue, chartered a swift-sailing schooner, and with a favouring breeze were being rapidly carried on our errand.

With the close of the long day we descried the familiar landmarks denoting our nearness to the Golden Gate, and as the last token of the sun's glory reflected from the clouds away out over the sea faded, we made the famous portal—through which have passed the stoutest hearts eager with expectation—entered this time on a merciful message, to prevent, if possible, the spilling of innocent blood. Rounding slowly to the entrance, our keen-eyed captain, after examining the shipping in the harbour, suddenly called us to him, saying: 'The Britisher has arrived!'

Sure enough too; and the huge vessel presented a defiant, somewhat menacing appearance as the schooner glided past to the anchorage. We were gravely apprehensive now; we became still more alarmed and excited when the customs-officer said a boat had just landed with Lieutenant Ayrton and luggage—but thirty minutes since! 'Did the officer know where the lieutenant intended to stop?' 'Yes; they had said the B— Hotel.'

How we rushed through the streets to that hotel; how we collared Pedro as he stood with cocked revolver levelled at the lieutenant, and threw up his arm; how the shot tore harmlessly through the frescoed ceiling; and how happy we four were! The balance of the night has passed into the history of our lives, where it shall always be vividly present. It was a fortunate accomplishment of our design, favoured by luck.

To finish the tale of the suffering which came about through the detention of a mere letter. We sailed merrily northwards under sunny skies the next day, and the happiness on *her* face when folded in her lover's arms, did my old heart good.

The lieutenant, giving up 'rudder-wrestling,' *did* settle down to valley life; and hearing from him some few weeks since, I was rejoiced to find him in possession of two beautiful youngsters and the loving help of a true, womanly heart. He represents the Sonorada district in the legislature, and is doing much to regenerate the valley; his active and forcible

mind acting beneficially on the dozy, indolent neighbouring rancheros; and I hear a whisper in the press that the governorship of the State is proposed in his behalf.

THE CHRISTMAS LETTER MISSION.

AMONGST the numerous excellent charities of which this country has just reason to boast, there is none, probably, whose work is more extensive than that operating under the title of the Christmas Letter Mission, notwithstanding the fact that it is so quietly and unobtrusively carried on that possibly many of the readers of this *Journal* may be unaware of its existence. The primary object of this institution is to afford to each of the patients in the numerous hospitals, infirmaries, and the like, which abound throughout the land the pleasure of receiving on Christmas morning a suitable letter, conveying the message of the season, together with a bright Christmas card. That such a surprise, small though the gift may seem, and the sense of being remembered at this cheerful season, should constitute for the often sad and always suffering patients a greeting which it is well worth some pains and thought to bestow, cannot for a moment be doubted; and as it is extremely desirable that the fact of such work being carried on in our midst should be known as widely as possible, we venture to offer a few remarks upon the subject.

Like many other great and successful undertakings, the Christmas Letter Mission sprang from the very smallest beginnings, the idea itself originating in the sick-chamber of a lady at Brighton. Surrounded by and experiencing the many friendly tokens and ministries which love prompts at such a time, the mind of this kind-hearted lady seems to have wandered to the Homes and Hospitals where fellow-creatures also lay ill and suffering, but without the comfort or solace of these little tokens of affection that she herself enjoyed. When in health, she was accustomed to visit such institutions in her own locality, hence these reflections were probably more strongly forced upon her mind; and it was during a night of wakefulness that the bright idea of a *letter to each* suddenly occurred to her. This was the germ which has since developed into a gigantic Mission, distributing over *three hundred thousand* letters of friendship and good cheer on Christmas morning, not taking into account the numerous missives that are sent to the colonies and to foreign countries.

No time was lost in maturing and carrying out the idea; and—we are told—one wet and stormy night, just eleven years ago, a little company was gathered round the dining-room table of a Brighton clergyman—the late well-known Rev. Edward B. Elliott of St Mark's—to help in the first and experimental trial of the plan, each member being bound to secrecy. Some hundreds of Christmas cards, printed letters, and envelopes, were laid in piles on the table, and the workers, five in number, methodically set themselves to their task: No. 1 folding; No. 2 placing in envelopes; No. 3 inclosing cards; No. 4 sealing; and No. 5 tying up in parcels of twenty. These letters were destined for the

Sussex County and other Hospitals located in the neighbourhood of Brighton; and the distribution took place on the evening of the 23d December 1871, which was the working Christmas eve that year, as the 25th fell on a Monday. The packets of letters were handed over to the head-nurses of the respective wards in the hospitals visited, after the permission of the chaplains had been duly obtained, with directions to leave one on the pillow of each patient, so that it might there be found on awaking on Christmas morning. The nurses, without exception, entered with interest and pleasure into the plan; and great were the surprise and delight, it is recorded, when Christmas day arrived and each patient found waiting on the pillow a letter with the superscription, 'A Christmas Letter for you.'

This first attempt proved highly successful, and spread as it was carried on from year to year. With the increase of its dimensions, however, the Mission naturally began to feel the want of a central organisation; while the secret method of its operations produced this undesirable result, namely, that while numerous hospitals and infirmaries were over-supplied with letters and cards, many others both in town and country remained uncared for. The importance and indeed necessity of a properly regulated system at length, in 1877, so forced themselves upon the minds of the main workers, that it was actually attempted in the Christmas season of that year, and was attended with great success. Since that date, a complete system has been established throughout the country for carrying on the Christmas Letter Mission work, the staff consisting of one chief Central Secretary, resident in London, for the whole country; and a Central Secretary each for Scotland, Ireland, North Wales, South Wales, Australia, and the Continent of Europe; while every county in England and Wales, each London Postal District, and, as a general rule, each of the large towns, has an effective Secretary of its own. Each of these officials has specified duties to perform, so that the whole system is carried on now with clock-work regularity; for, as we are told, it is absolutely necessary that an organisation of this character should be administered with almost military precision. Every Secretary has a roll of regular workers; and from each county, a return, showing the state of the work, has annually to be forwarded to the chief Central Secretary, who is thereby enabled to ascertain at a glance the particulars of every individual distribution in the kingdom. Schedules, printed and ruled for the purpose, so as to show the name of each hospital and infirmary at which letters were distributed, the name and address of the distributor, and the number of patients to whom the letters were delivered, divided into adults, children, nurses, and servants, with a column for such remarks as may appear necessary, are sent to each town where there is a Secretary, to be filled up and returned to the county Secretary, who is thus enabled to compile the return required at headquarters.

Such is the machinery by means of which the three hundred thousand friendly letters and cards of Christmas greeting are now annually distributed; and—although of course on a smaller scale—it is not at all unlike the vast

system required for the decennial numbering of the people.

One of the first duties of each worker in the Christmas Letter Mission is to obtain the full consent of the chaplain or other authorities of the institution visited; and it is this rule—to which every worker is pledged—that forms the backbone of strength in the work. The result has been the warm and generous support of chaplains and 'Boards' throughout the kingdom.

So successful is the work of the Christmas Letter Mission at the present time, that although hospitals and infirmaries were originally alone contemplated as the objects of this charity, urgent requests are now received from all parts for suitable letters not only for other institutions, such as jails, refuges, workhouses, schools, and such like, but also for individual distribution. Not only, too, is the Christmas Letter Mission's work so extensive in this country, but so far distant as in India, large numbers of these letters and cards, which have been forwarded from here, are also issued; while others, translated into Swedish, German, French, and Italian, are distributed in their respective countries.

In thus indicating the main features of this admirable Mission, it is only right to state that the object underlying the work is not mere temporary amusement, nor is the motive solely to create a Christmas surprise. The work was begun with higher motives, and with such it is still carried on; and, as we may therefore suppose, the great *raison d'être* of the Mission is, in the first place, to do an act of kindness; and in the second, to awaken in the recipients some tender thoughts of the past, or some brighter hopes for the future, on a day which is intended to be one of the happiest in the year. The letters themselves, from what we have seen, are written in a bright and cheerful spirit, each being illustrated with an engraving; and many of them are in verse, especially those for children, embodying in the form of a slight but interesting story the truths desired to be inculcated.

If, as regards the children, the distribution of toys at this season could be incorporated with the present work of the Mission, a vast additional amount of happiness would be created amongst thousands of little ones lying sick and ill in the infirmaries and hospitals. No one truly fond of children can fail to know the appreciation in which toys are held by them at all times, but more particularly when recovering from illness. To a poor child on the bed of illness, even one discarded toy of a richer child would afford a delight not to be conceived or realised by any one whose childhood has been left in the long past. With the machinery possessed by the Christmas Letter Mission, what infinite happiness and amusement might be carried into the hearts of such little ones by the collection and distribution of the old and thrown-away toys of the more fortunately circumstanced children! Nor need the adults be forgotten. Old books of light, entertaining, and healthy literature, periodicals, illustrated papers, and indeed any slight publication likely to interest and benefit the reader, could also through this means be distributed, to lighten and relieve the weary hours of sickness. In this latter field, it is fair to mention that much has already been

done in London by Dr Dawson W. Turner; but although the work he has thus accomplished is really wonderful, it is little to what might be performed through the agency of so powerful and extensive an organisation as that of which we are writing.

Before drawing this paper to a close, there is one important point which must certainly not be omitted, and it is contained in the question: 'Is the work of the Christmas Letter Mission appreciated by those for whom it is undertaken?' If the present and past success, the magnitude and extent of the work, are not a sufficient answer, let it then be given straight from the lips of those most concerned. The Reports of the various Secretaries and workers connected with this vast benevolent system are invariably accompanied with remarks attesting the appreciation on the part of the recipients of the letters and Christmas cards distributed; while numbers are supplemented by actual instances and illustrations of these acknowledgments, and from these we cannot do better than select one or two examples. 'We found,' says one Report, 'one woman very ill and poor and helpless, yet her face plainly told of a peace and joy not of this world; and on my inquiring as to her hopes beyond this life, she said: "Well, ma'am, I can't tell you *plain*, but them's my sentiments;" and she handed us a Christmas Letter! "It is them blessed words has done me so much good. Why, when I was all alone in the B— Workhouse Infirmary, feeling as if no one knew or cared for me, I found this letter on my pillow. I started! It might be to tell me my husband had died in the Asylum, poor fellow. But no! There was just this letter and a beautiful card; and I began to read it. And little by little the others woke up, and there *was* such a to-do! "You got a letter, Mrs H—; I wish I had one!" And then one and another found a letter and a card; and they were so pleased; and it seemed a message from heaven—it did. And I thought the one as wrote it must have knowed what it was to feel lonely, and ill, and tired. I do wish the lady as sent them could know how pleased we all were!"

In another case, the old people, not content with sending their thanks through the matron of the infirmary where they were patients, selected from among themselves a scribe, and requested the inclosure of an epistle to the Branch Secretary. The letter, which is a curiosity in itself, ran thus:

IN FERMEY.

DEAR MADDAM i have taken the liberty of righting to you for your crismass presint for wee are 8 of us in our in fermery and wee are all hartley thankfull . . . for wee are all old peepell from 66 up to 95 years of age plase to excuse me for my bad righting. From yours truly
T— G—.

The matron of a city hospital affords the following testimony: 'In my experience, Christmas Day in hospital usually commences with a certain amount of sadness, almost all wishing they were at home with their friends; and their conversation amongst themselves is usually how they enjoyed last Christmas Day, ending in, with rather a sad voice: "But I was well then!" This year was

certainly not so. They were each talking of their cards, and looking bright and happy; and as several of them remarked: "It is so kind of the people outside to think of us!"' The chaplain of one of our largest London hospitals also remarks in the course of a long letter on the subject: 'I am glad to be able to say that all—patients, nurses and servants—thoroughly appreciated them' (the letters and cards).

The testimony of the appreciation of the Christmas letters thus distributed is everywhere the same. It may be of interest to add that in Ireland, the success of the Christmas Letter Mission work is most encouraging; and chaplains, lady-superintendents, and matrons titer with one accord acknowledge the glad surprise given to their patients by the receipt of the Christmas missives, reminding them, as it does, of creature-sympathy. Last season, no fewer than five thousand four hundred and fifty letters were issued in Ireland, and the circulation is expected to be greatly extended this year.

After reading the foregoing, many of our readers may be disposed to take a friendly and active interest in the Christmas Letter Mission. It is almost unnecessary to say that so vast a system cannot be carried on without money, and we understand that funds are now very much needed. Those, therefore, who would help the Mission in this respect should send their subscriptions to Miss Steele Elliott, the Treasurer and General Organiser, 66 Mildmay Park, London, N. Those, however, who desire to engage personally and actively in the good work, are requested to address their communications or inquiries on the subject to Miss Strong, the Central Secretary, 67 Ladbroke Grove, Notting Hill, London, W.

IMPROMPTUS.

THE impromptu is a form of pleasantry in which the wits and humorists of all ages have more or less indulged. The Greeks and Romans were adepts in this species of humour, and they sometimes enlivened their domestic entertainments by contests in impromptu and other verse-making. On these occasions trifling prizes were given to the most skilful, and many notices of these wit-combats have been handed down to us in classical literature. Impromptu verse-making has also formed one of the principal amusements of certain modern literary societies. One of these associations, to which the well-known writer, poet, and Oriental scholar, William Tennant, belonged, existed at one time at Anstruther, in Scotland, under the title of the 'Museum Society.' At its ordinary meetings, rhymes were given to every member present, which he was required to fill up immediately, on the spur of the moment. On one occasion 'pen, scuffle, men, ruffle,' were given. In a few minutes, lines were produced by the whole party, one set being as follows:

One would suppose a silly pen
A shabby weapon in a scuffle;
But yet the pen of critic men,
A very hero's soul would ruffle.

On another occasion the very uncouth rhymes,

'bubble, jig, stubble, whirligig,' were utilised thus :

What is life?—A smoke, a bubble ;
In this gay world, a foolish jig ;
A joyless field of barren stubble ;
And what is man?—A whirligig.

Queen Elizabeth has been credited with an impromptu which, if not the composition of Her Majesty, smacks very much of that bluntness which she is said to have inherited from her father. It is stated that when the Queen was passing through Coventry on one occasion, the Mayor and Corporation persistently stood in the way to present a loyal address, which ran somewhat in this fashion :

We men of Coventree
Are very glad to see
Your gracious Majestie.
Good Lord, how fair ye be !

To which Her Majesty at once replied :

Her gracious Majestie
Is very wroth to see
Ye men of Coventree.
Good Lord, what fools ye be !

Political events have, of course, given rise to innumerable impromptus. Thus, in 1765, one Williams, a bookseller, published the celebrated *North Briton* of Wilkes, and for so doing was condemned to stand in the pillory in Palace Yard for one hour on the first of March. A collection of two hundred pounds was made for Williams on the spot, and one of the spectators wrote on the pillory-scaffold the impromptu :

Martyrs of old for truth thus bravely stood,
Laid down their lives, and shed their dearest blood ;
No scandal then to suffer in her cause,
And nobly stem the rigour of the laws :
Pulpit and desk may equally go down,
A pillory's now more sacred than a [crown].

The notorious election for Westminster of 1784 gave rise to a number of clever impromptus. The return of Charles Fox on this occasion was due in a great measure to the exertions of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, who with her sister, Lady Duncannon, visited the humblest of the electors. On one occasion the Duchess is said to have given a butcher a kiss in order to gain his vote, which drew forth the following :

Condemn not, prudes, fair Devon's plan,
In giving Steel a kiss ;
In such a cause, for such a man
She could not do amiss.

This incident was caricatured in innumerable pictures, and one individual wrote :

Arrayed in matchless beauty, Devon's fair
In Fox's favour takes a zealous part ;
But oh ! where'er the pilferer comes, beware,
She supplicates a vote, and steals a heart !

The business of the Senate has naturally given rise in many instances to amusing impromptus. Thus Lord Sandon replying in the House of Commons to a question, announced that forty-six cattle had died in Lincolnshire of drinking water. An ardent teetotaler—a member of the House, distinguished equally for his humour and his

zeal for temperance legislation—promptly penned the following :

When forty-six cattle have perished by water,
To alter our system it's time to begin ;
Let's feed them in future on beer or on porter,
On rum, or on brandy, on whisky or gin.
Like beasts let them drink without stoppage or pause,
Refilling their buckets again and again :
Till at last we are able to say with just cause—
'These beasts are as wise and as worthy as men.'
Then hail to the system promoted by Sandon !
Henceforward our life will more pleasantly glide,
When our flocks and our herds shall all water abandon,
And our cattle lie peacefully drunk at our side.

This species of wit is not, however, confined to the British Senate ; for at a sitting of the American House of Representatives, not many years since, one of the members—Mr Horr—delivered himself of the following impromptu epitaph on Mr S. Cox, another member :

Beneath this slab lies the great Sam Cox,
Who was wise as an owl and brave as an ox :
Think it not strange his turning to dust,
For he swelled and he swelled till he finally bust.
Just where he has gone, or just how he fares,
Nobody knows and nobody cares ;
But wherever he is, be he angel or elf,
Be sure, dear reader, he's puffing himself.

Some very witty impromptus have at times been made by the limbs of the law. Joseph Jekyll, for instance, the greatest legal wit of the reign of George III., bored with the long-winded speech of a prosy serjeant, wrote on a slip of paper, which was in due course passed along the barristers' benches of the court where he sat :

The serjeants are a grateful race,
Their dress and language show it ;
Their purple garments come from Tyre,
Their arguments go to it.

On another occasion, when a well-known counsel was doing his best in cross-examination to get an acknowledgment from an elderly unmarried lady that certain money in dispute had been tendered, Jekyll threw him the couplet :

Garrow, forbear ; that tough old jade
Will never prove a tender maid.

So again, when Lord Chancellor Eldon and Sir Arthur Pigott each stood out in court for his own pronunciation of the word *lien*—Eldon pronouncing it like *lion*, and Pigott like *lean*—Jekyll, alluding to the parsimonious arrangements of the Chancellor's kitchen, perpetrated the following impromptu :

Sir Arthur, Sir Arthur, why, what do you mean,
By saying the Chancellor's *lion* is *lean* ?
D'ye think that his kitchen's so bad as all that,
That nothing within it can ever get fat ?

Sir George Rose, another great lawyer, was noted for the excellence of his witticisms in court and elsewhere. The following double impromptu took place at a dinner-table between Sir George and James Smith, one of the authors of the celebrated *Rejected Addresses*, in allusion to Craven Street, Strand, where Smith resided. Smith wrote :

At the top of my street the attorneys abound,
And down at the bottom the barges are found.
Fly, Honesty, fly, to some safer retreat ;
For there's craft in the river, and craft in the street.

Sir George replied :

Why should Honesty fly to some safer retreat,
From attorneys and barges, od rot 'em?
For the lawyers are just at the top of the street,
And the barges are just at the bottom.

Lord Thomas Erskine also was celebrated in his day for his wit, and was the author of many capital impromptus. An amusing specimen was that made on his hearing that a certain house in Red Lion Square, once occupied by a distinguished counsel, had been taken by an ironsmith :

This house, where once a lawyer dwelt,
Is now a smith's—Alas !
How rapidly the Iron Age
Succeeds the Age of Brass.

The lawyers, however, have not always had the best of the argument, for on a certain occasion an attorney thinking to make a joke at the expense of a journalist, sent him the following lines :

I slept in an editor's bed last night,
When no other chanced to be nigh ;
How I thought, as I tumbled the editor's bed,
How easily editors lie !

The journalist was equal to the occasion, and immediately penning the following lines, sent them to the lawyer :

If the lawyer slept in the editor's bed,
When no lawyer chanced to be nigh ;
And though he has written, and naively said,
How easily editors lie ;
He must then admit, as he lay on that bed
And slept to his heart's desire,
Whate'er he may say of the editor's bed,
'Twas the lawyer himself was the liar.

Our literary celebrities have contributed their full share to this amusing kind of pleasantry, and even the sedate Dr Johnson, in his lighter moments, was the author of a number of these poetical trifles, one of the best being that written to Mrs Thrale on that lady's completing her thirty-fifth year :

Off in danger, yet alive,
We are come to thirty-five ;
Long may better years arrive,
Better years than thirty-five ;
Could philosophers contrive
Life to stop at thirty-five,
Time his hours should never drive
O'er the bounds of thirty-five.
High to soar, and deep to drive,
Nature gives at thirty-five.
Ladies, stock and tend your hive,
Trifle not at thirty-five ;
For, howe'er we boast and strive,
Life declines from thirty-five :
He that ever hopes to thrive,
Must begin by thirty-five ;
And all who wisely wish to wive
Must look on Thrale at thirty-five.

Mr Clarke, in his *Autobiographical Recollections of the Medical Profession*, tells a pleasant anecdote of Cowper in which an impromptu rendering of a verse of *John Gilpin* forms the point of the story. Mr Wilson, a hairdresser, was in the habit of resorting to Cowper's house to shave the poet, who on these occasions was generally silent. One day Wilson was shaving away in silence, when it was broken by the following circumstance. Cowper was that day to dine with Lady Austen at Clifton. Wilson had left home to be punctual

to his engagement, and had told his man to bring Mr Cowper's best wig after him—the wig having been specially dressed for the occasion. When Wilson had finished, Cowper suddenly exclaimed : 'Oh, Mr Wilson, my wig !' Wilson, who was a wit, immediately quoted in answer, from the poet's well-known poem :

I came before your wig was done ;
But if I well forebode,
It certainly will soon be here,
It is upon the road.

'Very well applied, indeed, Mr Wilson,' quoth the poet.

Byron has left us several impromptus, one of the most amusing being written in the travellers' book at Orchomenus, in Greece, in reply to the following lines, written in the book by another traveller :

Fair Albion, smiling, sees her son depart,
To trace the birth and nursery of art :
Noble his object, glorious is his aim ;
He comes to Athens, and he writes his name.

Beneath this verse Byron wrote :

The modest bard, like many a bard unknown,
Rhymes on our names, but wisely hides his own ;
But yet, whoe'er he be, to say no worse,
His name would bring more credit than his verse.

Here is a story of Thackeray and Albert Smith. The latter once wrote in the album of a young lady who was sojourning in Switzerland the following feeble impromptu :

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains—
They crowned him long ago ;
But *who* they got to put it on,
Nobody seems to know.

Thackeray, being asked by the same lady to contribute to her collection, examined the contents of her book, and coming across the above lines of Albert Smith's, at once penned the following :

I know that Albert wrote in hurry ;
To criticise I scarce presume ;
But yet methinks that Lindley Murray,
Instead of *who*, had written *whom*.

Theodore Hook, the wittiest man of his day, was a most prolific impromptuist. No matter what the occasion or the subject, Hook could improvise verses—and witty ones too—upon it. On one occasion as Hook and Mathews the actor were rowing up the river, they saw a notice-board on a lawn forbidding any one to land there. Hook at once invented a scheme. He and Mathews landed, with fishing-rods and lines. Hook acted the land-surveyor, Mathews the clerk. They began to measure with the fishing-rods as measuring and levelling staffs, and the fishing-lines as yard and rod measures. Presently the owner appeared, and began to soundly rate the interlopers ; but Hook quietly stated that a canal was to be cut directly across the lawn, and that measurements were necessary for the work. The owner of the lawn ultimately asked them in to talk the matter over ; a good dinner and capital wines were ready ; over which the gentleman tried to persuade the surveyor that another line for the canal might be easily obtained without touching his lawn. Hook at length revealed the hoax, and narrated the

whole transaction in impromptu verse, the narrative winding up with :

And we greatly approve of your fare ;
Your cellar's as prime as your cook ;
And this clerk here is Mathews the player ;
And my name, sir, is—Theodore Hook.

On another occasion, Hook was singing an extempore comic song at the house of a friend, when the servant entered and said : ' Please, sir, here's Mr Winter, the collector of taxes.' Hook immediately sung :

Here comes Mr Winter, collector of taxes ;
I'd advise you to pay him whatever he axes.
Excuses won't do ; he stands no sort of flummery ;
Though Winter's his name, his process is summary.

Many other clever impromptus might be cited, but that which has just been given reminds us that we must not further tax the patience of our readers.

CHLORAL.

THE age we live in is remarkable for the progress that has been made in scientific discovery, and in this progress medical research has benefited equally with other branches of science. Even in the small way of household remedies, we are thankful for an apparent reform. The bitter potions of senna and rhubarb are no longer common, and now we have doses for childhood served up in the shape of elegant and toothsome comfits. In the higher walks of medical reform, scientific research has done much to alleviate human suffering ; increased attention has been paid to the proper action of medicines, and this to a great extent has been due to exact physiological research.

One example of the results which have been derived from physiological research is to be found in the discovery of the hypnotic or soporific properties of chloral by Dr Liebreich of Berlin—a discovery entirely due to a very simple conjunction of chemical and physiological facts, and a series of experiments based thereon. The simplicity of the discovery will be clearly seen when we have explained what chloral is, and some of its relations to other well-known substances. The word chloral is a combination of two words, chlorine and alcohol, formed by combining the first syllable of each. It is prepared by the action of dry chlorine gas upon alcohol ; and the liquid chloral which is the product of the action is distilled into a large flask constructed to receive it. The product thus obtained is not used in medicine ; but when it is mixed with a certain proportion of water, it forms a crystalline compound called hydrate of chloral, and is the article commonly known as ' chloral.' When hydrate of chloral is heated with an alkali, chloroform is produced ; and it was the knowledge of this fact which led Dr Liebreich to suppose that if chloral were introduced into the circulation of animals, the alkaline nature of the blood would cause slow evolution of chloroform from the chloral, and consequently sleep would be produced.

After Dr Liebreich had carefully noted the various effects produced by his new remedy upon the lower animals, he ventured to take a dose himself, which he did at different times, both subcutaneously and in a draught. By both methods he found the result to be the same—a deep dreamless sleep, lasting from six to ten hours, according to the dose taken.

The announcement of Dr Liebreich's discovery was warmly received by the medical profession, who regarded it almost as a fulfilment of the prediction which was made many years ago by Sir James Y. Simpson, that ' a drug would yet be found which would possess all the virtues of opium without its baneful effects.' Such a drug, Liebreich's chloral seemed to be ; and if success were to be judged by the quantity used, Dr Liebreich must have had no cause to complain. It is a remarkable fact that such drugs as chloral invariably become popular outside the medical profession. The reason of this is not far to seek, when we think of the number of persons who suffer from insomnia, and to whom opium possesses too many apparent horrors. One would scarcely grudge the wearied brain anything which will bring it rest, for is not sleep the sovereign balm for all ills ? But, unhappily, the use of medicines that induce sleep is attended with the greatest risk of abuse, for the wearied frame and the conscience-stricken or troubled mind drive their unhappy possessors to larger and larger doses of their potent soother. Such, too, is the case with chloral. There are records of many fatal cases from its use, some of which have been accidental—that is to say, in which an ordinary dose produced death ; but in the great majority of deaths, large and poisonous doses have been taken.

Chloral has a direct action upon the heart and the brain, so that when either of these organs is in an abnormal condition, the dangers to be apprehended from its use are not a few. Its action differs very much from that of opium, for the victims of the latter seldom die from the immediate influence of the drug, but rather from some organic disease brought on by its use. Now, chloral accumulates in the system until such a quantity is present as will stop all organic functions ; but death in these cases generally results from an interference with the heart's action, or from a sort of suspension of the nervous stimuli—the nature of the death thus being not unlike that of chronic alcoholism.

Many chloral-drinkers have been dipsomaniacs at one time or other, and have drifted from the use of alcohol to the chloral bottle, or have moderated their consumption of alcohol by the conjunction of chloral. Although chloral-drinking is not so apparent as dram-drinking, yet it has even a greater power over its victims ; and as its immediate effects are not so degrading as those of alcohol, they imagine that it is not so ruinous as the latter ; but it is the result of an insatiable desire, and as such, it becomes an infatuating and degrading vice. The consumption of the drug has, we are glad to note, greatly decreased during the past few years, for a knowledge of the evils of its indiscriminate use has been acquired, and a proper place in therapeutics has been assigned to it.

We hope we have said enough to show the

evil of the habit of chloral-drinking, and that it is far better to try Nature's own remedies for sleeplessness, than to resort to such dangerous remedies as those we have been considering. Sleep-inducing medicines are for the pain-troubled patient under medical treatment, not for the man or woman who is able to go about his or her daily round of duties.

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL CURIOSITY.

IN the course of our experience we have seen many curiosities of literature, but none that could rival in uniqueness and originality one which was printed in Paris and entitled 'The new Guide of the Conversation in Portuguese and English,' by Pedro Carolino. An author of an educational work should beyond all others be thoroughly acquainted with his subject, but the wording of the title will no doubt be sufficient to give an idea of the merits of the book. The true aims and pretensions of the work can, however, only be learned from the preface, which runs as follows: 'A choice of familiar dialogues, clean of gallicisms, and despoiled phrases, it was missing yet to studious portuguese and brazilian Youth; and also to persons of other nations, that wish to know the Portuguese language. We sought all we may do, to correct that want, composing and divising the present little work in two parts. The first includes a greatest vocabulary proper names by alphabetical order; and the second forty-three Dialogues adapted to the usual precisions of the life. For that reason we did put, with a scrupulous exactness, a *great variety own expressions* to english and portuguese idioms; without to attach us selves (as make some others) almost at a literal translation; translation what only will be for to accustom the portuguese pupils, or foreign, to *speak very bad* any of the mentioned idioms.

'We were increasing this second edition with a phraseology, in the first part, and some familiar letters, anecdotes, *idiotisms*, proverbs, and to second a coin's index.

'The Works which we were conferring for this labour, fond use us for nothing; but those what were publishing to Portugal, or out, they were almost all composed for some foreign, or for some national little acquainted in the spirit of both languages. It was resulting from that carelessness to rest these Works fill of imperfections, and anomalies of style: in spite of the infinite typographical faults which sometimes invert the sense of the periods. It increase not to contain any of those Works the figured pronunciation of the english words, nor the prosodical accent in the portuguese; indispensable object whom wish to speak the english and portuguese languages correctly.

'We expect then, who the little book (for the care what we wrote him, and for her typographical correction) that may be worth the acceptance of the studious persons, and especially of the Youth, at which we dedicate him particularly.'

Notwithstanding the great care with which the author wrote the work, we are forced to the conclusion that it is not quite free from 'despoiled phrases.' The author candidly states that he has

introduced into his work a great variety of his own expressions, and it may not be out of place to quote a few. Thus, in the English dialogues we find such expressions as: 'This coat go to (fits) you,' 'It is a blunt man,' 'She do not tell me nothing,' 'There is it two years what my father is dead,' 'It must never to laugh of the unhappies.' After this there is hope for all, even the veriest tyros in literature, more especially when they are assured that the work from which the foregoing phrases are extracted, has gone through two editions!

Fact, we are told, is stranger than fiction; and for the future it should always be remembered when reading humorous specimens of pigeon-English, that however exaggerated these may appear, they have been excelled in a seriously written work.

NOVEMBER.

SCARCE one brief sun-ray gilds the sombre gloom
That veils the mountains; the bright summer-blue
Is but a memory; and gray and dun
The cheerless landscape, wrapped in watery mist,
Foretells the advent of grim Winter's reign!

Fast wanes the Autumn! Thick the showering leaves
Whirl brown and russet o'er the wind-swept path
In eddying circles; and the fitful gusts
Bend to their will, with a fierce wrathful wail,
The gaunt black fir-tops; all the heather-lands,
Their purple glories gone, lie sere and bare,
Scarce yielding scanty shelter in their range
To the crouched shivering grouse-troop.

Here and there,
A lingering daisy stars the homestead field
With speck of white; and in the garden-beds,
In bright array of crimson and of gold,
Gleam the chrysanthemums: all else shows drear,
And gray, and colourless.

But soon shall fall,
On all around, the pure and spotless snow,
To shroud the buried beauties Nature wraps
Deep in their Winter sleep, till Spring again,
With her bright train of buds and blossoms fair,
Green opening leaves, and choir of tuneful birds,
Warm sunny days, balm-scented dewy nights,
Shall smiling come, and with her magic touch
Make glad with Life and Beauty all the Earth!

A. H. B.

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THE GREAT COMET OF 1882.

BY PROFESSOR PIAZZI SMYTH, ASTRONOMER-ROYAL
FOR SCOTLAND.

JUST as the greatest geniuses are those who appear from out the mass of the people, no one knows how or why—and the greatest poets, say Shakespeare and Burns, come of rustic nurture, rather than of university training—so is it of comets.

Comets indeed are now looked for, and most perseveringly as well as scientifically searched for, all over the heavens every night of the year by most able astronomers in various countries, in the southern as well as the northern hemisphere of the world, in observatories armed with the most powerful telescopes of modern times; and the learned men therein do discover by their patient labours very many comets. Not less perhaps than six or seven every year. And the exact position of these among the stars is telegraphed as soon as found from one of those comet-seeking observatories to another, so that in a few days, spite of clouds in this or that locality, sufficient observations are soon procured to allow of the mathematical computers ascertaining the shape of the 'orbit,' or path round the sun, which each comet is performing, together with the peculiar angular position of such orbit in space, and the exact date of the wanderer therein coming to its point of perihelion, or nearest approach to the sun; and that is usually the end of it all. For nearly every one of *those* comets is faint and small to an almost inconceivable degree; a mere pellet of barely luminous vapour in the largest telescope; about which only a few of the learned of mankind can pretend to feel any interest, and which a very small number even of them have seen with their own eyes.

But when a really great comet appears, with a brilliant head outshining every star, and a lengthy tail stretching half across the sky, alarming and exciting the nations the whole world round, it is almost always a sudden appearance, as unexpected by the learned as by the peasant, and

usually first seen by one of the latter class with the naked eye, and by pure accident, long before the learned men of the observatory equatorials have brought their optic tubes to bear on the stranger.

Thus there are in the heavens under the designation of one and the same short word, comets *and* comets indeed. Some so exceedingly faint, that only the most powerful object-glasses or reflectors will just show a something in the field on a very dark night; others so brilliant, that they may be seen by every one near the sun at noonday. Some so absolutely small, that without being very far off—amongst the planetary spaces—they subtend angles of only a few seconds, or less than the unassisted eye can appreciate; others again so large that for mere length in millions of miles they dwindle even our mighty sun into insignificance, and are seen from the earth under such enormous angles, even sixty and ninety degrees, that they render the telescope comparatively useless, and enable a better idea of the whole to be obtained by the simple unassisted eye.

Now the comet of which we have to speak in this article, the same which the world has been privileged to behold during these few last months, and is still beholding, is one of the latter character: one of the largest among the large comets; one of the brightest among the bright ones; and yet there is something else about it of vastly deeper import and of rarer occurrence than anything connected with mere size or brightness.

It was first seen—so far as the records go at present—on the night of September 7, or the early hours of September 8, at the Cape of Good Hope, by a worthy citizen in his villa half-way up Table Mountain. He had turned out, as is not unusual in that burning climate, for a saunter in his garden before dawn under the light of the stars; and there, over the eastern horizon, was the brilliant and already full-shining stranger. On September 11, it was seen at the Observatory of Rio de Janeiro, a mighty comet, and claimed as an imperial discovery there. And again on

September 17, a very respectable gentleman near London, spending his Sunday forenoon in telescoping the sun and its neighbourhood, stumbled on a comet close to the resplendent orb of day, conspicuous even through a dark-red glass; and he hoped to call it by his own name. But the chronological priorities we have described sternly forbid that, for each of these three supposed discoveries of 'a new comet' refers to one and the same body.

Next begin the observations of those who had been telegraphically warned by one or other of the successive discoverers that such a comet was visible. And here we must place with all honour the observations made at noonday on September 18, both at Lord Crawford's Observatory at Dunecht near Aberdeen, and by M. Thollon, at the grand new French Observatory at Nice. At both those places the observations were chiefly spectroscopic, and agreed well in their story. Now, what that wonderful instrument of modern research, the spectroscope, can say at all, it says instantly; and in this case it at once informed the observers, by a peculiar displacement of certain lines, that the comet had passed the crucial perihelion point of its orbit, and was hastening away from us again, almost as rapidly as it had, so few days before, shot down out of dark, distant space into our sun-illuminated neighbourhood. That important fact ascertained, there was leisure to consider the rest of the spectroscope's revelations: as thus—

It is now extensively known that comets shine partly by reflecting the light of the sun, and partly by their own inherent light, whether that be produced by temperature, combustion, or electrical currents. But nineteen out of every twenty comets yet spectroscoped, have shown for the material of their own proper light, nothing but the faintest, feeblest, coldest, order of shining stuff known; namely, the blue part which may be seen at the base of any little candle-flame, wax-taper, or farthing rushlight; and which shows a mere trace of a hydro-carbon gas in weakest combustion, barely raised above phosphorescence or Will-o'-the-wisp glimmer over marshy ground.

But the present great comet when similarly tested, not only showed salt, or the metalloid 'sodium' lines burning brilliantly, but iron lines doing the same—spectroscopic lines that can only exist where iron is so intensely hot that it rises as a gas, vividly incandescent in a more fervid heat than any of our furnaces can produce. No wonder, therefore, that when to the astronomers in the Royal Observatory, at the Cape of Good Hope on September 17, the comet was for a time projected to their point of view on part of the sun's disc, it was no black body, like that of the inferior planets Venus or Mercury at their transits across the sun, but was just as bright intrinsically as any part of the solar surface itself.

All these particulars are, however, merely optical details, *physical* features, modern outcomes of chemistry rather than astronomy. But if even they show this comet to be something so remarkable amongst comets, what says proper, gravitational, mathematical, astronomy about it,

both its history in the past, and prospects in the future?

The first result obtained in that way, was—that this comet of burning iron, moving at the terrific rate of three hundred and seventy miles per second (compare that with the speed of a cannon-ball moving at the rate of only sixteen hundred feet in the same small portion of time), must, at the perihelion point of its orbit, have grazed the very surface of the sun.

Next that the direction of its motion was retrograde, or contrary to that of all the planets, and to the sun's own rotation; but that the shape of its path, and its position in space coincided remarkably with a similarly abnormally moving comet seen in 1880, and thought to be revolving then in an orbit of thirty-seven years. But that comet again had been identified as being the same that appeared in 1843; though on that occasion it was moving in an orbit of one hundred and seventy-five years period, and was considered to be the same body that had appeared in 1668.

Usually, generally, almost universally, the period of revolution of any species of body, whether planet or comet, around the sun, is something of exceeding fixedness, or of the slowest possible alteration.

There is, indeed, such a thing as ether, or a most attenuated form of gas spread throughout otherwise empty space, and which, theoretically, ought, in course of time, if extended to millions of billions of trillions of years inconceivable, to reduce the velocities and decrease the size of the orbits of every planet and every comet revolving round the sun, until one after the other they fall into that burning mass; if, that is to say, its light and heat should have been able to keep up for any such most extraordinary duration of time. In the case of our earth's revolution, or length of its year, not the smallest portion of any such effect has been discovered by the best astronomical observations from the earliest times; but there is a certain comet, one of the smallest, faintest, lightest of them all, a mere feather in space, whose movements—after twenty revolutions of it round the sun have been observed—suggest the probability of a very small amount of shortening of its orbit. But with this grand comet of 1882, 1880, 1843, 1668, we have a galloping reduction of its period, in whole years, in place of tenths or hundredths of a second, the like of which has never been approached before in all astronomical experience, and which must inevitably bring it back to the sun in a few months only, or some time next year.

Evidently, then, this comet has experienced something much more resisting than mere ether; and the idea first arrived at and published by one of the best American astronomers, Professor Lewis Boss, of the Dudley Observatory, New York (the first savant also to identify this comet with the former appearances in 1880, 1843, and 1668) is, that it must have struck some part of the sun; has gone off wounded, as it were, crippled, weakened in its velocity, altered in its orbit, and doomed to fall a victim to greater force at the next perihelion passage. And what consequences will result from that?

No one can say positively; for such an event as a comet of any kind, but much less one of the greatest of comets, falling into the sun, has

never occurred before in the range of human observation. But the possibility of such an occurrence taking place sooner or later, did not escape the prescient genius of Sir Isaac Newton; and his remarks, as gathered from him in his ripe and perfected old age by his nephew, are still most worthy to be read for advice and instruction for the presently impending occasion. Shortly, we may state, that *some* increase of solar heat must take place, even if it were to depend alone on the conversion of the dynamical energy of the comet's movement, without allowing anything for the combustion of its material, though hydro-carbons, sodium, and iron, brought into sufficiently high temperature are very powerful burners; but we know neither what weight of these or any other matters the comet carries, nor *how* it will fall into the sun.

If the whole nucleus, or governing head, of the comet should in one grand bullet form, followed in a straight line by all the sixty millions of miles long of tail (composed, as now seems probable, of such meteoric stones as form the shooting-stars of November nights), all go into the sun at one place, and at one time, some result therefrom can hardly fail to be visible from our earth, even though it be at the enormous distance of ninety-two millions of miles.

But though the spectroscope has told us so positively that the comet carries iron, sodium, hydro-carbons (coals, if you will), it gives us no right to assume them in any quantity bearing any appreciable proportion to the vast mass of the sun already existing. And when meteoric stones fall from space upon the earth, somewhat in comet fashion, they more frequently than not break-up and separate on striking the upper regions of the earth's atmosphere, first into visible fragments, and then into invisible dust, whose particles fall so slowly, and spread so widely, that it is not known when or where they all finally reach the earth's surface.*

Similarly then we may fairly expect that this errant comet, which is already reported by two or three late observers to show symptoms of separating into two or more parts, will go on breaking-up, widely scattering its materials before it makes its next solar approach; will then be absorbed into the sun, and cease thenceforward to be an independent existence, no longer revolving as now in a distinct orbit of its own around that mighty mass of matter, force, power, light, and heat, concentrated from before all terrestrial time in our grand and beneficent sun.

P.S.—Writing in *Nature* on October 23, Major Herschel, R.E. (youngest son of the late great astronomer, Sir John Herschel), now in the south of England, describes the results of his numerous observations of the comet thus tersely, and rather quaintly:

'As a whole, the comet seems to have changed wonderfully little during the last three weeks since I first saw it. Its change of place, also, is so moderate that, at this rate, there seems no reason why we should not see it for months yet. What if it should not vanish at all!'

These rather crude speculations are indeed now rendered needless by what we have already stated

of the accurate orbit in space which the comet is really moving in. But for those who would like to be eye-observers themselves of the more apparent phenomena of the starry heavens, we may state that through the month of November the comet has been moving further and further away from the sun's place, and therefore rising earlier and earlier every night; or three-and-a-half hours before the sun at the beginning of the month, to seven-and-a-half hours at the end of it. That is so far as its distance from east and west alone is concerned; but then it is at the same time moving southward, and from being five-and-a-half degrees south of the sun's place at the beginning of the month, it will be seven degrees south of it at the end, the sun itself also moving southward at the same time. This will make observations of the comet very sensibly more difficult for all inhabitants of our high northern latitudes; but will not much interfere with the view of our countrymen in India, while it will greatly favour those who in Australia and New Zealand are far away in the southern hemisphere. Their view indeed will be limited by little but the growing faintness of the comet's light, as it recedes further and further from the heating, electrifying, illuminating sun, one hundred and twenty-seven millions of miles distant at the beginning, to one hundred and eighty-one millions of miles distant at the end of November. The comet's distance from the earth is also increasing, but not at so high a rate, by reason of the part of its own orbit in which the earth is moving at this season of the year; so that while the comet was distant from us one hundred and thirty-six millions of miles at the beginning of November, it will have increased its distance only to one hundred and forty millions at the end of the month.

VALENTINE STRANGE

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER XLVI.—'HIRAM,' SHE SAID DEJECTEDLY, 'AREN'T YOU GOING TO KISS ME?'

THAT a girl with five thousand pounds to her fortune, should be a lady's maid any longer, was of course downright ridiculous even in fancy. Even if Constance had lived, Mary's position would have been anomalous, and to seek a new post now was out of the question. So, with her five thousand pounds at the banker's in London, she provided herself with store of raiment, and took lodgings with a highly-respectable old lady at Brierham, and waited with patience for Hiram to come and marry her. But a cheque-book is hardly what Hibernicus calls the height of good company, and she felt as lonely and as unprotected, and almost as exposed to the ills of life, as in her days of poverty.

She waited with patience, and no Hiram came; she waited with impatience, and no Hiram came; she took to tears, and still he stayed away. And so, one day in the close of August, with much trembling and fear, she took a car, and was driven to the gates of Lumby Hall. She waited there, and sent the driver with instructions to ask for Mr Search, and to

* See article on 'Cosmic Dust,' in *Journal*, Nov. 4.

tell him that Miss Martial desired to speak to him. Now, in a little country town like Brierham, 'a'budy kens a'budy,' and everybody's business is everybody else's business. Mary was an heiress and a person of note, and even the local gentlefolks took an interest in her fate, and gossiped about her over their tea-tables. It was almost universally settled that to marry a valet would be the height or depth of folly, though everybody expected that the lately-favoured lover would be pretty urgent in advancing his claims. So, when it was known that she had received no visits, and had not stirred abroad, and had not indeed received so much as a note from anybody but Mr Valentine Strange and her lawyers, it was concluded that the lover was dismissed.

The relation of this history has sometimes made the mention of large sums compulsory, and King Croesus himself could not treat millions with greater *sang-froid* than the present writer. But I am not steeled by this familiarity with vast fortunes against a sense of the manifold values of even so small a fortune as five thousand pounds. 'Imagine, then, how glorious it glowed'—this snug little shining heap of money, in the eyes of certain unattached small gentry of the borough. At an interest of five per cent. that snug little shining heap would yield an unappreciable fraction over four pounds sixteen shillings and a penny-three-farthings per week, for every week of the fifty-two in a year, the principal remaining untouched—a metallic goose which could go on laying its hebdomadal golden egg for ever. The chief butcher of the place—for not alone were the smaller gentry interested—was a rosy-faced, red-whiskered young bachelor who did a great trade, and sometimes rode to hounds, when even the swells of the meet would nod and say: 'How d'ye do, Banister?' Now he looked on that little fortune in the lump, and had visions of plate-glass in the up-stairs windows, and a new slaughter-house. The corn-chandler, who was a bachelor also, turned it over in his mind, and saw a new frontage for his High Street premises. Captain Stagers, who boasted himself a cadet of the house of Windgall—the Earl of Windgall's seat, as all the world knows, is Shouldershott Castle, in the north—Captain Stagers, who had once held a commission in the county militia, and whose title stuck to him, seedy and shaky and disreputable as he was, saw, when he thought of that snug little sum, a perfect vista of barmaids serving drinks to a perfect vista of rehabilitated Captain Staggerses. Mr Quill, the lately-imported Irish solicitor, saw a larger house; and his mother, Mrs Croke, a second time widowed, had a beatific vision of new window curtains and an Axminster carpet.

Little Mary, unwitting of these fancies, sat in the car, drawn a little off the road in the shade, and waited for Hiram Search. The driver, though he was a discreet man, and by not so much as a wink betrayed himself, knew all about it, and had the clearest understanding of the situation. Returning after an absence of ten minutes, he stated that Hiram would follow by-and-by; and hinting in a conversational manner that the day was dry, that in the coming interview it 'ud be awkward to have a fool like him a-lookin' on,' and that there was a public-

house three hundred yards away, he received a gratuitous sixpence, and departed. Mary stood up in the car, and craned her neck to make observation of the carriage-drive, and in a little while saw Hiram, with his long legs striding out like the legs of a pair of compasses. At that spectacle her courage all deserted her, and she descended from the vehicle, and hiding herself behind the body of it, waited with palpitating bosom. Hiram came, looked about him, saw the car, and the fluttering dress behind it, and walked straight to where she stood.

'Now,' he said, 'I take this kind of you—I take it very kind.'

'Hiram!' said little Mary, looking up at him appealingly, with one outstretched hand set towards him.—He took the hand and shook it gravely, repeating that he took it very kind of her.—'Hiram,' she said dejectedly, 'aren't you going to kiss me?' Her lips pouted and trembled a little, like cherries that kiss each other on a shaken branch.

'Cert'nly!' said Hiram, and did it with solemn alacrity.

'Why don't you meet me as you used to?' she asked tremulously.

'Waal, my Pretty,' said Hiram, 'in the words of the immortal bard, Scotland stands not wheer it did.'

'I don't know what you mean,' she answered with an air of assumed disdain. 'You're not true-hearted, Hiram.'

'Mebbe I ain't,' said the accused; 'but I fancy I am.'

'Then,' said she with irresistible logic, 'why didn't you put your arm round my waist?'

'My dear,' said Hiram, serpentine his long arm about her, 'I'd always rather be asked into a man's house than be kicked out of it. I take this very kind of you, and very loyal an' true-hearted, my little dear.' He looked down at her with his queer fallow face beaming. 'You ain't sp'iled by fortune,' he said. 'Are you?'

'Hiram!' cried Mary again, and made an indignant pretence of tearing herself away from him. 'How could you think it of me?'

'I didn't,' said Hiram. 'Look at me. Is this here cheek of mine grown pale with care? Is my beamin' eye grown dim with hidden tears? Is there any sign in my hull anatomy of the gnawin' of the canker-worm? No, my dear. I ain't been fretting, not an atom. I've just been waiting for you to come, and say: "Hiram, your pretty loving little gal ain't changed." And now you come and say it, don't you?'—She said she did; and indeed, as she nestled to him and gazed up at him, it looked as if she meant it.—'That's all right,' pursued Hiram. 'Don't you see now, I couldn't come to you and say: "You took me when you was poor, and you'll have to stick to me now you're wealthy." I couldn't even seem to mean that. I won't say you'd have broke my heart, if you hadn't come. My heart's a tolerable tough old muscle, and it'd take a deal of breakin'. I won't say it wouldn't have ached. I think it would; but there's a margin between achin' and breakin', ain't there?'—Mary supposed so, laughing at his quaintly serious face, and holding his gaunt hand in both hers.—'But now,' resumed Hiram, 'there's no such thing as a clean hank as'll run five minutes without ravelling in this

world, is there? And we've got trouble in front of us.'

'Trouble?' she repeated. 'What should trouble us?'

'Don't you be scared,' said Hiram. 'Nothing much. But you can see I'm bound to the boss for awhile to come, anyhow. Now, it stands to nature you want to get married, and so do I. And it stands to reason that a young lady with a fortune can't have her husband acting in my present capacity. In any other man's service, I should feel the present capacity mean. I own up to that; I should feel it a derogation from an American citizen's privileges and proper feelings. But not with Gerard Lumby, Esquire. No. Well now, you see, I don't want to scratch a sore place, but he's had a great deal of trouble, and I am kind of sorry for him and attached to him. He's got used to me, just as you have, my dear; and if I went away just now, he'd miss me. He's mending. I can't make it out; but from the night Mrs Strange died, he's that changed I hardly know him.'

'How is he changed?' asked Mary, speaking rather because Hiram paused than for any other reason. She could not blame Hiram's unselfish devotion; but you may be sure that she looked forward to the waiting it promised with no great rejoicing.

'He used to be just as hard and cold,' said Hiram, 'as a frozen anvil. He wa'n't like a man after you three went away together. And now he's as sweet and mild with everybody as a roarin' democrat receivin' a British Prince. He's sad sometimes—that mournful, it'd melt the innards of a Bengal tiger only to look at him. But it ain't the same kind o' sadness; and him and Valentine Strange was arm in arm walking up and down this road two mortal hours the day afore yesterday.' He paused after that statement, as if he expected to be told that it was incredible. Mary received it with an astonishment which justified his expectation.

'Arm in arm!' she said. 'Mr Strange and Mr Lumby! Mr Gerard?'

'Arm in arm,' he said. 'And looking as friendly as a pair of rival actors. Only it was plain they meant the friendliness, and the rival actors pretty gen'ally don't.'

At this moment, a step sounded in the lane, and Mary escaping from his arm, peeped round the corner of the moss-grown wall. 'The driver's coming back,' she whispered.

'Kiss me quick, my honey!' said Hiram. 'I shall see you soon. Likely as not, drop in and ask you for a cup of tea this evenin'.'

The driver appeared; and Mary, with a final shake-hands, as if no tenderer farewell had just been taken, entered the car. Hiram, with mighty gravity of demeanour, watched her driven away, walked back along the gravelled drive, entered the house, and marched straight into the presence of his master.

'Well, Search,' said Gerard, 'what is it?'

'Can you spare me this afternoon and evenin'?' Hiram asked.

'Yes,' said Gerard, looking up from a book which lay on the table before him.—'Search,' he said suddenly, and with a little smile, 'I have been neglecting your affairs very sadly. Are you going to Brierham?'

Here, for the first and last time in this narrative, let it be recorded that Hiram blushed. 'I am,' he said, defensively.

'Of course you are. Why haven't you gone before?'

'Well,' said Hiram, 'there was reasons, good reasons.'

'No trouble, I hope?' said Gerard.

'None in the world,' said Hiram.

'When do you think of getting married?' asked Gerard. 'I suppose I shall lose you soon?'

'No; you won't,' said Hiram. 'We ain't in any hurry.'

'Very well,' said Gerard quietly. 'She's living with old Mrs Norton, I think—isn't she, in Brierham High Street?—Ah, I thought so. Will you tell somebody to saddle Roland and bring him round? I shan't want you again to-day.'

'Thank you,' said Hiram, and went away on his errand.

'No train for two hours,' said Gerard to himself with a sad little smile. 'I can do it in an hour easily.'

Ten minutes later, he was at the hall door in attire for the saddle. A groom led Roland round; and the young fellow, mounting, rode away, straight into Brierham town, and dismounting at the hotel, walked across the quiet sunny street and rang at Mrs Norton's bell. It happened at that moment that Mary was in converse with Mrs Norton. Your feminine lover seeks a confidante as a duck seeks the water. This, like other generalisations, may be disputed by singular examples; but Mary was not a very exceptional young woman, and Mrs Norton knew how the land lay; whilst the butcher and the corn-chandler, and the seedy captain and the Irish Quill, and *hoc genus omne*, surveyed it wrongly, and their judgment of its qualities was all awry. At the statement that a gentleman was in the parlour and wished to see her, the old lady bustled down, and was amazed to find Mr Gerard Lumby standing there.

'Mrs Norton,' said Gerard, shaking hands with her, 'how do you do? I am here as a conspirator, and I want you to be another.'

'Lawkamussy, Mr Lumby!' said the old lady, quite flustered.

Gerard explained. 'I want to see two people happy, Mrs Norton. One of them is the young person now residing under your protection, and the other is'—He paused.

'I hope it's the right man, sir,' said the old lady, smiling nervously.

'I think it is,' said Gerard. 'Do you know who the right man is?—Very well. If I am wrong, correct me. I think the right man, who is in a position very much below his worth, wants to put off the marriage because he is attached to his employer, and because he thinks his employer cannot spare him.'

'It's like a dream, your saying so, Mr Lumby,' the old lady cried out. 'She's just been telling me them very words up-stairs.'

'Very well, Mrs Norton,' said Gerard. 'I thought it was so, and I wanted to be sure of it.'

'She's a dear nice girl,' said Mrs Norton doubtfully. 'Do you think, sir, as he's worthy of her?'

'My dear lady,' said Gerard, 'Mr Search is

a pearl among men. The woman who marries him is to be envied, if she has only the sense to know his value. And whatever you may think of his position, he is just as well-to-do as she is. But I forgot. That's a secret. Don't say a word about it till they're married.' So he shook hands, and rode away again, leaving the old lady almost bursting with her secret.

(To be concluded next month.)

COUNTRY PLEASURES.

To outsiders, country-life often seems dull; and it must necessarily be so to some extent, as compared with life in town, unless there is not only a keen and perceptive love of nature, but also a considerable variety of taste. A man must be able to find not only an ever-varying and enduring charm in the sublime grandeur of lake and mountain, but also an attraction sufficiently engrossing to amuse him amid such commonplace scenes as the moist bank of a shady lane, or the tangled luxuriance of a hedgerow or wayside thicket.

A stranger looking down on the brown Lancashire landscape that surrounded our author, Mr Milner, when he began with the year his rambles, which have been charmingly described in his book, entitled, *Country Pleasures* (London: Longmans & Co.), would have pronounced the prospect tame and uninviting in the last degree. But to the initiated eye it was full of interest; each hidden dell among the breezy uplands held a secret treasure-trove. He knew each sequestered wood where the catkins of the hazel were already beginning to swell; each nook where the broad wrinkled leaves of the primrose were already pushing up through the moss to meet the genial breath of the advancing spring. Even in the sombre winter hue of the landscape, there was beauty—the beauty of shifting light and shade; when the sunlight breaking through the heavy clouds, would light up for a moment the brown dales and leafless trees, making of the desolate scene a picture of evanescent but glowing brightness. Then his garden—a green silvan inclosure, with sufficient space in it for wild-flowers to grow in the tangled profusion of their native glades and woods—was a constant source of delight to him. Like all flower-lovers, he knew each several plant—each blossom was an intimate and particular friend. He noted the slightest change that occurred in them, and during the tardy, trying days of spring, hailed each new leaf that uncurred to the cold north wind. Winter went and came again, as is its fashion in our uncertain climate; but in his garden he had, what many garden-loving folks sigh for in vain, a particular and highly-favoured corner—'where we always get out of the sharp wind, where there are a yellow jasmine and a few rose-bushes, and a shapely thorn with a seat under it. Round this is a little Dutch garden, in which the tulips and crocuses will first be seen.'

It was quite an era in his homely calendar when the faint February sunshine began to lend a little warmth to the cold moist air, and the delicate green tips of the snowdrop and crocus could be observed breaking through the half-frozen soil. Next—for the true lover of the country is always more or less a naturalist—he

began to expect, and then to hail with rapture the first notes of the blackbird and thrush, those sweet and gladsome heralds of the spring. Mr Milner first heard their welcome notes at the close of a wet week in February. 'A wet week in February!' you exclaim; 'can anything be more dreary?' Dreary enough, no doubt, to many. But to the observant eye, those dim and rain-suffused skies, with which we are so familiar, have a soft and gracious charm of their own. He has still much to learn in country pleasures who has never observed what a variety and beauty there often is in rainy weather; not only in those sudden showers where the sun sparkles through the gleaming raindrops with a fitful radiance, but even in the slow-falling misty rain, with little or no wind to blow it about, and no shaft of sunlight to illumine the masses of soft gray cloud and vapour. It is, of course, very possible to have too much of such a thing; and it is somewhat difficult always to remember, as we look at the drenched, water-soaked land, that it is to our moist skies that we owe the fresh colouring of our woods, and the vivid green of our meadows and grass-lands. Then there is always the delight of the fine morning or evening after the rain to look forward to, when the heavy skies burst asunder as if with a supreme effort; and the sun shines out warm and bright, and the cold moist earth basks in his smile; and the joyous breezes rustling through the leafless trees, seem already sweet with the scent of flowers. It was on such an evening, glorious and hope-inspiring, when the waning sunset faintly touched with its parting radiance the pointed gables of the ancient house, that Mr Milner heard his first thrush. A gush of melody clear and silvery rose flute-like and sweet into the darkening sky, and he knew that the birds were beginning to mate, and that the first nest—another landmark in the advancing year—might soon be looked for.

First, however, came Shrovetide, dear to the children's hearts, with its great bonfire of faded Christmas holly, and its pancakes tossed by unfamiliar hands. 'There is wisdom,' Mr Milner thinks, 'in breaking the dead monotony of modern existence by observing, especially for the sake of the young, such simple festivals as yet remain in vogue;' and so Shrovetide was observed with all its peculiar honours of hissing pan and savoury cakes.

In the beginning of April came the thristle's nest. This particular bird was a thrush with an evident taste for letters, for she had inwoven with the grass and slender twigs of her nest a scrap of a London newspaper, and had fixed her little dwelling snugly and comfortably beneath the overhanging leaves of some ivy that covered a garden summer-house. 'A day or two later,' says Mr Milner, 'it had been plastered with mud, and it was also lined—as a piece of luxury, I suppose—with the soft fibres of some decaying wood. Yesterday, I found that the first little blue egg had been dropped into the nest, which the prescient bird had finished three days before. And here too was beauty, the little regarded beauty of the bird's egg, beauty of form and of colour, perfect elementary form, and delicately simple colour lavished upon a corner where no eye might ever have seen it, where, probably, by no other eye than my own will it ever be seen.' This bird,

like others, became very familiar with its observer, and allowed him to come close to her nest without showing any signs of fear.

Spring in her full flush and glory was now abroad in the land; the delicate leafage of the beech was in all its first silky freshness; the orchard-trees were in bloom; the cattle in the flowery meadows were deep in grass; the pigeons were sunning themselves on the farmhouse roofs, and the first early swallows were twittering under their eaves.

This beauty, home-like and familiar, Mr Milner was fond of contrasting with the vast moors that sweep desolate and brown around the huge 'buttress' of Kinderscout in Derbyshire. These were easily reached by train; and the very mode of transit, swift and noisy, an apt embodiment of the untiring energy of the nineteenth century, enhanced to the lonely beholder their solitude and immobility. 'Having once,' he says, 'climbed to the tableland of these moors, you are in an isolation of solitude which can only be compared with that of mid-ocean.' Their heathy expanse is a world by itself, set apart and consecrated to solitude, but yet a world full of beauty. The keen bracing air is permeated by the scent of the gorse and wild-thyme; masses of cloud drift along the breezy sky, now casting deep shadows on the sombre sweep of heathland, and the next moment parting asunder to dart a gleam of brilliant wind-blown sunshine on the emerald strips of moss, the clumps of brown and green fern, and the gray weather-beaten crags that rise like landmarks from the deep-toned umber hue of the heath. The moor-birds rise from beside the path with a wild and piercing cry. The glimmer of the sunshine becomes more unfrequent; the hurrying clouds drift up into more compact masses; everything betokens the coming tempest. A few minutes more, and the moorlands, with their shifting lights and shadows, will be wrapped in a cloud of swirling mist and rain.

With summer comes the hay-harvest in the beginning of July, the hottest time of the year; when, if the season be beneficent, we have bountiful outbursts of sunshine, and the scents of the rose-garden mingle with the fragrant breath of the new-mown hay. The most handsome wild-flower of July is the foxglove. Its favourite habitat is the face of a steep ravine, where the bank is too precipitous to afford a footing to the birch and hazel that clothe its lower declivities. There, on the shallow soil, or in clefts of the out-cropping rock, multitudes of foxgloves flourish, their pendent bells of purple waving in the breeze, or reflected in the still pools of the streamlet far below. There is no monotony in this blaze of purple beauty, which blends in admirably with the rich hues of the glen, with the fern and hazels, and the silvery stems of the birch-trees, and the tangle of wild-flowers about their roots, woodruff and wild-mint, and the gay willow-herb, and the humble little yellow tormentil.

Towards the end of July, the birds, whose domestic duties are finished, and whose families are comfortably established in the world, cease to sing. The woods henceforth are comparatively mute, until the robin begins his autumn song; and from his Lancashire garden Mr Milner moved to the coast of Arran, and noted with

some surprise that its northerly shores, which he had supposed to be sterile, produced abundance of flowers. 'At the edge of a wood only a few yards from the water, and where the salt spray itself must often fall, I found,' he says, 'diminutive rose-bushes covered with ripe berries; the wild chrysanthemum, the purple vetch; the woodruff, tiny in size, but sweet as ever; and even the dainty forget-me-not; while the woodbine festoons the trees, climbing to a height of twenty feet.'

But more beautiful even than the flowers are the effects of sea and mountain. The sea, which is always in the foreground of the picture, is full of surprises, of infinite varieties, which often strike the beholder as inconceivably beautiful. Every change of the changeful weather has its own peculiar charm; and the soft gray September skies of Arran often brighten at sunset into stretches of lambent gold, resting on a bank of bright crimson, which passes on the far horizon into dusky purple; and beneath that imperial pall, the heaving expanse of water, and the shallow pools left on the shore by the receding tide, gleam out as if touched with molten gold. The colouring is almost too intense to be steadily looked at. The grass and the shore-plants, and the weather-worn rocks, and the hills with their wild peaks standing out against the sky, all glow with a deep and yet subdued intensity of shade, which brightens the rose-red glimmer of the rock-pool at your feet. Up among the hills at the mouth of Glen Sannox, particularly towards twilight, the atmospheric changes are often very fine. Sheets of mist sweep around the peaks of Goatfell and its sister heights, which, like the sentinels of an enchanted land, loom through the masses of gray vapour, indistinct, vast, and threatening. The gloom of night is beginning to overspread the landscape; but the sun has not yet set; and suddenly, as if by the touch of a magician's wand, the veil of mist is swept aside from the broad brow of Suidhe Fergus; a soft subdued glow of saffron suffuses the darkening landscape, brightening gradually into a full gush of sunlight. The slopes and gullies with which the sides of the hills are seamed are distinctly seen for a moment, brought prominently out by the flood of light. Then the gleam of sunshine fades as quickly as it came, the clouds gather thick and fast over the shifting canvas, the wild west wind rushes down the gorge, hurrying mists efface the glowing picture, and far behind, 'strange sounds rushing down the unseen gullies with an almost human cadence,' bid the adventurous traveller a stormy good-night.

Autumn in the Lancashire garden had its own peculiar pleasures. There were plentiful stores of fruit to be gathered in, and clumps of woodland that rivalled, with their purple and russet-red and gold, the gayest hues of the parterre; and from amid the leafless boughs of a giant elm was heard 'the sweetest, most cheery sound which autumn has to give—the clear whistle of the robin.'

Halloween was kept as Shrovetide had been, by the youngsters of the family, with its own appropriate ceremonies. Chief among these was a great pail of water, which was set in the middle of the kitchen floor and filled with apples—the ducking and splashing for which were a source

of great fun; and if one chooses to moralise,' says our author, 'one may see how success in the slippery chase falls only to the youngster who can bring to the pursuit both cunning and perseverance.'

November and December, with their long dark nights, and days dim with mist and fog, have a natural affinity with folklore, and Mr Milner tells us that the district around him, lonely and isolated, is still a stronghold of ancient superstitions. There are troops of harmless fairies—'little men,' as they are called—whom it is sometimes the height of good fortune to meet. Wonderful legends are told of the weary ploughman suddenly confronted on the upturned furrow by a tiny brown figure, who offered him a draught of ale in a nutshell; which the countryman accepting in simple good faith, found to be an earnest of all possible good things.

A mountainous country suffers less from the fury of the elements than a landscape whose chief beauty consists in its colouring, in the harmonious blending of wood and valley and meadow. The stormy winds of November had swept away the last lingering splendour of the autumn forests, but Mr Milner found the Lake country still pre-eminently beautiful. In support of his admiration of winter among these classical lakes and hills, he quotes an eloquent passage from Wordsworth's 'Description of the Country of the Lakes in the North of England:—'The variety of winter-colouring in the hills is such, and so harmoniously preserved, that it leaves little cause of regret when the splendour of autumn is passed away. The oak coppices upon the sides of the mountain retain russet leaves; the birch stands conspicuous with its silver stem and puce-coloured twigs; the hollies, with green leaves and scarlet berries, have come forth to view from among the deciduous trees, whose summer foliage had concealed them; the ivy is now plentifully apparent upon the stems and boughs of the trees and among the lichen-covered rocks. In place of the uniform summer green of the herbage and fern, many rich colours play into each other over the surface of the mountains—tawny green, olive, and brown, beds of withered fern and gray rocks being harmoniously blended together.' It is, in fact, a perfect paradise of what painters call 'low tones,' no bright colours, but the soft subdued green and gray of mosses and lichens, and the faded browns of grass and ferns in all varieties of shade. Round the door of a comfortable farmhouse, where our author found shelter for a few hours, the colour was deeper and warmer; for the crimson light of a frosty sunset filled the air, and harmonised with the cheerful farmyard sounds; the cocks were crowing, the oxen lowed from the courts, and the glad voices of women and children broke the wintry stillness. Every one was sliding and tumbling and getting up again amid peals of jocund laughter; and far up in a still world of their own, the snows on the higher peaks of the everlasting hills reflected back in a thousand hues of beauty the smile of the sunset. Some blushed rosy red; others caught only a faint pink glow, which quickly faded into spectral blue; while others, again, glistened cold and bright, as if decked out in robes of shining silver.

This charming round of Country Pleasures ends, as is meet, with Christmas and New Year, with plentiful decorations of mistletoe and holly, and plentiful good cheer on the board, and a round of kindly visits to neighbours, rich and poor alike. One of the latter, John the Mower, thus pronounced his eulogium on the happy Christmas-tide: 'Ay, well—ay, to be sure—if we could be ever as we are now, full of good meat and drink—meat and drink.' The robin on the thorn, who has just had his dinner of crumbs from the window-sill, takes perchance the same materialistic view of Christmas as John the Mower; at all events, he also is happy, and undaunted by the cold, trills out upon the frosty air his clear, cheerful song, in which we hear an earnest and promise of the coming spring.

BABOO ENGLISH.

THE following specimens of letters and petitions are taken from a large collection made by a gentleman during a six years' residence in British Burmah. It should be borne in mind that the habit of the Oriental, when he has a request to make, is usually to hand in a written petition in lieu of asking by word-of-mouth. Those of the documents quoted below which are from Chinamen and Burmese, are written by their own hands; while those from natives of India are mostly written by professional petition-writers, who may be seen sitting under an umbrella, at a light trestle table, beneath a tree, near the entrances to the law-courts.

The things that chiefly agitate the Oriental mind are (1) desire to obtain an appointment; (2) desire to obtain increase of pay; (3) desire to obtain leave of absence on account of the death of some relative. It is no uncommon thing for a clerk to request leave of absence half-a-dozen different times to bury the same mother, truthfulness being an unknown quality in many parts of the 'gorgeous East.'

The following mass of incoherence is from a Burmese 'gunner' to the superintendent of a saw-mill. His desire is to obtain a bonus—on the number of squared logs of teak which he is able to turn out—in addition to his pay.

To G. MUIR ESQR. Chief Manager.

The humble petition of Ko Youk respectfully sheweth to represent that; I have loyally, and diligently served under merchantile service in various capacities since 1870 during which I invariably earned the approval, and commendations of all my superiors. That while several persons are now and then promoted gradually increasing in the subordinate; That in 1880 when I was proposed to station at Moulmein the best European Manager serving in the Moulmein district I was selected by the Chief Manager Mr R. S. Jones for the post as Head Clerk at Mr Gregory's Mill and I could act as Manager in any of the mills that are Trading in the Town of Moulmein I understand that my manager is prepared to reconsider the claims of all the subordinate who have not hitherto receive due promotion in the service I therefore pray that my manager may carefully inquired of my approved past service and can foward my Certificate bound

as Manager having being served under your service daily respectfully beg to inform these few request that I am also liable to get some extra money on account of my Square Conversion which has been given by the Former manager's on the Squaring Mill I conclusion having a large family to support with I have to thank your esteem favor and hoping to favor with the above request for which I shall ever thankful to your honors gratitude ; Hoping to be excused at your honors valuable time P.S. Therefore having served under your service many Head Clerks who have not had any a English education in case of necessity I could do any kinds of English account in the Timber Trading line and *being very curious in my consideration of getting extra money in the Old Mill is somewhat like hatching a great many eggs without a Hen* If I dont try hard in conversion of Squares how can you expect to get the Slabs for Scantling &c.—I remain, &c.

The passage we have italicised is particularly lucid. The next specimen is from a Madrassee Christian who has benefited by an English education.

RANGOON, 3rd January 1881.

To J. CONNELL, Esquire,
B. B. T. C. Limited & Co.
Rangoon.

GENTLEMAN—I beg most respectfully to bring these following few lines to your benign consideration Hoping to Satisfy my confused mind.

Sir, I have come from Madras some months ago, and I have tried in many places for a post except this Office I am Sorry proved unsuccessful. Having heard that you are a Liberal Generous and Pitiable gentleman towards poor. I have made up my mind to come and ask your honor for a post under your controlobility in the Firm or in the Mills.

Praying to comply my request for which act of charity and kindness I shall in duty bound shall ever pray—I beg to remain, Gentleman, your most obedient and humble Servant, V. REUBEN JACOB.

By the following amusingly ambiguous epistle, a Burmese clerk states his incapacity for work, and expresses a hope that further sick-leave may be granted him :

SIR—Having the feaver again more than before I wish you will not have the vexation to permit me further.—I Remain Yr obed.

MG CHIT Oo.

The following speak for themselves :

MOULMEIN, 9th April 1881.

SIR—We are exceeding glad in penning you these few lines, suspecting the holidays of the Burmese new year. During this time all the Burmese offices or of—the foreigners ought to be closed. Because there is custom over the whole communication not to do even the least important work. Therefore will you kindly grant us leave for three or four days. We hope that you will grant us leave without any discontent.—We are yours most Obedient servant, &c.

SIR—We the undersigned beg to inform, that on Tomorrow our Burmese Lent beginning Feast

will be fell, so we shall most humbly beg of you will be pleased to allow us an holiday as usual.—We remain, Sir, Your Most Obedient Servants, &c.

HONOURED SIR—I beg most respectfully prays that your honor will be kindly pleased allow me an advance of R30/ being of our Chinese new year, but, I am short of expense for that day.—I beg to remain, Gentleman Sir, Your Most Obedient Servant,
MAY SHAIING.
[Chinese]

RANGOON 6th February 1880.

SIR—I have the honor to inform you that I was sunstruck and Fever on account of that Your servant could not attend to work.—I remain, &c.

The humble and respectful petition of K. B. B—.

Most respectfully sheweth—That your petitioner, an under graduate of the Calcutta University has formerly lived in credit in the world, but through a variety of losses in several law-suits and through the sudden death of some lively young members of the family, is reduced with his family to the lowest state of poverty and destitute of the necessaries of life ; and being desirous to discharge his duty as a sole guardian, he has presumed to address himself to your honor for one of the present vacant place of clerkship in your Office, and for which he can make it appear, he is properly qualified, and will produce certificates of his education, capacity and good moral character, and if so happy as to seem worthy of your notice, he shall, on all occasions observe the strictest fidelity, and make it appear to the world that he has not been unworthy of your favour ; And as in duty bound shall ever pray.

On the 24th of October 1881, the writer promised a Burman, Moungh Khyin, to employ his brother-in-law, Moungh Shway Yee, if he would come round to the office. This is the letter of introduction which Shway Yee brought : the meaning is, that Moungh Khyin will be much obliged if Shway Yee is employed according to promise :

DEAR SIR—Herewith I send you the bearer Moungh Shway Yee, was employed under you in the Office, when you promised me Yesterday in Our Yard. I shall be much oblige and thankful to you.—Yours faithfully, MOUNGH KHYIN.

Boon Paw, a Chinese tally-clerk, being laid up with fever, his brother, Ah Lowe, writes for permission to send him to his father in Moulmein, and wants to know if he is to receive half-pay or none at all while he is ill. This is how he puts it :

SIR—My brother Boon Paw Tally clerk, suffering by fever since about 20 days ago, and he is taking our Docter advise, but sorry still very bad, so begging of you be pleased to allow him to go back Moulmein on Tomorrow by his father to cure there. And also please let me have an order the 15 Days he is in fever in one month of Augst is to be cut all or $\frac{1}{2}$ to be paid.—Yours obediently, &c.

The final specimen we shall here give is an application for work, made by a native of India,

to a merchant of Rangoon, and was thought so comical by the recipient, although he was—like all other residents in Rangoon—daily deluged with strangely worded petitions, that it was published in the *Rangoon Gazette* of February 14, 1879.

'There is life for a keen look.'

LIFE SUPPORTING SIR—The bearer of this begs to bring his most deplorable case before you trusting you to be his parent and guardian. That he is brought to such a low circumstance that he can hardly support himself and his family. Now your humble petitioner begs to say that if there be even a petty post in clerks under kind control please try your utmost to confer the same on him. Sure he is in an unutterable trouble that this life is heavier to him, nay, the shades of death are happier to him than those of life. Let it not be hidden that as in these days he is out of employment it would be your great kindness to confer some good and supportable post on him and as he is a man of large family to please for your blessed name's sake be a father to him and his family. Please lose not this good opportunity out of your all powerful hands of making a room for him under you in clerks. Surely in such a hard circumstances your refusal will be the case of real death and your kind reception the real cause of life for him.

Now let any one go, but please try your utmost to save him, pass by any one, but pass not by him, reject some one, but reject not him, and put asunder some one, but make him adhere close by in any way you can. Please take him in your kind honour's office as soon as possible. Nay, sooner than the twinkling of an eye.

As one has the source of his life in this and another in that way but he alone has none except thee and God alone. O Thou high-ranked man of good humour. For this act of your over running you shall both be blessed and rewarded from heavens.

P.S.—A drowning man will catch at a straw. Pour not water on a drowned mouse. Give and it shall be given unto you. The measure we mete to others shall be meted to us again. A withered purse, a withered face. Sorrow's best antidote is employment, &c.

He begs to remain,
most honoured Sir,
with much gratitude
your most obedient and
foot-kissing servant
18-7-78. ILLAHIE BUKSH.

BOOK GOSSIP.

It may be pointed out as a characteristic of our modern men of science and of their immediate predecessors, that, however they may differ from many of their fellows in matters of intellectual research and speculation, they have led notably good and true and useful lives. Hence the record of such lives has for their successors something more than the interest which attaches to merely great names; there is in addition the healthy stimulus to intellectual and moral achievements which we derive from the contemplation of adverse circumstances patiently overcome, of high ends worthily gained, of life-purposes devotedly followed out. This is indeed the great end of

biography; and biography which, while embracing many things, does not embrace this, had better not be written.

Some of those men of science have had biographers innumerable, others of them are less written about, and consequently less known. To supply this defect, and to render the chief names among Botanists, Zoologists, and Geologists more familiar to the rising generations, Professor P. Martin Duncan, vice-president of the Geological Society, has published a volume of such biographies under the title of *Heroes of Science* (London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge). But the book is something more than a mere collection of biographies. In regard to Botany, for instance, chapters are given to the consideration of old fancies and notions about plants, such as are found in the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, and in the works of the early Greek writers. The author also sketches the lives of the ancient botanists—Aristotle, the first botanist, born 384 B.C., Theophrastus, Pliny, and others. Then, after the long sleep of centuries, we have the revival of science that followed the release of the human mind from the trammels of superstition consequent upon the great religious reformations of the sixteenth century. This period gave us the quaint old English naturalist and traveller, John Ray, and the earliest systematic botanist in France, Joseph de Tournefort. Then by-and-by came Linnaeus, and with him the formation of botany into a science, with his artificial system of classification, and his untiring and heroic energy in the pursuit of plant-knowledge.

In the department of Zoology, Professor Duncan follows a similar method of treating the subject, beginning with the ancients, and descending to modern names, including Buffon, Pennant, Lamarck, and Cuvier, to each of whose contributions to the science of animals reference is here made, with well-written and graphic portrayures of the men themselves, as they appeared in the daily round of their life and labours. Then we have the Geologists—the heroes of a newer science than either of the foregoing. A wonderful science, that has made familiar to us a kind of knowledge which was at one time thought entirely beyond the reach of man's intellectual vision, revealing to us an exact and impressive picture of our earth in its various stages of secular cooling, from the time when it was little more than a molten mass with a newly-formed igneous crust, down to the time when this crust was covered with rocks made from its own waste materials, ground down by ice and tides and rains, and spread out in stratified order at the bottom of seas and the mouths of great rivers, and gradually covered with the earlier forms of vegetable life, till we have the globe as we see it now with all its wealth of animate and inanimate existence. This portion of Professor Duncan's work seems to us to be the most interesting, as dealing perhaps with the heroes of a science in which he may feel a stronger and more genuine interest than in the others. The story of Hutton, the Edinburgh geologist; of William Smith, the father of English geology; and of Murchison and Lyell, its later leading representatives, is well told by our author, and cannot fail to awaken in the minds of readers some stirrings of that noble emulation which led these

workers on from victory to victory. We have not for a long time seen biography at once so healthy in its tone and so instructive and stimulative in its effects.

A SLIGHT SCARE.

In the first of those four entertaining little volumes, *Curiosities of Natural History*, the late Mr Frank Buckland has related, in his pleasant, chatty, discursive style, an anecdote of a gentleman in India who was favoured with the presence of a cobra da capello under the flooring of his bungalow. Snakes very often take up a residence beneath houses in this way, especially in tropical countries, where the buildings are frequently of wood, and usually raised from the damp or insect-teeming earth on piles of some sort; such a situation being almost inaccessible to anything but a 'varmint.' Here they rest in security by day, and by night sally forth on excursions prejudicial to the henroost, to the frogs in the water-tank or bathroom, or to the rats and other small-deer which always affect the neighbourhood of omnivorous man. So habituated do people become to these creatures in serpent-ridden lands, that so close a vicinity to them is often but little regarded, and scarcely any attempt is made to eject the visitor. I once slept in a house up in Guatemala where a huge venomous snake, a *toboba*—or what was believed to be such—was known to have made the under-space among the piles his abode for more than a year, having been frequently seen by lantern-light, though it never made its appearance indoors. Not that people are fonder of such things in this part of the world than in any other; possibly, they are a little lazier; but in any case, familiarity will always breed contempt. Mr Buckland's friend, however, so little appreciated this confidence on the part of the reptile, that he went the length of cutting a hole in his floor, baiting a fish-hook and line with a frog and passing it down. The lure succeeded. That same night he was aroused by a tremendous scuffle and commotion under the boards; and the line being drawn up, brought with it the unlucky cobra, with its neck expanded and 'spectacles' all agog—when, we may be sure, it quickly received the *coup de grâce* from a coolie's bludgeon.

I had been reading this story one hot night at sea as I lay in my bunk, and had fallen asleep. Scarcely a breath of air came in at the open scuttle, and the candle in the swinging stand burned with an unflickering flame, though the good ship *Elbe* was steaming down the coast of Brazil at the rate of thirteen knots an hour; for my cabin was on the 'lee-side,' and the lower edge of the porthole descended pretty nearly to the level of the water as she rolled slowly and rhythmically to and fro on a long swell from the westward. How long I slept, I cannot say; but when I awoke with a start, the candle had burned out, and the cabin was pitch-dark. What had waked me? Was it fancy, bred of the snake-story I had been reading, the impression of which was still vividly upon me, mystified and exaggerated by the sudden transition of ideas, or did I really hear a scuffling and flopping on the floor? Yes, there was no doubt about it! Something was

slapping and writhing about over the bare boards with just such a noise as a hooked snake would make. After a moment's hesitation, I sprang out of bed to strike a light, and had taken a second step with the intention of groping for my matches, when, horror! I put my bare foot on something cold, slimy, and *alive*—wrigglingly and twistingly alive, as it 'squirmed' under my naked sole! I think I have stood on few objects for a shorter space of time than that during which I lingered on that creature; and darting back to bed again, lay there with a beating heart, and bathed in perspiration. Presently, the flopping ceased; but only to break out with renewed vigour after the lapse of a minute, and just as I was cautiously attempting another descent upon my matches, causing me to retreat once more with extreme expedition. It soon stopped again, and was resumed at longer and longer intervals and with less energy. The cobra was evidently growing weaker. At length, it ceased altogether. Whereupon I seized all the garments within reach, and hurled them on the floor in the direction from which the sounds had proceeded, hoping the reptile would seek shelter underneath them and remain quiescent during the night.

Now, of course this was all very foolish. There was no cobra within thousands of miles of me; besides, I am not more afraid of a snake than other people, knowing perfectly well that if I lay still it would not molest me. I think I would, under most circumstances, rather have a cobra than a cockroach near me. Thus I reasoned with my absurd terror, but to very little purpose. If there were no cobras in Brazil, there were other snakes just as venomous—rattlesnakes, jararacas, and bushmasters. Snakes often found their way on board ships in bales of medicinal woods, coir, and other cargo; or dropped into boats as they lay under bushes or along palm-shaded jetties; or escaped from boxes surreptitiously smuggled from the shore. It recurred to my disordered brain—I would have it remembered that I was weak and unwell—with great force, that only a short time before, a living serpent was actually discovered under the capsule of the patent lead on the quarter-deck of the Royal Mail steamship *Douro*, within a hundred miles of where we were, the reptile having obviously climbed up the quarter-line as the steamer lay moored to the wharf at Santos. Furthermore, though I can tolerate anything which I can see and understand, I have the greatest respect for the unknown in darkness.

All very foolish, as I kept reproaching myself; but it was of no use. The silence which succeeded was even worse than the slapping noise, and my fever-heated imagination kept picturing the snake gliding up over my bunk, and made me start as I fancied I felt its forked tongue darting against my hand or cheek; while I repeatedly kneaded my foot, to assure myself of the unreality of the thrills which shot up my leg. At last I gave way, and standing up on the bed, shouted through the ventilator at the top of my voice for the quarter-master. By-and-by I heard a distant 'Ay, ay, sir!' floating down the hatchway from the deck above, and presently saw the welcome gleam of a lantern along the alley-way. I was somewhat ashamed of my trepidation when the light arrived; and proceeded to remove the

pile of coats and trousers, seeking for the 'varmint' with a boldness which was not mine a few moments before. And there, on the floor, which glistened with its beaten-off scales, we found—a *flying-fish*, as big as an ordinary mackerel, which had sailed in at the open port as the ship rolled to leeward, and had danced itself to death on the boards! Its entrance must have been a pure accident, though not a very uncommon one in these latitudes. The fish seems to have little power of directing its flight in the air, and the aperture of the scuttle no doubt came in its straight line of course. I need hardly say I did not mention anything of my late ophidian hypothesis to the quartermaster, but presented him with the subject of it. Probably it was cooked and eaten as soup as he came off watch, for the flying-fish is one of the most delicious of the denizens of ocean.

Flying-fish are certainly preferable to venomous serpents in one's cabin, even were the latter entangled with hooks in their stomachs; but the finny intruder can make himself disagreeable too, at times. I remember an old Frenchman rushing on deck one night with his face and breast streaming with blood, roaring out that the Enemy of mankind was below; when it was found that the 'enemy' on this occasion was a large flying-fish, which had flown against him and scratched him severely with its enormous fin-wings.

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

RESPECT for relics of the past, and a desire to preserve those landmarks of time which speak of a period when no books were written and no histories compiled, are feelings which denote an advanced state of civilisation. We have learned Societies which take perhaps more interest in prehistoric man and his cave-dwellings than they do in their fellow-beings of this present time. We have Archæologists who can tell us all about the pile-dwellings the remains of which are found in Swiss lakes and in many other parts of the world; and we have others who will discourse to us concerning the three Ages of man as represented by the Stone, Bronze, and Iron implements which he has left behind him. The interest which centres around the buried cities of the world is naturally of a wider nature, for there are records which give us an insight into the lives of those who peopled such cities. The ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii have an unusual interest attached to them from their terrible end. But other ruined cities have in them plenty to arouse the curiosity and to interest the attention of the antiquary. Of these places, a foremost position must be given to the ruins of Ephesus, which, from its scriptural associations, must plead recognition from all. But the ruins of Ephesus have not been taken care of; we learn that the city is a mass of ruined columns, fragments of arches, broken sarcophagi, and that it is covered with debris. The Temple of Diana, supposed to have been the most magnificent in the world,

has now little to distinguish it from the rubbish surrounding it, although a piece of marble here and there gives, from its exquisite tracery, an idea of former splendour. The Ephesus Exploration Committee are appealing to the public for funds to carry on their work, and it is to be hoped that they will be instrumental in preserving the ruined city from further dilapidation.

Funds are also sought to aid the Society of Antiquaries in excavating what are considered to be among the most remarkable relics of the Roman occupation of Britain. The famous hot springs of Bath afford plenty of evidence that the Romans appreciated their good qualities, for they took the trouble to build round them a massive wall, cased on the inside with lead. Excavations beneath the pump-room have revealed the existence of an old bath eighty-one feet in length by thirty-eight in width, floored with blocks of masonry, and retaining its old lining of lead. There are indications that these Roman baths occupied a large area, the greater portion of which still remains buried beneath more modern buildings.

Mr Carl Bock, the Swedish traveller, whose explorations in Borneo have been brought before the public in book-form, has recently returned from an adventurous trip into Siam, and has visited many districts where no European has previously penetrated. In spite of the cordial protection offered by the king, and His Majesty's command that Mr Bock should carry the royal standard of Siam, the white-elephant flag, the traveller met with great opposition in various parts of the country. The inhabitants were not impressed with a sight of the white-elephant flag, perhaps because they had no idea of the importance attached to such a national emblem. Unfortunately, they showed their dislike to Mr Bock's progress by destroying a large portion of the natural-history collection which he had accumulated.

A St Louis newspaper furnishes some interesting facts in connection with alligator-catching and killing, occupations which give employment to a large number of persons in the south of the United States. The mode of catching the creature is as follows: The young ones are first secured as they play about the hole where the parent is lying. A noose is then so arranged that immediately the animal emerges from its lurking-place, its head is thrust within it. Another noose is then secured to the tail; and the animal is strapped down to a board, and is towed away behind a boat in which her young ones are placed. The hide of a large alligator is worth between one and two dollars, and can be transformed into splendid leather. Besides this, the alligator is valued for the oil which it affords, which, although of an unpleasant odour, is considered a good remedy for rheumatism.

The Report of the department of Agriculture of Manitoba will remove the impression which, for some unascertained reason, has gained currency—that little or no fruit could be raised there. The list of fruits indigenous to Manitoba and the North-west Territory given in this Report is by no means a scanty one. Plums, grapes, cherries, currants; all kinds of berries,

from raspberries and strawberries to the more humble blackberry, flourish here in profusion. The Report also removes another fallacy—namely, that the crab-apple must be the only representative of its class which can flourish in Manitoba. It is pleaded that the same idea was once urged with regard to other States which are now exporting their thousands of barrels of splendid apples to foreign markets.

We have more than once referred to the systems of drying hay, which, according to many reports, have been so successful, but which, according to the judges at the last show of the Agricultural Society, were not thought worthy of the prize offered for the best method. Another mode of storing food for stock is now arousing the interest of farmers; and it offers, both in cheapness and simplicity, no obstacle to a trial of its merits. That these merits are great, seems unquestionable, from reports which have reached this country from the continent and from the United States. The system in question is known as *Ensilage*, and consists in storing green fodder in a specially constructed air-tight pit called a *Silo*. This pit can be of any convenient size, and the best material for its walls is concrete. The materials with which it is stored may consist of every kind of green food used for cattle, excepting roots. These are usually cut into short lengths by a machine, and are then thrown into the pit. The vegetable mass is then covered with planks, and weighted with barrels of sand until its bulk is reduced about two-thirds. A certain amount of fermentation is naturally set up; but it does not appear to affect the flavour of the stored food, which cattle eat greedily. Even in the wettest weather, the fodder can be so stored without risk of failure, if the operation be properly conducted. The *silo* is opened periodically, when the food is cut away in sections, just as a truss of hay is cut from a stack; but if necessary, the opening can be postponed to an indefinite period, as the fodder keeps as well as if it were sealed down in an air-tight tin can. We cannot meanwhile devote space to enumerate the advantages which are claimed for this new departure in agriculture, but intend recurring to the subject in an early number.

Miss Ormerod's lecture, given at the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester, on 'The Effects of Weather on Insect Life,' contained some interesting observations relating to hibernation. The lecturer pointed out that this phenomenon was a distinct condition from the mere effect of cold, and assumed a constitutional influence, under which, at a certain season, insects instinctively prepared a shelter for themselves. This shelter was specially selected under leaves or stones; and in some cases they prepared a cell to protect their bodies, while they passed into a motionless state, with functions decreasing in power with increase of cold. Though frozen so hard that they could be broken across like dried sticks, many kinds of caterpillars were not injured by the cold so long as they were protected in the shelters which they had selected or made for themselves. The remedy for getting rid of such pests was for farmers to cultivate their land in the autumn, so as to throw out and expose the creatures to the frost, thaw, and wet which followed. The egg-laying places—rank grasses and weeds—should be destroyed;

and it should also be remembered that liming and the use of chemical manures are important factors in diminishing the number of insect pests.

More than forty years ago, there was a strange craft which appeared upon the waters of the Neva. It was contrived by a Russian Professor named Jacobi, and was worked by electricity. Since that time, we have made great strides in electrical science, and the batteries which Jacobi used, with their zinc plates and corrosive acids, have been supplanted by dynamo-machines turned by steam-power. The modifications of Planté's secondary batteries, which have recently made such a stir in the world, have opened up new employments for electricity, and the latest which has been recorded is once more represented by a battery-driven boat. This electric launch was recently tried on the Thames with satisfactory results. It measures twenty-six feet in length, and draws about two feet of water. It has neither fire, boiler, nor chimney; indeed, it is without any visible means of propulsion. But stowed away under flooring and seats are forty-five boxes, containing secondary batteries, which, before starting on its trial trip, were charged by a dynamo-machine on shore. It was calculated that the power stored was equal to that of four horses, and would last for six hours. From the electrician's point of view, the boat is a great success. But in order to find out whether it can compete with steam, we must learn its cost of construction, particulars of wear and tear, cost of power expended in charging the batteries, &c. Of late years, we have learned what electricity can do in the way of storage, in transmission of power, and in giving us light. To successfully compete with existing systems, it must be equally cheap.

One more recent electrical application is deserving of notice, from its useful and practical character. This is a contrivance for stopping a steam-engine by the mere pressure of a button, which button may be at a point at any distance from the engine itself; or there may be numerous buttons at different points, the pressure on any one of which will stop the engine. We need not enter into the details of the contrivance, beyond saying that an electro-magnet acts instantaneously upon the stop-valve of the engine. Its use in large cotton or woollen mills—to which it has recently been applied by the inventor, Mr Tate—is obvious, when we remember how easily some accident may arise, when it may be necessary to stop the works without a moment's delay. Another projected use for it is on board ship, so that in case of impending collision, the captain can himself turn off the steam, without losing time by signalling in the usual way to the engineer in charge. The apparatus is manufactured by Duncan Brothers, 32 Queen Victoria Street, London.

The phrase 'Recommended by the faculty,' has been long a favourite one with clever advertisers, who know well that the majority of persons look upon doctors as magicians and their drugs as infallible. Indeed, the superstition natural to man may be said to show itself principally in the modern belief in drugs; hence the success of any patent medicine which is sufficiently well advertised. But beyond ordinary drugs, there are a number of well-known remedies for various

complaints, which, under the care of garrulous old nurses and others, have been handed down from generation to generation, and frequently employed; but which are neither recognised nor recommended by the faculty. An instance in point is afforded by a means of dressing wounds which has been successfully practised by Dr Neuberg. Two years ago, a labourer presented himself who had sustained, some days previously, a compound fracture of both bones of the forearm. A comrade at the time of the accident had surrounded the limb with a thick paste of peat-mould. Dr Neuberg, on examining the wound, found that it was healing beautifully and without suppuration. The limb was then better fixed, redressed, and the man made a good recovery. The doctor was then led to investigate the properties of this peat-mould, which doubtless had had so much to do with the patient's rapid recovery. He found it to be, as is well known of it in peaty districts, a powerful antiseptic, and to take up nine times its own weight of water. Its soft nature allows it to be placed in bags in required positions on the body, and it has the further advantage of being cheap. This peat-mould, the virtues of which have thus been transmitted to us by a labouring-man, is likely to prove a most useful agent in dressing wounds.

At the Paris Academy lately, some curious and interesting notes relative to sulphur-fumes as a preventive of malaria were read by M. d'Abbadie. He stated that some elephant-hunters from plateaux with comparatively cool climate can go into the hottest and most deleterious Ethiopian regions without being attacked by fever, and that they attribute their safety to the daily practice of fumigating their naked bodies with sulphur. He also quoted cases where sulphur-mines were free from disease, whilst the inhabitants of villages near at hand were constantly attacked by fever. It has always appeared to us that sulphur as a curative agent has been too much neglected in our own country.

The approach of the burglar season has been as usual ushered in by many suggestions for the protection of nervous householders. Among recent contrivances for confounding the schemes of housebreakers, a lamp has been invented which acts as a kind of danger-signal to the police. It is connected with a battery and wires to any doors or windows which need protection, and so long as such apertures are shut, the lamp burns with a white light; but directly an attempt is made to force an entrance, a red-glass disc falls before the lamp, and tells the passing policeman that there is something wrong. Our own opinion is that a good loud-tongued electric bell would be far more serviceable. A burglar who found that by his act of forcing a window he had set up an alarm which would wake the entire household, would most certainly make good his retreat without delay. The old-fashioned plan of fixing a common bell into the shutter-bar is by no means to be despised.

At the Sanitary Exhibition at Newcastle, the Richardson gold medal for 'an exhibit of pre-eminent merit' has been awarded to Siemens's regenerative gas-burner. This burner, by complete combustion, is said to save fifty per cent.

of gas, while at the same time it does not vitiate the air of the place in which it is used. At the same Exhibition, some very successful smoke-consuming stoves were shown, which have been adopted in some lead-works at Newcastle, solely for the good of the town; for where manufacturers only pay about three shillings per ton for their fuel, there is little need to employ such contrivances solely on the score of economy.

It is a curious slur on our boasted civilisation in this nineteenth century, that old and well-worn superstitions should crop up from time to time, and should receive a vast amount of credence from persons whose minds are not supposed to be unhinged. Ghosts, spiritual manifestations of the Brothers Davenport type, second-sight, and even witchcraft, occasionally show a vitality which is extraordinary. The divining-rod is the last exhumation of this character. Legendary lore as to the efficacy of a twig, balanced between the fingers of certain gifted persons, is common to the traditions of every country. The twig, or divining-rod, is supposed to point out by its movements the exact place of buried treasure, the place to bore for water, the occurrence of mineral lodes, and it will also help in pointing out the whereabouts of a murderer or other felon! A certain Madame Caillavah is said to have this gift of 'working the twig,' as it is vulgarly called; and it is reported that under the auspices of the French government, she is about to try her powers above the pavement of St Denis, in search of buried treasure. If the report be true—and we must assume that it is so from an article in the *Times*, and the curious correspondence which it has called forth—we can only say that the enterprise is not altogether creditable, and we may probably look for an ending to it which will be quite as disastrous if not so amusing as that which happened to Dousterswivel in the *Antiquary*.

The island of Cyprus has the unenviable possession of a description of locust found nowhere else. Its vast numbers raise it to the position of a plague, which, like that of old Egypt, would eat up every green thing in the land, if measures were not taken for its destruction. The government reward of what would be in our currency one halfpenny a pound for locust-eggs, which was trebled as the eggs became scarcer, resulted in the collection of nearly fourteen hundred tons in seven months. The payment of these rewards, together with the expense of constructing traps and screens to intercept the insect army, cost altogether more than one-fifth the total revenue of the island.

Some months ago, we referred to a new method of blasting coal by the heat and expansion caused by wetting cartridges of compressed lime. The system was then merely in its experimental stage; but having now been tried with the greatest success in various collieries all over the country, it may be looked upon as an accepted improvement in coal-working. Its first and most obvious advantage is its absence of flame; but other benefits accrue from its adoption. While the usual mode of blasting with gunpowder or dynamite breaks up the coal into small pieces, the gradual action of the new agent pulls it down in huge blocks. Large coal is, roughly speaking, nearly double the value of small. It is better for the consumer, for the carrier, and particularly for the miner, for

he is paid in many places according to the quantity of large coal which he gets. Ten thousand tons of gunpowder and dynamite are consumed annually in the British collieries. We can now look forward to the time when those dangerous agents will be replaced by the mountain limestone, which can be had in plenty all over the country.

We have lately seen models of the Hallidic Cable Tramway system, by which hilly streets can be mounted as easily as level roads. Highgate Hill, at the foot of which the existing tramways come to a discreet stop, is the first London road upon which the tramway is to be tried; but it has already won favourable opinions and large dividends in San Francisco and Chicago. A travelling wire-rope one inch in diameter, worked by a stationary engine, moves in a groove beneath the roadway. Projecting below the tramcar is a clutch, which, by turning a handle, grips the moving rope, and the car is tugged up hill by the distant engine. The system is worthy of attention, if only for the sake of the poor horses which are urged to drag up hill, burdens that are almost beyond their strength on level ground.

TWO CORBIES.

In a cliff not half a mile from my early northern home, a pair of ravens every summer built their nest. They had been there no one knew how long. The nest was about midway between the top of the cliff and the sea at its base, being placed within a small cave on the face of the precipice, where it was safe from all invaders. The young ones were insatiable; and as their parents liked to see them well fed, it occasionally happened that a hen or duck might be found amissing from the farmyard.

In the same cliff, but nearer the water, and just over the mouth of a cave, a cormorant—or shag, as we call the bird—built her nest on an open shelf, so that we could see the eggs from the top of the cliff. The male raven had seen them too, and resolved to transfer the eggs to his nest. But this did not prove to be so easy as it had looked; for the shag, with her long neck and hooked bill, defended her property to the last. The raven did not like to come to close-quarters with her, but sought to gain the eggs by art and perseverance. He would alight on one end of the shelf, and sidle up to the shag as near as he dared, picking at the outside material of her nest, and thus provoking her to make a dive at him, so as to draw her off the eggs. That gained, he would spring to the other side of the nest to seize an egg. But the shag would wheel round and meet him with open mouth, sometimes ruffling a feather out of him. This went on now and then for several days, till one day the shag got a firm hold of him, and both tumbled over plump into the sea. Unfortunately, the shag lost her hold as they fell into the water, or perhaps she had to let go; and the raven getting on her back, was soon on the wing. The shag by-and-by got up also; but ere she could reach her nest, the raven, drenched as he was, had removed the eggs, not to his nest, but to a short distance, from which he could carry them away at his leisure.

The poor shag had no avenger, and there the matter seemed to terminate. But one night shortly after, a thunder-storm came on from the direction of the sea in front of the cliff. The rain was heavy, and the thunder loud; and next morning the 'corbies' nest with their family had been washed away. I saw the bereaved parents sitting on the top of the cliff, each a picture of desolation, especially the mother-bird.

After a day or two, we began to hear of sheep being destroyed by some strange agency, and then we were told that it was the work of the 'corbies.' This did not seem credible; but more than one person could testify to having seen the birds at the work. One morning, a choice sheep of mine was found destroyed; and I started at once with a gun to shoot the destroyers. But they knew what the weapon meant; and for eight days, early and late, my efforts were unavailing. At last I killed a raven, though whether one of the destructive birds I could not be certain; but from that day, the sheep were safe, and the birds never again seen.

During nine days, these two ravens killed no fewer than thirty strong full-grown sheep. Their mode of action was discovered to be as follows: The mother-bird would fly on to the sheep's face, fixing her claws below the eyes, and seizing the top of the head with her bill, would flap with her wings and scream frightfully. Her mate, ever near, would, when the sheep was so fixed, get on her back and dig a hole through to the kidneys. The sheep, distracted and blinded, would sometimes run over the cliff, sometimes into a ditch, and sometimes fall down exhausted. In no case were the ravens known to leave their victim until life was extinct, snapping the windpipe to that end, when other means failed; and in no case were they known to feed on the sheep's carcass. The loss of their young ones seemed to have excited them to madness, and the sheep seemed to be the only living thing on which they could vent their rage. Had demoniacal possession been a present-day affliction, I should have regarded these ravens as a case in point.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

PORPOISE LACES.

WE have received, says *The Boot and Shoe Trades Journal*, so many requests for enlightenment on this class of goods, that we believe the following result of independent investigation into the matter will be welcomed by most of our readers. It may perhaps cause surprise to some to learn that there is not, and never has been, such a thing as a real porpoise lace; that is to say, a lace cut from the animal so well known on our coasts as the porpoise. The skin of this creature has been found to be perfectly useless when tanned and dressed; but notwithstanding this, the name has obtained universal currency ever since these goods were first introduced into the English market. It is from the skin of the Beluga, or white whale, caught in the northern seas, that what are commercially known as genuine porpoise laces are cut, and,

so far as we know, they cannot, when properly prepared, be surpassed for wear and strength. The imitations are, however, so various, and manufactured so closely to resemble the 'real' article, that they may well deceive every one but an expert in the trade. The majority of these imitations are, we are told, made from calf-skin—both English and French, although some, especially the cheaper kinds, are cut from buffalo hide, kips, &c.

In order to get a good imitation of the smooth surface of the porpoise, the grain of the calf-skin is carefully removed, or split, during the process of dressing, after which a finish of black with a good surface completes the process, when they are ready to be cut up for 'real' porpoise laces. In order, however, that these deceptions may be detected, our contemporary gives various tests, by observing which the purchaser need not be led astray. The chief of these tests are—(1) The genuine article (Beluga laces) is smooth on both sides; while the imitation is rather rough on the flesh side. By taking a lace between the finger and thumb of each hand, about one inch apart, and 'wrinkling' up the grain side, the grain of the calf or other skin will readily be seen, if the lace is an imitation. (2) The substance of a real lace is usually even from end to end; while the imitations are often lumpy or uneven, and one end is nearly always thicker than the other. (3) The real lace is always cut narrow, so as to reduce the cost; while the imitations are generally cut wide, so as to obtain strength. A wide 'porpoise' lace must always, therefore, be regarded with suspicion. (4) There is usually a difficulty in obtaining the imitation laces in the longest lengths, say fifty-four or sixty inches, because the parts of a calf-skin which may be used for this purpose do not usually run that length. (5) One other infallible test is, that the real lace is much more elastic than the imitation.

On the whole, it is suggested as a safer plan to purchase the laces in the 'russet,' as in that state the chances of deception are reduced to a minimum, very ordinary judgment sufficing to distinguish the real from the imitation before they have had the 'blackening' process applied to them.

THE MOONS OF MARS—A STRIKING COINCIDENCE.

The following likeness between scientific results as stated by a practical astronomer, and a happy guess as thrown out long before by a satirical author, may be regarded as a matter of more than merely literary curiosity. In the work of Mr Proctor, entitled, *Flowers of the Sky*, there occurs the following passage with respect to the planet Mars and its moons: 'Astronomers have long examined the neighbourhood of Mars with very powerful telescopes in the hope of discovering Martian moons. But the hope had so thoroughly been abandoned for many years, that the planet had come to be known as "moonless Mars." The construction, however, of a fine telescope which has been mounted at Washington, with an object-glass twenty-six inches in diameter, caused at least American astronomers to hope that after all a Martian moon or two might be discovered. Taking advantage of the exceptionally favourable opportunity presented during the planet's close approach to our earth in the autumn of 1877,

Professor Asaph Hall, of the Washington Observatory, paid special attention to the search for Martian moons. At last, on August 16, 1877, he detected, close by the planet, a faint point of light, which he was unable to examine further at the time—to see if it behaved as a satellite, or as one of the fixed stars. But on the 18th he saw it again, and determined its nature. He also saw another still fainter point of light closer to the planet; and subsequent observations showed that this object also was a satellite. During the next few weeks, both the moons were observed as closely as possible, in fact, whenever weather permitted; and the result is, that we now know the true nature of their paths. The distance of the outer satellite from Mars' centre is about fourteen thousand three hundred miles; from Mars' surface, about twelve thousand miles. The inner travels at a distance of about five thousand seven hundred and fifty miles from the centre, and about three thousand four hundred and fifty miles from the surface of Mars.'

Now read another extract from a book, namely, Dean Swift's *Voyage to Laputa in Gulliver's Travels*, published a century and a half before this discovery was made, and the similarity between the number of the satellites and their distance in the satirical and the scientific treatises is certainly very striking. 'They [the Lilliputians] have likewise,' says Swift, 'discovered two lesser stars, or satellites, which revolve about Mars, whereof the innermost is distant from the centre of the primary planet exactly three of his diameters, and the outermost five; the former revolves in the space of ten hours, and the latter in twenty-one and a half; so that the squares of their periodical times are very near in the same proportion with the cubes of their distance from the centre of Mars; which evidently shows them to be governed by the same law of gravitation that influences the other heavenly bodies.'

THE DIRGE OF THE LEAVES.

DEAD or dying,
Our funeral song the winds are sighing !
Dying or dead,
The rain-sodden earth is our chilly bed !
When summer days were long,
The warm air quivered and thrilled with song ;
In full green life we waved to the wind,
Now withered and red we are left behind.
All dying or dead,
Our farewell is said,
And we flutter to earth and rot into mould,
Or pave the dark glades with fretwork of gold.
Our death is but change ;
Through paths new and strange,
The force that is in us works on to its goal :
For in us, as in all things, moveth a soul
Which dies not, but lives,
And ceaselessly gives
The life-breath of being to that which was dead,
Till the violet springs where the leaves were shed.

J. H. M.

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OXFORD REMINISCENCES.

VACATION.

IN St Martin's, term always ends on a Saturday. A few men may get permission to 'go down' on Friday evening; but it is on Saturday that the college is properly said to 'go down.' There is no public gathering of the tutors and students. Each student goes privately to his tutors and to the Dean; makes with them arrangements about the 'reading' to be done in the vacation; says good-bye; and goes off when and how he likes, provided he go on that day. Unless he have particular permission, he cannot remain in college or in Oxford even for one night. His name has been taken off the 'kitchen list; and after that, he can neither have anything from the kitchen or buttery, nor can he dine in 'hall.' He says good-bye to his friends; pays his 'scouts;' tips the porters, the messenger, and the boot-cleaner; and goes off in a cab with sensations of his own.

Usually about a dozen men, each by special permission given, remain 'up' in college till Monday. But it is vacation. There are no chapels. The college bells do not ring. In term, there is an early bell at seven o'clock, another at half-past seven, and the chapel bell at eight. These are henceforth silent till term begin again. After Monday, two or three men may still linger in college, each with his own reason for being there; and they disappear one knows not when.

At the end of the October and summer terms there are 'schools,' that is, university examinations. Men in for 'schools,' of course remain in residence so long as they need. Sometimes one solitary man is thus left, with the college all to himself. But that is not often the case. At the end of the Lent term, there are none but private college examinations; and these are held in the last week of term.

The great university examinations come in the summer term. Men who are 'in' for any of these, sometimes think it better to remain in

residence during the whole of the Easter vacation, to read in unbroken quiet; and for this, permission is readily given by the tutors. Such was my own case.

About a dozen men dined in 'hall' on Sunday; on Monday, about half-a-dozen. On Tuesday, we received a message from the cook that dinner would be laid that evening and throughout the vacation at seven o'clock, as usual—in the lower lecture-room in the Fellows' 'quad.' When we came there, we found ourselves to be four only—all staying up to read. I had not made the acquaintance of any one of the other three before this; they were all 'senior' to myself. But thrown together in this way, we had at once a necessary supposed acquaintance. We four undergraduates, we and the college porter at the lodge, had St Martin's all to ourselves. Kaimes of Aberdeen was the most 'senior' man; he lived in the New Buildings. Graves and Cole both lived in the front quadrangle. I lived in the back quadrangle, where the library is, and under the library at the foot of the chapel tower. If any of the 'dons' were in residence that vacation, I know not; I saw no sight of one.

The quiet of the place became profound. All day long no foot broke the silence except at breakfast and lunch times, when the 'scout' came in, and was gone again. In the city, like change had come. During the first few days, an unmistakable cab might be seen taking some loiterer with his luggage away to the railway station. But the High was deserted. It was a new sensation. In the morning, no bells rang from chapel towers. The city clocks were like police in the deserted days, and were heard now over half the town. I awoke each morning with feelings such as a schoolboy has when he awakes at home on the first mornings of the holidays. The accustomed sounds were absent. It was not as if you were at home in the country, but as if you were in the solitude of a lonely moated grange in the silent mediæval time.

The weather of that spring-time was very pleasant. The days were bright; or they were

clouded only with an even unmoving fleece of cloud; and the air was mild and sweet. St Martin's is by the meadows. Beyond the green expanse of grass are the elms of Christ Church; and beyond the elms are the Christ Church meadows. Through the trees and across the meadows, you can in the sunlight catch the gleam of the river. There were at that time in Christ Church elms many wood-pigeons. There were rooks also about there; and jackdaws in our chapel tower. From the elms, the sweet voices of the doves came across to St Martin's. The quiet and the sweetness of the place had an influence on us. There was a drowsiness over the world. The inhabitants who toiled had departed; and the place was enjoying its Sabbath. Even the scouts, who are quite unsentimental persons, yielded to that power. It was a Sleepy Hollow; and they were its new Rip Van Winkles. They came late in the morning, went about their work leisurely, and were gone again. The morning sun lit up the tower, and crept down the western side of the quadrangle while the other sides lay in cool shadow. My rooms were on the ground-floor, under the library. One window looked out into the quadrangle. Its stone window-sill is worn by the feet of men who have lived there, and for idleness were used to come in and go out by the window. The back windows and the window of my bedroom looked into the chapel close, where there is smooth-shaven grass under shrubs and young trees. Beyond the close is the ivied wall of the college of St Botolph.

The sunlight came in through the window with the footworn sill, and lit up with a morning light the breakfast-table, always laid when I chose to come to it. But it came not so welcome there; for in his room at breakfast, the coffee-drinking student cared more for the brightness of firelight and an artificial cheerfulness. I sat down to my coffee always with a relish for it; and in St Martin's kitchen they know, or at least knew at that time how to make good coffee. We were the lotus-eaters of the cloister. We seemed to be giving

Our minds and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy:
To muse and dream and live again in memory
With the old faces of our infancy.

At breakfast-time, the college porter came in with the letters, if there were any—though that was not often. He was respectful, monosyllabic. As he came and went on the flags, under the long arched corridors, his steps echoed remotely; and this echoing made the corridors seem longer than they actually were. When he went back, one could not but follow his echoing steps till they died away behind the chapel. When I was breakfasting leisurely, as was usual with me, one sunny morning, I heard steps, and thought it to be the porter's. It proved to be Kaimes, coming through the other corridor at the other end of the library. He came in. He was smoking. With the slight apology that one as briefly waves down, he continued to smoke, and lay down on my sofa. With one leg high in air, and over the knee of the other, he gazed at the ceiling through the little blue smoke-wreath.

'It's a strange place this—in vacation,' he began, after smoking a while in silence.

I assented.

'Do you know,' said he, 'I begin to find it awfully hard to get any reading done.'

'I quite believe you,' was my response.

He was gazing dreamily at the ceiling; and after a time, said in soliloquy: 'Very strange!' So he smoked on, and finished his pipe; and went out and across the quadrangle to his own rooms. Half an hour afterwards I saw him cross my quadrangle in his boating flannels. He called out to me that he was going down the river to Abingdon to-day; he couldn't read.

Each morning I took down my books and read as became me. There was nothing to disturb me. And so the morning passed away. Robert, my scout, came in at one o'clock with my lunch. I put away my books; the morning was over.

In college, the men always have breakfast and lunch in their own rooms. They all dine together in the evening. After lunch, I obeyed my mood. To obey my mood was oftenest to obey my habit, and go off to the upper river. The 'upper river' is that part of the Isis above the city. From St Martin's to the barges on the upper river is a walk of two miles. One hires a boat at the barges. From the barges to Godstow is a row of two miles up the river. On the eastern side is the wide level Port Meadow; on the western side, moist fields shaded by elms, and here and there by the water-courses, by pollard willows; and beyond, the wooded hills of Wytham in Berkshire.

The meadows and banks were already green again; and the trees had a powdering of new foliage. The cuckoo had come. The water had lost its harsh winter colour, and had again the light and gleam of the coming summer.

Godstow Inn, the landing-place of all who ply on the Isis, was deserted. I had the place all my own. I loitered about the landing-place; turned into the idle inn, and tasted the ale in melancholy silence. I wandered across the meadows to Wytham Mill; leaned there on the footbridge day after day, or went round by Wytham village. There were nightingales in the woods of Wytham Hall; but I heard none. The cuckoo I heard always. There was no ill omen for me; for I sought no success in love, and could have no failure. And so, breathing the air of that old-world place, I came back by Godstow Priory, from which the life and glory had departed three centuries gone. I untied my boat, and floated down the river homewards. The west was red; the trees were motionless on the banks; and in the underworld as reflected in the stream the trees also were motionless and the clouds red.

They were indeed halcyon days; not joyous—and yet there was joy; not popular, as the days that come after in the golden summer term; heavenly, for they had for me intimations of a world on the borders of which I became more conscious of living. How quietly alone did I walk home over the smooth meadow to the town. On the meadow, the town boys were already, with insufficient last year's bats, playing irregular cricket. To-day was as yesterday; and to-morrow will become as to-day. Those yesterdays and to-days are all over long ago.

We dined at seven o'clock, in a lecture-room in the dons' quadrangle. Kaimes being the senior man, had an arm-chair at the head of the table.

We had been exiled from 'hall' to dine here—from the hall, with its high open roof of oak, with its wainscot of oak, all round which were the armorial bearings of founders and benefactors, with its portraits of the founder and of the mightiest of the alumni, with its ancient hearth, the dogs of brass, and the mighty embers. We had been exiled from the long oaken tables, from underneath which looked out of the carved oak, heads of mediæval spirits. We had been driven from the lectern at which the junior scholars pronounce the Latin grace—the lectern was a grace in itself. We were in exile, eating our dinner in a lecture-room, at the tutor's writing-table. The lecture-room was felt to be a grievance. In the background was a dreary array of students' examination desks and cane-bottomed chairs, all covered with dust. Through the windows we had an outlook across a little grass plot at blank walls where the kitchens are. But they still sent us the ale in silver pint-pots. We were spared the indignity of drinking college ale from tumblers. Mighty is the ale of St Martin's College in Oxford. Reader, thou hast not quaffed a mightier liquor of malt. It can be drunk from silver pots alone.

We dined leisurely. Kaimes was not a man of much conversation; but Cole always had plenty to say. Graves seldom dined with us. He was seldom seen by any one. So the evening darkened in the low-ceiled lecture-room. How much more touching had it been in the gloom and grandeur of the Gothic hall. But it was the same gloom of evening; it made us quiet, perhaps sad. We rose together, and each one went off to his own rooms. They were shadowy enough—lighted only by the red firelight. The scout set the kettle on the fire, set the tea-things on the table, and withdrew for the night. I made tea, and sipped it in the firelight. There was no sound, no voice, only the college clock telling the quarter-hours. Once or twice the bells of Magdalen rang peals, faintly heard down in our dark solitude. Once or twice 'the merry Christ Church bells' chimed their 'one, two, three, four.' Thus was each evening spent—till the time came that I cared to light my lamp and begin to read.

I usually read on till two or three in the morning. Often I did not hear the clocks strike at all. Sometimes, in a pause, I heard the clocks strike twelve. Then, in a pause again, I could hear them strike the hour of two or of three; at which I went off to bed. There was a ghost in the library, they said. I thought of it. But my heart was too sophisticated perhaps to fear or to hear its mysterious tread. One did not always light one's lamp to read for the 'schools.' *Non scholæ sed vitæ.* But it was not for life either. It was sometimes to read in the poets' sweet pages—to read slowly over again the dear familiar poems.

Thus I followed with the inward eye the images of things one after another, till the moving time stood still, and I was left

Sole sitting by the shores of old romance.

There were moods too, in which one must write something—'prose or worse;' letters that were eventually not sent to the post—letters also that were not meant to be sent. And so one left

them unfinished, left the problems unsolved, hopes unrealised—though one felt little of it then. In the early morning, the sun came in through the window with its footworn sill of stone. The student lay thereby asleep—in dreams. The sun looked on the unfinished works of the man! Gentlest of critics! Where in all the world shall be found another so gentle, and yet so truthfully severe withal?

The last week of the vacation came at length. Then entered the men-mechanical bearing the signs of their profession—carpet-beaters, chimney-sweeps, glaziers, cabinet-makers. The scouts were about in college all day long. Our solitude was invaded. No council of war was held by the four inhabitants, but each one independently evacuated the place. I turned out after breakfast, and wandered to Ifley, or to Shotover, or into 'New' or 'John's' gardens—there to read a novel.

I always came back by the High. There too was a beginning of activity. One saw again unmistakable cabs with the first arrivals—harbingers of the coming term. They were men of other colleges, and unknown to me, yet to whom I was bound by a something that gave me involuntary pleasure. There came the anticipation of meeting one's friends, of experiencing again the pleasure of society, and the pleasure of the activity of the golden summer term.

We went to sleep on Friday night. We had read the last page of that chapter of our lives, and turned over the leaf. The Vacation was ended.

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

CHAPTER XLVII.—'MISTER,' SAID HIRAM GRAVELY, 'YOU PAID ME LONG AGO. YOU ENLISTED ME WITH THIS HALF-SOVEREIGN.'

IN an hour's time or thereabouts, Mr Search arrived in a frock-coat, tightly buttoned, a slim tall hat, and very accurately fitting boots and gloves. His solemnity and dignity were tremendous. The solemnity remained until he took his leave—the dignity vanished when he crossed the threshold and had once shaken the hostess's hand, and nothing remained of it but that serious cordialness and beautiful sincerity which mark the good American.

In the course of the evening, Mr Search was somehow beguiled into a narration of certain of his experiences of the world and of men and manners. Little Mary sat and worshipped him; and the old lady was filled with wonder and admiration. It appeared that he had been pretty nearly everywhere and seen pretty nearly everything, to the limited experience of his listeners. Mrs Norton confessed him a remarkable man, and was known to say of him afterwards that he spoke English beautifully. It would seem that she regarded it as being a tongue originally foreign to him. Hiram left early, since he had a two miles' walk from the railway station, and reaching the hall, found his employer waiting for him.

'Search,' said Gerard, 'I want to speak to you.' Hiram stood quietly before him; but Gerard arose and began to pace the room with unequal steps. By-and-by he paused, and stood straight before Hiram and looked him in the face. 'I have it on my mind to say something very serious,' he said deliberately. 'It is not easy to do it. Hiram Search—shake hands.' Hiram shook hands, with his gaze fixed on Gerard's. 'You and I know from what you saved me. I can never pay you for it; I shall never want to feel that I have discharged the debt. But will you let me pay you in part?'

They still gripped hands, and looked at each other steadfastly.

'Mister,' said Hiram gravely, 'you paid me long ago. You enlisted me with this half-sovereign, touching it with the thumb and finger of his left hand as it hung from his watch-chain. 'It wa'n't the gift—it was the way of it. I shall take it kindly if you will never speak of that night again.'

'Will you let me try in part to thank you?'

'I'd rather it rested at this,' said Hiram. The grip he gave the hand he held at the last word, told Gerard all he meant.

'That can't be,' said Gerard. 'In the first place, we are not going to part, I hope, but you are out of my service from this hour.'

'No,' said Hiram.

'Yes,' insisted Gerard, with a husky laugh. 'I discharge you. And now, you true friend and honest man, will you do me the very greatest favour I can ask you? Will you go away and get married and be happy, as you deserve to be, and'—with a hurried shamefacedness which made the gift most moving and manly and gracious—'will you take this as a wedding present from a friend?' ('This' was a strip of paper addressed to a great banking-house in London.)

'Mister,' said Hiram coldly, 'this takes the shine off everything.'

'You can't refuse me,' said Gerard. 'You'll take it to please me. From a friend, Search—from a friend. And to a friend—the best I ever had. Good-night.' He shook Hiram hurriedly by the hand again and left him.

Hiram dug the slip of paper sulkily into his waistcoat pocket and stood for a moment immersed in unpleasing emotions. 'I think it's meaner,' he said at last, rousing himself, 'to refuse to take it, than it would have been not to offer it. I wish there was no such thing as money in the hull wide world. Freezes everything, it does.' But he ended by accepting the gift; and when the natural reluctance he had at first felt was over, he experienced a wonderful glow of pride and satisfaction in it. He packed his traps, and left Lumby Hall next day; but before he went, old Mr Lumby sent for him and bade him good-bye and shook hands with him. Hiram's bewilderment at this unexpected proceeding was not allowed to last.

'My son tells me, Mr Search,' the old man said with quavering dignity, 'that you and he have an unusual tie between you, and that you saved him from a great peril, by unusual courage and resolution. My son is very dear to me, Mr Search, and I am grateful to any man who has done him a service.'

Mrs Lumby thanked him also; and Milly gave him a hearty farewell. The women had some guess as to the nature of Hiram's service, though even they were miles away from comprehending the real value of it; but Gerard's father had no suspicion. The head-groom was a great chum of Hiram's, and pretended business in order to have the fun of a drive with him into Brierham. Their way led them by the road a hungry tramp had travelled once upon a time; and when they reached the brow of a certain little hill, Hiram got out and sat upon a certain stone there, and smoked in solemn silence for a time, and then walked on beside the dogcart to a gate where he paused again. He took the half-sovereign in his hand and looked at it, on the spot where it had first come into his possession; and then, with a heart full of quiet thanksgiving, he climbed back into the dogcart and left those scenes behind him.

Nothing less than a marriage by special license would content him; and he and Mary were married by special license accordingly. And when the ceremony was over, by way of wedding-tour what should the quaint creature do but buy a dogcart and a noble horse, and drive with his happy little wife along every foot of the ground he had wandered over on his way to London! He told her the whole story. He showed her the public-house where he had practised the art of chair-caning. He even went inside and sat upon one of the chairs his hands had caned, and drank a glass of ale so seated; and the landlord, not knowing him from Adam, was mightily obsequious to him. And I do not think there was ever a happier wedding-tour than that simple journey afforded. The September lanes were lovely all the way, and the wedded pair had splendid weather. They drove right into London, and Hiram drank a bottle of champagne with that official of the Omnibus Company who had engaged him and discharged him; and dined regally with his wife at the restaurant where he had served as waiter; and paid a pious pilgrimage to the house where he had first met Mary. Then after a month amid the gaieties of the Metropolis, he sold the horse and the dogcart and went down to Brierham; and on the outskirts of the little town he bought a cottage, and there lived in peace and plenty and homely contentment, not spending more than half his income. At this date, he is the father of a boy, whose name is Gerard, and whose godfather is no less a person than the master of Lumby Hall. Hiram himself is an ardent politician, and is counted a safe draw at any political meeting. He fought the last general election with great valour in behalf of a Radical candidate against Mr Valentine Strange, who secured the seat in spite of him. His invective against the policy of Lord Beaconsfield is said to have been remarkably vivid; and many of the leaders of the *Brierham Morning Star* at that stirring period were believed to have been inspired by him.

Good-bye, Hiram! Rugged, gentle, generous, brave, farewell! Ill as I have drawn you, you may stand as a type, which has been limned better many a time by abler hands, of the splendid manhood of the West—a manhood independent, valorous, and kindly; racy of the virtues of freedom; without fear and without reproach.

In following Hiram Search to say good-bye, I have run too fast forward, and have anticipated somewhat. Come back again for but a little while to scenes and people grown familiar.

LOWER PLANT-LIFE.

POTATO AND SALMON DISEASE.

THAT there exists a literal universe of living beings all unknown to the ordinary observer, has long been a fact familiar to those who work with the microscope. Not merely within the compass of a water-drop do they find varied forms of animal and plant life, but even preying upon low animals and plants, the zoologist and botanist discover still lower forms of life. Of late years, considerable advances have been made in our knowledge of these lower organisms, and the fields of lower plant-life are especially being investigated by busy workers, who are year by year contributing additional curious facts to our botanical store. It may form a suitable inquiry, by way of preface to a brief study of these organisms, to ask: 'What is a lower plant?' Popular conceptions of plant-life will hardly assist us here, because the vast range of lower plants lies outside ordinary ken. But we may fortunately find known plants to lead us to the lower deeps of vegetable existence, and to initiate us easily into some of the mysteries of life in its humbler grades.

Botanists are accustomed to divide the plant-world into two great divisions, one being that of the 'Flowering' plants, and the other that of the 'Flowerless' plants. The ordinary flowering plants, which are of higher nature than their flowerless neighbours, are exemplified by the common denizens of our woods, fields, and gardens. The buttercup, lily, wallflower, fuchsia, and pelargonium, are as natural examples of the first group as we could wish to see. The flowerless group is, however, just as familiar to us—at least in its ordinary representatives. Thus the fern, mushroom, moss, and seaweed, never produce the conspicuous flowers seen in common plants, and they illustrate accordingly the flowerless section of the vegetable kingdom. The absence of flowers is further discovered to be associated with a curious life-history. The development of a fern or mushroom, for example, is a very different process from the early growth of a lily or an oak-tree; and as the lower plants at large agree with the fern in the essential details of their development, it may be well to select that familiar plant as an illustration of lower plant-life in a phase intimately related to the subject of this paper. When the back of a fern frond or leaf is examined in the autumn-time, a large number of little brown bodies, called *sori*, are to be noticed. These *sori*, on careful examination by the aid of the microscope, are duly discovered to be each a collection of curious little cases or capsules which may be named 'spore-cases'; the latter, as they exist in a cluster on the back of the frond, being covered by a membrane to which the botanist gives the name of *indusium*. Each spore-case

is similar in structure to its neighbours. It usually consists of an oval, flattened body, around one edge of which runs a very prominent ring, which gives to the whole spore-case somewhat the appearance of a helmet. Inside the spore-case are contained the *spores*. In the early history of the spore-case, it was occupied by a single central cell; but this cell gave origin to others, so that when the case is ripe, it may contain some sixty-four or more spores, which float in a fluid that fills the case. Each spore simply consists of a little case containing a speck of living matter or 'protoplasm.' Under the microscope, no structure or texture is discoverable in the spore; yet, as in the undeveloped egg of the animal, the living matter of the spore contains potentially the substance of a new plant, and is adapted and intended by nature to reproduce, through development, the form of the parent-organism.

When the due season arrives, the spore-cases on the back of the fern-frond are uncovered by the shrivelling of the *indusium* or covering. Then each spore-case, on its own account, is fitted to discharge the spores it contains. The ring already noted as surrounding the case in part, now begins to contract—a result probably due to the drying of the case—and the case itself is thus burst open. The sudden action of bursting, causes the spores to become dispersed or scattered in all directions, and those which fall into damp earth at once commence their new existence. For now, the spores are seen to develop the energies which belong to the 'seeds' of other plants; although, as we shall observe, they differ widely in the results of their germination. When we plant the seed of a pea or bean, for example, the most natural of expectations leads us to hope that a pea or bean will grow up directly therefrom. And in the case of all ordinary plants this expectation is duly realised. Not so in the fern, however; for here, the spore which has found suitable surroundings in the moist earth, gives origin not to a young fern, but to a curious little leaf-like body, known to botanists as a *prothallus*. No trace of the fern is to be seen in the structure of this comparatively simple leaf which has sprung from the spore, and which seems in itself to represent the end of the spore's development.

To complete the cycle of development, and to return naturally to the fern-generation with which we started, requires the further study of the spore and its resulting *prothallus*. It may be meanwhile remarked that, as a rule, the number of spores produced by a single fern is very great. It has thus been calculated that in the male shield-fern (*Aspidium filix mas*), one frond bore ten thousand and sixty-two collections of spore-cases or *sori*, from which no fewer than one hundred millions of ripe spores would be produced. Assuming further, that an ordinary fern-plant would produce ten fronds or leaves, the total number of spores produced by the whole plant would be little short of one thousand millions.

We left the leaf-like *prothallus*, produced from the spore of the fern, springing from the damp earth into which the spore had fallen. The *prothallus* itself is the result of division of the cellular structure of the spore, and it finally

appears before us as a beautiful green leaf, heart-shaped in some fern species, but rounded in others. From its under surface, numerous root-hairs or rootlets arise, and these fix the prothallus in the soil, and likewise absorb nourishment. Now, it is among these root-hairs that certain structures of the highest importance in fern-history begin to be developed. The structures in question correspond in a measure to the *stamens* and *pistil*, or reproductive organs of higher plants. The bodies growing on the fern-prothallus are of two kinds. In one of them are produced numbers of curious little moving bodies, somewhat resembling animalcules; and in the others are produced certain cells, which apparently perform the part of 'seeds.' Thus sooner or later, the contents of the two bodies come together; contact of the little moving bodies of the one set of organs with the little cells of the other takes place. As a result, each cell develops into a little body, which soon begins to show a likeness to a young plant. The whole process which takes place in the prothallus too forcibly suggests the fertilisation of ordinary plants, to escape notice; and just as the young plant arises from the fertilised seed, so the young fern springs from the fertilised cell of the prothallus. Then the young root strikes downwards into the ground, whilst the first leaf of the new fern rises into the air, and the underground stem in its turn becomes developed. The outlines of the fern being thus completed, ordinary growth and multiplication of fronds will convert the young plant into the likeness of the adult, which will produce spore-cases and spores, and thus repeat once again this curious history.

As a rule, each prothallus gives origin to a single fern only, and for a time the prothallus will remain attached to the young fern, as if it was intended by nature to discharge towards the young plant the functions of a nurse; just as the 'seed-leaves' of a higher plant nourish their young. But what is of importance to note in the foregoing history, consists in our plainly recognising the fact that the fern has thus a double development. An 'alternation of generations,' as it is called, is clearly represented in its history. The ordinary fern produces a first 'generation,' consisting of the prothallus and its reproductive organs; and these in turn produce a second 'generation,' consisting of the fern itself. Something similar to this occurs amongst animals, as, for example, amongst the zoophytes, that grow in the likeness of plants, and incrust the oyster-shells. Here, from the fixed zoophyte a jelly-fish-bud is developed. This, like the fern-spore, produces 'eggs' or reproductive elements; and each of these eggs settling down, becomes a zoophyte, just as the cells of the fern-prothallus develop each into a fern-plant.

The history of a fern will be found to assist us in a marked degree in the comprehension of the life-histories of lower plants at large. For nearly all the flowerless plants develop in the fashion of the fern. In a moss, for example, a similar process occurs. As in the fern, the true reproductive bodies grow secondarily either on a thread-like body or on a prothallus. A mushroom, too, has an allied history to the fern. On the 'gills' of the mushroom we find the spores developed, and these give origin to new fungi

either directly or indirectly. The liverworts resemble the ferns in their development; and those well-known flowerless plants the 'horse-tails' or *equisetæ* agree with the ferns in having the young plant produced from a prothallus. In a typical seaweed—such as the common bladder-wrack (*Fucus vesiculosus*) of our coasts—the development resembles that of the fern in the production of a young plant through the union of the reproductive elements; there is, however, no prothallus or first generation. But we discover that amongst the flowerless plants very considerable variations in development may exist; the new and young plant being occasionally developed directly, and in other cases indirectly from the parent.

The habits of lower plant-life form of themselves a highly interesting topic. Many species of lower plants are parasitic, for example; and a very large proportion of the skin-diseases that affect man and animals—ringworm being included—are simply due to the habits of lower plants in selecting the skin-tissues for a habitation. The specific disease in each case is to be viewed simply as the result of the plant-growth. Commercially, the lower plants also become interesting when we reflect that a large number of plant-diseases are caused by the growth of these organisms on neighbour-plants, as well as on animals useful to man. Thus a fungus has more than once threatened the commercial prosperity of France, through causing disease in silkworms; and another fungus is the cause of salmon-disease; whilst potato-disease is also the result of lower plant-growth.

The potato-disease may afford a good illustration of those habits of lower plant-life which result in the development of disease in other plants. The *Peronospora infestans*, as the potato-fungus is named, forms as a delicate bloom on the surface of the potato-leaf. When the diseased leaf is examined by the microscope, the fungus itself is seen rising in the form of minute stalks, which protrude through the natural apertures that exist in the leaf. These stalks are jointed, and ultimately become branched, and they arise from a network of threads which lies deep down in the leaf-tissues, and which forms what has been called the 'fungus-turf' or *mycelium*. The ends of the stalks bear little swellings named *sporangia*, and these correspond in a measure, as in name, with the spore-cases of our fern. These spore-cases often fall off entire from the stalks; and occasionally one of these cases throws out a root, which is the beginning of a new plant, and which, finding its way into a potato-leaf, will produce there the characteristic fungus. But more usually, perhaps, the contents of the spore-case—which consist of living protoplasm—undergo a process of division, and when the case bursts, as in the fern, a multitude of little bodies escape. When these bodies gain access to water, they develop a couple of curious little tails, and by means of these tails they swim about as if they were actual animalcules—hence the name of *zoospores* applied to them by botanists. If now, one of these active spores finds its way into the leaf of a potato, it begins to germinate. A tube or root is thrown out from the spore, and this burrows into the leaf-substance. In due time, therefore, it will produce, by simple increase,

the 'fungus-turf' with its stalks issuing from the potato-leaf. When we know that each stalk of the fungus may produce at least one thousand of these little active spores, the reason why potato-disease evinces such a tendency to spread, is not far to seek. For as there may be millions of stalks, there must be countless billions of spores produced by a single diseased plant. But a most interesting observation was brought to light when it was discovered that in addition to the spores or spore-cases borne on the end of the stalks of the potato-fungus, there exist other spore-cases, lying buried in the leaf among the threads of the 'fungus-turf' from which the stalks spring. These latter are called 'resting-spores;' they exist in a state of quiescence; and only develop and spring into vitality after a certain period of quietude. Their office is that of giving origin to new growths of fungi; and from the knowledge of these 'resting-spores,' one may account for outbreaks of this disease after long periods of freedom from its attack. The presumed 'new' disease is, in fact, merely the result of the waking to activity of the 'resting-spores.'

Equally interesting are the phenomena of lower plant-life which the study of the fungus producing the salmon-disease discloses. This latter plant is a near ally of the potato-fungus, and is named *Saprolegnia ferax*. In its most natural situation, the *Saprolegnia* is found growing on the bodies of dead flies which putrefy in water. Another but quite distinct fungus (*Empusa musca*), it may be here noted, may be seen growing on dead flies, and fastening them by its white stalks to window-panes. Recently, the salmon-disease itself has been studied by Professor Huxley, and the observations of this biologist serve to unite in a singularly interesting fashion the life-history of the *Saprolegnia* and the manner in which it is propagated. Seen growing on the salmon, the *Saprolegnia* seems to exist in patches of diseased skin, which, at first affecting only the scaleless parts of the fish, may ultimately come to appear on scale-covered regions. These diseased patches are each a colony of *Saprolegniae*. The result of the fungus-growth is disastrous to the fish; for, sooner or later, the tissues below ulcerate, and a raw, bleeding surface is thus formed, extending in some cases even to the bones. The fish suffers irritation and pain, and dashes about in the water, rubbing itself against stones, and thus increasing the mischief by laying bare the diseased patches. Then finally, the animal, weakened and ill, succumbs to the disorder. It seeks the banks of the river, gets grounded in the shallows, and finally dies exhausted, a victim to the ravages of a life infinitely lower than its own. Ordinarily, the *Saprolegniae* feed and grow upon dead matter; but it would seem that, as in the case of the salmon-fungus, they may choose the living animal as a habitation. The potato-fungus, on the other hand, invariably infests living plants.

The examination of a diseased patch on the body of a salmon shows that it consists of the same network of threads, which, seen in the potato-leaf, are named the 'fungus-turf;' and at the ends of the filaments or threads of which the 'turf' is composed, globular bodies, similar in nature to those of the potato-fungus, are seen. Inside these spore-cases, the little 'spores' or particles of protoplasm are developed; but it is

a curious fact that in the fungus, as it grows on the salmon at least, the spores have not been observed to be provided with the little eyelash-like filaments or tails seen in the spores of the potato-fungus, and named *cilia*. In the ordinary *Saprolegnia*, growing on the dead fly, on the other hand, multitudes of the little moving 'swarm-spores' with tails are seen. If, however, the spores, liberated from the fungus growing on a salmon, gain access to another fish, they will germinate in its skin, produce the 'fungus-turf,' and in a word, develop the disease. We thus note that salmon-disease is of a highly infectious nature; and we further see that it is 'contagious,' and propagated by direct contact between a healthy fish and the germs of the fungus. From the infected salmon, it is easy to infect a dead fly with *Saprolegnia*. In forty-eight hours after a fly had been gently rubbed over a diseased patch on the salmon, the fly was found to be covered with a literal shroud of the white filaments of the fungus. Thus it is argued, that if the fungus can be transferred from the living salmon to the dead fly, it may, conversely, pass from dead flies to the living salmon. The dead insects may thus, in fact, be the original growers of the fungus; and the fishes may thus be infected from the dead and putrefying insect-population of the waters. It is interesting to note that the salmon-fungus will not flourish in salt water. A visit to the sea will cause the fungus to disappear; although, on the return of the fish to the fresh waters, the disease may again make its appearance. This latter result can hardly with safety be attributed to fresh infection. It is regarded as more probable that the fungus has only been stifled and not killed by the salt water. If we bear in mind that the 'resting-spores' of the potato-fungus may reproduce the disease after long periods of quiescence, we cannot fail to see an analogy between the cases of the plant and the animal. The vitality of the *Saprolegnia*, which has only been checked by the salt water, may spring forth anew on the return of the fish to the rivers.

The causes of the salmon-disease have already been indicated in the statement that upon dead insects the fungi flourish naturally. But the causes of their transference to the living salmon form a topic concerning which we have little or no positive information. Such a fact as the existence of a fungus, usually given to live on dead matter, upon a living animal, may perhaps only be accounted for by supposing either that the habits of the fungus have undergone an extension, or that its range and choice of hosts were wider than has been hitherto supposed. Or we have an alternative supposition at hand in the idea, that the fishes which are attacked present some special peculiarity of constitution which lays them open to the attack of the lower plant. Thus the thoroughly healthy fish may be presumed to escape the attack of the fungus, just as the chances of a perfectly healthy person being attacked with infectious disease are small as compared with those incurred by the debilitated body; whilst, on the other hand, the unhealthy or weakly fish may be presumed to be that which, *ceteribus paribus*, will present a fair field for the fungoid attack. The diffusion of the salmon-disease may

readily enough be accounted for on those principles of exceeding fertility which mark the flowerless plants as a whole. Professor Huxley calculates that a single fly may bear one thousand stalks of fungus, each having a spore-case. Allowing each spore-case to contain twenty spores, and that each case develops fully in twelve hours, we shall thus obtain forty thousand spores in a day of twenty-four hours. In the case of a salmon, as many as two hundred and eighty-eight thousand spore-cases may exist in the diseased patches of its body, this amount giving ten million spores as the product of twenty-four hours' vitality; or enough spores to give one such germ to every cubic foot of water in a mass one hundred feet wide, five feet deep, and four miles in length. And when we lastly reflect that over two thousand diseased salmon have been removed from a small river in one season, the favourable conditions under which the salmon-disease is propagated, are by no means difficult to conceive.

The space at our command will not serve for a further enumeration of other points connected with the habits of the lower plants. But enough has been said to show the vast field of economic as well as scientific interest that finds a focus in the lower ranks of the vegetable world. It may form an argument in favour of the practical utility of science-studies, when we discover that a knowledge of the history of those minute pests is the first condition for successfully attempting their extirpation. No greater boon can well be conceived as being conferred upon our race than the knowledge which tends to limit and check a plague or pest, by showing us clearly and distinctly the nature and habitat of the enemy; and but for the aid of science, we might still be hopelessly fighting many a hidden enemy in the dark.

MARJORIE.

AN OLD VIRGINIAN STORY.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

UPON the night of the 20th of December 1781, the solitary figure of a man was buffeting its way against a blinding snow-storm through the silent deserted streets of Alexandria, that quaint, dead, old-world town, which still slumbers upon the banks of the Potomac, in the pleasant state of Virginia. Passing down Broadway and Maiden Lane until he had left the last houses of the town behind him, he met the full blast of the storm as it swept across the river from the distant Maryland hills. Verily, a man must have had important business indeed to have been out upon such a weird, uncanny night; and the Rev. Nahum Bond, a thin, withered, crop-eared young man, of the true old Independent type, was, as a rule, far too sensible of the comforts of life to be exposing himself unless he had important business in hand. He staggered along for a mile until he arrived at the gates of a gaunt, grim old house which stood some way back from the road, and known to the country round as Braddock's. His knock at the door was answered by a negro, who, carefully opening it but an inch or two, pushed the muzzle of a

huge horse-pistol out and asked who was there. The mention of his name, however, had an immediate influence upon the servant, who threw the door wide open, welcomed him with a broad grin, and led the way across the hall to a long, dark, panelled room, dimly lighted by candles stuck in silver sconces, and where were seated around a table a score of gaunt, grave-faced men, who greeted him with a sort of quiet enthusiasm which sounded like distant thunder.

He who occupied the chair at the head of the table—a big, fine-looking man, who wore his own iron-gray hair—rose as Mr Bond entered, and said: 'Better late than never, Brother Nahum. We waited half an hour for you; but as time is short and business is pressing, we considered it best to proceed at once.'

The young divine muttered something about being detained in the town, and sat himself upon the right hand of the president.

A stranger might have been pardoned for imagining that the object of this meeting was some sort of religious celebration, so stern and grave were the faces of its members, added to the presence of a gentleman in holy orders, and of a huge brass-bound Bible amongst the papers and inkstands which were strewn about the table. But its real character was soon made clear by the big man beside the Bible, who rose and said: 'Now that our number is completed by the arrival of one of our most earnest supporters and hearty co-operators, I think I may recapitulate what we have decided upon, for his benefit. The presence of the redcoat tyrants upon Mount Pleasant has become intolerable; and as hitherto Alexandria has not shown herself to be a distinguished atom of the great glorious mass now known throughout the civilised world as the Free and Independent States of North America, we, as representatives of the town, have resolved that the blow shall be struck. We are men; and as men, it does not become us to listen helplessly any longer to the continual complaints which pour in from all sides of the rapacious acts and insolent bearing of these men who call themselves our superiors. What has been done at Lexington, at Concord, at Wilmington, and at fifty other places, can surely be done at Alexandria. And what we propose to do is this: in five days, the Britishers will be celebrating, with their usual profane riotousness and drunkenness, their Christmas festival; and we propose to take advantage of their being off their guard, to drive them out of the place—into the river, into the woods, no matter where, so long as it be away from Alexandria. I am not a man of blood; but upon an occasion like this, it behoves us to be ready to make any sacrifice. They are not cowards, these Britishers; they will fight, and we must be prepared for it; and I take this to be our solemn duty, as much to ourselves as to every one to whom tyranny and oppression are hateful.'

The grim dark faces which had been gradually lighting up during the course of this impassioned oration, now relaxed altogether as the speaker sat down, and a loud murmur of applause arose, and continued until a tall weather-beaten Potomac pilot rose. 'Good words and true, Brother Hood,' he said; 'and I am sure that we all echo them. For myself, I can guarantee a score of river-side lads who will be a match for any twenty Britishers,

grenades, pikes, and all, although none of 'em have ever fired a gun in their lives except at a canvas-back or a jack-rabbit. And I suggest that we make Brother Hood's house, as being away from the town, our magazine and our place of meeting. My friend and I have overhauled the cellars in which the Britisher Braddock used to keep his wines in '55, and we have calculated that we can stow away there at least five hundred muskets, with pikes, swords, and ammunition in proportion. Now about the men we can raise. The Britishers are a hundred and fifty. We ought at least to have three hundred. 'Cause why? We've discipline and practice against us. As I said just now, I'll write down twenty for my share.'

Then one stern man after another rose—all men of wealth and position in the neighbourhood; and in a very few minutes three hundred good men and true were guaranteed for the cause of liberty.

'So far so good, brethren,' said Jeremiah Hood. 'And we must begin at once; for five days is none too much time in which to make our plans and to insure unanimity of movement amongst three hundred men. Let us each take solemn oath, brother Alexandrians, that we will not rest until every Britisher shall have been expelled from Virginian soil.' He raised the Bible to his lips, and passed it to his neighbour, and so on round the table.

It was rather a striking scene: the dark old room, with its Rembrandtesque effects of light and shade; the grim portraits of old Roundhead Hoods with biblical names and severe faces; the candles in the silver sconces just giving sufficient light to intensify the darkness, and to bring out in strong contrast the shades on the earnest faces of the assembly; all heightened by the low murmur of the gruff deep voices, and the ring of steel as each man, raising the Bible to his lips, drew his sword from its scabbard. The religious ordeal was followed by the more convivial ceremony of passing round a huge black jack brimming with brown October; for the night was bitter, and many members of the league had long distances to go. Then they took up their broad-brimmed hats, buckled their cloaks fast around them, and went out, leaving the parson and the host alone.

'Fill your pipe, Nahum,' said Jeremiah, 'and let us speak of our affairs together.'

A fresh log was piled on the fire, the jack was refilled, the pipes were lit, and the two men drew their chairs to the fire. The contrast between them was striking. On the one hand the burly, square form of the Independent farmer, his broad forehead lined with furrows of determination, inherited doubtless from those stern, conscientious forefathers of his who had preferred the solitude of the American backwoods to persecution and intolerance at home; the beard clipped short; and the sturdy development of the head well set off by the absence of a wig. On the other hand, the tall, thin, ungainly, big-boned figure of the parson, whose garb and bearing proclaimed at once the Independent minister, beloved by satirists and lampoonists. The two men sat puffing their pipes and gazing at the fire in silence for some minutes; then the old farmer said: 'I've been so occupied of late with this project, that I have

had no time to talk of the course of matters between you and my daughter Marjorie. I hope you make as rapid progress in her good graces as she does in her studies?'

The parson writhed uneasily in his chair, and then, after the manner peculiar to his time, replied: 'I would that I could say so, Master Hood. If I advanced as quickly in her opinion as she does in Latin and French, I should be the happiest man in America. I fear she will not need a tutor much longer.'

'Well, then,' said Hood, 'she will be needing a husband. Hey?'

'And I dare give it as my opinion,' quoth the minister, looking askance out of his green eyes at the old farmer, 'that the need will be satisfied sooner than people think—sooner than it could be wished for.'

The farmer took his pipe from his mouth, and wheeling himself round, looked keenly at the young man. 'That is a dark speech, Nahum. What does it mean?' he asked.

Nahum preserved silence.

'You don't mean to say,' continued the old man, 'that she has a—a lover, that I know not of?'

Nahum was still silent.

'Now listen, Master Nahum,' resumed Jeremiah; 'we are both men of the world. I put implicit trust in you; I respect you, I admire you; and I almost look upon you as my son. You have been connected with my family all your life, as was your father before you, and there should not be anything between us. Tell me now: has my Marjorie a lover other than you? I shan't be angry with her, although, of course, I shall be bitterly disappointed; for I have for a long time regarded you as the right man, and it would be a long time before I could reconcile myself to any other. I don't want to thwart the wench's inclination; I don't think that is a father's duty, so long as her lover is a true colonial and a good man.—Well; speak out, man!'

'I fear, I very much fear,' said Mr Nahum, 'that she cares very little for me; in fact, she despises and ridicules me. We have wandered together so pleasantly through the paths that lead to Parnassus, that I flattered myself our journey together would only end with our lives. Ah, Master Hood, it makes my heart ache to think that so good, so doting, so noble a father should be so rewarded! But I fear that she is carrying on a clandestine acquaintance with the very man of all others whom you would least care about her knowing. I have seen them together, I have seen them exchange embraces, I'—

'Who is he?' cried the old man sternly. 'Now, I charge you, Nahum, by all our old friendship, to tell me.'

'Lieutenant Harraden of the King's Regiment,' replied the minister.

The old man started as if struck; his dark face grew absolutely black, and his brow contracted so that his eyebrows formed a bristling black hedge across his face. He slapped his hand on his sword-hilt and said in a voice of thunder: 'She—my daughter, dare to give ear to the love-speeches of a king's officer? to hold converse with one of the instruments of our oppression, the trampers of our crops, the

violators of our hearths, the enemies of our liberty! Rather than she should so far demean herself, I would shoot her!'

'Nay, Master Hood,' said Nahum insinuatingly. 'Remember, she is but a young and thoughtless girl; and who ever knew a girl who did not prefer a red coat to a black one, and empty compliments to words of monition? Do not be too hard on her.'

'What sort of young fellow is this Harraden? I know the name somehow. The Harradens used to be neighbours of our family in Kent.'

'He is just as the rest of the king's officers are,' replied Nahum.

'That means to say, I suppose, that he looks upon any wench as fair game; that he drinks his two bottles of wine at a sitting; that he gambles, blasphemes, and fights; is a fop, a bully, and a roisterer? And such a man thinks himself a fit husband for the daughter of Jeremiah Hood, whose grandfather fought in the cause of liberty at Naseby, and three of whose sons are fighting in the glorious cause of liberty in America!'

Nahum had shot his arrow; so he put on his cloak, and wishing the old farmer a sorrowful good-night, went out.

The old man strode up and down the room in angry cogitation for some moments. Then he called the negro Cicero. 'Let Miss Marjorie speak with me,' he said.

The servant, alarmed at the fierce expression upon his master's face, left the room with alacrity; and presently the door opened, and Marjorie appeared—a fresh-coloured, brown-eyed, brown-haired lass, dressed in the sober style prevalent amongst the daughters of Independent families, but with a dash more of coquetry in the shape of a ribbon or two and skirts above the ankles, than was generally sanctioned amongst these stern God-fearing colonists—a pretty, piquant, graceful girl, such as we love to see in old pictures, and to associate with old red-brick houses, standing in many tinted gardens, with smooth-shaven lawns leading down to quiet rivers.

'Did you want me, father?' asked Marjorie, not without a tremor in her voice, as she saw the frown upon Jeremiah Hood's brow, and noted that his hands were tightly clenched behind him, as was his habit when disturbed in spirit.

'Yes, I did,' replied her father, without moving his head towards her. 'I want a few words with you. Shut the door. I hear that you are carrying on a clandestine acquaintance with one of our enemies, with Lieutenant Harraden of the King's Regiment.'—No answer.—'That you, the daughter of Jeremiah Hood, as well known as any man in Virginia as a champion for the rights of the great American people, have so far demeaned yourself as to receive the addresses of a roistering young fop, who will pretend to love you and then desert you; and above all, who wears the livery of the tyrant.'—Marjorie winced a little, but said nothing.—'He is an enemy,' continued her father; 'and all who have dealings with the enemy are traitors to their country and to the holy universal cause of liberty.'

'Who told you this, father?' asked Marjorie.

'Never mind who told me,' replied the farmer. 'I have it upon the very best authority, from

one whose word I have never yet had occasion to doubt.'

'I know—that sneak Nahum Bond,' murmured the girl.

'What's that? what's that?' asked her father, stopping short in his walk.

'I said Nahum Bond was a sneak, and so he is,' repeated Marjorie, who inherited the family spirit, although, as a rule, she was the most demure and peaceful of girls.

'Never—never let me hear you talk of your respected tutor in that way again,' said the angry old man. 'Sneak indeed! That's a new-fangled English word, and sounds very genteelly on the lips of a colonial lady forsooth! I have the very highest respect for Mr Nahum; I respect him for his honesty, for the love he bears me, for his humility, his steadiness, and his thrift. He is the man I had fixed upon as a fitting husband for you.'

'He, my husband, father!' exclaimed Marjorie, terrified. 'Are you in earnest?'

'Ay,' returned Mr Hood sternly. 'Did you ever know me otherwise?'

'Well,' said Marjorie, 'he may be all you think of him, and I hope he is; but if it were only for his being a—a, what I said just now, father, I couldn't love him.'

'But he loves you, Marjorie,' said the old farmer; 'and I can tell you it is something in these days for a girl to say that she is loved by a man of his character and attainments.'

'Yes, I know he does,' said Marjorie; 'he's always paying me clumsy compliments which I hate, and reading love-poetry, and calling me his Dulcinea and his Saccharissa, and I don't know what else besides. A creeping, writhing, yellow-faced creature!'

'At anyrate,' said Mr Hood, 'it is my command that you cease all acquaintance with this Mr Harraden. Return him all his love-letters, for of course you have been writing to each other, and tell him that you cannot keep up a pretence of love with an enemy of your country.'

'I don't pretend, father,' said Marjorie warmly. 'I love him truly and honestly, and I always will; and as to placing Mr Nahum by the side of him, why!—here the damsel tossed her head in the most supreme contempt. 'Ed—I mean Mr Harraden's family have been in Kent since the Conquest. And nobody knows who Mr Nahum is.'

'I don't care about families,' said the farmer. 'I have only to say that I consider Mr Harraden a very unfit person for you to know; and that if I find any further communication passing between you, I shall send you off to your old aunt's in Connecticut, and there you'll have meeting-house going enough to drive all ideas of love out of your head. That is all I have to say.'

Marjorie courtesied and left the room.

Mr Nahum Bond, when he came the next morning to give Marjorie her usual lessons, was uncommonly affable; whilst the attitude of the young lady towards him was distinctly the reverse. The minister could not fail to notice this, so, when the most uncomfortable two hours were ended, he said: 'Miss Hood, how very cold and distant you are to me to-day. May I ask if I have been guilty of anything to offend you?'

'What's the good of your standing there and

asking me if you have offended me,' replied Marjorie, 'when you know very well that you have? I wouldn't be a sneak, if I were you, Mr Bond.'

'A what, Miss Hood!' exclaimed the minister. 'A sneak? Surely a very improper expression to fall from the lips of a young lady at any time, but especially when addressed to one whose life is wrapped up in her happiness and welfare.'

'Then why should you go and tell my father, knowing his sentiments, about my acquaintance with Mr Harraden?' asked Marjorie.

'Your father put the question plainly to me,' replied Nahum, 'and what else could I do? He has suspected it for a long time.'

'Somebody has made him suspicious, then,' said Marjorie, 'for it would never occur to him naturally. I'm ashamed of you, Mr Bond, and I thought better of you.'

'Then try and think better of me again, Miss Hood,' said the young man, 'for I do love you so dearly, and you know that I would not do anything to hurt your feelings or to make you miserable. Can you not love me?'

'Mr Bond,' said Marjorie, assuming a dignified air as well as she could, whilst under the strongest provocation to laugh at the absurd attitude of her wooer, 'I love Mr Harraden; and I do not, I never can love you! Is that not enough?'

A peculiar look came over Nahum's face, such as Marjorie had never seen there before. 'You say, Miss Hood, that you do not and you never can love me,' he said. 'Must I take this answer as final?'

'Quite final,' replied Marjorie; and with a formal courtesy she left the room.

'Final is it?' muttered Mr Nahum as he quitted the house; 'very well then, miss. Your father and all his crew, and you also, shall pay for this decision.'

THE MARRIAGE OF WARDS OF COURT.

THE general superintendence and protective jurisdiction over the persons and property of infants,* which is vested in the Crown, has for a very long period been delegated to the Court of Chancery; and by the Supreme Court of Judicature Act of 1873, is retained for the Chancery division of the High Court of Justice, which takes the direction of their estate, and appoints guardians for their persons only. The young persons thus protected are called 'Wards of Court,' and are constituted such by any suit which relates to them, or on an order for their maintenance being made upon petition or summons, or when money in which they are interested is paid into Court under the Trustee Relief Act of 1847; but unless infants have property, the Court will not exercise its jurisdiction concerning them.

Now, to enable a Chancery ward, whether male or female, to marry, it is necessary to apply to the Court for permission for him or her to do so; which will only be granted on satisfactory evidence that the alliance is a suitable one, and

that a proper marriage settlement will be made; on which being done, an order is drawn up giving the ward liberty to marry.

Formerly, the Court of Chancery declined to sanction the marriage of an infant ward when, on account of his infancy, it was impossible for him to settle his real property so-as to go along with his title, or to provide for his younger children by the settlement. It is provided, however, by the Infants' Settlement Act for 1855, that every male infant of twenty-one years, and every female infant of seventeen years, may upon, or in contemplation of marriage, with the approval of the Court, make a valid and binding settlement of their real or personal estate on their matrimony.

It is considered a very serious contempt of Court to marry a ward without its consent; and the person who does so, as well as those who contribute and assist at the marriage, are liable to be committed to prison; while, if they are peers or peeresses, a sequestration will be ordered against them; but members of the House of Commons will not be privileged from arrest and imprisonment for this offence.

Among the more noteworthy cases of such contempt of Court are those which have occurred last century and the early part of the present one. Of the more flagrant of these cases, is one in which the son of Lord Tankerville's steward, by the contrivance of a nobleman, married a ward of Chancery in the nobleman's Park; for which grievous contempt they, and a parson in the Fleet Prison, who had been bribed by the nobleman with one hundred guineas to marry them, and also a maid-servant, were all sent to, and kept in jail for a fortnight, except the husband, who was detained there for six weeks. In another instance, a woman in mean circumstances and of bad character was lodged in prison for a long period, for marrying a male ward of Court, who was made drunk at an alehouse, and thus entrapped into the marriage. A very flagrant contempt of Court, under exceedingly aggravating circumstances, was committed by a justice of the peace, and a barrister who was formerly a solicitor, by contriving the marriage of a ward, with a fortune of thirty thousand pounds, to a school-master in Islington. He was for this serious offence not only sent to prison for five weeks, but was struck out of the Commission as justice of the peace, and prohibited from practising at the bar. In the leading case of *Eyre v. Countess of Shaftesbury*, tried in 1710, before Lord Chancellor Macclesfield, and Lords Commissioners Jekyll, Gilbert, and Raymond, a sequestration was issued against the Countess of Gainsborough, and Lady Shaftesbury, for marrying an infant, who was a peer, to Lady Susannah Noel; which, though not to his disparagement, was done without the consent of the Court or his guardian. In another case, that of *Baseley v. Baseley*, it appears that Mrs Baseley—formerly Miss Anne Wade—was on the death

* Any one under twenty-one years of age is, legally speaking, an infant.

of her father in 1806, heiress to real and personal property of large amount. She was made a ward of Chancery at an early age; in her seventeenth year she was taken away by Mr Baseley, a young gentleman of no property, and who had no previous acquaintance with her or her family; but he obtained possession of her by the aid of her governess and servants, and in gross contempt of Court. He and the young lady went to Scotland, and were married at Gretna Green in 1815; and were shortly afterwards again married in the Episcopal church of Edinburgh. After residing for some time in Scotland, petitions were presented to the Lord Chancellor on their behalf; but his Lordship would not listen to any application until the ward was brought within the jurisdiction of his Court. Shortly afterwards, Mr Baseley presented himself in Court, when Lord Eldon committed him to jail, where he was kept until Mrs Baseley attained her age of twenty-one.

It also appears that if a guardian connives at an intended marriage of a ward, or if there only be an apprehension that the infant will be married unsuitably either by the guardian or by his neglect, the Court will send for the infant, and commit him or her to the care of a proper person or relative, in order to prevent such danger.

The Court may also prevent a female ward from receiving letters, messages, &c., as was done in the case of Leoni, a Jewish singer. If it is doubtful whether a marriage with a ward of the weaker sex is valid, an inquiry may be made to ascertain this, and all intercourse will in the meantime be restrained; and if it be found that the marriage is illegal, a valid one will be ordered. For moral reasons, this course may also be adopted with a male ward.

It is likewise considered an aggravated contempt of Court for a person to marry one of its wards much above him or her in rank. In Herbert's case, last century, it was decided to be a very gross contempt when an infant ward, who possessed twelve hundred pounds a year, upon coming to town from Oxford, was drawn into marrying a common servant-maid older than himself, and with no fortune. In another instance, in which an infant of good family, the representative of a very old baronet, was about to be entrapped into a marriage with a common bricklayer's daughter, the Court would not permit it, and stopped the marriage. In a third case also, it was considered very criminal in all parties who contrived the marriage of a ward of Court with eight thousand pounds to the son of Lord Tankerville's steward, as already referred to. It appears, however, from several other cases, that the possession of a large fortune by the other party would be considered to counterbalance any but a very great inequality of rank; though the Court would not probably allow a man of no property whatever, although of equal family, to marry an infant heiress of rank with very large possessions, notwithstanding the consent of the guardians and all other parties concerned.

The commitment of a person to prison for marrying a ward of Court without its permission, is often made not merely to punish such a con-

tempt of its authority, but to compel him to execute a proper settlement; and in those instances in which there are mitigating circumstances, the husband, in offering to make an approved settlement, may obtain his discharge. It is thought that the modern practice is not to enforce the power of committal, when the contempt is not attended by any aggravating circumstances, but to hold it so as to compel the execution of a proper settlement. In a flagrant case, however, the husband will not be discharged on his offering to do so, until the Court should think he has been sufficiently punished; nor if it has ordered that he should, for procuring the marriage, be indicted for a conspiracy.

As to the terms of the settlement, when there has been no moral wrong, the terms are not influenced by the fact of a mere technical contempt having been committed. In most cases, when wards of Court have been married without its permission, the husbands have been men of straw, who married for the sake of the fortune; and the Court has therefore generally refused to give them any interest in the property; but if they are of equal rank and fortune with their wives, and make a corresponding provision for them out of their own property, it does not appear that the same rule would be adopted. In the case of *Bathurst v. Murray*, in 1802, Lord Eldon directed that the husband should have an annuity out of the property during the matrimonial union, as his lordship mentioned that there could not be much expectation of happiness when the husband had nothing, and the wife had the entire power over the property; but this course appears to have been rarely taken. In the case of *Hodgens v. Hodgens*, tried in 1837, on appeal to the House of Lords from the Court of Chancery in Ireland, Lord Cottenham properly said, that 'when men seek to get advantages for themselves by obtaining possession of wards under the jurisdiction of a Court of Equity, and by so doing are guilty of contempt against its jurisdiction, the Court will seldom if ever permit them to profit by their misconduct, or to enjoy any part of the property, to obtain which has probably been the motive of their proceeding.' The Master of the Rolls, Sir John (afterwards Lord) Romilly, decided to the same effect in the case of *Wade v. Hopkinson* in 1855; and Lord-Justices Knight-Bruce and Turner entertained the same view in the case of *Field v. Moore* in the same year. These judgments are also in accordance with the decision of Sir Edward Sugden, afterwards Lord St Leonards, in *re Anne Walker*, a minor, tried in the Chancery Court of Ireland in 1835. It also appears that the property of a female ward of Court will not be entirely settled upon the issue of her first marriage, although she and her guardians may consent to this being done.

From what has been stated, it is clear that our Court of Equity has adopted very strong and wise measures to discourage the marriage of infants under its protection without its permission; and we need scarcely add that those individuals who do so are held as guilty of a grave breach of morality and etiquette, almost beyond forgiveness. Moreover, such condemnable marriages mostly turn out unhappy ones, of which we have several conspicuous examples.

It is pleasing to know, however, that these unauthorised alliances do not often occur, and appear to have considerably diminished during the last half-century.

OUTWITTING THE BRIGANDS.

It was on such a morning as we fog-nurtured islanders seldom witness at home, that I stood upon the deck of the good steamer *Coumoundouros*, watching the nearing shores of the Piræus, which as all the world knows or should know, is the port of the classic city of Athens. The beautiful unclouded sky; the bright outline of the sun-bathed coast; the air laden with the scent of the distant Hymettus; the far eminence with the grand old Acropolis standing out white and bold in the clear atmosphere; and close at hand the mouldering tomb of Themistocles—all combined to arouse such poetic fancies in my mind, that I forgot for the moment the prosaic business upon which I had come. The screaming engine of the busy little railway which carries the traveller from the Piræus to Athens, soon reminded me, however, that I was accredited with a mission from a London Greek firm to their friends in the Attic city; and I was soon whirling over the sacred ground

Where History gives to every road a page!

We passed the monuments of those doughty champions of the War of Independence, Karaïskakis and Miaulis, and many other objects of interest; and after a ride of three or four miles, I found myself at my destination.

After the first few days, I certainly had a very pleasant time of it, the few hours' work each day acting only as a stimulus to my varied pleasures; and having examined the Acropolis, and lunched by the fallen pillar of Jupiter, seated myself in the ruins of the Pnyx—whence Demosthenes declaimed, and Pericles evolved his plans—I looked around like Alexander, for more worlds to conquer. I thereupon consulted my genial but unwashed host, Kyrie Antonio Pericles Papademetracopoulos—who, although Plato was to him a text-book, and the sayings of Socrates as familiar as the story of Tommy and Harry to an English schoolboy, was always as dirty as a sweep—upon the propriety of betaking myself to where

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea.

For one might as well go to Egypt without visiting the Pyramids, or to Rome without entering St Peter's, as to 'do' Greece and leave Marathon unexplored. And when my host tried to dissuade me by assuring me that a Greek gentleman's ear had been sent a fortnight before by the brigands to his obstinate relatives, to hurry the negotiations for his ransom, it so roused my blood, that I vowed I would go if I returned

as close cropped as an English terrier. So away we started—myself and Themistocles the son of my host, a sallow unshaven youth dirtier than his father—mounted upon two high-spirited donkeys, our revolvers well primed, and our commissariat well stocked.

'*Adios Kyrie!*' shouted my long-named host as we cantered off.

'Never fear,' I replied, waving my revolver defiantly, and feeling that I should be greatly disappointed if the rascals did not show themselves.

On we went, enjoying the scenery and holding a hybrid conversation—he in broken English, and I in sadly mutilated Greek—until in the excitement of the ride, and the glorious panorama constantly unfolding itself to our view, I entirely forgot that there were such beings as brigands in existence.

'Now,' said I to Themistocles, after a ride of some hours, during which my appetite had become unpleasantly sharpened, 'let us look about for a spot where we can bivouac in comfort.'

We soon found a delightful place, sheltered all round, save where through a small opening, we obtained a view of a charming landscape. Dismounting, and allowing our animals to refresh themselves on the grass, we soon made havoc of the good things we had brought. I was lying upon my back smoking a cigarette after the meal, gazing dreamily at the blue firmament; and being too lazy to rise, had called upon Themistocles to pass the bottle.

'Has the fellow gone to sleep?' thought I, still indisposed to turn my head. 'Themistocles!'

But Themistocles heard me not; and when I raised myself upon my elbow, I saw him standing, as if struck dumb and motionless with fear, staring upon the opening. Instinctively I leaped up and clutched my revolver; but before I took a step, the cause of Themistocles' fear became apparent; and three shaggy forms behind three blunderbusses aimed direct at me, made me fully aware that I was in presence of those scourges of Greece, the brigands! But oh! what a metamorphosis! Where were the natty green jackets with silver buttons, the plumed hats, and the *tout ensemble* of the brigands of my youth, of the operas and the picture-books? Three ragged, disreputable-looking figures, clad in greasy sheepskins and dirty clothes, unkempt, unshaven, took the place of those tinselled heroes, and with stern gestures and muttered threats, ordered us to follow them. My first thought was resistance; but when I showed the slightest signs, the three bell-mouthed muskets were bent towards me; and I felt that the odds were too many, and determining to await events, grimly submitted to be led down the mountain by our unsavoury guides.

At last, after winding through ravines and hollows, across glens and over mountain-paths innumerable, this most unpleasant journey ended by our guides calling a halt as we gained the summit of an eminence surrounded by trees and tall rocks, forming an extraordinary natural fortress. Beneath our feet, in a deep ravine, with seemingly but one outlet, and excellently sheltered by overhanging foliage, was the camp of the brigands; and here we found the rest of the shaggy ruffians—with the exception of one who

stood sentinel—enjoying their siesta with indolent content.

A shrill whistle soon brought the rascals to their feet; and rushing up to meet us, they displayed a dozen of as unfavourable specimens of the human race as could well be found. Seizing our asses by their bridles, they relieved our captors, and led us down the ravine; and having roughly assisted us to dismount, brought us into the presence of the chief of the band.

'Bravo, lads! excellent, excellent!' he shouted, as his sparkling eyes bent upon us in delight; and after a cursory examination, we were conducted, amid the excited gesticulations of the brigands and without undue ceremony, into a dark cavern within the ravine.

'Shiver my maintops!' exclaimed a voice as I groped my way in; 'they might give us sea-room, the vagabonds, and not land us in this lubberly creek; and now they are shoving more craft in to anchor!'

'Haul in, Jack, old chum!' answered another; 'we must make the best of a bad job, mate.'

To say that my heart leaped to my mouth at hearing such unexpected words, and finding myself in the company of my own countrymen, would no more than describe the cheering sensation that thrilled through me.

'What cheer, mates?' I cried in the darkness. Answering exclamations of astonishment greeted my words; and in a few minutes our stories were told; and I learned that my new-found friends were the Captain and supercargo of a ship then lying in the port of the Piræus, who, seeking a like object, had met with a similar fate to my own.

'And now,' said Captain Jack Jenkins, 'how are we to get out of this scrape? If I had Tim and Joe and Black Tom, each with a cutlass and a barking-iron here, we'd soon make a passage, I'd warrant!'

'That's all very well,' said Will Johnson the supercargo; 'but we haven't. If I'd but the opportunity given me, I'd guarantee'—

Whatever the supercargo was about to say was cut short by the advent of two shock-heads at the little opening of our prison, and two harsh voices calling us—as my guide Themistocles informed us—to partake of a feast; for we learned afterwards that the chief, in commemoration of having made such a good haul, had decided to allow us, his prisoners, to partake of the general festivity. But as a preliminary, we had to undergo an examination as to our capability of paying the anticipated ransoms. First, we were relieved of our watches and rings, the Captain using language rather strong for translation to these pages, to the great amusement of his tormentors, who with similar gesticulations to his, endeavoured to imitate the sound of the Captain's words, which of course only added to his wrath and their hilarity.

'You uncombed, dirty-faced vagabonds!' he shouted, 'if I had a few of you aboard the *Annie Martin*, I'd twist your ugly heads over the yard-arm in the twinkling of a jiffy!'

Of course they only laughed the louder at his impotent rage; and I thought it quite as well that they did not understand the language in which he gave it vent.

The operation of stripping us of our valuables

gave me an opportunity to observe the appearance of my companions. Captain Jenkins was the beau-ideal of an English seaman. In age about thirty-five, of a large and robust build, a face broad, manly, and bearded, and limbs such as would delight a sculptor to copy. His height was nearly six feet; and he had an air of command about him which was doubtless bred of his occupation. The supercargo, Will Johnson, was perhaps ten years younger; nearly as tall as his friend, strong and active; and take us altogether—for I am of no mean stature myself—we were three men who, under any circumstances, would be no disgrace to our country; and if any opportunity should arise for an attempt at an escape, I felt certain that we should give as good an account of ourselves as any scratch three, here or there.

Having satisfied themselves of the value of my late father's watch, which I parted from with some emotion, and of the intrinsic worth of the Captain's gold chronometer, as well as the supercargo's watch and diamond ring, we were interrogated, through Themistocles, as to our means. For myself, the name of the firm I was travelling for acted with a talismanic effect upon them, and I was immediately assessed—notwithstanding my protestations—at three hundred pounds. At this price, too, the Captain's freedom was valued; while the unfortunate supercargo—whose business they persisted in confounding with that of owner of the cargo and ship—was unanimously voted to be worth twice our ransom. Having arranged this matter to their own satisfaction, if not to ours, we were told to sit down and enjoy ourselves with what appetite we could muster.

The smell of the roast lamb and the freshly baked meal-cakes, however, soon aroused pleasanter sensations, and dimmed for a time the memory of our griefs; more especially as, under the apparent certainty of obtaining his booty, the chief condescended to be quite patronising towards us, carving the joints himself for us, and delicately handing on the point of a dagger, our several portions. After we had satisfied our hunger with the more solid viands, we were regaled with dried fruits as dessert; and a large jar of a peculiar sherry-coloured but bad-tasting wine of a resinous flavour—which Themistocles described as the common wine of the country—was brought in and set down in the midst of us. This we told them we could not drink; and the chief very generously ordered us a couple of bottles from his own particular store, doubtless the proceeds of a raid upon some well-to-do householder.

Will Johnson after a time managed to ingratiate himself in the favour of our shaggy host and his friends by his genial happy manner and frank bearing, favouring the company with many remarks, which, translated by Themistocles, evidently pleased them. When, too, by sleight-of-hand—in which he was an adept—he performed some simple tricks, and gave them a music-hall song with a rollicking chorus, and wound up with a hornpipe accompanied by the Captain with a pocket-comb and a piece of paper, the general enthusiasm knew no bounds, and the beetle-browed vagabonds laughed till the tears rolled down their cheeks.

Will now became on such excellent terms with them all, that he proceeded to take some

freedoms with them; and when he snatched the horn from the cup-bearer, and installed himself in that official's place, ladling the wine out of the wide-mouthed jar and handing it round to the company, his triumph was complete.

'For heaven's sake!' said he as he passed us, 'don't take any of this stuff, and don't drink much of your own.'

'Never fear,' said Jenkins, making a wry face; 'one taste is sufficient.'

And so Will went round with the cup, making a comical remark to this one, and a grimace at that, until the chief—evidently fearing from their hilarity that they were taking too much—ordered them to desist from drinking, and return to their several duties.

Meanwhile, we were sent back into our dungeon, with a sentinel stationed at the opening.

'Not a word,' whispered Will, as we settled down in our prison.—'Here's something, Captain,' he continued, 'that belongs to you.'

'Why,' said the Captain in reply, as Will handed him the article mentioned, 'this is a stopper out of my medicine chest.'

'To be sure it is, Jack,' returned Will; 'and I must apologise for the liberty of taking your laudanum phial; but my confounded back-tooth was so painful on board the ship last night, that I got up and took it, and luckily forgot to return it this morning. You must debit me with the bottle and its contents, for I dropped them both into the vagabonds' wine-jar!'

'What!' we all exclaimed in a breath.

'Now, stop your clappers!' continued the supercargo.—'Jack, you know I'm not bad at sleight-of-hand tricks. Well, in the first place, having contrived to secrete the bottle while the blackguards were relieving me of my valuables, and then having attained the position of waiter, what was easier than to wriggle the bottle down my sleeve, whip out the stopper, and drop the lot into their swipes; giving the bottle a crack and stirring the laudanum up, every time I dipped the horn into it!'

'Bravo, Will!' cried the Captain, seizing his hand and giving it a hearty shake. 'If that's the case, we're safe; for the black-faced rascals won't wake up for a dozen hours I'll be bound. There! our guard has dropped off already!'

And sure enough, the drowsy ruffian had planted himself right across the opening and was snoring loudly.

'Now for it!' cried the impetuous Jack Jenkins, rising.

'Hold hard!' said Will. 'Let them get well off.'

So, settling ourselves down for half an hour, we talked the matter over. At the end of this time, we sent the trembling Themistocles to see how things were outside; and after peeping over the prostrate sentinel, he gave us to understand that all were sleeping except three, and they were retiring to the farther end of the ravine, and would in a minute be out of sight.

'Capital!' said Will, with suppressed excitement. 'Now, each take a pistol and a cutlass from the fellows, and follow me.'

One after the other we stepped across the sleeping brigand at the entrance, Will relieving him of his pistol, dirk, and blunderbuss; while the Captain and I stood by ready to give him

his quietus at the slightest sign of his waking. Then the four of us, gliding like ghosts, assisted ourselves to whatever weapons we could most easily lay hands upon; and as Themistocles was not of much use for fighting, we gave him the bag containing our valuables—which we found by the side of the sleeping chief—as well as several spare pistols, to carry. Picking our way without speaking a word, we advanced towards the open end of the ravine, and just as we turned round a jutting piece of rock, we saw the three sentinels, seemingly in earnest conversation.

'Halt!' whispered Will. 'Now for a rush!' and each singling out his man and clutching his rifle by the barrel—for we avoided the noise of shooting—we sprang forward. Almost simultaneously, and before the enemy had time to observe us, we were upon them, and three rifle-stocks descended upon three shock heads with such force, that two of the fellows dropped like stones. The stock of my rifle glanced off the hard head of my antagonist and crashed against the rock. With a stifled cry, he turned; but in an instant my hand was upon his throat, and the sound died in his gullet; while with the strength of desperation, I dashed his head against the wall-like rock; and after a struggle—in which he wounded me with his dagger—he fell from my grasp, apparently lifeless.

'Now,' said the Captain, 'where are the donkeys?—Come, Greeky!' he cried to Themistocles; 'bear a hand;' and looking around, we espied our four animals just as we left them, but with a brigand sitting by them. Here was an unlooked-for rencontre! He was fully a hundred yards off, and to get at him, we should have to cross a small plateau.

'Leave him to me!' cried Jenkins, preparing to rush forward. But under the advice of the supercargo, he stopped. We could have picked him off easily, but dared not for the noise of the rifles.

'Hang it!' impatiently muttered Jenkins, 'we shall be trapped again, after all;' and without further parley, the impetuous fellow started off, running on the tips of his toes, with a drawn cutlass in one hand and a pistol in the other. Just as he was within a few yards of the brigand, the latter turned round, and seeing how matters stood, made for his rifle, which was leaning against a tree a few feet off; but a revolver hurled deftly by Will Johnson—for we had all followed—catching him directly in the face, so effectually stopped his progress, that he fell stunned to the ground.

'You persist in doing all the work,' said Jenkins as we came up to him. 'But quick, lads; off we go!' and in a moment we were on our asses, and under the guidance of our Greek companion, were making with break-neck speed for Athens. Up hill, down dale, on we went for a couple of hours without stopping or meeting a human being; then, just as we were about to cross the summit of a mountain at which we had arrived, a harmless-looking peasant wished us 'good-day,' and was about to pass on.

'Seize him!' cried Themistocles; 'he's a scout.'

So seize him we did, for caution's sake; and as there were no trees near, we tied his hands and legs together, and left him begging for

mercy. But there was no mercy in us, more especially as Themistocles explained that there was such a curious and mysterious connection between the brigands and villagers, that it was by no means unlikely—had we allowed him to go free—he would have hied to the nearest village and roused a swarm of semi-brigands about us.

Having travelled for four hours, and as our asses could scarcely get along for fatigue, we called a halt; and after resting ourselves and watering our animals, we continued our journey until, late at night, we reached Athens, where, round the hospitable board of our host, we soon forgot our troubles.

CURIOUS INSTANCE OF MENTAL PRESCIENCE.

AN article in *Chambers's Journal* (No. 947) on 'Curiosities of Mental Prescience' has brought to my recollection an incident which happened to me upwards of twenty years ago. It produced a great impression on my mind at the time, and shows that there is some mental law in operation that is as yet inexplicable. But I will let the facts speak for themselves.

At the time I have alluded to, I attended a church among the members of which a certain question was then causing a great amount of excitement. Feeling ran very high, and meetings were called time after time to discuss the matter, which touched upon the acts of certain officials. An anti-official party was formed; and I took an active part in its movements. I thought a great injustice was being done, and I did all I could to right matters. Well, a meeting was called one evening in a room not connected with the church, and we malcontents were to be present to discuss the matters in dispute. Our clergyman was exceedingly anxious that party feeling should not run so high as to cause any rupture in the church. That anxiety on his part was put very strongly to me a few hours before the meeting, at which he was not expected to be present, hence I was exceedingly anxious that we should not do anything to give him, personally, any offence. I attended the meeting, having had to hurry from my business to be there in time, and had thus been six or seven hours without food. I mention this, as it may possibly have some bearing on my mental and nervous condition at the time.

The meeting was an exciting one. I spoke in it. I know I had an excruciating headache; and when I sat down, another speaker followed. I listened to him for a minute or two, when, such was the pain in my head, that I rested it on my hand, and my elbow on my knee, and pressed my aching brow. I at once fell into a semi-unconscious state, or a kind of half-dream, call it what you like. I was perfectly unconscious of what was going on around me, though I felt I was in the meeting. In that state I saw, as in a vision, our clergyman walk in, and of course his presence under such circumstances created some little excitement. He told us why he had come, and indeed spoke, as I thought, for about a quarter of an hour, and then bowed himself out. On that, I again as it were came to myself.

Now, to show that I had only been an inap-

preciably small time in that semi-unconscious state, I may mention that I found that the same speaker was on his legs and that I had not lost a single sentence of what he said. Of course, up to that time our minister had not been in. But the marvellous part of the story is, that in a very short time afterwards, and whilst the same speaker was still addressing the meeting, the minister came in just as I had seen him in my 'vision,' and delivered precisely the same speech as I had heard him deliver when I was in the state described, and went out exactly as I had seen him do before!

I don't attempt to offer any explanation of the fact, but give it as a curious instance of mental prescience.

TEL-EL-KEBIR.

SEPTEMBER 13, 1882.

OUR forces were massed in the dead of the night,
Each man carried nought but was needful in fight,
Accoutred and ready, they sought for repose;
Two hours were thus spent, when they silently rose.

No bugle-notes rang on the calm cloudless air;
A whisper was passed for the march to prepare:
In silence they moved o'er the dark trackless sand,
Took their course by the stars, and with compass in hand

Each regiment *felt* for the neighbouring line,
And kept its position without sound or sign.
Thus weird-like the army still held on its way,
But halted awhile for the break of the day.

The order was passed: 'Let no man fire a shot,
Until at the trenches the first line has got;
Then rush with a cheer, and the bayonet wield,
The Islamite horde must then speedily yield.'

Sir Garnet's design was a consummate plan;
His soldiers he knew he could trust to a man;
And thus when the muttered command passed around,
His heroes dashed forward with joy at the sound.

Though met with a shower of bullets like hail,
No obstacle could o'er their ardour prevail;
They leapt o'er the ditches and swarmed up the slope,
Dropped inside the works, with the rebels to cope.

No race of the East but must stagger and reel
When charged hand to hand with the British cold steel.
Few minutes sufficed from the first of the rush
The strength of proud Arabi's legions to crush.

The Highland Brigade bore the brunt of the fray;
Their ranks were more thinned than the rest on that day;
While the cavalry swept o'er the mass in retreat,
And cut down their hundreds the rout to complete.

The Indian contingent went straight on ahead,
Till Tantah's old thoroughfares rang to their tread.
The campaign was won; and ere next sun had set,
In Cairo the victors triumphantly met.

All arms of the service have valiantly fought,
Fresh laurels to history's pages are brought;
Enshrined on our flag a new name shall appear,
Recalling the vict'ry at Tel-el-Kebir.

LEITH, November 1882.

W. D.

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VOLCANOES.

THE phenomena of volcanoes are among the most imposing and awe-inspiring within the circuit of natural influences. This is due in great part to the sense of utter helplessness that fills the mind of the observer in view of stupendous natural forces which he is powerless to check, and of tremendous agencies of destruction which it is impossible for him either to resist or control. Moreover, the apparent irregularity of the eruptions which take place from time to time in the chief centres of volcanic action, is such as to stimulate his curiosity as powerfully as they excite his fears; and thus the phenomena, and their attendant manifestations of irresistible and destructive energy, have rendered the 'burning mountain' in all ages and among all peoples an object of unceasing wonder and apprehension. In the more poetic ages of the world, when men were disposed to personify those powers in nature that were beyond their comprehension or control, such volcanic outbreaks were attributed to causes in keeping with the modes of thought which then prevailed. The volcanoes in the Mediterranean area were accounted for, in the picturesque mythology of the time, by supposing that the gods were there engaged in conflict or toil; the mountain of Vulcano, or Volcano, in the Lipari Islands, being appropriated as the forge of the Greek Hephestus and his Roman representative Vulcan—and the name thus came to be applied to all similar phenomena. Etna, again, was regarded as formed by the mountains which the vengeful Zeus had heaped over the rebellious Typhon, its periodically recurrent eruptions being ascribed to the tremendous struggles by which the buried giant sought to free himself from the superincumbent mass. But such poetical explanations have long ceased to have weight among mankind, and we now seek for a solution of those wonderful problems of nature in a manner more in keeping with the scientific spirit that is every day removing us farther and farther from the area of mythological influences.

Within the last thirty years, volcanoes have been made the subject of close and scientific observation, and the questions that still remain unsolved are now confined within a comparatively narrow area. The chief contribution which has ever perhaps been made to the scientific elucidation of the subject, is to be found in a volume by Professor Judd, entitled, *Volcanoes: What they are, and What they Teach* (London: Kegan Paul & Co.). This volume will serve as the basis of some observations, in which we shall endeavour to sum up the extent of present knowledge on this interesting subject.

A volcano is generally described as 'a burning mountain, from the summit of which issue smoke and flames.' This definition Mr Judd takes exception to, both as a whole and in its individual propositions. In the first place, the action which takes place at volcanoes is not external 'burning,' or combustion, and bears, indeed, no relation whatever to that well-known process. Nor are volcanoes necessarily 'mountains' at all; essentially, they are just the reverse—namely, holes in the earth's crust, by means of which a communication is kept up between the surface and the interior of our globe. The mountains that generally exist at centres of volcanic activity, are simply the gathered materials thrown out of these holes, and have not therefore to do with the causes, but with the consequences of volcanic action. Neither is this action confined to the 'summits' of mountains, for it as frequently occurs on their sides or at their base; while what is called 'smoke' is in reality steam or watery vapour; and what is described as 'flames' is nothing more than the glowing light of the molten matter in the crater reflected from these vapour clouds.

Such, then, being some of the popular misconceptions of the causes and character of volcanic action, a more accurate conception may be obtained of what volcanoes are, if we have an opportunity of hearing from eye-witnesses how they are made. An interesting example of this operation has been afforded within the modern

historical period. On the Bay of Naples, and about eighteen miles' distance from Mount Vesuvius, is a conical hill four hundred and forty feet in height, and covering an area more than half a mile in diameter. This is called Monte Nuovo, or the 'New Mountain,' and came into existence less than three hundred and fifty years ago, its site having been anciently occupied in part by the Lucrine Lake. This continued till 1538, when the 'New Mountain' was formed; and the facts attending its formation have been conclusively proved. For more than two years previously, the country around was affected by earthquakes, which gradually increased in intensity, and attained their climax in September of the year last mentioned.

'On the 27th and 28th of that month, these earthquake shocks are said to have been felt almost continuously day and night. About eight o'clock in the morning of the 29th, a depression of the ground was noticed on the site of the future hill; and from this depression, water, which was at first cold and afterwards tepid, began to issue. Four hours afterwards the ground was seen to swell up and open, forming a gaping fissure, within which incandescent matter was visible. From this fissure numerous masses of stone, some of them "as large as an ox," with vast quantities of pumice and mud, were thrown up to a great height, and these falling upon the sides of the vent, formed a great mound. This violent ejection of materials continued for two days and nights, and on the third day a very considerable hill was seen to have been built up by the falling fragments; and this hill was climbed by some of the eye-witnesses of the eruption. The next day the ejections were resumed, and many persons who had ventured on the hill were injured, and several killed by the falling stones. The later ejections were, however, of less violence than the earlier ones, and seem to have died out on the seventh or eighth day after the beginning of the outburst. The great mass of this considerable hill would appear, according to the accounts which have been preserved, to have been built up by the materials which were ejected during two days and nights.' This volcano is now quiescent, and the slopes of the hill are covered with thickets of stone-pine.

The circumstances attending the formation of this remarkable hill may be regarded as typical of what has taken place in the case of probably every centre of volcanic action that exists. The presence of internal disturbing agencies is first notified by successive earthquake shocks, which result in the partial disruption of the surface, and the opening out of a fissure, from which, along with heated water or steam, masses of rock, mud, and other debris, are ejected. These materials, as they fall back, gradually accumulate around the opening, until what is called a crater is formed. Within this crater, incandescent matter is visible, which from time to time bursts or boils up with great eruptive force, sending forth immense volumes of heated vapour, and ejecting fresh masses of loose materials, which, as they fall back upon the newly-formed conical hill, and roll down its sides till they reach the angle of rest, gradually add to its height and swell out its bulk. Thus, what had been but a short time before a level valley, or even, as in the case

of Monte Nuovo, a lake, is now an elevated hill, with all the strange and striking characteristics of a 'burning mountain.'

In the early period of a volcano's existence, and under normal atmospheric conditions, the cone round the crater is built up pretty equally on all sides, whereby the opening of the volcano continues to retain its original central position. But there are various agencies by which the shape of the volcanic cone is modified and changed. For instance, in the case of high mountains, such as Vesuvius, the combined weight and pressure of the material that surrounds or falls back into the opening of the crater has a tendency to plug up the opening altogether, in which event the subterranean forces frequently burst out by an opening which they make for themselves in the lower slopes of the hill. When this occurs, the same phenomena happen as before. The debris thrown out falls back round the new-made opening or fissure, and a twin volcano—or 'parasitic cone,' as it is termed—is gradually formed. Again, when the volcano, either during an eruption, or from its geographical position, is exposed to strong winds blowing persistently in one direction, the greater portion of the dust and debris ejected into the air is carried to leeward, and thus the cone is built up with the crater on one side, the summit of the cone so formed being frequently much higher than the crater, and in a sense overlooking it. Of perfect cones, those of Cotopaxi, nineteen thousand six hundred feet in height, and Citlaltepeli, seventeen thousand three hundred and seventy feet, are striking examples; though in each case we may take it that successive periods of eruption alternating with periods of quiescence have frequently changed both the size and the shape of the respective craters.

In describing the origin of Monte Nuovo, we have seen the process by which volcanoes are formed; and in Mr Judd's account of what he saw taking place in the crater of Stromboli, we gain a corresponding knowledge of how volcanoes, after being formed, continue to act. Stromboli is one of the oldest volcanoes in the Mediterranean Sea, and is peculiar in this respect, that for at least two thousand years it has been in a constant and regular, but not in a violent or dangerous state of activity; hence it is possible for observers, without any overwhelming sense of danger, to watch for hours together the series of operations going on within the crater. Our author, in 1874, made a careful examination and sketch of this volcano. The island of which it consists is of rudely circular outline, and the volcano rises in a conical form to the height of three thousand and ninety feet above the level of the Mediterranean. Stromboli is one of those volcanoes in which the crater is not on the summit, but on the side of the mountain some distance below the summit. Viewed at night-time, it presents a very striking and singular spectacle. The mountain, owing to its great elevation, is visible over an area having a radius of more than a hundred miles; and as it bursts out intermittently into a broad flash or glare of light, then sinks down, only in a few minutes to flash out afresh, it has been called 'the Lighthouse of the Mediterranean.'

'If we climb up,' says Mr Judd, 'to this scene of volcanic activity, we shall be able to watch narrowly the operations which are going on there. On the morning of the 24th of April, 1874, I paid a visit to this interesting spot in order to get a near view of what was taking place. On reaching a point upon the side of the Sciarrà from which the crater was in full view before me, I witnessed an outburst which then took place. Before the outburst, numerous light curling wreaths of vapour were seen ascending from fissures on the sides and bottom of the crater. Suddenly, and without the slightest warning, a sound was heard like that produced when a locomotive blows off its steam at a railway station; a great volume of watery vapour was at the same time thrown violently into the atmosphere, and with it there were hurled upwards a number of dark fragments, which rose to the height of four hundred or five hundred feet above the crater, describing curves in their course, and then falling back upon the mountain. Most of these fragments tumbled into the crater with a loud, rattling noise; but some of them fell outside the crater; and a few rolled down the steep slope of the Sciarrà into the sea. Some of these falling fragments were found to be still hot and glowing, and in a semi-molten condition, so that they readily received the impression of a coin thrust into them.'

There is a still higher spot on the upper side of the crater from which the spectator can look down upon the bottom of the crater itself and see what is going on there; and when the wind is blowing from the onlooker towards the crater, he may sit for hours watching the wonderful scene displayed before him. 'The black slaggy bottom of the crater is seen to be traversed by many fissures or cracks, from most of which curling jets of vapour issue quietly, and gradually mingle with and disappear in the atmosphere. But besides these smaller cracks at the bottom of the crater, several larger openings are seen, which vary in number and position at different periods.' These larger apertures may be divided into three classes: (1) Those that emit steam in loud snorting puffs, like a locomotive engine; (2) those from which masses of molten material are seen welling out, and sometimes flowing outside the crater in a lava-stream; and (3) those within the walls of which a viscid or semi-liquid substance is seen slowly heaving up and down. As we watch the seething mass in this third class of apertures, 'the agitation within it is seen to increase gradually, and at last a gigantic bubble is formed, which violently bursts, when a great rush of steam takes place, carrying fragments of the scum-like surface of the liquid high into the atmosphere.'

'If we visit the crater by night,' continues our author, the 'appearances presented are found to be still more striking and suggestive. The smaller cracks and larger openings glow with a ruddy light. The liquid matter is seen to be red or even white hot, while the scum or crust which forms upon it is of a dull red colour. Every time a bubble bursts and the crust is broken up by the escape of steam, a fresh glowing surface of the incandescent material is exposed. If at these moments we look up at the vapour-cloud covering the mountain, we shall at once understand the

cause of the singular appearance presented by Stromboli when viewed from a distance at night; for the great masses of vapour are seen to be lit up with a vivid, ruddy glow, like that produced when an engine-driver opens the door of the furnace and illuminates the stream of vapour issuing from the funnel of his locomotive.' A more vivid picture could scarcely be drawn of the process of volcanic action, or one conveying to the reader's mind a better antidote for the misconceptions that prevail regarding it.

The three essential conditions on which the production of volcanic phenomena seems, in Mr Judd's opinion, to depend, are the following: 'First, the existence of certain apertures or cracks communicating between the interior and the surface of the earth; secondly, the presence of matter in a highly heated condition beneath the surface; and thirdly, the existence of great quantities of water imprisoned in the subterranean regions—which water, escaping as steam, gives rise to all those active phenomena we have been describing.' The questions involved in the second and third of these conditions—namely, how matter in a highly heated condition comes to be found beneath the surface of the earth, and how the additional presence of water there is to be accounted for—have already been treated by us in an article entitled, 'Is the Interior of the Earth Molten or Solid?' (No. 943), and need not therefore be further referred to in this place.

Regarding the first of the above three conditions of volcanic phenomena—cracks or fissures in the earth's crust—Professor Judd, in the work in question, has added largely to the existing knowledge on the subject. He has contributed also not only to our knowledge of the causes and operations of volcanic phenomena, but to what we know of their uses in the economy of the natural world. The materials ejected from volcanoes during an eruption are not, as many may think, a wholly useless collection of debris. On the other hand, much of what is thus thrown out is of considerable commercial value. The volatile substances issuing from volcanic vents are at once deposited when they come into contact with the cool atmosphere; others form new compounds with one another and the constituents of the atmosphere; while others, again, combine with the materials of the surrounding rocks and form fresh chemical compounds with some of their ingredients. The deposits which are thus continually accumulating on the sides and lips of volcanic fissures, consist of sulphates, chlorides, sal-ammoniac, sulphur, &c. At Vulcano, regular chemical works have been established by a Scotch firm in the crater of the volcano, a great number of workmen being engaged in collecting the materials which are deposited around the fissures, and which are renewed by the volcanic action almost as soon as they are removed. This work, as one may readily suppose, is not at all times carried on with safety; for in 1873, a sudden outburst of activity within the crater took place before the workmen could escape, and several of them were severely burned by the explosions.

As the knowledge of natural phenomena and natural products extends, man is day by day widening the area of his operations, and allowing a smaller and smaller proportion of those products to go to waste; yet it may not be without

a feeling of surprise that many will learn, that even the seeming refuse of volcanoes is rich in constituents that are at once valuable and useful.

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—‘LET ME STAY WITH YOU,’
PLEADED MILLY. ‘I SHALL NEVER MARRY.’

MR JOLLY bore his daughter's death with that Spartan fortitude which belongs to the great race of Egotists. I will not say he did not grieve; but he talked too much of his bereavement for my simple fancy, and managed his handkerchief too artistically as he stood beside the grave. There is a sort of man who will mountebank grief at a funeral as he will mountebank joy at a wedding and patriotic indignation at an election meeting; who, if he shed tears, must needs do it with a grace, and dances you an oratorical minuet over the slain in a Roumelian atrocity. Of one sincerity of regret Mr Jolly was guilty. His son-in-law had no filial yearnings towards him, and did not beg him to make his house his home. You meet Mr Jolly in life now and then, as well as in novels, and I cannot conceive of him anywhere as being other than a bore. I fear that sermons are wasted upon him, and that portraiture is a vain art for him. Meeting his reflection in these pages, he may say—I think I hear him—that it is a most unfaithful and uncharacteristic sketch, and not in the least like anybody.

There are few wounds from which the human heart will not recover, if they are inflicted in its youth. And perhaps the best way of curing such wounds is to leave them to their own healing, and to do whatever plain duties lie before you. This was Val Strange's cure, and it succeeded as well as could be hoped. From that wild scene on Welbeck Head, he went back to such work as he could find, and then and there left the Primrose Way for good. He has not yet lived down the beliefs his neighbours entertained about the callousness of his conduct towards his young wife and his hardness at her death. And so true are the world's verdicts and so well worth listening to, that Mr Jolly passes as a model of paternal grief and tender fatherly remembrance of the dead, whilst Val is still spoken of as having exhibited himself as a monster of no feeling. It strikes some people as a curious thing that so dour and hard a man as Mr Gerard Lumby was believed to be should ever have overlooked and forgiven the wrong Val Strange did against him. And seeing that the two men, though they meet but seldom, are singularly attached to each other, these wisacres conclude that Gerard has but a shallow sort of nature after all, and is incapable of any very strong and enduring emotion. But these are mainly people who make a great point of their pretensions to ‘read character.’

Whatever may be thought still of Val's relations with his beautiful wife, there are no mistakes made about his love for his little daughter. He

loves her with a haunting remorseful tenderness, a sad and deep affection; and the common people say that little Constance is the very apple of Squire Strange's eye.

Aunt Lucretia inoculated Reginald only too easily with her own beliefs, and the little man for a long time hated Val with a mingled scorn and loathing which were at times almost too much to bear. But he threw himself on the other hand enthusiastically on Gerard's side, and made a hero of him, and little as he knew, made some near guesses at the sort of storms which had passed through his soul. This intimacy with Gerard cost him dear, and yet gave him a sweet remembrance which I think will last his lifetime. He hung about Lumby Hall a good deal in those days, and a singular change was noticed in him.

‘I never had any feminine society, Mrs Lumby,’ he said on one occasion. ‘That is, I never enjoyed any lengthened period of home-life, don't you know, madam? and I feel the loss—the deprivation deeply. Now, it's a fact recognised even by the ancients, that female associations soften the manners. I can't say I think a lot of the ancients, as a rule, though they do make such a fuss of them at school and at the ‘varsities; but they were certainly right there; don't you think so?’ And so the bald-headed little man fluttered in conversation, in a manner altogether new and noticeable. He was nervous—he was hurried and flurried in his speech—and yet he would talk, and was so remarkably eager to be agreeable and complimentary, that he ran some risk of becoming a nuisance.

During one of Reginald's visits to Lumby Hall, two years after his sister's death, Gerard, unexpectedly entering his bedroom, beheld a sight which shook his sides with mirth. We suffer, and we think we shall never laugh more; but the days and the months go by, and the burden of grief is somehow lightened, and then comes a jest somewhere, and we laugh again as heartily as ever. Only perhaps the laughter leaves us a little sadder than before, and acts as though it were a signal to call the shadow back again. The good little Reginald, when Gerard came unexpectedly upon him, was in his shirt-sleeves, and was hard at work with some gruesome gluey substance out of a bottle, polishing his baldness with both hands, as a French-polisher works at mahogany. And, there on the table before him was spread each individual device of that great fraternity of knowing ones who gift the bald with liquid hair-seed at seven-and-six per bottle; a score of them, and nearly all unstoppered. Taking in the whole situation at a glance, Gerard fell against the door-post and lifted up his voice and screamed and laughed outrageously; and the little man, with his hands still at his head, turned round, and stared at him with a visage so rueful and amazed, that mirth became almost heroic in intensity. He smiled feebly at length, and went on polishing with a look of shame.

‘It's all very well to laugh,’ he said, when Gerard had done laughing, and in a condition of infantine weakness, was wiping his eyes, ‘you curled and golden young Anak. But how would you feel if you were a small cove like me? five feet four, and as bald as a billiard-ball! I don't believe any of 'em are of any use,’ he added

piteously. 'And this one'—indicating the bottle whose contents he had last employed—is so awfully sticky and sweet, that whenever I use it, the flies get at it, and I feel like a catch-'em-alive, O.'

'Don't,' said Gerard, raising a protesting hand. 'I can't stand it.' And suddenly the little man sat down with his hands well out from his garments, and laughed almost as heroically as Gerard.

'You don't go about in that way, do you?' inquired Gerard breathlessly at last.

'No,' said the little man. 'It's a self-imposed sentence of imprisonment to use it. It's very hard, because a fellow can't even lie down, lest he should stick to something; and besides that, I'd sooner be as I am, than bald in spots, as I should be if it made the hair grow, and I had rubbed it off in places. There is a dreary sort of interest,' he added, 'in sitting before a looking-glass and betting with yourself against any special fly making a landing.'

Lord Byron has noted the indubitable fact that laughter leaves us doubly serious, but this was a droll introduction to a love-confidence.

'Why do you inflict these absurdities upon yourself?' asked Gerard.

'Well, it's unpleasant to know that you're singular,' the little man responded. 'You feel ostracised from your kind, don't you know?'

'Rubbish,' said Gerard.

'Well, that's nonsense of course, and was meant for nonsense. But I don't want to look like Methuselah yet, and I get taken for all manner of ages.'

'Jolly,' said Gerard, 'I begin to think you are in love.' He had not the remotest belief that this shaft would hit the gold, or even the white, or he would never have loosed it.

'So I am,' said Reginald.—Gerard sat grave and silent.—'Why shouldn't I be?' asked the little man. 'I'm not Old Parr. And look here, Lumby, you can tell me perhaps whether I have a chance.' He looked guiltily at Gerard, and murmured: 'It's your cousin Milly.'

'I can't tell,' said Gerard. 'Go and speak to her. You have my best wishes.'

'It's horribly absurd, you know,' said the little man. 'Of course, it's awfully absurd. I used to watch Va—— Fellows I knew I used to watch, and I used to laugh at 'em no end. I never thought I should come to this,' he added, indicating the bottles on the dressing-table; 'but when a man's as far gone as I am, he'll do anything to make himself feel a little worthier.' When a man gets to so pronounced a badinage as this concerning himself, it is not easy for anything less than a hippopotamus to feel thinned. Gerard saw that the little man was almost hysterical in his desire to hide himself, and sauntered away, therefore, with an aspect of carelessness, repeating his advice.

In a quarter of an hour Reginald descended with no trace of his late pursuits about him, and seeking Milly, found her in the garden, plunged desperately into the question at his heart—and was rejected. She respected him—she liked him—she offered him a sister's affection. She let him down as gently as she could; and he went away sadly, and threw all the preparations out of window, and grieved. He announced his depar-

ture that evening; and Gerard of course knew the cause of it, and was very sorry for the staunch friend, and the brother of his dead love. Before Reginald went away, however, he spoke to Milly again.

'You're very good and tender-hearted,' he said; 'and when I'm gone, you'll very likely accuse yourself of having made me miserable. Don't do that,' he pleaded stoutly. 'I'm not going to pay myself the poor compliment of saying I don't care. Of course I care; but I don't know who it was, just now, but there was a lady of whom somebody said that to know her was a liberal education. And I shall be a better fellow for it; and I'm very much obliged to you for putting it so kindly.—Good-bye,' he said briskly; but the tears were in his eyes.

Mrs Lumby spoke of his departure, and asked Gerard privately if he could divine what had driven Reginald away. He, thinking his mother innocent of the truth, respected his friend's secret; but it was soon apparent that she knew it, and had but asked her question for an object of her own.

'Why has Milly refused so many offers?' she asked. 'Is there nobody in the world will suit her, or is she in love with somebody already?'—Gerard was silent; but something in his mother's face and voice recalled to his mind the time when Milly had clung to him begging him to abandon his purposed pursuit of his enemy. Whilst he was thinking of this, his mother returned to the charge.—'Can you guess who it may be, Gerard?' There was that curious something in her face and voice again; but he was not of that tribe of dandies who are ready at any mere hint to believe a woman in love with them.

'Why should I guess?' he asked, as lightly as he could, and rising, made as if to leave the room.

His mother arose also and stood before him. 'Can't you guess, Gerard?'

He stood a little awkwardly before her, and would have made any light answer serve to turn the question aside, if he could have found one. But none occurred to him. His mother's reiterated question seemed to point to him, and the remembrance he had in his mind gave him the same indication; but he was loath to accept it. To love and love's delights, his heart was dead. Love is not so poor a thing in all hearts, that a year or two can serve to bury it out of memory.

'Gerard,' she said, seeing him silent, and perhaps mistaking the slight traces of confusion which declared themselves, 'I have known it a long time. She began to care for you when—when your troubles began, dear.'

'If it is so,' he returned, 'you should have kept her secret, mother.'

'Oh,' she cried, a little wounded, 'you are not to think that Milly has spoken to me, or that she guesses that I know. But women see these things.'

'I hope you are mistaken,' answered Gerard; and having kissed her, left the room. He was not a young man from whom caresses came lightly, or often; and the kiss seemed to his mother to set a certain seal of solemnity upon his refusal. A day or two later, she began quietly

to question Milly as to the reason of her manifold refusals of eligible young manhood.

'You don't want me to go away, do you, aunty?' asked the young lady; and the old one entered a warm disclaimer. 'Let me stay with you,' pleaded Milly. 'I shall never marry,' she added.

'Until the right man asks you,' returned the old lady.

'Let us wait till he comes, dear aunt,' said Milly, 'before we say any more about it.' So the question dropped, and was no more reverted to.

YOUNG LIFE IN THE STREETS.

WHEN John Leech drew his 'Portraits of Children of the Mobility,' he considered them as the antipodes of the class represented by the word he was playing upon—the Nobility. The armorial bearings he drew for them are not to be found at the heraldic offices: First Quarter, Azure, a Tile dilapidated or shocking-bad Hat; Second Quarter, between two Clays in saltire Argent, in base, a Pot of Heavy frothed of the second; Third Quarter, Sable, a Bunch-of-Fives proper; Fourth Quarter, Or, a Neddy, Sable, passant, brayant, panniered proper, cabbaged and carroted Gules. The children born to these peculiar armorial honours are not, as the phrase goes, born with a silver spoon in their mouth; it has been aptly said, that if they were, the spoon would be transferred at once to a near relation, to provide something more nourishing to go into the mouth instead. When they are able to run about, they run into the streets, having been carried thither before by other babies; and there, to the casual observer, they seem to remain all the rest of their lives. Some of them play there; but these are the offspring of the higher mobility; others earn in the streets, others live in the streets, and neither the embrace of Charity nor the grasp of the School Boards can clear them thence to shelter. Most of them, alas! get shelter eventually for a series of lengthening periods—in prison. So we class young life in the streets in three simple divisions, under which all town-dwellers see it in their rambles—the children who play there, who work there, who live there.

The children at play make the bright side of the picture. They are worth watching. Their ingenuity, their animal spirits, their sublime power of 'making the best of it,' are all enviable. A dying merchant, looking from his window in old age and sickness, once sighed to give all he had if he might be the ragged boy at the opposite corner squabbling for marbles. Well, he too, in a figurative sense, had had his squabbling and his marbles once, and the boy had yet to come to age and labour or penury; for Fate deals, after all, with an even hand, and it may be that in many cases the blank, work-driven lives of the poor have a prelude of unusual recklessness of high spirit, and power of enjoyment where there is little to be enjoyed. They make the best of it. We have seen a poor child's feathered shuttle-cock, her only toy, go down into an area, and the child, after one melancholy peep

through the railings, was as gay as ever with a crumpled paper doing service instead. A little further on, inside another area railing, a goat was mountaineering, taking the cellar tops for the edges of a precipice; and there seemed to be something akin between the ready mode of 'making the best of it' in the dumb animal and in the uncared-for child. In the same spirit, not having green boughs to swing from, among flickering leaf shadows, they climb a lamp-post furtively to tie the rope, and fly round it with a shorter swing at each turn, till the final twist and collision. Moreover, like a large growth of spider, they spin their ropes across from rail to rail at doorways; so that the inhabitant who comes suddenly home in those romantic neighbourhoods, may have to wait till a living swingful of small nurses and babies in arms descend, and until the web of knots is cleared from the doorway, and the spiders sent to weave a barricade elsewhere.

The strangest oddity of child's street-play we ever found was carried on by a solitary little baby-boy, just able to jump with safety with both feet off the flags. He had a large doll for a partner, nearly as big as himself, held carefully with her toes on the ground; and without music or witnesses, he was slowly and solemnly dancing with the doll. Where had he seen couples dancing, and when, in his experienced babyhood? The question opens up infinite speculations, from the street-organ crowd to the organ-grinder's music in the hall at some home party—as it sometimes happens—or the 'Twopenny Hop!' Somewhere he had seen it, and profited thereby; and the simplicity of himself and his partner outshone the shepherd dances of Arcadia.

Child-life in the streets for the earning of a living, is no child's play. The picture darkens all at once when we come to that part of it, and darkens more and more until the end. Street-trading by children is not now so common as it was before the law made school attendance compulsory for at least some part of the year. In those days, the number of children earning a living by vending various articles in the London streets alone was computed to be far over ten thousand. Some counted them as nearer twenty thousand. One has only to turn to the pages of Mr Mayhew's *London Labour* to find in the accounts given by the children themselves, the extreme hardship of their lives. A little watercress-seller, eight years old, with no childish ways or thoughts, and with wrinkles in her face where the dimples ought to be, may be taken as an example of the sufferings of the very young, not only then, but in countless cases now. She sold watercresses at the rate of four bunches for a penny, making a profit of about fourpence a day. She had a home, and in this degree was in advance of many others of her class. But those who cherish children of eight years in brighter homes can best understand the terrible hardships implied in this poor little trader's account of herself. The watercresses had to be bought at Farringdon Market before six o'clock in the morning; and from six o'clock till ten, she traversed the streets to sell them, before tasting food. What simple eloquence of poverty is in a few of her answers to the questions asked by the compiler of the book! 'It's very cold,'

she replied, 'before winter comes on reg'lar—specially getting up of a morning. I get up in the dark, by the light of the lamp in the court. When the snow is on the ground, there's no "creases." I bears the cold—you must; so I puts my hands under my shawl, though it hurts 'em to take hold of the "creases," especially when we takes 'em to the pump to wash 'em.—No; I never see any children crying—it's no use.'

It would be a great mistake to imagine that young boys and girls are not still in thousands earning their way in the London streets with all the hardening results of street-life. The vast number of newspaper-boys and flower-girls is proof enough that, even before they are past the age of compulsory schooling, they find ways and means to trade in the streets for bread. And taking into account the immense increase of population, the number of young street-sellers cannot be regarded as very notably lowered merely because statistics are wanting. A child's earnings are reckoned to be less than sixpence a day, in return for which poor wages the little traders wander till late at night in the great public school of anything but high influence or good example. The costermongers look upon them as rivals; they say the children, as sellers, 'perverts others living, and ruins theirselves;' and at least one half of the jealous remark is too often sadly true. Large numbers of them have no settled dwelling, or the worst substitute for a home. Many take their meals in the streets, buying a 'penn'orth of pudding' as a sustaining dinner; and the homeless, or those that are afraid to go home with stock unsold, find a refuge in crowded lodging-houses, or hide in stairs or in the markets, or lie in some corner under a dry arch.

The children who live and have their being in the streets are of a still poorer and more numerous class, though some of them are included in the class of street-traders. They buy in the markets, and sell at the corners; but they more frequently live by their wits, dishonestly or honestly, by begging or by 'fiddling'—that is, doing odd jobs, such as holding a horse or carrying a parcel. They are the 'Arabs'—in the deepest sense of the word, the most pitiable of all classes; for they are adrift and alone in the world, eluders of all law, and hardly decreased in number by legislation. Their very faults can hardly be called their own, so untaught are they, and so doomed to misery, unless some agency of protection chances to lay hands upon them individually. Whence they come and whither they go, no one knows; the beginning and end of their existence are alike mysterious, miserable problems; we only see them in childhood—or the substitute for childhood—a ragged shock-headed crew, innumerable and interminable, distinguished from the sheltered poor by the absence of all shyness and by the cunning of self-dependence in a close struggle for daily life.

Jo, in *Bleak House*, forms the typical representative of the whole class, or at least of the hundreds that, in reference to the rest of humanity, are more sinned against than sinning, even in that untaught struggle for existence. Jo is a living portrait; there is not a touch of exaggeration about it; and some there are who hold that the boy crossing-sweeper, with his whole

life and character dashed in by a few touches, is the finest character-drawing the novelist ever did, and as noble preaching for humanity's sake as was ever found in a popular fiction. Jo's ignorance is extreme, but not without glimmerings, that faintly brighten and go out. His mind is a blank; but he has a conscience—God made him, and man neglected him. He is described in half-a-dozen words; we all have seen him—'very muddy, very hoarse, very ragged.' He can say for himself that he never got into trouble—'sept not knowin' nothink and starvation.' He knows that a broom is a broom, and that a lie is bad; and when he is requested to tell the truth, he has a forcible formula: 'Wishermaydie if I don't, sir!' There is one jewel in him, among the mud, the hoarseness and the rags—one diamond. He has a heart; he has gratitude. 'He was wery good to me, he wos!' cries poor Jo against his ragged sleeve, when the man who had said kind words to him, the nameless friendless man, is 'stritched'—dead. That part of the portrait may perhaps be disbelieved, but only for want of knowledge of the poor. If there is no warmth of feeling, no faithfulness, no gratitude, it is because there has been no sympathy. The deaf child that has never heard a sound, will never speak; the heart that has never been spoken to, will never answer the surrounding hardness with human feeling. The children of the streets are often hard, cunning, selfish. But why? They are struggling by their wits for existence; they have never met with kindness, softness, sympathy. No heart has spoken to theirs, and what wonder if they are mute? Yet, in the language of the heart, they could speak by word and deed, if we would but make them hear.

Some of the young 'Arabs,' if not as helplessly ignorant as Jo, have a ludicrous confusion of ideas in place of any knowledge. Mr Mayhew, to whose work we have already referred, catechised one or two of them and received replies, provoking something of mirth as well as pity. One bright youth was questioned about the battle of Waterloo, the Queen, Shakspeare—with surprising results. He 'hadn't heer'd of the battle of Waterloo, nor who it was atween;' but once lived down by Waterloo Road. Had no notion what the Queen had to do; but did not think she could do as much as the Lord Mayor or 'the Lambeth beak.' He associated the Immortal Bard with small illicit pawnbroking, for he 'had heer'd of Shakspeare; but didn't know whether he was alive or dead, and didn't care. A man with something like that name kept a dolly-shop, and did stunning.'

At some part of their career, the schools may do something to teach boys of this class; but often no school ever gets hold of them; and in any case, there is something needed far more than instruction in the three 'Rs.' The training to a Higher Life is what they need—the care for soul and body, the taking in, not the taking up. 'Beggars ought not to be encouraged,' says the Baronet to his little daughter Adeline, who is pitying beggar children beneath the window—some of the Children of the Mobility, drawn by John Leech. 'They have no business there; it is contrary to law; and I am surprised that the policeman does not take them up.'

'Take them up, papa!' says Adeline, the phrase producing an association of ideas in her youthful mind. 'Dr Goodman said in his sermon that we ought to take poor people in.'

The number of these destitute children—the poorest of the poor, having the streets for their dwelling-place, and living no one knows how—is a number counted already in London by tens of thousands, and yearly increasing, despite the many generous and noble efforts to shelter and save. As the writer of *London Poor* has summed up their case: 'What little information they receive is obtained from the worst class—from cheats, vagabonds, and rogues; what little amusement they indulge in springs from sources the most poisonous—the most fatal to happiness and welfare; what little they know of a home is necessarily associated with much that is vile and base.' How they live at all is a marvel. The refuse of the markets makes a large item in their daily fare. About eight o'clock on summer mornings, when the wholesale trade is nearly over in the rough-paved space round Covent Garden Market, crowds of these destitute children may be seen there, scrambling for the battered plums and other decayed fruit cast away as useless—one might almost say, as poisonous. And any Saturday, those who buy costly flowers and fruit in the bright vista of the market's bloom-laden central arcade, may see a vision of London poverty, if they will step outside, and make their way to the open, where the emptied baskets make flanking barricades. There are little children pinched in face and thinly clad, grave-faced women, groups of ragged boys, gathering the cabbage leaves and all the vegetable refuse from the street; every scrap, broken and half rotten, they turn over and judge slowly, with hungry eyes and anxious hands, and no heed for passers-by. The children carry off heaps of green stump and leaf, stuffed into bits of sacking, or looped up in the front of a skirt; and we have seen a whole grave congress of business-like young things, and pale-faced women, and hungry lads, assembled round a space strewn with the stall-sweepings of orange peels, sorting and picking up to carry away the bits of peel on which some pulp was left. So near the gay stream in the central arcade, so near the departing carriages, the sight suggests the old saying, that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives.

If we knew everything, even in the one small world of London, it would be heart-breaking knowledge. As George Eliot says, speaking only of the pathos of trivial incidents, if we had a keen sense of daily life, it would be like hearing the grass grow and the squirrel's heart beat, and we should die of that roar which lies on the other side of silence. But of what should we die, or rather how could we live, if we realised the life of the poorest, who rise daily to the same sunlight, and especially the life of the children of misery? When one sees some chance glimpse of it, the helpless remonstrance is, What can I do? But there are two ways of saying that word. What can I do! never did anything. What can I do? is reflective, energetic, hopeful, brave, ready for any chance, and counting no chance small. It means work, and does it. Nor

can the work ever be counted little, if it be the stretching of a loving hand, even for a moment, to aid in lifting young life from the mire.

MARJORIE.

AN OLD VIRGINIAN STORY.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

LIEUTENANT EDWARD HARRADEN of His Majesty's 50th Regiment of Foot—a fine young fellow, with far more of the hearty Squire about him than of the typical officer of the day, was waiting that afternoon at a very familiar spot, situated just about half-way between the town and the barracks on Mount Pleasant. Of course he was waiting for Marjorie; and as punctuality is as rigid a virtue in love as in war, he had not to wait long before he espied a light active form, furs and ribbons flying, making the best of its way towards him through the deep snow, and in a few seconds was pressing his own honest face against the dimples and blushes of Marjorie's.

'O Edward!' cried the breathless girl; 'such fun before dinner! You know my tutor—Old Candlestick, as you call him—well, now, what do you think he's been and done?'

'Can't think, my darling,' replied the young officer.

'Well, what should you think was the most unlikely thing in the world that he would do?'

'Well,' said the young Englishman, after a pause, for, being a ponderous man, he was a ponderous thinker, 'I should think the most unlikely thing he could do would be to make love to you.'

'O you clever man!' exclaimed Marjorie; 'that's just what he has been doing. The impudence! I could have boxed his ears, as he stood there like a great fish. And you should have seen his face when I told him what I thought of him! Because, you know, he's been and sneaked to my father about our acquaintance; and you know that just as a red rag maddens a bull, so does a red uniform madden my poor old father. And you may imagine, Edward, what a talking-to I got last night! If I'd been a thief, I could not have got worse.'

'Well, never mind, my pet,' said the officer; 'he'll get over it. All the good folks about here look upon us as fiends. Give a dog a bad name, you know, and the rest of it. We hear plenty of it, and we've heard more than usual lately.'

'But, my love, what are we to do?' urged Marjorie plaintively.

'Why, my dear,' replied her swain, 'although I'm an Englishman, I can't help seeing that this horrid war will soon be over. Your people must be free sooner or later; and although I bear the king's commission, I don't see why they shouldn't be; and I can't think it right that two peoples of the same blood and language should be cutting each other's throats, as we have for the last seven years been doing. And then all your evil feelings will disappear; and I will go to your father, and tell him that I love you, and that I want you for my wife. And if he refuses, why—why, we'll run

away; and if he says all right, why, then it's all right.

'What a clever old dear you are!' said Marjorie, looking up in the young fellow's handsome face with proud admiration.

'How I wish, Marjorie,' he said, 'that your father wasn't such a prejudiced, strait-laced old fellow. We're going to keep Christmas in such style up at the Mount; but it'll be funny without any girls; but if he'd only let you come, all the other people would follow his example, for he's rather a big man, isn't he?'

'No; I'm afraid you won't get much Virginian beauty up there,' said Marjorie. 'You should hear how the women all talk against your people, just as much for fashion, I believe, as from genuine principle. But I *should* like to come.'

And so they sauntered on, chatting the too fast hours of daylight away, until the Lieutenant was reminded that his was the night-guard; and they went back to the Half-way Tree, as they called their trysting-place, and with one fond kiss, they parted.

After nightfall, the preparations for the *coup de main* were carried on quietly but actively in Alexandria, and no one was more active or energetic than the stalwart old farmer of Braddock's. He hastily swallowed his tea, much to the surprise of Marjorie, who was accustomed to see him linger over that meal as an important epoch of the day, and was out into the town and about the farms, enlisting recruits, holding consultations with his brother-conspirators, buying up all the muskets and pikes and swords and ammunition he could lay his hands upon, stirring up the lazy, cheering the few who were despondent, doing, in fact, the work of two men, despite his load of sixty years.

As might be imagined, Marjorie was much alarmed at the strange state of affairs at home—at the strings of carts and gangs of men laden with arms and mysterious packages which continued to pass in and out of the garden from dusk until after midnight, all in silence, and looking almost spectral in the dim lantern light.

'What does all this mean, Cicero?' she asked of the old negro.

'I dunno, Missy, I's sure; nebber see sich goin's on, nebber! Gemmans been runnin' up an' down stairs, an' in an' out jes like de flies in de molasses pot.'

She then asked one of the workers.

'Why, bless your heart, Miss,' replied the man, 'we're a-goin' to do away with the Britishers, that's what we're a-goin' to do;' and accompanied his answer with winks and head-shakings which spoke volumes.

'Do away with the Britishers!' repeated Marjorie to herself. 'That means fighting, and murder—and perhaps Edward, or father'—and a terrible cloud of thoughts came over her mind. 'Oh, how happy we could all be,' she thought, 'if people had no such things as prejudices!'

Meanwhile, her father was returning from the house of one of the confederates, which stood a little beyond the other side of the town, on the road to Mount Pleasant, and was not a little surprised to meet the Rev. Nahum Bond, who was evidently in a great hurry. Had it not been pitch-dark, he would have noticed, too, that the minister was equally surprised and rather

confused at seeing him; but the young man was quick at recovery, and said: 'Just whom I wanted to see, Master Hood. I am sorry to say anything that may offend you, but I feel it my duty to warn you against your daughter.'

'Lord! man,' exclaimed the old farmer, 'what has the wench been doing now? Laughing at her tutor?'

'Nay, nay, Master Hood,' replied Nahum; 'it is no light matter. I speak not of what she has done, but of what she may do. She knows perfectly well what our project is; she loves one of the men against whom we are to work; she met him this afternoon. Put two and two together. Good-night!' And he was lost in the darkness.

For a moment the old man stood bewildered. Then he smote his brow and muttered: 'What a fool I have been not to send her away! Of course I see what the parson means—that she will betray us—and yet I dare not think that she would do so. Her love for the red coat may be strong, but it would be strange if her love for her father and her country were not stronger. However, I will see her.' And he strode on homewards.

Marjorie met him at the door with a frightened face. 'O father, I am so glad you have come,' she cried, throwing her arms around his neck; 'I am so frightened. Tell me what all this means—these guns and swords and bullets, and all this quiet and secrecy.'

Her father gently removed her arms from his neck, and held her out at arms-length, looking keenly into her deep brown eyes, in each of which a tear glistened. 'And you mean to say, Marjorie, that you know nothing about it?'

'Nothing, father, but what Abram Stoke told me just now about doing away with the Britishers,' answered Marjorie.

'And you did not tell Mr Harraden about it, when you met him this afternoon?'

'I did not know it, father—indeed, I did not; and if I had, I do not think that—that—'

'No, no, no!' exclaimed her father, kissing her; 'I don't believe you would.'

'But tell me, dear father,' she said, 'is there to be fighting and shooting and murder? Oh, I am so terrified! Suppose you were to be killed, and suppose—suppose he—you know I can't help loving him, and so would you, if you knew how good and kind and true he is.'

'Tut, tut, lass! never fear,' replied the old man; 'these are not things for girls to be talking about. It's time for you to be in bed.—Good-night, my love; I have much writing to do.'

Marjorie went sadly enough up to her room, and in truth hers was not an enviable position. A dread was on her that something terrible was about to happen, something in which the two men she loved beyond all others in the world were concerned, and she could do nothing to prevent it. At one time, she determined that she would warn her lover of the danger; but the image of her stern, patriotic father, and of his wrath at what he would assuredly term betrayal, came before her. Then she resolved to throw herself at her father's feet and to implore him to abandon his design. Her thoughts were interrupted by a knock at the door; and in answer to her 'Come in,' the woolly head and

ebony countenance of Cicero appeared: 'Please, Missy, massa want you. He's in a debil of a rage.'

Marjorie went down, and found her father striding up and down the little room he styled his study.

'Marjorie,' he said, in a voice which was scarcely coherent for passion, 'if I was to shoot you on the spot, it would not be more than you deserve.' These were terrible words for a father to address to his child, and still more terrible when they came from a father who loved his child so dearly as Jeremiah Hood loved Marjorie.

'What—what do you mean, father?' asked the terrified girl.

'What do I mean, girl? You know very well what I mean. Read that!' and he threw on the table towards her a small scrap of paper.

She read: '*You are betrayed. Be warned in time.*'

She could not recognise the writing, nor was there any signature to this laconic epistle. Turning it over, she saw in smaller letters: '*The penalty for concealing arms or for harbouring revolt is immediate death and confiscation of estate.*'

'But, father,' said Marjorie, 'I have had nothing to do with this. Surely you do not think that I have betrayed you?'

'Not a word more,' said her father, raising his hand; 'I know that you have betrayed us. You will keep your room until I find means to send you to Connecticut.'

'But, dear father, hear me, I beg of you. Hear your daughter, your Marjorie, whom you say you love,' cried the girl in piteous tones.

'Silence!' said Hood in a stern voice. 'Did I not love you as I do, you would ere now have been lying where you now stand. Obey me, and go.'

Poor Marjorie left the room crying bitterly; and her father went out to tell the news to the confederates.

Next evening, Alexandria lay sound asleep in her mantle of snow as the clock struck midnight. It was the 24th of December 1781. A few lights from the ships by the quay-side, and from the *Royal George* and *City* hotels, were the only indications of a town visible from the British huts upon Mount Pleasant. In these 'good old days,' folk kept reasonable hours, and except upon such special occasions as a birthday night or a subscription ball, as a rule retired to rest about the same hour that their modern posterity are at dinner. But upon Mount Pleasant there was activity, and moving about of lanterns, and buckling on of knapsacks, and buttoning up of gaiters; and ere the twelfth solemn note had died away, a hundred men were drawn up in motionless array upon the little parade-ground. At a few minutes past the hour, the word was given; the company faced to the right and commenced to tramp through the thick snow towards the sleeping, unobscured town beneath them. At their head marched the Colonel, and by his side a tall figure muffled in a long cloak. They did not march by the direct route to Alexandria; but in order to avoid passing through the town, chose a back-path, which in the course of half an hour brought them at the gate of Braddock's.

Here the guide—he of the cloak—would have left them; but the Colonel held him fast by the collar. 'Nay, my good fellow,' he said; 'not so fast. Perhaps you are playing us false.—Lieutenant Harraden, take a sergeant and two file and enter the house.'

The Lieutenant saluted; and with his men went up to the door, while the remainder of the company 'stood easy' in the garden, bayonets fixed and muskets ready. In obedience to his knock, Cicero opened the door in his usual cautious manner; but a kick from the foot of the sergeant hurried his movements, for it sent the door flying open, and poor Cicero all but sprawling on the polished oak floor. The Lieutenant—whose feelings may be imagined at making such an entry into the shrine of his goddess—walked in, and requested the rueful Cicero to show him into his master's room.

'Massa hab go to bed dis tree hours,' said the scared negro.

'Very sorry,' said Harraden; 'but I must see him.'

As a rule, it was as much as Cicero's place was worth to disturb his master during even his afternoon nap; but the vision of the redcoats in the garden urged him to sink all reluctance in the matter; and in a few minutes a heavy step was heard descending the staircase, and Mr Hood appeared, clad in night-shirt, greatcoat, and slippers.

'Very sorry to disturb you at this time of night, Mr Hood,' said the Lieutenant politely; 'but I am acting under orders, and I must ask you to show me the way to your cellars.'

'Who are you, sir?' asked the old man scornfully.

'I am Lieutenant Harraden of His Britannic Majesty's Fiftieth Regiment of Foot.'

'Hm! Harraden. Fiftieth Regiment. Kent name and Kent regiment. I'm ashamed of you, sir; but as I see you have force at your back, I suppose I must obey.'

He led the way down to the cellars. The men searched high and low, sounded floor and walls with the butt-ends of their muskets; but not an arm of any kind could they find.

The Lieutenant reported matters to the Colonel. That officer, who was smoking a pipe in Jeremiah Hood's study, fumed and raged. 'Call in that rascally spy,' he said.

The sergeant went out and returned with Nahum Bond, almost dropping with shame and terror. The old farmer's feelings may be imagined when he beheld his ideal man, the destined husband for Marjorie, before him; but he could find no vent for his disgust in words; he simply sat down and groaned.

'Didn't you say that there were arms and ammunition stored here, and that an attack upon our position was to be made to-morrow night?' roared the Colonel; and without waiting for whatever answer the trembling traitor could have given, continued: 'Of course you did.—Sergeant, do your duty.'

Nahum was dragged out; and before the old farmer could interfere, the stillness of the outside world was broken by the discharge of half-a-dozen muskets. There was one cry, and Nahum Bond had paid the penalty of his double perfidy with his life.

'You will remain here, Lieutenant Harraden,' said the Colonel, 'until we receive marching orders.'

He went out. The rattle of unfixing bayonets was heard, and in a few minutes the garden was empty, save for one stiff rigid figure, with eyes wide staring up into the starlit heavens.

The old farmer seemed to have fallen into a stupor, but the departure of the troops awakened him. He rose and approached Harraden. 'You are the gentleman I believe, sir,' he said, 'with whom my daughter is acquainted.'

'I have that inexpressible honour,' said the young officer. 'And in return for the service I have rendered you to-night, I have to beg that you will bestow on me her hand.'

'Service, sir! What service?' exclaimed the astonished old man.

'Did you get a note, warning you that you were betrayed?' said the Lieutenant.

'I did, sir. And what then?' replied the old gentleman.

'I wrote that, sir,' said Harraden. 'And I wrote it at the expense of my honour as a British officer, out of my great love for your daughter. It has given you time to get your cellar cleared of the arms stored there. We shall leave Alexandria in a few days, so that there will be no need for you to meditate a continuance of your design. Had I not warned you, the consequences—well, you know what the consequences would have been. Moreover, Mr Hood, remember that I exposed that double-dealing traitor who lies outside in the snow. I'm obliged to blow my own trumpet a bit, because I know how strong your prejudices are against my country. Yet after all, Mr Hood, there is something even thicker than the mere fact of being Englishmen, between us. You surely can't forget that the Hood and Harraden estates have lain alongside each other in old Kent for centuries.'

The simple heartiness of this appeal touched the old man's heart. 'I'm an old fool,' he said, rising, 'to be meddling in these sort of affairs at my time of life. I am quite sensible of the services you have rendered me; and if you ask me as a reward that'—

At this moment the door was pushed timidly open and Marjorie's terrified face appeared. She had heard the sounds of angry voices and the report of the firearms, and had been quaking in fear upon the landing above; but when she saw her father and her sweetheart with their hands joined in the middle of the room, she uttered a joyful cry and sprang towards them. 'Oh, I have been so afraid!' she said; 'I heard such angry talking and the sound of shooting, and I was sure that one of you had shot the other.'

'Nay, lass,' said her father. 'Mr Harraden has saved us all from ruin and disgrace, and that double-faced villain Nahum Bond has been shown in his true colours. He was, I find, what you called him—a sneak, and something worse. Now, then,' he said, nodding his head towards the British officer, 'sweetheart together as much as you like.'

Mount Pleasant was evacuated by the British in the course of the week; and everybody knows that a treaty of peace was signed in less than a year after these events between Great Britain and the United States of America. Edward

Harraden retired from the army, returned to Alexandria, married Marjorie, and was soon one of the most popular men in Virginia. Many and many a pipe did he and the old farmer smoke over the International Question; but upon Christmas nights, when the curtains were snugly drawn and the logs crackled cheerily upon the hearth, they mutually sank all differences of opinion, told the story of Nahum Bond's treachery over again, and agreed that circumstances had after all turned out for the best. And when at length the old man died, Edward transported his wife and two pretty children over the Atlantic, and finally settled down on the ancestral estate in Kent.

NOTES ON CONTINENTAL TRAVEL.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

AMONG many reminiscences of bygone times, not the least happy are those of such a journey between Geneva and Paris, albeit the route was in itself as barren and uninteresting as might be. It was a sharp, biting, comfortless-looking October morning when we left Geneva, and looked our last at its busy streets, pretty villas, intensely blue lake, and the numerous washing-boats, where the stout matrons and maidens of the place did so mercilessly belabour the linen surrendered to their blows. We were amply provided with books, work, travelling-chessboards, and all the remedies against ennui that could be stowed away in the pockets of a most comfortable travelling-carriage—*une grosse berline*, as they called it at the hotels, where its capacious dimensions and powers of accommodation excited great approval. With these resources, we might have made ourselves happy, notwithstanding the raw chilly weather and the anticipation of a long journey; but there was the custom-house, that bugbear of tourists with the lightest consciences. Until that ordeal was passed—and we were not to reach the frontier till pretty late in the day—book or work failed to interest. Like the sword of Damocles, it disturbed our peace while it hung over us.

Dire were the tidings of this formidable *douane* that circulated round the *table-d'hôte* of the hotel the evening before we started.

'The strictest in all Europe,' said a grave-looking gentleman in black at the top of the board.

'You may well say that,' exclaimed a little fiery Frenchman, with a gray head, and small black eyes very inflamed and red about the lids, which glittered like live coals when he spoke. 'I crossed the frontier last year with my wife, a delicate, timid little woman. Well, Monsieur, those custom-house women, they carried her off into an inner room; they searched her, ripped up the very hems of her gown, to discover lace or jewellery in them; stripped off her clothes, the fiends, and would not let her maid near her. They thought to shut me out too, saying a man had no business in their *appartements*; but I forced in the door, *allez!* and found my poor *petite* half dead with fear in the hands of these two female ogres. We soon had the place to ourselves. When I am once put into a passion, I am pretty well in earnest, I can tell you; and so the *douaniers* found out.'

'Bah!' said a young man who sat next us, and who seemed vexed at the dismayed attention with which the tirade of his fiery-eyed compatriot was listened to—'bah! What signifies what he says! *Soyez tranquilles, mesdames*; no one will treat you with disrespect. English travellers and with your own carriage—very different from diligence passengers like him, forsooth!'

Notwithstanding this and other reassuring speeches, we felt somewhat disturbed when, descending into a rocky valley, the postillions turned round in their saddles, pointed forward with their whips, and announced 'Les Rousses.'

There was no town or village to mark the frontier. A shabby little inn stood on the roadside, about the door of which were grouped the *douaniers*, awaiting their prey. They were all on the alert as we drove up; and the carriage had scarcely stopped when the *chef* had the door open, the steps flung down, and his arm offered in the most gallant manner to help us out. Nothing could be more unlike the ideal of a gruff, surly custom-house officer than this individual. He was a small man, with a smiling countenance, and a carefully waxed moustache. With the greatest politeness, he requested the keys, begged to know whether we had anything to *déclarer*, entreated *ces dames* to be under no sort of uneasiness about their *toilettes*, as nothing would be tossed or spoilt—they might rely upon him for that—and ended by showing us into the house, where he trusted we would dine comfortably and rest for an hour, leaving everything to him. In short, if this very amiable personage had not been a custom-house *chef*, and if, while he was uttering his courteous speeches, and so gracefully doing the honours of Les Rousses, we had not beheld the work of spoliation rapidly going on upon our poor carriage—pockets ransacked, books examined; imperials, boxes, and bonnet-cases untrapped, and borne off between blue-frocked, red-capped men, under an escort of *douaniers*, to the great barn-like building where they were to undergo inspection—in short, but for all this, we should have been enchanted with our polite friend.

On entering the frontier inn, we found ourselves in the kitchen, where they were fussing about preparing dinner. A large fire blazed in the open chimney, looking very pleasant on that chill October afternoon; a contrast to the small room inside where the table was laid—so bare and comfortless it looked, with its dreary white walls, white ceiling, white cloth, white plates and dishes, white napkins. The very floor was painted white, without an atom of rug or carpet. After a few minutes, we quitted its cold exclusiveness for the more genial atmosphere of the kitchen outside. Here was a fat elderly gentleman seated by the fire, who politely drew back his chair, and of course—for he was a Frenchman—began to talk.

'Ah ça, Mesdames, you have just arrived, and the *douaniers* are as busy as bees. I too have come to-day from Geneva, a long journey. Such a searching as they gave me, *ma foi!* I don't feel the better for it. They kneaded me as if I were a lump of dough; watches and trinkets, you see, are so small and so easily smuggled; and these men are desperately suspicious. More than that, they prodded me with long pins they have for the purpose, to see whether I had anything concealed in the lining of my clothes. Many

a brooch and set of studs has crossed the frontier in that way before now, *allez!* The *douaniers* are up to every trick by this time, however. They have the ladies searched too, Mesdames. Has your turn come yet? A woman does that.—Ah, here she comes while of her we speak.'

A forbidding-looking woman did make her appearance, at that moment. 'Perhaps,' we thought with a shiver, 'the very same who so rudely maltreated the poor little Frenchwoman.' She proved, however, to have no more fell intent than to stir the sauce for the cutlets. But we had had enough of the fire and the conversation of our garrulous friend, and so beat a retreat into the cold white room.

With the dessert, our graceful *douanier* made his *entrée* cap in hand. He laid the keys on the table, and presented a paper with a list of things on which duty was to be paid, assuring us that the various small articles and nicknacks about which we were so anxious had all been safely restored to their places. This we afterwards discovered to be the case; not one was lost.

After leaving Les Rousses, the road increased in wildness. Evening was closing in as we slowly toiled up one of the rugged passes of the Jura Mountains; and when we reached the top and stopped to breathe the six horses which had dragged us up, the scene all around was savage and picturesque. Here four of our horses were withdrawn, and with two only we started for the descent of the mountain pass, a wall of perpendicular rock rising on our right, and on our left a precipice. It was growing dusk, and we were tired and half asleep, so that, notwithstanding the jolting and the increased pace, we were not aware that there was anything wrong. Soon, however, we were roused from our torpor. 'They are all lost!' shouted a couple of men who came running after us, and whose appalled looks spoke more than their words.

We were indeed in a fearful predicament. The road, at all times steep and difficult, was now especially dangerous, from being utterly out of repair. It was about to be abandoned for a new one, to be opened in a few days, so that probably we were the last travellers over this condemned pass. It very nearly proved the scene of our last journey over any road rough or smooth; for now we were every moment getting closer to the yawning precipice. Our drag-chains had snapped; and the carriage, too heavy for a single pair of horses to keep straight, was running towards the edge, dragging them with it. In a few minutes more it would have been over, and dashed to pieces! Just then, the men whose cries had roused us up, succeeded in overtaking us. They seized the wheels, pulled the postillion, stupefied by terror, off the horses, and made him give his assistance; tore open the carriage-door; and at last, by the united efforts of all parties, biped and quadruped, the ponderous vehicle was dragged back from the brink.

After this providential escape, we dared not trust again to one pair of horses, though we were told more were never put on in descending this pass. Had the road been in its usual repair, and the carriage less heavy, there would have been no risk or difficulty. A messenger was despatched to the foot of the mountain for two more steeds; and we proceeded on our journey

and reached our sleeping-place, Saint Laurent, without any other adventure.

How delightful, in those bygone times, was the arrival at a comfortable inn after long journeys such as I am describing; when the chilly autumnal evening having set in, we arrived weary and half asleep, cold and hungry, at our destination. How cheerful the bright wood-fire, piled high, and crackling in the open chimney; how grateful the warmth to numbed feet and fingers! And then the appetising nondescript repast, half-supper, half-dinner. In the centre of the table rose the inevitable pair of tall white *cafetières*, flanked by clustering cups; one of them filled with rich country milk just 'off the boil'; the other with coffee, hot, strong, and fragrant—such as is seldom tasted out of France—reviving and delicious to tired travellers. The savoury roasted partridges, and smoking dish of *pommes de terre frites*; the tempting *côtelettes* and apricot omelet; the fresh eggs, delicate rolls, pats of butter, and golden honey, all discussed with an abundant seasoning of Spartan sauce. The incidents of the day are talked over. Pretty 'bits' on the road—villages, peasants, sunsets, and moonshine, all look better and brighter, reviewed now by the light of the merry blaze, and called to mind over the well-spread table.

But in spite of refreshing coffee, reviving warmth, and roadside recollections, fatigue and sleepiness will make themselves felt. And then how luxurious to stretch the weary limbs in beds so proverbially excellent as the French; where even in the humblest village inn, the woollen mattresses are so well constructed and clean, undergoing as they do, annually or bi-annually, a thorough unripping and re-making; where the sheets and pillow-covers, often trimmed with coarse lace, are the whitest of the white and the finest of the fine; and where the only drawback was the prospect of having to get up and leave that snug nest at six o'clock the next morning.

The close of another day's travelling brought us to Montbard, a considerable village, or rather small town. We were fortunate in having it as our place of rest for Sunday; for besides being very prettily situated and possessing some local interest, its little rural inn, *Point du Jour*, was snugness itself. A French family of some importance, from the Faubourg St-Germain, were staying at the inn, having come to Montbard to visit their estates. The rencontre with them cost us a maid; for the charms of our abigail, who was a pretty young Londoner, made such fierce havoc in the heart of their chasseur, that he found her out afterwards in Paris, and presented himself, resplendent in a green and gold livery, and headgear surmounted by a wondrous plume of feathers. A six months' courtship was the consequence. How it was carried on, we never could imagine; for he knew no English; and her few French phrases appertained not to Cupid's vocabulary, but to vulgar necessities of life, such as 'hot water,' 'more towels,' and so forth. However, he managed to make her understand that he had saved money enough to set up a confectioner's shop in the Rue St-Honoré, and to persuade her to become his wife and preside over it.

Our Sunday at Montbard was most enjoyable—

one of those bright genial days of autumn, when the glowing tints and rich colouring of the season are gilded and lit up by warm sunshine, and all nature looks smiling and glad. We loitered away an hour after breakfast in the garden belonging to the inn. It was a pleasant sunny place on the side of a hill fronting the south, and contained an abundant supply of vegetables, flowers, and fruit-trees, with great patches of those sweet herbs which the French use so largely in their cuisine.

In the course of the day we sallied forth to explore the town and to visit an interesting château in the neighbourhood. How different all looked from an English village on the Sabbath day! The church was open, it was true, and the people in holiday attire, but on all sides the usual week-day business of life was going on. The village forge was in active operation, a crowd gathered round it; and some very exciting piece of gossip seemed to be on the tapis. The blacksmith, a fine young fellow, whose snow-white Sunday shirt-sleeves contrasted strongly with a smuttied face and coal-black hair and eyes, stopped in his work, eagerly gesticulating. His animated figure looked doubly on the *qui vive* beside the quiet, patient, dozing old horse standing motionless on three legs—the fourth in the hand of the blacksmith.

The château to which we were bound was the family mansion of a no less celebrated personage than Buffon. The proprietrix was the widow of his son. The latter had been guillotined in the French Revolution, and here his bereaved wife was in the habit of spending several months of the year in seclusion. She was now at her *hôtel* in Paris, and the house was shut up. It looked like most French châteaux, dull and formal. On a terrace in front was ranged a long straight row of orange-trees in boxes, not yet removed to their winter-quarters. A few blossoms remained on them, poor shrivellings, but still retaining their delicious perfume.

Apart from all the charms of association, the grounds of the Buffon Château were pleasant to ramble through. There were winding walks in the wood, thickly strewn with a deep rich carpet of red leaves, elastic to the tread, and emitting a delightful fragrance. One of these walks led to a temple or summer-house built on a height, with a background of tall trees. The old man who accompanied us paused reverentially before the building, and said: 'This was the great Buffon's favourite resort. He used to bring up his books and papers to this retired place, and it was here he studied and composed his works.' From this gray-headed old follower of the family, who had the charge of the château during Madame Buffon's absence, we expected to hear some particulars concerning the great naturalist beyond those to be found in his biographies. But he was silent and uncommunicative. The fate of his late master seemed to have deeply touched the old man, and to have substituted a melancholy respectful air, in the stead of the usual garrulity of his age and nation. He told us that his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather had been in the service of the house of Buffon. We called to mind the anecdote of the author and his attendant recorded in the *Memoirs*, but failed to elicit any more about it from this, the descendant no doubt of the servitor in question.

Buffon, his biographers tell us, had an aversion to early rising amounting almost to constitutional infirmity. He resolved to conquer it, and formed a thousand good resolutions, broken as often as they were made. The valet who attended him was strictly enjoined to rouse him in the morning, and not to desist until he had thoroughly awakened and induced him to rise. All failed, however. To his mortification and chagrin, the naturalist found himself day after day waking to self-reproach, and the sense of time lost and opportunities of study gone by. He bitterly accused his servant of neglecting his orders by allowing him to sleep.

'But Monsieur,' replied the man, 'you are so angry with me when I call you! You abuse and drive me away; you command—threaten! It pains me. I get ashamed to persevere, and dare to torment you no longer.'

'Have I not told you a thousand times,' exclaimed Buffon, 'not to mind my anger—not to listen to my threats? Have I not ordered you to rouse me, shake me, pull me out of bed?—Stay,' added the philosopher, as a new idea occurred to him; 'every morning that you have me up at the desired hour, I shall reward you with a *douceur*. Ten minutes beyond that, and not a sou do you touch!'

This argument was all-prevailing. From that day forth the valet gained money; the master, time; and posterity, instruction. 'Most probably,' we thought, as we explored the deserted summer-house, 'this temple was the place where the hours wrested from sleep were spent; and the father of our taciturn old guide was probably the servant whose morning task was at the same time so painful and so profitable.'

'LUCK.'

AN article formerly appeared in the pages of this *Journal* (No. 867) with the above heading; and the following additional instances of persons who, alone and unassisted by friends or capital, have yet succeeded in building up substantial and independent fortunes—one of them being a relative of the writer's, and the other persons well known to his family—may interest some of its numerous readers.

A——L—— was the third son of a gentleman who ruined himself some seventy years ago by numerous speculations. As the latter had a large family, it became a difficult matter to start his younger children in life. A——, however, received a thoroughly good education at the Edinburgh High School, and at the age of sixteen was sent by his father to London, where he arrived with only a sovereign in his pocket, and the knowledge that it would be in vain ever to apply to his father for further help. The lad's great desire was to become a lawyer. But how could he ever obtain his articles? However, he managed to get employment at a well-known firm of solicitors as a copying clerk; and eked out his small salary by copying legal documents out of hours. In this way he managed in time to make upwards of two pounds a week; and that sum realised,

he persuaded his cousin Mary, an orphan without any fortune, to whom he had been engaged before leaving the North, to become his wife. They were little more than boy and girl; but there was no one at hand to protest against such a seemingly imprudent alliance.

She shared her boy-husband's labours, assisted in the copying of legal papers, and was in all ways a helpmeet to him. At last there came some conveyancing work to the office with a number of old deeds to be looked through, and one of these, in its antique spelling, was undecipherable alike to the heads of the legal house and all their clerks. A——L—— heard the discussion about this deed in the office, and at length modestly requested to be allowed to take this obscure one home with him to his lodgings. The request was granted, for the senior partner had long marked the ability, as well as steadiness, of his young copying clerk. A—— did unravel the mysteries of the deed; and his employer was so pleased with him, that he at once presented him with a gift of thirty pounds, telling him he ought to be artied; and that could he but manage the sum needed, he should be very pleased to take him into the office as an artied clerk.

This was a difficult matter to accomplish; but at that time there was in London a cousin's cousin, whose mother's family were also Scotch and north-country, who subsequently became one of the two founders of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Company, and represented a large seaport in parliament; and he consented to lend A——L—— the five hundred pounds needed in those days for his articles.

It was a time of stern economy to the young married pair, and all they had to live upon was the copying he and she could do out of office-hours; and she would often exclaim in after and affluent days: 'Oh, A——, it *was* a struggle; you kept me very short, and worked me very hard.' And he would supplement her remark by adding that had he his life over again, he did not think that he could do all the work he did then.

He paid his kinsman honestly, interest as well as principal; and by the time he was forty-five, he had such a legal business of his own, that he could afford to keep a fishing-lodge in Scotland, and lived in a country-place within daily access of London, where he kept his keepers, and enjoyed his sport at times with the county gentlemen around. He was well known in the Hampshire streams, for fly-fishing was his great delight, and his anecdotes and keen remarks made his company much sought after. In his latter years he prided himself greatly upon the quality of the wine in his cellar; but he kept some of the frugal habits of his youth throughout his life, and left a large fortune.

J——G—— was apprenticed to a saddler in a suburb of London. He proved himself steady, trustworthy, and industrious, and in time became foreman of the shop; and when his master died, he in due course of time married the widow, and owned with her the snug little business. One day he was sent for to see to the repairs

of some leather straps connected with some machinery. His quick intelligence and keen eye at once perceived a much better way of working it. This discovery was the beginning of his fortune. He invented some machinery for making crape, and in time he realised a fortune of twenty thousand a year. It is told of him when dwelling in a large park, and seeking to live a country gentleman's life, that he would sit at the open drawing-room window gun in hand, while the keepers drove the deer across for him to get a shot! He and his wife kept their simple quiet personal ways in the midst of all their splendour, and were so unassuming and generously kind and hospitable, that they escaped the vulgarity often ascribed to the 'newly rich.'

J— B— was a respectable citizen of London, who in a venture lost his all, and retired to the country to live quietly on a little independence belonging to his wife. He did not like this state of things; but there seemed no opening for the commencement of any business. He had some knowledge of chemistry, and a taste for making experiments with it, and thought he would begin the tanning of leather by some process of his own, and see if any money could be acquired in that way. He exhausted all his small capital, and there was no sale for his hides. An old City friend, an alderman, who possessed a country seat near the place where J— B— had set up his tanpits, heard how the leather hung on hand, and asked: 'Why not make your leather into shoes? Few persons care to buy, or know what to do with hides. Every one must wear shoes.'

The difficulty was the want of capital; but J— B—, nothing daunted, with his two sons, lads just come home from school, and the assistance of a village cobbler, set to work. The lads soon outstripped their instructor, adding intelligence to diligence, and the result was that their shoes sold faster than they could make them; and in time as their business increased they not only sold thousands of pairs throughout England, but the demand for them in Australia became very great. J— B— died a wealthy man; and his two sons carried on the business, and in time, having realised huge fortunes, sold out and retired. Unfortunately, they had no resources of amusement, or occupation in themselves, and the loss of an object to take up their time and give them an interest in the affairs of life, at length so pressed upon them, that they, at the end of a short period of this enforced idleness, repurchased at an enormous cost the factory but lately sold; and at the present time they employ at least a thousand pair of hands in the making of boots and shoes.

These instances of success in business might be multiplied to a great extent. They may be by some put down to 'luck;' but they show undoubtedly industry, perseverance, a readiness to use any opening that presents itself, and other qualities, without which no mere 'luck' would in the long-run serve any purpose. We frequently come across instances of remarkable vagaries of fortune; but in most cases there is no doubt that the secret of success may be found in the old and true axiom, 'Heaven helps those who help themselves.'

THE WELL OF ST KEYNE.

THE amusing legend of the Well of St Keyne, as told in verse by Southey, has obtained a widespread celebrity. The comical anecdote which we are about to relate—and which we are assured actually happened about thirty years ago—may be called a supplement to Southey's ballad, and may be taken as an instance of the wonderful readiness of woman's wit, when she happens to have a special point of self-interest in view, and which she is pre-determined to carry at all risks.

We will, for the better understanding of the story which follows, briefly state the chief points of the legend, just premising that the famous Well is situated in the parish of St Keyne, about three or four miles from the town of Liskeard, in Cornwall.

Southey's ballad opens with the following verse:

A Well there is in the West countrie,
And a clearer one never was seen;
And there's not a wife in the West countrie
But has heard of the Well of St Keyne.

A traveller, thirsty and hot, arrives one summer's day at the Well, and takes a deep draught of the cool refreshing water; and whilst he is resting, a peasant comes up to fill his pail, and earnestly regarding the stranger, at once bluntly asks him the following, apparently unaccountable questions: 'Is he a married man? Because, if so, the draught he has just imbibed is surely the happiest he has ever drunk in his life. Or has he a wife? And if so, has she ever been in Cornwall?' Adding, with much energy, this positive but curious assertion:

For if she has, I'll wager my life
She has drunk of the Well of St Keyne.

The traveller, naturally surprised and puzzled at the odd questions, replies that he has been married many years, but that his wife has certainly never been in those parts; and then desires to know what constitutes the special benefit said to be conferred upon him by drinking the water. The peasant then tells him the legend in the following pretty verses:

'St Keyne,' the Cornishman said in reply,
'Oft drank of this crystal Well,
And before the angel summoned her,
She laid on its waters a spell:

'If the husband at this gifted Well
Shall drink before the wife,
A happy man henceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life.

'But if the wife shall drink it first—
Lord help the husband then!—
And the traveller stooped to the Well of St Keyne,
And drank deep of its waters again!

The last two lines exhibit an amount of prudence and forethought highly to be commended on the part of the astute and cautious traveller, who, it will be observed, although he had already drunk copiously of the crystal spring, resolves to place himself entirely on the safe side, and make doubly sure, by drinking 'deep of its waters again!'

The traveller then playfully rallies the peasant, by supposing—as a mere matter of course—that he had taken care to get a drink of the water

in good time after his marriage; but was rather surprised to find that

The other replied as the stranger spoke,
And sheepishly shook his head:

'I hastened as soon as the wedding was o'er,
And I left my poor bride in the porch;
But, alas! good sir, she'd been wiser than I,
For she took a bottle to church!'

Here, then, was a specimen of sagacious forethought and ready wit, quite worthy of that dainty sex

Whom man was born to please.

But although this exhibits a brilliant idea as brilliantly and cleverly carried out by the quick-witted bride, we are inclined to think that the circumstance about to be related is quite equal to it, if not superior in some points.

The story goes that, about thirty years ago, a worthy couple having determined to enter the holy estate, and each having the usual desire to obtain the 'whip-hand' of the other for the rest of their natural lives, secretly resolved—of course unknown to the other—to follow in the footsteps of Southey's clever heroine, and, like her, each to 'take a bottle to church.'

The happy day arrived, and the wedding service was duly said, and the benediction duly pronounced. 'Now,' thought the cunning bridegroom, 'now's my time;' and was about to pull out his little bottle of magic water and drink it there and then; but being a man of some religious feeling, he thought it would be hardly decent to be seen drinking out of a bottle in church; and besides this, the friends present might think that his heart had at last failed him at the thought of the magnitude of the deed he had just committed, and that he had to fortify himself with a little 'Dutch courage;' and therefore he very properly waited till the wedding party reached the vestry, when he instantly swallowed the contents of his flask, and triumphantly exhibiting the upturned bottle to his loving bride, exclaimed with a broad grin: 'First drink, lass, first drink; now I be maister!' But what was the surprise of himself and the assembled company at seeing the fair bride quietly and demurely produce from the bosom of her dress a little bottle, with a long straw inserted through the cork, which she immediately inverted, to show that the bottle was perfectly empty, and said, with a knowing, self-satisfied smile: 'Nay, nay, Robin; first drink, first drink. It's I be maister, not thee!'

The king's well-known exclamation to Hamlet—

But see, amazement on thy mother sits,

would well have applied to the whole company assembled in the vestry at that moment. If the bride had really emptied her bottle, how and when did she do it? for nobody saw her, or had the smallest conception of her movements. Every one seemed to look for an explanation; and after a few moments of awkward silence, the bride, evidently not a little pleased with her own ready wit, proceeded to inform the company that, taking advantage of the huge poke-bonnets and full veils worn at that day, she, whilst kneeling at the end of the service, with her head bowed forward, contrived, by the help of the long straw, to drink the contents of the bottle without removing it from its hiding-place in the bosom of her dress,

or attracting the smallest notice from any one. This feat she had managed to accomplish immediately on the close of the benediction; thereby getting first drink after the marriage service had been actually finished; and thus securing—according to this most fanciful legend—that position of authority so eagerly sought for by the ladies when they have entered on the married estate.

CHRISTINE.

I SLEPT:

Long ere the sun had dropped into the West,
Long ere the birds proposed their evening rest;
Still glowed the sun in its uncoloured fire,
Still quivered heaven with the lark's desire:

And while I slept I woke
As in a conscious dream;
Methought I heard the stroke
Of rowing on the stream,

Whereon I lay rocked in an osier bed,
Kissed by the winds, on summer fragrance fed.
One only rower came,
Guiding a winged barge;

How noble was his frame,
His earnest eyes how large!

He gently steered his barge to where I lay;
He fondly touched my lips, and looked away
On the fast-dying day,
And wept.

His flowing hair, of deeply-clustering gold,
Was wet with evening dew; his brow was old
With eager thought; his eyes were globes of light,
That pierced with joy the universal night.

He lowly bent and spake
Soft whispers in my ear:
Strange that his breath should wake
A sense of longing fear!

'I love thee; wake; embrace me, fair Christine.'

I came from far to know, to woo, to win.

I love thee; wake; arise
From out thy golden sleep;
I will anoint thine eyes

With salve; but cease thy sleep.

He kissed my heavy eyes and wooed me till the sun
Rolled to the sea; till love's fond sand had run.

He turned him to the sea:

'Farewell, Christine, to thee.'

I woke

With his last word,
And cried through tears and with uplifted hands:
'Come back, beloved; why to distant lands
Row thy lone way? Oh! come and breathe again
Thy perfumed words, spoke this time not in vain.'

'Come back!' but the wide vales

Return my yearning cry:

'Come back!' but far he sails;

He heeds not my sad cry.

'Oh! come again, great stranger; why depart?
Come back to heal my pierced, anguished heart.'

I saw his airy skiff

Sail up beyond the sea,

Far o'er a cloudy cliff

That overhung the sea.

And never may return the rapture of my dream?

And never may I hear or know of him?

'Come, oh! come to me.—

Oh! hush, envenomed sea.'

'Farewell, Christine, to thee.'

Would God I had awoke

Before my heart was broke.

c. c.

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CASTLE GARDEN.

ONE of the most memorable objects that arrest the attention of the European wanderer landing at New York, is the famous *dépôt* at Castle Garden. To this all emigrants must go, unless they are cabin passengers. Some do not like it, and complain that a republican government should imitate the bureaucratic inquisitiveness of the Old World. English people, whose pride is great though their fortunes are small, are often indignant at being placed in a semi-pauper category, upon reaching the land of freedom and equality. At first sight, it does look as though rich and poor were treated with painful distinctness; for cabin passengers are landed at the wharf of the Company's steamers, stewards and porters busily aiding the transport of their baggage; and officers bid them farewell with lifted caps and courteous phrases. Only when the last of these preferential persons has departed, does the steamer turn her head to the *dépôt* where steerage passengers debark. There, like a herd, are they deposited upon the shore of the promised land, not free to go where they list, but detained to answer the queries of the Emigration Commissioners, and to be advised and directed by the officials of the bureau. No wonder many are impatient of the formalities of Castle Garden; but few complain when they come to know how much the institution is of advantage to the new-comer, and how indispensable it is to his welfare.

Castle Garden *dépôt* was established in 1858, when government Commissioners were appointed to take surveillance of those landing at New York. The portentous influx of Irish people which followed the famine years of 1847-8 compelled attention. Thousands of poor ignorant creatures were shot like rubbish upon the quays of New York, to live, to die, to succeed, or to perish. The arrival of so much misery and helplessness was not reassuring to the Americans. Rude, semi-savage, hunger-bitten hordes did not promise increase of material and intellectual wealth for the United States; on the contrary, threatened

to deteriorate its society. So, nothing was done to make the situation pleasurable, in order that the inflow of ignorant poverty might be checked. The consequence was that the degeneracy, which famine created in Ireland, was intensified by the sufferings endured in New York and its neighbourhood. Desperadoes of both sexes were engendered by the squalor, vice, and helplessness abounding. Thousands who might have risen in the scale of being in the Western wilds, sank into the condition of brute beasts in the slums of the city. They preyed upon those coming from Ireland and other European countries; and after despoiling them of their all, reduced some to desperadoes like themselves, and others to maddening poverty. In this way, a criminal class of a most alarming kind was created and fostered; a class which pillaged and demoralised at will.

At the same time, the conduct of those engaged in transporting emigrants from Europe to the United States was anything but humane, and often highly culpable. Ship-owners were eager to make the utmost out of the poor beings in the steerage; officers and sailors were often debased and heartless ruffians who victimised those at their mercy. Emigrant ships were at the pleasure of the winds; for steam was only applied to mail-packets. Often the voyage occupied a month. Sanitary and moral concerns were little considered; and the physical and ethical natures of those driven by stress of circumstances from their fatherland were not a little injured by their Atlantic experiences. Immorality and disease frequently consummated the ruin began by misfortune at home. Thus it followed that the new blood pouring into America was in constant process of pollution; and a race of evil-doers was being manufactured that boded ill for present and future generations.

The tone of the lower orders of New York was profoundly affected by the demoralisation that went on for years. Nowhere in the world are there more dangerous ruffians than those now haunting the 'shady' quarters of that city. They

are capable of any crime within the scope of trained wickedness; and their invention and audacity place them in the front rank of the malefactors of the age. Beside the ruffianly marauders, there are still more baleful enemies of society, who attack it through every avenue of trade and commerce. These people employ all the resources of civilisation to destroy civilisation. Sharpened by their age and surroundings to a point of acuteness that Europe knows not—educated, refined, and lustful of costly pleasures, they carry on a war with the law-abiding that knows no truce, that is softened by no consideration for sex or suffering. In short, the predatory spirit invades the domain of administration to an extent that has made New York a by-word in the Old World and the New.

Of course it would be absurd to attribute all the moral delinquencies of New York to the deceptions and plunderings inflicted upon emigrants thirty years ago. America had scoundrels high and low long before the period referred to; but the iniquities perpetrated during the decade of 1848–58 did infinite mischief. No doubt, too, many emigrants were prone to evil in their fatherland; and some were self-deported criminals; but, withal, evil can be developed, and was developed, until the Emigration Commissioners began their noble work at Castle Garden.

In 1858, the American government recognised the important truth that it stood *in loco parentis* to the alien children swelling its family. Unless they were set to useful and reproductive employments, they would devour society parasitically. In these endless multitudes coming from the East, lay an incalculable potentiality of wealth, if energies were rightly directed. If not, the immigrants were practically an army of invaders, capable of untold misdoing. Westward lay unpeopled lands; on the quays and streets of New York, the people; join them together, and the United States would become a splendid phenomenon among the nations of the earth. And so it came about that the bureau termed Castle Garden was established to protect immigrants from sharpers in New York and along the route they proposed to travel after leaving that city. They were furnished with reliable information as to means of transport, and the probabilities of employment in every state of the Union. Officials speaking every language and dialect of Europe were upon the staff of the Commissioners, in order that all strangers might be definitely instructed in the matters it behoved them to know. Facilities were given to employers for communicating with the immigrants, by which large numbers found occupation a few hours after landing. Particular care was taken of young and unprotected females. In short, all that officialism could do for poor strangers seeking a home in a distant foreign land was done. By degrees, the great services of the bureau came to be amply recognised throughout the United

States; and much of the prosperity, thrift, and moral advance of later years is distinctly traceable to the good work done at Castle Garden.

Necessarily, a large and increasing revenue was required for this labour of economical philanthropy. It was raised by charging the Companies one dollar per head upon the emigrants landed by the various ships and steamers. Many protests were made by the Companies against what they deemed an unwarrantable tax; but for years the protests were unheeded. Nor was that the only grievance the ship-owners complained of. In England, the government had made immense demands on behalf of the emigrants quitting its shores. The ill-treatment, the frauds, the crimes inflicted upon steerage passengers, had roused parliament to come to their protection, and the Board of Trade took a rigorous oversight of the traffic. Although much remains to be done, the voyage of to-day is a pleasure-trip compared with the horrors of past days. The food supplied is abundant, and fairly well cooked; and though multitudes are confined in a small space, the steerage is infinitely more comfortable than it was fifty years ago. Now-a-days too, the voyage is reduced to a maximum of ten days, with swifter passages of eight days and even fewer.

The action of the British and American governments on behalf of emigrants has been to the advantage of ship-owners. By compelling them to treat their passengers well, and to save them from the harpies of New York, the trade has attained its present astounding proportions. An Atlantic voyage was formerly a frightful ordeal; it is now a pleasant holiday trip; and thousands of steerage passengers come from New York to Europe, where only dozens came in former times. The immense fleets employed in the trade, and the handsome incomes they earn, prove how remunerative the passenger traffic has become.

The capitation charge upon emigrants has been reduced by the authorities to fifty cents; for at length the supreme legislature of the United States admitted that the charge imposed at Castle Garden was illegal. After much disputation as to how the expense of the bureau was to be maintained, it seemed probable that it would be closed. In fact, the Emigration Commissioners had announced that Castle Garden would receive no more emigrants, and that each steam Company must discharge their steerage passengers upon their own wharfs. The cablegram reporting this produced something like consternation in England; and loud demands were made by the newspapers that some arrangements should be come to, to save a repetition of the scenes of the previous generation.

By an extension and amendment of the United States Immigration Act, which came into force on the 1st of November, the government has taken control of all its intending citizens from the port of embarkation. Each steerage passenger must have a cubical space of one hundred feet allotted to him or her between decks on steamers; and one hundred and ten cubic feet on sailing-vessels. The roof of the deck must be six feet from the floor. A fine of fifty dollars will be imposed for any breach of these regulations; and

besides, the captain may be imprisoned for six months.

Each berth must be two feet wide and six feet long, and also divided from other berths. Two relatives or friends may occupy berths without divisions; but strangers must be kept apart. This space is greater than that hitherto allowed by many European Companies, and will prevent the overcrowding which has been so loudly complained of.

There must be two ventilators for each fifty passengers, one introducing fresh, and the other removing the vitiated air from the berths. Three meals of good food must be supplied each day; and each passenger allowed four quarts of water.

The ship's company are forbidden to enter the emigrants' quarters under the penalty of one hundred dollars. Copies of this regulation are to be hung up in the steerage in the principal languages of Europe.

No 'runners' are permitted to board the vessel on arrival.

The fifty cents duty levied upon immigrants is to defray the cost of regulating the traffic, for caring for the new-comers, for relieving the distressed among them, and for the general purposes of the Act.

The collectors of customs are charged with its administration; and these will doubtless do their duty.

Many scenes has the quaintly-ugly building on the Castle Garden witnessed before it became an immigrants' dépôt. In it Lafayette was welcomed on his return to America in 1824 by the notables of the city. It was afterwards converted into a concert-hall, where Jenny Lind enchanted New-Yorkers with her nightingale notes. Upon its stage, too, Grisi, Mario, and other operatic grandees, played and sang. Its rumbling recesses have quaked at the thunder of Jullien's *monstre* orchestra. But none of its bygone scenes were so thrilling as many of those daily occurring now. The realities of life are far more wonderful than the most finished imaginings of romancers; and the visitor to Castle Garden can in an hour have any amount of proof.

Let us try to depict a few of the tableaux that now present themselves.

In a corner is seen a group that looks like the remnant of an operatic chorus, that has phantasmally returned to the abandoned theatre. Women with bright blue bodices and gleaming white linen, whose headgear blazes like a red fire, are speaking in hurried recitative to a knot of men, in long gray cloaks, slouched hats, and bandage-wrapped legs rising from sandalled feet. Their hair is long, moustaches carelessly curled, eyes glittering darkly, cheeks sallow and dirty. From time to time, one of the men bursts into the recitative with torrential speech, waving his cloak like a Roman senator, shrugging his pliant body with the most extravagant vermicular contortions. Then all join in a cadenced *finale*, gesticulate grandly, and at length subside into expectancy and silence. These people are lazzaroni from Naples, seeking in the New World something better than the hereditary beggarmdom of the Old. Soon a Castle Garden official comes up to them, and explains in their own *patois* what they must do and how they

must do. Railway tickets are given them; and they move off rejoicing, emitting a whirlwind of dulcet vowels.

As they pass from view, a strange little party of sandy-bearded, tangle-haired men, incredibly costumed and marvellously unclean, appear. With them are women, beautiful, dragged and unkempt though they be; and children looking like large-eyed cherubim, taken from an old Polish picture-gallery. They are all profoundly subdued; their eyes meet one wistfully, deprecatingly. Their speech is brief and low-spoken, in what tongue few can tell. It sounds strange to an English ear. These poor souls seem like human fossils drawn from the depths of Time, strangely incongruous in the bustling, alert, unheeding world of Castle Garden. While multitudes around them are waiting impatiently to get *en route*, they are meekly passive, contentedly ignored. Hundreds go, still they remain unperturbed. But their turn comes. A man approaches, speaks to the eldest of the group, who begins, in a humble, deprecating way, to tell his story. These people are Russian Jews, who have endured much, before persecution and despoilment forced them to fly for their lives. Hated, contemned, mocked, they have travelled the best part of half the world's diameter to this American land, seeking an abiding-place, and permission to labour and to live. They have not come with a company of their fellows, but are an isolated party, paying their own charges. By-and-by, they disappear with a guide.

Among a noisy crowd of poor Irish, is a family of six that arrest attention from their silence and appearance. Though of the same nationality as those about them, they keep apart. A patriarch of fourscore is seated upon a box. His face is wan and weary, and it hurts one like a wound to note its expression. It tells of a man torn up from the foundations of a life grown rigid, and hurled, as by an earthquake, from the ancestral hearth into the mad clangour of intolerable scenes. He has evidently suffered much on board ship; but mental anguish and a yearning for repose afflict him more than physical pain. Beside him is a woman of middle age, evidently his daughter, for her features are his own. She is well dressed and even lady-like. Anxiety is in her restless eye, her quivering lip, and her unconscious stare. She hears not the chatter going on around; her thoughts are far away. A strong, stern-looking young man stands near her, taking notes of the scene with impatient disdain. He is the eldest son of the widowed mother, the prop and pioneer of his family, ruined by agrarian anarchy. Two young girls, his sisters, and a little boy of ten or eleven, are behind him, jaded with waiting, and too sorrowful to speak. The old man was a small Squire in the south of Ireland; he has been between the hammer and the anvil; for his sympathies have been with the poor, but as a landlord he has had to defend himself against the foes of property. His daughter's husband has been killed; and with a few score pounds, the family has fled to find a temporary home in America, until better times return.

In a quiet corner, a gentle, rosy matron is talking to a young Swedish peasant girl in her own language, and offering her good terms as a domestic servant. Not far away from them is

a bustling, loud-spoken, dogmatical lady, grandly attired. She is engaging a poorly clad Irish girl to serve in her mansion near Central Park. A few years ago, this fine lady herself sat in Castle Garden waiting to be hired. She was poorer than the girl beside her. She has lived a romance since then. In the ship which brought her from Ireland was a groom, who made her acquaintance. He had a talent for betting, and New York furnished a field equal to his genius. He rose high and quickly; and after a time, gave up horses for stocks and shares, and became one of the great operators of the New York Exchange. His wife, this magnificently appointed lady, rose with him, and is now one of the 'powers' of the city. Who can say what the destiny of the girl she is hiring may be, when she is launched into the eventful life of the New World? She may marry a Silver King, a railway Colossus, a territorial Goliath, a dictator of the Corn or Cattle worlds; and as the wife of a powerful statesman, may mingle with the potentates of the Old World. She may become the mother of a President, whose fame shall thunder through history. Who can say what potentialities of intellectual and material command lie enwrapped in this poor girl, accepting service at fifteen dollars per month?

Castle Garden has been an enchanted vestibule to myriads, who have reached it in poverty, sorrow, and doubt, but who have thence started upon a path that led to wealth and power infinitely beyond their dreams. Indeed, it is chiefly those starting from the immigrants' depôt that attain the grandest successes the country affords. Those who reach America in a luxurious cabin berth, and who step ashore in a gentlemanly way at the private wharf of the steam-ship owner, do not often make a permanently brilliant figure in society. The voyage to them has been a floating picnic; exquisite food, exhilarating drinks, jovial companionship, have made the whimsical, testy Atlantic not only endurable, but enjoyable. Pampered and self-satisfied, the fortune-seeker greets his adopted land, assured that such a thoroughly deserving fellow has only to ask in order to have. Luck may be his, but also bad luck. In a few months, our deserving sybarite may be working in a composite gang of negroes, Dutchmen, Irish peasants, and whisky-made madmen, upon the track of a far-West railway.

The stern discipline of the steerage, the *entrée* furnished by Castle Garden, the iron compulsions of poverty, are real preparatives for fortune in a country where work is all in all. Alas! for the man who is superfine and disdainful of small beginnings; Castle Garden promises little delight to him. To the willing and the cheerful, and particularly to the adaptive, it opens out a prospect more promising, perhaps, than any other point of debarkation in the world. As systematic settlement progresses in America, the advantages of the bureau are enlarged; and a time may come when all who are received at Castle Garden will find situations through its instrumentality. As it is, the hazards and anxieties of emigration have been immensely reduced since the Commissioners began their humane work; and the extraordinary exodus from Europe which has marked the past two years, is in no small degree owing to the

part that Castle Garden has played in the protection and economical distribution of the millions that have been cared for during the past twenty-five years of its existence.

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER XLIX.—VAL STRANGE MEETS HIS OLD FRIEND AND ENEMY AT TIMES, AND AFTER ALL THERE IS ON EACH SIDE A SOFTENED AND TENDER ESTEEM.

You remember in the famous wooing of Duncan Gray, the sly Scottish brevity of humour with which the narrator sets forth the final causes which brought the young people together. Gerard, like Duncan, was 'a lad o' grace'; but Milly's case was by no means piteous to look at. She seemed, on the contrary, to be very fairly happy; she was always good-tempered and cheerful; she made the old house bright with a sweet equable brightness. Gerard began to bethink himself—What would it look like if she left it? His mother's revelation hung in his mind a good deal; he admitted that Milly would make an ideal wife for any man happy enough to win her. Yet there was no room in his heart for any new love. He watched her as she tended his father, and warmed the old man's last dim years with a gentle and untiring love, like that of a good daughter. He watched her as she cheered his mother, and saw in her the only sunshine the sombre house held within it in these dull gray days. He thought highly of her, and regarded her with what he felt as a deep brotherly affection, but no more.

Whilst things were at this pass, the new owner of the Grange, a handsome young bachelor, well provided with the good things of life, began to make advances, and was remarkably well received by Mrs Lumby. Gerard's mother was one of those curiously unselfish women who find delight in others' happiness, and make no schemes for their own, and who are generally very happy in despite of fortune, perhaps because of their own unselfishness. Gerard had liked the new neighbour well enough, to begin with; and though he was slower to make friendships now than he had ever been, he manifested an unusual liking for Mr Graham's society. But somehow—construe me this who will—he began suddenly to discern some wretched affectations in the man's manner; his whiskers offended him for one thing, and he hated to see a man part his hair in the middle and wear an eyeglass. Curiously enough, the birth of these small mislikings was contemporaneous with a seeming of desire on Mr Graham's part to be a good deal at Lumby Hall and to inveigle Milly into private talk, and to waylay her in a chance manner in her drives, walks, and visits. A little coolness sprang up between Gerard and the new acquaintance, and once or twice Gerard greeted the casual mention of his name with chill ridicule of his smile, which was perhaps a little too frequent, or of his eyeglass, which was somewhat too transparently in the young gentleman's way. Mrs Lumby having favoured his visits, and clearly discerned their object, was a little piqued.

'Gerard,' she said privately to him, 'you do injustice to Mr Graham. No man is altogether free of peculiarities; but he is a gentleman; he is very good to the poor; and his character is unimpeachable.'

The young fellow growled a little, admitting that all this might be true, but demanding to know what the gentleman in question saw to smirk at all day long. 'Lemonade is a very good drink in its way, no doubt,' he said with a reluctant laugh, 'but you don't always want it. What is the fellow always here for? One gets tired of him.'

'He is paying his addresses to Milly,' said the excellent woman with some warmth. 'And you must not play the part of the dog in the manger, Gerard.'

'What?' said he, with more briskness than was common with him. 'Is she going to marry that fellow?' He walked on a step or two, with a stronger feeling of dislike than ever for Mr Graham.

'I can't say how far the matter has gone,' said Mrs Lumby in answer. 'But his intentions are evident, and I hope Milly will accept him. It is high time she was settled.'

Gerard took this intimation with a worse grace than might have been expected of him. He would at least have liked, he said, to see her married to a worthy man.

'Is there anybody worthier in the field?' demanded his mother.

To that query Milly's well-wisher returned no answer.

A day came when the contemned Graham came with his smile, and after an interview with Milly, went away without it. He stayed away for a month or two; and Gerard missed him so far that at last he sent him a note asking him to join in a day's shooting. The old coldness died, and the two, without developing an heroic friendship, got on very well as neighbours, and were pleasant acquaintances.

'You get on very well with Mr Graham now, Gerard,' said his mother, with an unkind emphasis on the 'now.'

'I like him better than I did,' said the young man with perfect calm. He was by this time a Justice of the Peace, noticeable for a remarkable judicial patience in his conduct of all cases which came before him. Amongst his compeers was one Staines, a middle-aged man, a widower, and a large landowner. This was the one man whom Gerard really esteemed out of all the unpaid justices of the county, and he spoke of him with reserved warmth at home, and finally brought him to Lumby Hall pretty often. But Mr Staines began to come of his own initiative. There was very little glass in the gardens of the Hall, and his conservatories were the finest in the whole country-side. He used to send melons, pines, grapes, and what not; and as for flowers, they began to bloom all the year round. The ill-regulated Gerard began to cool towards the admirable Staines, and Mrs Lumby lost patience with him.

'Why have you quarrelled with Mr Staines?' she asked.

'We haven't quarrelled,' said Gerard quietly.

'You are not nearly so friendly as you were,' persisted his mother; and then broke out: 'You

are a dog in the manger, Gerard. You will neither marry Milly yourself nor let any one else marry her.'

'I don't want her to marry Staines, certainly,' he said with provoking calmness. 'She mustn't be a nurse all her life. The man's five-and-forty, and has three children.'

His mother sighed, and was fast giving him up as intractable. If Milly had only shown some favour to any one of her wooers, she would have had more hope. That might stir him into action, she thought; and she even manoeuvred to make it appear that the girl had a penchant for the widower; but without effect. All these things took time, of course; and indeed four years had gone by since Val Strange had betrayed his friend. Many things which had at that time seemed impossible, had come about. Gerard had forgiven his enemy. He had done more—he had saved the enemy's life, in place of taking it. He had himself, after an awful repentance, settled down into peace of heart, or something very near it. And all this time the thought had been in his mind—vaguely at first, but clearer and more clear as time went on—that the best woman he had ever known in his life loved him, and was to be had almost for the asking.

Messrs Graham and Staines had done something between them to open his eyes to his own condition. But it was natural that in a heart so loyal, there should be much tenderness about disturbing the place of the dead. Consciously to admit a new love, had something of an air of sacrilege about it; and on the other hand there was a baseness of coxcombry about the idea of marrying Milly out of pity for her attachment—as if she could not live without him. And indeed Milly seemed happy and contented amidst the multifarious duties she laid upon herself, and looked by no means like the love-lorn maiden of the lending library. But as widower Staines grew more and more persevering in his presentations of fruit and flowers, and more exigent in his attendance at the Hall, Gerard at last became alive to the fact, that however Romance might reject the notion, he still had within him capacities for loving a second time. There were none of the old wild transports of passion in this calm affection; but it was none the less a marriageable love, and he saw it. I am not altogether sure that the volcanic nature of his first love had not imbued him with ideas about love and marriage in general which were hard to shake, and that finding none of the volcanic agencies at work, he declined to believe in the dictates of his own heart. But at last the Staines' affair came to a head, and the middle-aged Justice came up with a nervous smile and went away without it. And then Gerard spoke.

Milly asked for time to think, and consulted his mother. 'I am not going to be married out of pity,' she said with spirit in the course of the colloquy; and then with sudden tenderness, threw herself upon Mrs Lumby's bosom a gentle avalanche, and asked—Could she make him happy? The mother was sure of it, had seen it for a long time. 'Speak to him of it,' murmured Milly; 'and tell me what he says, and how he says it.'

Mrs Lumby promised, and kept her promise. 'I have been blind,' said Gerard. 'I have loved her these two years past.'

That settled the matter; and the news of the result of the conference between mother and son being conveyed to Milly, she consented. They were married, and they live in a calm blessedness and confidence in each other, enduring crosses and griefs and trials like other people. A year ago, Gerard's father died, peacefully and happily, having lived to dandle an heir-male upon his knees, and to see a promise that the old house would be kept alive. The great firm prospers, and is higher in the world than ever; and Barnes still sits in the seat of Garling. Val Strange meets his old friend and enemy at times, and after all there is on each side a softened and tender esteem. The two know each other's temptations, and that is a great matter. Where storm raged, calm reigns.

I have told my tale ill indeed if it needs that I should point my moral here. The shadows I have lived with for a year grow pale and fade. The tale is told, and yet the hand is half reluctant to lay down the pen. Some day—who knows how soon?—an inexorable hand will write down *Finis* to your life's history and mine. The tale which goes before that awful word will tell of many wanderings in the dubious Primrose Way. Let us resolve in parting that it shall tell also of an honest effort to follow Duty, though she tread the rougher path on which it seems God's ordinance that she shall most often travel. We can scarce do ill, if we part with one another on those terms. And so—Farewell.

OUR MILK-SUPPLIES.

AMONGST other things in this country which have been affected by American competition, is the making of cheese and butter; and some who are disposed to grumble would allege that our rivals on the other side of the Atlantic have so cut in upon home production, as to make it little better than a losing business. In spite, however, of such an allegation, we find a steady increase in the production and consumption of home-dairy produce during recent years. Pure and good milk is one of the first necessities of every household, and how to secure the purity and richness of our milk-supply is one of the dietetic problems of modern life. The British dairy-farmer, therefore, if he knows his business, has little to fear in the trade of milk-selling and butter-making.

The agricultural returns of Great Britain for last year show an increase upon the previous year of twenty-nine thousand cows and milk-heifers. A long row of figures is required to represent the probable quantity of milk annually produced in the United Kingdom; it has been estimated at sixteen hundred and twenty-eight million gallons.

In spite of our apparently abundant home supply of dairy produce we imported butter in 1881 to the value of about eleven million pounds sterling. The largest supply—745,536 cwt.—came from Holland; France sent us 496,724 cwt.; Denmark, 279,625 cwt.; and the United States, 174,246 cwt. In the matter of cheese, the United States in the same year sent us by far the largest proportion of our total imports, or 1,244,419 cwt.; the total from all countries being 1,840,090 cwt. This immense importation of cheese from America may

be partially explained by the abundant pasturage, and the factory system of cheese-making, which has been carried on for many years. American cheese is usually made in large quantities. The farmer sends his milk to the cheese-factory, which draws its supply from the surrounding district, and which is usually large enough to receive the milk of about two thousand cows daily. The farmer is either paid for the quantity of milk which he brings, or from the general results. This system—apparently introduced from Switzerland about 1851—has spread very rapidly, so that there are now over three thousand such factories in the United States. This system was adopted in Derby in 1869, and in Stafford in 1877, on a small scale.

We have now many Dairy-supply Companies and butter-factories in England, where the cream can be separated from the morning's milk, made into butter by mid-day, and be on sale in London in the evening. Such a factory—erected at a cost of about eight hundred pounds—will consume about one thousand gallons of milk daily, and is the best defence the British farmer can make against foreign competition. Our present railway system has so revolutionised the milk-supply of our large towns as to make it possible to gather in quantities of milk from a wide district. This is an advantage, as the milk from our town dairies, where the cows get no open-air feeding, can scarcely be so wholesome as the country supply.

In addition to our supply of fresh milk, condensed milk is also largely used and manufactured. The export of this substance from Switzerland is very great, the largest proportion coming to this country. This substance is milk from which the watery particles have been artificially driven off until of the required consistence, when sugar is added, to prevent decomposition. Thus manufactured, condensed milk contains about fifty per cent. of sugar, an obvious objection to its extended use with many people. Still, where fresh cows' milk cannot be had, it is the best substitute for it, as it contains all the nutritive qualities of the milk with less water in solution. We find that even such a flourishing agricultural colony as New Zealand imported in 1880 six thousand nine hundred and forty-three packages of preserved milk, valued at ten thousand one hundred and forty-nine pounds. Pure condensed milk, which only requires the addition of water for its use, may also be had; but it must be quickly used, as decomposition rapidly sets in after the tin is opened.

We are all more or less startled when we hear that a fever epidemic has been traced to the use of tainted milk; and this taint, again, may have been traced to impure water, of which the cows may have been drinking. Fifteen cases of typhoid fever due to infected milk, occurred in twelve houses in Clapham recently; and other cases will have come within the experience of every reader. An Order of the Privy Council, called the Dairies, Cowsheds, and Milkshops Order, has been binding since the middle of 1879 on cow-keepers and dairy-men in England and Wales, in regard to the proper sanitation of dairies and the contamination of milk. By its provisions, the mixing of the milk from a diseased cow with the other milk for sale is distinctly forbidden. It must

not be used even to feed swine until it has been boiled. The best Dairy-supply Companies are generally ready to give a guarantee as to the purity and quality of the milk sold, an analysis of the milk being made from time to time.

We have only to glance at an illustrated catalogue of Dairy Implements and Utensils, or visit an Agricultural Show, to remark the great progress made in scientific dairy-farming in recent years. Prominent among these changes is the separation of cream from milk by a 'separator,' and the making of butter by machinery driven by a steam or gas engine. There are several milk 'separators' in use, the principle of centrifugal action being the same in each. Visitors to any of our large Agricultural Shows will be familiar with the action of this machine. The milk being fed into a vessel which revolves at a high rate of speed, soon separates the cream from the milk. The particles in the vessel arrange themselves according to their specific gravities; the milk being the heavier, comes to the outside, and the cream remains inside. Looking at the revolving cylinder, the milk and cream are seen standing up in two distinct white walls round the vessel, while two brass syphons run them off as collected. By means of this machine, the cream can be separated from the morning's milk, and churned into butter by mid-day. The butter, skim-milk, and butter-milk yielded by this process are perfectly fresh and of first-rate quality. The milk has also been freed from many impurities in the process. Delay is also avoided when a 'separator' is in use, and the butter is sweeter. The use of butter-workers—which may be had of all shapes and sizes—also saves all contact with the hand. Besides the Laval, there are the Peterson and the Lefeldt Separators. The last two are German inventions; but the Lefeldt is scarcely so portable and convenient as the Laval, which was awarded the gold medal at the last Royal Agricultural Show. What is called a Danish Separator—numbers of which are in constant use in Denmark and at the Kiel butter factories—has been found very useful and effective, doing the work with a less number of revolutions than the Laval.

In this connection, it is interesting to note the results of the experiments made in 1879-81 by M. Fjord, a Swedish chemist, as to the relative value of the different methods of separating the cream from the milk, and the making of butter from equal quantities of milk. The systems tried were—by the Lefeldt Centrifugal Separator; a Danish Separator, on the same principle as the Lefeldt; the Swartz system of deep cans set in ice—so named after Swartz, a Swedish landowner, the inventor; and the shallow-pan system. The milk from a dairy of two hundred cows, yielding six hundred pounds, was equally divided among the three processes, for the purpose of the experiment, which was carefully conducted for a year. The result showed a balance in favour of the centrifugal system of 8·12 per cent. more butter, from the same quantity of milk set in ice on the Swartz system, and 10·70 per cent. more than the shallow-pan system. Only in the month of August was the ice-and-deep-setting-pan system superior to the centrifugal.

Since Dr Carrick showed the wonderful properties of koumiss or fermented mares' milk in

cases of pulmonary consumption or other wasting diseases, as used in the Tartar Steppes, attention has been drawn to its use and manufacture. It has been found that koumiss of a useful and valuable kind can be had from cows' milk. Most of the Dairy-supply Companies have arranged for its manufacture. For those who desire a recipe for making koumiss, we quote the following, from the *Chemist and Druggist*: Take half an ounce of grape-sugar, and dissolve it in four ounces of water; in about two ounces of milk dissolve twenty grains of Fleischman's compound yeast (or of well-washed brewers' yeast). Mix the two in a quart champagne bottle, which should then be filled with good cows' milk to within a couple of inches of the top; cork well, securing the cork with wire or a string, and place in an ice-chest or cellar at a temperature of about fifty degrees Fahrenheit, or lower, and agitate three times a day. In three or four days, the koumiss is ready for use, and should not be kept longer than four or five days. It should be drawn so as to retain the carbonic acid gas. It is rich and creamy in appearance, is slightly acidulated, and well adapted for the purposes for which it is intended. Koumiss of a simple kind may be made by simply allowing sweet milk to stand in well-corked bottles in a cool place, away from the light, and well shaken every day, for a week in summer, or a fortnight in winter. Care should be taken when shaking it that the bottle does not burst. The lactic acid thus generated renders the prepared milk or koumiss easy of digestion.

Many Companies have been formed in recent years for the supply of milk, butter, and other dairy produce, and amongst the larger Dairy-supply Associations is the Aylesbury Dairy Company (St Petersburg Place, Bayswater, London, W.), which is well equipped with every modern appliance. How large the business is, may be guessed, when we find fifty thousand pounds paid in one year for milk and cream; and how profitable, when we find a dividend of from eight to twelve per cent. paid to shareholders. The Company boasts that it has between three or four hundred medical men of the highest eminence as customers. The quantity of milk sold in 1877 was three hundred and forty-seven thousand gallons; it had risen in 1881 to seven hundred and eighty-nine thousand six hundred and forty-seven gallons. Milk separators, and all the newest and most improved machinery, are in constant use by this Company. Whether as a result of the rise of these Dairy Companies in London, or not, the consumption of milk in the Metropolis has enormously increased.

Another very perfectly equipped dairy establishment is that of Messrs Welford & Sons, who have erected a model structure at St Peter's Park, Harrow Road, London; with branches at South Kensington, Queen's Road, Bayswater, and Maida Vale, all supplied from their Warwick Farm Dairies, Willesden. They were appointed Dairy-men to the Queen in 1876. Another Metropolitan Dairy Company has started a farm near Guildford.

Two of the best known provincial English factories are the Aldford cheese factory, belonging to the Duke of Westminster, and that of Lord Vernon at Sudbury, Derbyshire, the chief product of which is butter. At the latter there are two

Danish separators at work, a steam-churn, and butter-workers. The milk is gathered in from the farmers as in the American system, and both Lord Vernon and those who share in this co-operative system, seem satisfied with the result. The skim-milk is used to feed pigs. The saving of labour by this butter and cheese factory is very great, while all the products are sweeter and better than by the old system of setting the milk in cans until the cream rises.

Another experiment after the method of the American factory system, for the manufacture of cheese and butter and the sale of milk, skimmed and fresh, was begun at Low Row, Cumberland, in the spring of last year by Mr Thomas Carrick. The ventilation of the buildings erected by him is of the most perfect description, absolute cleanliness being maintained, while there is an abundant supply of fresh spring-water at hand. To start with, a contract was made with about forty farmers for the supply of pure and fresh milk. Each farmer was provided with a Lawrence's Refrigerator, to cool the milk to a temperature of not less than sixty degrees Fahrenheit, before despatching it in the large steel churns employed for this purpose. The milk is either creamed by means of the Laval Separator, or set in deep pans on the Swartz system. The churning is performed by steam; and the after-processes are also performed by machinery, which prevents all contact by hand. About five hundred pounds of butter were made daily at first. The fresh skimmed milk—of which there are about one thousand to fifteen hundred gallons daily—is sent for sale to the northern towns, where its excellence and utility as an article of consumption are gradually becoming known.

Not content with sending to us such a large portion of cheese and butter, many manufacturers in the United States have gone into the *artificial* cheese and butter line. We are inundated with 'butterine' and artificial Cheddar and Stilton, the latter kinds sold in all probability at twenty or thirty per cent. above their fair value. Dr Voelcker, on behalf of the Royal Agricultural Society, made an analysis of some of this imitation cheese, and found it quite wholesome. Yet these imitations should be sold as such; and the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society have wisely recommended 'that the Board of Trade be urged to take steps to insure that these descriptions of so-called cheese be sold under their proper designation.'

The manufacture of oleomargarine was discussed in a paper presented to both Houses of Parliament in 1881; and allusion was made to it again this year in a question to the President of the Board of Trade. In the year ending June 30, 1880, the export of oleomargarine from New York was about nineteen million pounds, the largest part of it going to Holland. The present exports are estimated at from twenty-five to thirty million per annum. This substance is made from beef-suet, disintegrated in warm water, passed through a fine sieve, melted at one hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit, and afterwards solidified. It is refined by subjecting it to pressure at ninety degrees Fahrenheit. When 'butterine' is the object of manufacture, the oil is mixed with ten per cent. of milk, then churned, coloured with annatto, rolled in ice, and afterwards salted.

When analysed, it is found to differ from ordinary butter only in that it contains less of soluble fats. American Cheddar is made of oil, lard, or this oleomargarine and skim-milk. The imitation is so perfect, that competent judges can scarcely determine which is the real and which the imitation cheese.

The practice of dairy-farming differs in various counties, according to the nature of the pasturage, the processes of manufacture, and the condition upon which the farms are let. The quantity and richness of the milk are also dependent on many conditions, such as, the times for milking, the kind of feeding, and the breed of cattle. It is self-evident, however, that where there is a great demand for dairy produce, scientific as distinguished from ignorant and slovenly dairy-farming is the most profitable to the farmer himself, as well as the most advantageous to the consumer.

CONJURING CONTRETEMPS.

BY AN AMATEUR.

IN olden days, devotees of the black art incurred the risk of being burned as wizards or ducked as witches, according to their kind, male and female, and of receiving other unpleasant tokens of popular disfavour. In our own times, its professors make a very good thing out of it; and the public, so far from wreaking vengeance on them in life or limb, will rush to a 'magical entertainment' with greater eagerness than to almost any other minor form of amusement. But though modern conjurers are in the receipt of handsome incomes, they often meet with disagreeable little incidents in the exercise of their art. Such incidents or accidents necessarily happen to the amateur with far greater frequency than to the professional magician, for to the practised artist they should be well-nigh an impossibility. I was once talking with the celebrated conjurer Herrmann about the recent inventions of Messrs Maskelyne and Cooke and other novelties in that line, and I asked him what feat or sleight he should choose as a crucial test of a good performer. He replied: 'No feat at all; but see how he fails!'—by which he meant me rather to understand, 'see how he avoids palpable failure.' Just as an acrobat is taught how to fall in comparative safety if he 'misses his tip,' so the tyro in modern magic has it impressed upon him from the outset that he must never plead guilty to a mishap; if he cannot do what he originally intended, he must turn or twist the trick into something else.

Unrehearsed effects sometimes produce the greatest *clat*; and seeing that it is not only the 'quickness of the hand' that deceives, according to the generally received notion, but misdirection by the eye and tongue, the ready use and perfect control of those organs are of even greater consequence than digital dexterity. The cleverest of conjurers fails at times to force the particular card he wishes, or finds his calculations otherwise upset; but he must not abandon the trick, or betray by the slightest hesitation or embarrassment that anything is wrong. As a rule, he will look so far ahead of what he is actually about, that when the moment comes for doing anything, it is already done, as far as he is concerned; and the audience

go away mystified with a sort of impression that he has executed no sleight-of-hand at all, from the absence of any parade of rapid movement or manipulation.

Nevertheless, there are certain things—for the most part involving more or less intricate mechanism, or dependent on apparatus liable to damage—which, if they fail in any degree, fail utterly, and bring the Professor to irretrievable grief. Buatier's dissolving bird-cage is an example. This is a small oblong cage about twelve inches in length by five in depth and breadth, made apparently of wire on all sides, which is held in the two hands right in front of or even amongst the audience, away from any table or screen. One, two, three! and it is gone; and the performer allows the spectators to examine him, to ascertain thereby that the cage has not been folded up flat by any means and concealed on his person. The effect is extraordinary, as the cage—innocent of the very possibility of mechanical deceit—seems to have melted into thin air under the very eyes of the audience. The explanation is, that there is a double-rotating hinge or joint in the eight corners of the brass framework, which permits it to fold together end-wise, or rather, corner-wise, in the form of a spindle, the 'wire' of the sides—really black elastic—aiding this collapse by its tension when the framework is released from the oblong shape which is maintained by the hands. Around the right wrist is fastened a strong silk cord, which passes up the arm inside the shirt, across the back and down the left arm, to be attached to a tiny ring, hidden by the ball of the thumb, at the lower and inner left-hand corner of the cage, which forms one extremity of the spindle when collapsed. This cord is of just such a length that when the hands are holding the cage in front of the chest, the arms being bent and elbows close to the sides, it is comfortably taut. Now, it will be seen that if the arms be extended, as they are suddenly and violently at the word 'Three!' the cage being instantly collapsed at the same moment, the latter must necessarily be drawn up the shirt-sleeve, where it will lie along the arm, and allow the coat to be removed by the audience without fear of detection. But it has happened more than once to the inventor himself to experience a hitch at the cuff, and to have the mortification of seeing his collapsed cage dangling ignominiously therefrom, amid the roars of all present. There is no possibility of covering such a failure; the only thing to do is to turn away as rapidly as may be, and confess to a disaster before every one has discovered its precise nature.

This 'dissolving cage' is generally exhibited empty, though there are several forms of the apparatus which may contain any number of living inmates; but these involve the use of a prepared table. Others, again, there are which have hinged sides, so arranged that the whole can be folded so flat as easily to be concealed in a pocket; the cage falls into position by the weight of its floor when lifted by the ring at the top, and is adapted for production from a borrowed hat or pocket-handkerchief, but not for vanishing. A canary is sometimes shown in Buatier's apparatus—generally an artificial and collapsible one, which is made to joggle about on a perch with a very fair semblance of life—at the distance at which it is viewed—by means of a bit of elastic

or fine spiral wire, passing from angle to angle through its body, and capable of being manipulated by the tips of the second fingers, as the hands hold the cage in position. Herrmann, one of our best prestidigitateurs, uses a dummy of this description; but with the wonderful *sang-froid* and dexterity which characterise everything he does, takes a living bird, and apparently puts it into the receptacle, with exquisitely deceptive petting and chirping. He adds a capital effect, too, by 'palming' a little roll of yellow feathers, so that the cage vanishes in a cloud and flutter of these, as though the canary itself had actually melted out of its investiture. Occasionally, I believe, a real bird is employed; and a special modification of the machine, with an extra joint in the middle of each bar of the frame, which would thus grasp the bird in an oval dilatation at the centre of the spindle when collapsed, is manufactured to admit of this being done; but the creature must be tied, or its pressing against the elastic 'wires' would reveal their real nature, and in any case one would imagine that it must be liable to injury.

That ever-popular illusion the globes of gold-fish ought to be tolerably well known by this time, since it forms part of the stock-in-trade, if not the *pièce de résistance*, of every entertainer; but perhaps some of my readers may not be aware of the *modus operandi*. A handkerchief or cloth is waved about, to show that it is empty and free from preparation; then it is held out across the hands, and a glass globe, containing water and living gold-fish, is produced from under it; and this is repeated three or four times. 'Globes' they are called in the programmes; but as a matter of fact they are very different from the aquaria for gold-fish or anemones seen in our drawing-rooms or greenhouses under that designation, being rather large glass saucers. These are fitted with tight india-rubber covers, and, so protected, lie in two large pockets opening perpendicularly in the sides of the dress-coat, or are concealed behind. The cover is removed with the handkerchief. A very effective trick, and easy of execution, but a little apt to be marred by the occasional bursting of a capsule, and consequent cascade of water and wriggling fish down the magician's leg. I have known a cover refuse to come off, too, with very embarrassing results; for, though usually not difficult of removal, they necessarily fit so tightly that it takes considerable pressure to put them on. Sometimes, by way of a surprise, a brass bowl, flaming up a foot high with coloured fire, is brought out after the fish-bowls. This is filled with tow dipped in spirits of wine, &c., and is either ignited with a lucifer-match under the handkerchief, or has a little trigger with a phosphorus arrangement inside—the latter being a very dangerous dodge, as a French conjurer found to his cost the other day, in whose breast-pocket the whole affair took fire prematurely. Delille was once engaged in the performance of an elaborate trick, in the course of which a pigeon is thrown up in the air—or appears to be—and, with a loud explosion, changes into a balloon. The balloon of course opened by springs, which at the same time broke a glass tube containing a detonating mixture of chlorate of potash and sulphur; and the whole lay folded up in a small compass, ready for

use in the *profonde* or inside-tail-pocket. Unfortunately, he passed rather too near the corner of a table in coming forward to the front of the stage, and the audience were startled at seeing his coat-tails blown off with a bang. Whether he was injured or not, I cannot say.

I once witnessed a very ludicrous contretemps of a similar though less serious character. When a hat is borrowed, every one naturally expects that something unusual will presently be taken out of it; and indeed there are probably a plum-pudding, a baby, a cannon-ball, or a couple of live rabbits waiting on the *servante* or shelf behind the table to be deftly introduced; but on his way back to the platform the conjurer generally contrives to introduce something from his pockets under cover of some movement which misdirects the attention for a moment. This something may be a supply of sweets for the juveniles, a score of tin goblets, some hundreds of yards of ribbon, or the wardrobe of the aforesaid baby—all very portable in a condensed form. But perhaps nothing is so showy as a number of gaudy and apparently solid cloth balls. These balls in reality owe their spherical shape to a spiral spring in their interior which admits of their being pressed flat, so that twenty or thirty can thus be packed in a sort of rouleau and carried about the person without difficulty, being held down by threads, which are snapped by the finger in the hat. But a gentleman who was holding an entertainment in a large hall at Southampton had the misfortune to get his thread broken while the rouleau was still in its place of concealment—long before he had come to the hat trick—and balls enough to fill a large bucket immediately expanded in his tail-pocket with astonishing effect.

Rabbits, guinea-pigs, and doves are the livestock ordinarily preferred for conjuring purposes, on account of their quiet and docile nature. They are tamed and well fed, but not necessarily trained for participation in the performance; all that is required of them is, that they shall lie still until they are wanted. The best regulated of dogs will bark every now and then and reveal his whereabouts; while a cat's impulse to hold on with her claws to anything she touches in any unaccustomed position, renders the feline race undesirable as confederates. White rats, squirrels, and monkeys have all been employed, but are of too restless and inquiring a disposition to be eminently fitted for the purpose. Live snakes lend themselves very suitably to these effects, from their adaptability to a most disproportionately small space when concealed, and apparent impossibility of concealment at all when produced, not to mention the air of glamour and *diablerie* they impart. But it is not every one who cares to manipulate living snakes. When M. Herrmann was in Cairo, he procured some non-venomous serpents, in rivalry of a party of snake-charmers who were there, and used them for a time; but although he was perfectly persuaded of their harmless nature, he was sometimes seized with such a horror of them, that he was impelled to rush away, tear off the coat in which they were snugly stowed, and dash it to the ground. Even rabbits and pigeons, however, sometimes bring confusion by wriggling out of pockets prematurely, or by putting their

heads round the corner of the 'table free from all preparation,' into the box from which they have just been 'vanished' through a trap.

To injure a borrowed watch or hat while pretending to do so—to drop a ring or coin and not be able to find it again—to cause a card to 'appear' with a flourish and find it is the wrong one—or to actually burn a lady's handkerchief accidentally, instead of the substitute for which it should have been adroitly exchanged, are calamities more likely to befall the amateur from nervousness or inexperience, than the professional, and are certainly not calculated to reassure his confidence—or that of his victim—for the remainder of the evening. But there is one very annoying circumstance to which both are liable in showing tricks with cards—that is, when, at the conclusion of the trick, the person who has selected a card says: 'Oh, I have forgotten what it was!' or, 'Oh, I never looked at it!' or, worse still, names a wrong one. The whole sleight is entirely brought to nought, and through no fault of the prestidigitateur. He knows very well what the card was—knew it before it was taken; but it will not mend the matter for him to name it; and his doing so would further disclose the fact that a 'force' had been employed, and might perhaps injuriously affect his subsequent feats. This happens more frequently than might be supposed. The same thing sometimes occurs in non-observance of the date or special mark on a coin; the exact number of a quantity of objects requested to be counted privately; or a letter, word, or sentence in a book. Performers who put their trust in complex electrical or mechanical paraphernalia and the collusion of accomplices, instead of legerdemain pure and simple, have only themselves to thank when anything goes wrong.

Some time ago, at a spiritualistic *séance*—the genuine article—a fiery hand was seen waving overhead in the darkness, rushing from end to end of the room with incredible swiftness, now high, now low, and occasionally smiting people on the cheek with the cold clammy contact of *d'* corpse. In spite of the medium's stringent injunctions that no one should move, a gentleman clutched this awful apparition as it swept past him, and, regardless of protestations and threats, refused to let it go until the lights were turned up. Then the messenger from the other world proved to be nothing more supernatural than a dirty white kid glove, rubbed with phosphorus and stuffed with wet tow; this, at the end of a thin line, was suspended from a fishing-rod which could be reduced telescopically to a length convenient for the pocket. Thus the medium could cause all manner of appalling 'manifestations' without rising from his chair.

Few things impress the spectators with a stronger sense of the magician's skill—if not uncanny dealings with the powers of darkness—than his catching between his teeth a marked bullet fired from a pistol by one of the company—they themselves having ascertained by minute inspection that the weapon has no speciality about it, and that the powder and ball with which they load it are genuine. The performer stands with his hands behind his back; careful aim is taken at him, the trigger pulled; and without stirring, he allows the marksman to step up and remove the

bullet—identified by a secret cut or mark—from his mouth—a feat well calculated to produce an astonishing effect and ‘bring down the house.’ M. Robert-Houdin, I believe, was the inventor, though he performed it in a different manner from that usually adopted by his successors. His pistol, powder and cap, were all destitute of guile; but the leaden bullet chosen was dexterously exchanged for one made of graphite or plumbago—ordinary pencil black-lead—and this was smashed to powder by the ramrod in pressing it home. Though he employed this illusion most successfully in his diplomatic mission to Algeria, in which he was employed by the French government to undermine, if possible, the supremacy which the marabouts by their pretended miracles had acquired over the minds of the superstitious Arabs, such a method is now considered open to two great objections. The first—a very tangible one—was demonstrated to the originator himself before the close of his career by a severe wound which he received, owing to the fragments of the brittle ball not having been sufficiently stamped to powder. The other lies in the fact that, although a real bullet is selected by the spectator, it must be placed in the conjurer’s hand for introduction into the firearm, in order to admit of the substitution; for the nature of the black-lead missile would be immediately obvious by reason of its light weight.

Mechanical pistols, not permitting examination, in which the projectile drops into a secret chamber by the action of springs on the pulling of the trigger, will be beneath the consideration of the true artist, as well as being dangerous in the highest degree. The mode of performing this surprising trick at the present day is as follows: one member of the audience places in the pistol or rifle—an ordinary one—a charge of real powder; a second is asked to choose and privately mark a real bullet from a box of such, which he himself drops into the barrel, and a third rams the whole tightly down with the ramrod, either retaining possession of the weapon from that moment, or passing it to some one else. But in the act of moving from No. 1 to No. 2—that is to say, between the introduction of the powder and the ball—the performer, while calling general attention to, and laying great stress upon the circumstance that three or four people take part in the loading and not one only, who might be a confederate, slips into the barrel a little tube about an inch in length, which slides down to the charge, and afterwards receives the bullet. This tube, closed at one end, is of just such a size, shape, and colour as to fit on the end of the ramrod, and be brought away with it without being noticeable. It is disengaged by the wizard, and the ball secured as he walks back to the stage, and is put inside the lips in readiness in the very act of showing that the mouth is empty.

The great difficulty which occurs in the execution of this feat is to induce the casual spectator to take deliberate aim at one’s face; so impressed is he, as a rule, that the weapon he holds is genuinely loaded, that he hesitates to let fly at the performer, and will rather fire in the air. This of course spoils the effect altogether, unless the conjurer has presence of mind enough to pretend to catch the bullet as it falls. Houdin, who was pre-eminent for neatness and

finish, used to conclude this trick by making a long palaver about the mysterious properties of lead in extracting vital essences from the body; then firing the bullet himself at a whitewashed wall, and producing thereon a splash of red, the ball having been exchanged this time for a hollow shell of black wax filled with a blood-coloured liquid.

Robert-Houdin no doubt raised prestidigitation to the science in which it stands at the present day, when the Royal Society does not disdain to listen to speculations as to the real nature of some of its recent manifestations; and chemistry, electricity, optics, pneumatics, and most of the ologies are pressed into its service. He was the first to discard the flowing robe and other traditional paraphernalia and reduce the accoutrement of the modern sorcerer to ordinary evening dress with a skeleton table, holding that true skill lay in concealing not only ‘how it is done,’ but ‘how it might be done.’ But as an actual performer, it is questionable if he was the equal of Herrmann and several of the more modern professors. The paternal mantle has fallen upon the shoulders of M. Robert-Houdin *filis*, who, as a little boy, used to assist his father in many illusions which he created; but the son devotes his talent chiefly to the construction of exquisite automata, which he exhibits, in conjunction with sleight-of-hand, at his pretty little boudoir theatre in Paris. His countrymen seem to be born conjurers. Only a short time ago, I saw one of them execute a very pretty little trick, solely, I might say, by virtue of his being a Frenchman; a trick, at anyrate, which would not have been so characteristic of an Englishman. Coming forward on the stage as the curtain rose, he made an amusing introductory speech with much characteristic gesticulation, hands extended and shoulders shrugged up to his ears; then he breathed on his gloves, and presto! they vanished. The gloves—I got it from him afterwards—had no backs to them, and were secured only by the tips of the fingers, which barely covered the nails; a piece of strong elastic ran in a hem round the margin of each and kept them in position, the end passing up the sleeve, to be attached to the back of the waistcoat. A slight flexure of the fingers, therefore, freed them and caused them to fly away with lightning rapidity; but everything depended on the palms being alone exposed, Frenchman-like, all the time. Address is much more than half the battle which the magician has to fight single-handed with the army of watchful eyes which encompass him.

A good story was going the round of the papers some months ago to the effect that Herrmann while in the River Plate was giving a private representation before the Patagonian chiefs, and, though exerting his wonderful abilities to the utmost, was somewhat annoyed at the stolidity and apparent lack of surprise with which they received the marvels displayed. Showers of gold and packs of cards were made to fall from their ears and noses, dozens of eggs from their pockets, and live canaries from their hair, and still they sat on undismayed. At last, after the entertainment was over, it was discovered that one of them had abstracted a valuable gold watch from the Professor’s fob while the latter was disengaging a miraculous fowl

from the savage breast; and that the untutored mind of another had led him to improve the occasion by annexing a handkerchief and pencil-case. A very good yarn, but—like many other good yarns—absolutely untrue, and even without colourable foundation. I was there at the time.

Every one knows the dodge of thrusting a finger through a hat. A wax finger—to be bought in any toy-shop for a shilling—amputated, as it were, about the second joint, at which point it is armed with a needle, is concealed in the palm of the hand. Under cover of the hat itself, the needle is made to pierce the crown from the outside, and is then manipulated from within, giving at a little distance a very natural appearance of the forefinger thrust through and shaken derisively. Such things do not constitute tricks in themselves, but are employed by performers as interludes to keep up that general atmosphere of magic and 'nothing impossible' which should pervade their entertainments, or to divert attention for a moment from some important step. Acting on this idea, I had made as novelties, but precisely on the same principle—namely, the needle—a wand, a half-crown, a cigar, and a candle, for piercing a borrowed hat; with all of which an amateur friend was so delighted, that he borrowed them for a public performance. The finger he had before; and on the eventful night used all five with great success. 'There is no deception, you observe, ladies and gentlemen,' he insisted. 'See; it is just as easy for me to thrust this wand through, as my finger. Here is a half-crown which will penetrate with equal readiness—I will leave it half through, so that you may all see it. This cigar, as you witness, pierces it like a gimlet (a *very* soft felt this, sir!); we will leave it there too. Why, I shouldn't wonder if this candle—yes, actually! a common tallow candle transfixes it like a poniard! Well, I will light the candle and leave the hat in that position, while I ask some lady to be good enough to lend me;' &c. Unfortunately, he left not only the wand, cigar, half-crown, and candle sticking half through, *but his finger also*, when he placed the hat on his table and once more descended from the platform!

As an amateur conjurer myself, I have met with a share of ludicrous and, for the time, disagreeable incidents. Queer are the vicissitudes which befall one in out-of-the-way localities. I have performed before audiences—fairly large ones too—which could not boast of a tall hat or a white handkerchief amongst them. On one occasion, I drove fifteen miles to a country town with two big boxes of paraphernalia, only to find that a mistake had been made in the announcement, and that the already assembled audience—of a somewhat serious cast—would stand nothing more frivolous than a Lecture on Snakes—a favourite subject of mine. On another, when I was destined to occupy the second part of the evening, the first being filled by an amateur orchestral concert, I was horror-stricken when I arrived to see the local orchestra in possession of the stage where I had already 'set' my table; the big drum and double-bass banging against it, and music-books up-setting all my precious gear; while the raw mechanic's dirty thumb—the nail of which marks like a black-

lead pencil—was indelibly impressed on everything. I have given entertainments in countries where the spectators brought in eggs and dead cats with them, in readiness for anything that might not happen to please them, and where the sentiment of popular or personal disfavour finds expression through the revolver more quickly than by speech. But perhaps the most embarrassing episode that ever happened within my individual ken occurred in the south of England, where I once supplemented a bazaar in aid of some church matter or parochial charity—I forget what—with an evening performance, and the rector, who took the chair, opened the proceedings with a short prayer!

JOHN GOW, THE BUCCANEER.

A TALE OF ORKNEY.

It was in or about the year 1727 when the war-ship *Revenge*, carrying a heavy armament of guns, and commanded by Captain Gow, sailed into the harbour of Stromness. The arrival of such a formidable-looking vessel caused quite a commotion in the little seaport town, and not a little anxiety as to the intentions of the rakish-looking craft, with her motley crew of English and foreigners, who resembled pirates much more than honest Jack-tars. But the fears of the townsfolk were for the time being quieted when the Captain of the *Revenge* landed, and announced himself to be a fellow-townsmen—one John Gow, who had run away to sea some twenty years before. Fortune had smiled on him, he said, and he now held the position of Commander of His Britannic Majesty's ship *Revenge*. This and a great deal more was told by Captain Gow to the simple townsfolk, who fêted and feasted the gallant sailor, believing implicitly what he chose to tell them, and never suspecting for a moment that the man they so hospitably entertained sailed under the Black Flag, and was one of the most noted buccaneers on the high seas.

Time passed away, but still the *Revenge* lay at her moorings, and her commander—his popularity undiminished—exchanged hospitalities with the townsfolk, spending most of his time ashore, drinking, dancing, and making love; for the bold pirate was an adept at all three; and if the gentlemen declared he was the prince of good fellows at the social board, the ladies pronounced him a *preux chevalier* in the ballroom.

Days became weeks, and weeks months; rumours arose, vague at first, then more definite, and at last the fact became known, that the 'gallant Captain' did not hold His Majesty's commission, but, on the contrary, was known far and wide as 'Gow the Pirate.'

The townsfolk dared not hint their lately acquired knowledge to the Captain; but the change in their manner told its own tale, and he quickly guessed his plausible story was no longer believed. Meantime, having spent his gold freely—and being rather hard up in consequence—he

began sending parties of sailors to the neighbouring parishes, to drive off cattle and sheep, for the consumption of himself and his crew. In some instances, the farmers stoutly resisted the marauders; but they only got knocked on the head for their pains; and in a short time the utmost terror prevailed when it was known Gow or his lieutenants were going on a foraging expedition. Though the pirate punished the country-people, he spared the townsfolk, perhaps from some feeling of compunction after having shared their hospitality; perhaps because it didn't suit his plans to have all the country combining against him. Be that as it may, the burgesses dwelt in safety, though they trembled in their shoes, and prayed earnestly that they might soon see the last of the *Revenge* and her roystering crew.

Matters were in this state, when one afternoon Captain Gow swaggered into the principal inn of Stromness, called for a glass of brandy, and sat down. Presently in walked Mr Halero, the Laird of Coubister, an estate some miles distant. Gow greeted him cordially, called for more brandy, remarking that a man's own company was the worst in the world, and he always drank more comfortably when he had a friend to keep him in countenance. Mr Halero, who had previously found the dashing sailor the most jovial of boon-companions, was nothing loath to pledge him in the potent liquor, which soon dispelled all remaining doubts regarding his honesty; so much so, that Laird Halero became more confidential than was prudent about his private affairs, boasted the number of his cattle, sheep, and horses, and lauded not a little the housewifely qualities of the Lady of Coubister. Her butter and cheese, he declared, were famed throughout the country-side, and she could serve up a dinner that the king himself might be proud to eat.

To this, and a great deal more, did the pirate listen, with laughter twinkling in his eyes; and when the Laird paused for lack of breath, he slapped him on the shoulder, exclaiming: 'She must be a likely dame that of yours, and worthy to be Lady of Coubister. But hark ye, friend; your Dame and you can't possibly eat all those beeves you were telling me of. So, by'r leave, I and my sea-cocks will e'en come round to-morrow and relieve you of a few; yes, and tell your lady to have a dozen cheeses and a couple of kegs of butter ready for us besides.' After this unexpected speech, he rose, nodded carelessly to Mr Halero, cocked his hat knowingly, and strode out of the tavern.

One may fancy the reflections of the Laird of Coubister when left alone. For the moment he felt stunned at the thought of the threatened raid on his house and property; but recovering himself with an effort, he paid his reckoning, called for his horse, and was soon galloping home to tell his wife how ill he had fared in his dealings with Captain Gow.

Arrived at Coubister, he hastened to the kitchen, where he found his wife engaged in baking 'mautie foals'—malt cakes—a dainty peculiar to Orkney. Tall and stately was Dame Halero, who in her youth had been a beauty and a toast. But time, though it added rather

than detracted from her dignity, had sharpened the once comely features, and thickened the shading on her upper lip.

Great was the astonishment of the Lady at seeing the Laird—she had not expected him till the morrow; but without giving her time to express it, he hurried her into the dining-room, and shutting the door, very quickly informed her what they had to expect from the pirate Captain, winding up his tale by asking what they should do.

Dame Halero, seated in the great arm-chair in the ingle nook, scarcely seemed to have heard him, for she answered never a word, but stared into the fire, while the Laird strode up and down the room, banging the furniture, and muttering to himself. 'It's not that I'm afraid o' the rascal or his cut-throat crew,' he declared; 'but the house winna fortify; and what can I do wi' a handful o' raw country lads who can neither load a matchlock nor handle a sword? What is a man to do when he can neither fight nor flee?'

Presently this monologue was interrupted by Dame Halero, who remarked in a soothing tone: 'Ca' canny, Laird, and dinna break the chairs. It's clear to me your friend the Captain will come to the house; but it's not so clear he'll carry more awa' wi' him than a good dinner and plenty o' punch to wash it down.'

At this confident speech, the Laird halted before his wife's chair, and in an incredulous tone, asked her what she meant.

'Well,' returned she, 'if ye'll no glower at me that way, I'll tell ye what I mean. Folks say Captain Gow is no ruffian, but quite a gentleman. Now, my plan is this. We'll give him a warm welcome, and a good dinner wi' plenty o' reeking punch; and after a' that, he winna hae the heart to rob us. Hey, Laird, what think ye o' that plan?'

'Think!' ejaculated her husband; 'why, I think ye're an angel, goodwife.'

The Laird and his Lady talked long and earnestly over the ways and means of furnishing out such a feast as would soften the pirate's heart, and make him forego his purpose of driving off the Coubister cattle.

After the consultation, the Dame went to the larder and thence to the kitchen, where such culinary preparations began as were seldom seen there, except it might be at Yule-tide and Hallowmas. The Laird too was busy overhauling the cellar and giving orders about the wines and spirits required on the morrow.

Next morning all were early astir at Coubister, and such preparations for good cheer were made in the dining-room as would have gladdened the heart of a *bon-vivant*. The table glittered with a goodly array of silver flagons, tankards, and trenchers, all emblazoned with the Halero crest. And while the wines of Portugal and France sparkled in tall decanters, the native brew of ale and whisky was not forgotten.

The morning had been foggy; but towards noon the mist rolled off the hills and the sun shone out gloriously. About two o'clock, Mr Halero espied a boat pulling in the direction of Houton Bay, which he soon made out to be that of Captain Gow. Hastily informing his wife of their guest's approach, he hurried to the

beach just in time to greet the pirate as he leaped ashore. Gow stared hard at the Laird, who, affecting not to perceive his astonishment, shook him heartily by the hand and welcomed him to Coubister 'with the greatest cordiality.' Then desiring the sailors to follow, he walked with their Captain to the house, chatting all the way of the pleasure it afforded him to entertain such a capital fellow as his respected friend beside him. His wife, he declared, was even more delighted than himself, and was exerting all her culinary skill to offer such a dinner as would leave a pleasing remembrance of his visit.

The pirate captain listened with rather a grim smile to Mr Halcro's polite remarks; but beyond a few words expressive of his thanks for the intended kindness of the Lady of Coubister, he preserved a stolid silence till the Laird ushered him ceremoniously into the dining-room, and begged him to rest in the great arm-chair before a blazing peat-fire. Then he laughed loud and long, and as his eyes rested on the well-spread table, exclaimed: 'Ha, Laird, so your dame is going to treat me to just such a dinner as you boasted of last night; and as I'm rather sharp-set, after pulling against the wind for the last two hours, the feast has a fair chance of having justice done to it.'

At this moment the soup was placed on the table, and the Laird, apologising for the absence of his spouse, as her presence was required in the kitchen and the servants' hall, where the sailors were by this time dining, invited his guest to place himself at the table; and then the feast began.

Both the Laird and the Captain were gallant trencher-men, and great were the gastronomic feats they that day accomplished. Small wonder was it they so earnestly devoted themselves to the pleasures of the table, for the fare was of the best, and very curious were some of the dishes—dainties peculiar to Orkney, and as such, greatly appreciated by Gow. Many a bumper did he drain to the health of his host and hostess, and often did he swear it was the best dinner he had ever eaten. Then, when the cloth was drawn, and the Laird proceeded to brew the punch for which he was famous, and which his guest declared to be the primest stuff he ever tasted—when the bottom of the punch-bowl became visible, and twilight began to deepen into darkness, the pirate Captain started to his feet, and declared his resolution, because of the hospitality he had received, not to touch anything belonging to such worthy people. But one thing he must have, before he turned his back on Coubister, and that was 'a kiss from the goodwife.'

Loud laughed the Laird at the pirate's proposal. 'Ha, ha!' chuckled he; 'easier said than done, sir.'

Away went the Laird in search of his wife, and found her, not many yards distant from the dining-room door. Laughingly, he informed her of the honour in store for her, and she in no amiable tone muttered: 'Lend me your arm, Laird, for we must not give the Captain time to change his mind.'

When the worthy pair entered the room, they found Gow standing with his back to the fire, the last glass of punch in his hand. Hastily setting down the glass, he advanced to meet

them, and bowed low to the lady, who, acknowledged his politeness with a stately courtesy. He then led her forward till she stood in the full glare of the firelight. Again bowing over the hand he held, the pirate said: 'I esteem it an honour, Madam, that a high-born lady like you should so condescend to a poor sailor, who deserves nothing at your hands. Fame has not lied when it proclaimed you the stateliest of Orkney's matrons. And now, by'r leave, Madam, just one kiss, as a remembrance of this most pleasant visit.' And gallantly encircling her waist with his arm, he gave her a hearty salute. Then taking his glass of punch from the mantel-shelf, he tossed it off, crying: 'To your health, Dame Halcro; may your life be long and happy! Farewell; but fear not for the bonnie beeves of Coubister; they will remain scathless; John Gow pledges his honour for their safety.—Farewell to thee too, most hospitable Laird; and when in future thou'rt in thy cups, keep a closer tongue in thy head than thou didst yesterday.'

Saying these words, the pirate Captain assumed his cloak and rapier, and placing his cocked-hat under his arm, turned again to his host and hostess, adding: 'In the years to come, if rumour deals harshly with the name of Gow, mayhap ye may speak a kind word for the roving buccaneer. Farewell, good people.'

He was gone the next moment; and immediately a shrill whistle was heard, which brought the sailors on the lawn in front of the house. Then waving his hand to the Laird and his lady—who had followed him to the door—the pirate and his men quickly disappeared in the gathering darkness.

It is needless to add, the property of the Laird of Coubister was held sacred by Gow during his sojourn in Orkney. And when he fell into the hands of justice and expiated his crimes on the scaffold, Dame Halcro dropped a tear to his memory, declaring 'twere pity such a gallant gentleman had fallen on such evil days.' And the Laird declared 'it was a sin and a shame to hang so pretty a fellow, who, had he been pardoned, might have fought His Majesty's battles either on land or sea, and proved himself a loyal subject.'

LITTLE HEROES.

THE heroism of men and women is often chronicled and rewarded; but there are instances of courage and presence of mind displayed by the little heroes of the world which are equally deserving of recognition. The medal of the Royal Humane Society might, for instance, be less worthily bestowed than on the child of four years of age, who deserved it for performing a courageous act at Dunham-Massey. One day, he and some other children were playing on the banks of the canal near the Bay Malton, when a girl aged seven fell into the water. When she came to the surface, the little fellow threw himself at full length and seized her by the hair. The cries of the children attracted the attention of a passing bicyclist, who came to their assistance, and pulled the girl out of the canal. Had it not

been for the presence of mind of this courageous little fellow, the girl would in all probability have been drowned.

From Dover comes an account of a similar plucky rescue by another boy. It appears that a little girl, aged about four years, was playing in the surf on the sea-shore, when she was knocked down by a wave before she had time to get out of the way. The little fellow, named Friend, who is only about seven or eight years old, was also playing on the beach; and seeing the danger in which the little girl was placed, with great presence of mind, although not without risk, ran in and pulled her out. A coastguard came up immediately afterwards, and the girl was removed home very much exhausted.

Devonshire has the honour of producing the youthful heroine, Miss Esther Bowden, who courageously saved the life of her governess, and received the Royal Humane Society's medal and a handsome testimonial recording the circumstance. So far as we can recollect the particulars, it seems that while taking a country walk, the governess, in attempting to reach some flowers, fell into a deep pond. Our little heroine, of only eight years of age, caught her by the hair, and though dragged out of her depth herself, courageously continued her hold, and seizing some overhanging roots, called for help, until both were rescued by some one opportunely arriving on the scene.

At a pond in East Dulwich, an accident occurred, which, but for the gallantry of a boy aged eleven, named Otto Helstern, would have had fatal results. Some children were playing about the margin of the pond, when one of their number, only seven years of age, was seen to slip from the embankment into the water where it was some six feet deep. An alarm was raised by the terrified children, when our youthful hero, who had been bathing, and was proceeding home, returned to find the poor little fellow sinking for the second time, head downwards. Without waiting to divest himself of any clothing, the brave lad plunged in, and with some difficulty, owing to the mud, brought the drowning boy to land, where by this time several persons had arrived to render aid. The rescued boy remained insensible for some time, but by judicious treatment was gradually restored to consciousness, and enabled to proceed home.

Two brothers were skating in Cincinnati, and broke through the ice. While they were clinging desperately to the edge of the ice, and efforts were being made to reach them, the elder one cried out: 'Be sure and take Willie out first.' But both Willie and his generous brother were drowned.

A gallant rescue in the river Severn was effected by a lad of twelve. His companion, a boy somewhat older than himself, bathing in that river, was floating on his back, when the current carried him out into mid-stream. On finding he was out of his depth, he lost nerve, and sank in twelve feet of water. His young friend, on seeing him sink, at once swam to the spot, dived into the deep water, and succeeded not only in fetching him up, though in an unconscious state, but in swimming with him to the shore, where, assistance being at hand, the lad was brought back to consciousness.

An act of courage and devotedness on the part of another boy merits a record amongst deeds of bravery. Two children, of the ages of five and seven years, fell into the Lake of Geneva from the end of a pier. A third child, named Bataillard, thirteen years of age, who happened to be near the spot, immediately threw off his clothes, plunged into the lake, and diving, had the happiness of bringing both the drowning children safely to land.

There are many examples of youthful heroism in perils of land as in perils of water. When Paris was attacked by the allied armies, it was the pupils of the Polytechnic School who served the artillery on the heights of Montmartre, and by their well-directed fire filled the approaches to the positions with dead bodies of the enemy. Many a drummer-boy, as is well known, has acquitted himself as creditably in the hour of danger as any old campaigner. Louis Pajot, a drummer in a French battalion, was in some of the hottest affairs between the French armies and the allies. In the engagement before Valenciennes, out of twenty drummers who beat the charge, nineteen were killed. Pajot alone survived, but severely wounded. In spite of this, he continued beating the charge till the enemy were routed, which was not till about four hours after receiving his wound.

This little hero was if anything surpassed by a boy aged thirteen, the sole child of a widow. Equipped as a drummer, he marched at the head of a Republican regiment. He was cut off and surrounded by two hundred royalists. To give the alarm, he continued beating his drum. 'Cry *Vive le Roi!*' said the royalists. He preserved silence. The soldiers' guns were levelled at him. 'Cry *Vive le Roi!*' was again demanded. He beat rapidly the drum, and placing the sticks above his head, shouted: '*Vive la République!*' In a second he was a corpse.

THE HEDGEHOG—DOMESTICATED.

THIS curious-looking animal serves a distinct purpose in creation by destroying slugs, caterpillars, and numerous smaller vermin, which, though they are to a certain extent useful, are nevertheless destructive to vegetation in general. Beetles and cockroaches seem to belong to that class of insects the uses of which we find it so difficult to discover, and therefore devise every means to expel from our dwellings. The writer's house being overrun by these pests, and other efforts at extermination being useless, he applied to a farmer friend to supply him with a hedgehog; which he obtained, and has now had in his house—in a large town—about four years.

During the first year, Tommy—as the cook christened him—retired for about two months to a bed of withered grass underneath the rain-tub in the yard, according to the custom of his kind in winter. Prior to this, however, he had a plentiful supply of beetles, which might serve him to ruminate upon for many a day. He lived in a closet underneath the stairs, from which he sallied forth into his hunting-ground, the kitchen. Like other beasts of prey, this occurred during the dead hours of the night.

When beetles became scarce, however, his operations were watched by the dim gaslight, and

it was evident that he was guided more by scent than sight. He worked the floor as a pointer-dog works his field; and when he crossed the trail of a beetle, even a few inches from him, he became excited, and putting his nose to the fresh scent, followed up his prey. Further evidence of this feature was observed by his discovery of a crevice in the floor, where he exhibited a singular mode of proceeding. Discovering by smell that his game was there, he inserted his hind-leg—the front one probably being too short—and grasping with his claws, dragged out the black beetles one by one and gave them quick despatch.

But the tameness and apparent intelligence of the animal are his most interesting characteristics. The winter sleep is almost abandoned now, or is very short at the most, and in lieu thereof he comes into the kitchen at all hours, getting inside the fender, and stretching himself out before the fire for a snooze. He eats any pickings he can get, sharing the bones with the dog, lapping from his dish of water or milk, not sucking it up as a pig does.

But it is very remarkable to find him 'tapping at the door.' If, after taking a stroll in the back-yard, he finds the door of the house is shut, you hear a gentle tap, tap, tap, often repeated if you don't answer. You go and gently open the door; and the little animal actually tries to look you in the face, by turning up its nose and small pig-like eyes; which you at once interpret—'Oh, thank you; I have been waiting here for some time,' as he mounts the step and walks in.

It may be thought such an animal in the house would be dirty. Not so. When you discover any smell, the odour approaches that of musk; moreover, the children are quite familiar with it, and take it up and let it eat from their hand.

Country boys, on meeting with a hedgehog, but too often think it a duty at once to kill the poor creature, utterly ignorant, like many bigger boys and older men, of the services such animals perform in the economy of creation.

KNITTING OF STOCKINGS BY THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS.

Our contemporary, the *Textile Manufacturer*, says: 'The Egyptians of the present—Kopts as well as Arabs—run about with bare feet. The ancient Egyptians, on the contrary, who are now only to be seen in a dried condition in museums, possessed a very good method of knitting stockings, as is shown in the collection at the Louvre in Paris. In the grave of a mummy there were found a pair of knitted stockings, which gave the surprising evidence, firstly, that short stockings, resembling socks, were worn by the ancient Egyptians; and secondly, that the art of knitting stockings had already attained great perfection in ancient Egypt. These curious stockings are knitted in a very clever manner; and the material, fine wool of sheep, that might once have been white, is now brown with age. The needles with which the work was done must have been a little thicker than we should choose for the same purpose, and the knitting is loose and elastic. The stocking is begun just as we make the design,

only in the simplest manner, with single thread; but in the continuation of the work it is not simply plain, but fanciful. The usual border of the stocking which prevents the rolling up of the work is narrow, consisting of a row of turned loops; and the circle, the nicely-shaped heel, which is a little different from our method, show a very skilful hand. But in the point of the stocking there is a characteristic difference between the Egyptian stockings and our modern socks. While ours end in a rounded point, the Egyptian stockings run out in two long tubes of equal width, like the fingers of a glove. This strange shape is made to suit the sandals, which are furnished with a strap, fastened about the middle of the sandal; and as the strap has to be laid over the stocking, the division is needed.'

IT IS WELL.

'Is it well with thee, and with thy husband, and with the child?' And she said, 'It is well.'—2 *Kings*, iv. 26.

Yes; it is well! The evening shadows lengthen;
Home's golden gates shine on our ravished sight;
And though the tender ties we strove to strengthen
Break one by one—at evening-time 'tis light.

'Tis well! The way was often dull and weary;
The spirit fainted oft beneath its load;
No sunshine came from skies all gray and dreary,
And yet our feet were bound to tread that road.

'Tis well that not again our hearts shall shiver
Beneath old sorrows, once so hard to bear;
That not again beside Death's darksome river
Shall we deplore the good, the loved, the fair.

No more with tears, wrought from deep, inner anguish,
Shall we bewail the dear Hopes crushed and gone;
No more need we in doubt or fear to languish;
So far the Day is past, the journey done!

As voyagers, by fierce winds beat and broken,
Come into port, beneath a calmer sky,
So we, still bearing on our brows the token
Of tempest past, draw to our Haven nigh.

A sweet air cometh from the Shore immortal,
Inviting Homeward at the day's decline;
Almost we see where from the open portal
Fair forms stand beckoning with their smiles divine.

'Tis well! The Earth with all her myriad voices
Has lost the power our senses to enthrall;
We hear, above the tumult and the noises,
Soft tones of music, like an angel's call.

'Tis well, O friends! We would not turn—retracing
The long, vain years, nor call our lost youth back;
Gladly, with spirits braced, the Future facing,
We leave behind the dusty, foot-worn track.

J. H.

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IS MERRIMENT DECLINING?

THERE is an impression prevailing that the present is a somewhat mournful period; and that as man grows wiser his capacity for mirth grows less. It is remarked that our lighter literature has lost in jocundity during the past twenty years. No one has succeeded Dickens in broad hearty humour. We have no audacious versifier like 'Ingoldsby.' No half-smiling, half-cynical humorist has followed the lead of Thackeray into the follies and vices of higher society. Eccentricity is disappearing among the less polished of the people. Cabmen, clodpoles, and costermongers neither use the quaint locutions of former times, nor do they indulge in buffooneries to the extent of their predecessors. 'Chaff' is not so pertinent as it was; badinage is less relished in the clubs; tomfooleries have become intolerable.

Many social gatherings are bankrupt of joy. The class of merry diners-out, who once set the table in a roar with their madcap sayings, funny stories, and nimble repartees, those jolly fellows are becoming historic. The survivors do not evoke the tempests of cachinnation that once shook the dinner-table. Somehow, old-style jocularly has lost its savour.

Bacchanalian songs have quite disappeared, even from the symposia of students and tavern roysterers. From negro minstrelsy, too, the fun is exhaling. The modern playwright does not add much to the gaiety of life. Typical characters have been 'used up' long ago; and the decay of oddity and eccentricity robs the dramatist of new models. A few years back, a new style of comic songs appeared, often inane in the text, but blithesome in tune. Certain sections of society were greatly entertained by them. Yet these are vanishing. Christmas pantomimes have delighted several generations. But at length, the 'Clown' fails to rejoice the youngsters by his grotesque ill-treatment of the Pantaloon and the police. His knavish escapades and burlesque benevolences do not evoke the delirious approbation of former

days. And the moving melodrama of Punch, which for a couple of centuries interested the youth of Europe, has lost much of its glamour for our urchins. The thin and incredulous crowd that condenses round the perambulating abode of the cynical hunchback, grows continually less; and the income of the showman dwindles portentously. For the twentieth century, it is to be feared Punch will be an archaeological reminiscence, which will furnish a theme for the learned. In our ears resound the last bursts of laughter excited by his marital unkindness and the indignation of his dog Toby.

With moribund Punch are dying those antique festivals of which he was an important, nay indispensable feature. The puppet-show goes far away into time. Railways have killed the great fairs that used to be held in every part of Europe, and which gave the international multitudes opportunities for pleasure in the intervals of business. Village 'wakes,' formerly universal in England, have fallen into desuetude. May-day brings no rejoicings as of yore. The Maypole has lost its significance, and a group of morris-dancers would astonish our present rustics as much as Harlequin and Columbine would if they performed a lilt upon the Thames Embankment. Only draymen and carters pay homage now to the genius of Spring. They adorn their steeds with gay ribbons and furbished harness, when the merry month opens. But there is something fictitious in the observance, and it will fade as the homage of the sweeps has done. The sooty pantomimists who used to dance round Jack-in-the-Green, no longer impede the traffic of London thoroughfares. An unsympathetic police bade them, with other anachronisms, 'move on' long ago. The fiery carnival of Guy Fawkes has been extinguished by the same authorities. Only here and there is the effigy of 'Guy' to be seen on the fifth of November dodging the guardian of order in the streets. Bonfires, squibs, the salvos of Lilliputian cannon, are forbidden; ay more, are voted unmeaning nuisances by the adult public.

Christmas, too, grows yearly more grave. Even the strait-laced, the dyspeptic, and the saturnine formerly agreed to be jolly and *sans souci* at that gracious season. To be hospitable and to lavish hospitalities then, was deemed an imperative duty. Kill-joys might snarl and scoff at every other festivity, but to abstain from the wassail of Yuletide was equivalent to *lèse-majesté*. Immoderate indulgence in eating, drinking, and dancing was not only allowed, but encouraged by moral custodians. For a time the machinery of society was allowed to run out of gear—misrule reigned in place of law. If we have not 'changed all that,' we have vastly modified the licensed dissipation of Father Christmas. Enjoyments are less gross, less prolonged, more intellectual, less sensual than they were 'forty years ago.'

The same may be said of the festivals of Easter and Whitsuntide. They are no longer marked by drunken orgies, by ribald pleasantries, by street jokes, as of old. Not that these have quite disappeared. Roughs, blackguards, and inebriated buffoons still accentuate our holidays with the marks of coarser times. But the public is against them, and their ideas of merriment are an offence to all of higher taste.

Nor is the sombre shadow falling upon British mirthfulness absent from other European countries. Modern Frenchmen are not so gay as their fathers were. They are losing that boyish *insouciance* which made them seize pleasure without effort. Cafés are more frequented than ever; theatres are densely crowded; racegrounds are black with excited spectators; and summer holidays are more enjoyed than before the era of railways; still, the face of Jacques Bonhomme has lost much of its old vivacity, and is sicklied o'er with nineteenth-century pensiveness. The old Gallic *abandon* has gone from rural and civic hearts, and an indefinable inquietude has taken its place.

Italians have not been noted for joviality at any period. Serene lassitude, puerile trivialities, varied with frenzied lottery-gambling, have marked the intervals of serious business. But the Carnival provoked such merriment as the nation was capable of, and foreign onlookers often wondered how men and women could find pleasure in the childish nonsense indulged in. Now, the Italians themselves wonder where the fun lies in silly practical jokes; and they also ask is it necessary to spend eleven days in a saturnalia which has quite lost its significance. Were it not for municipal subventions and the astuteness of interested shopkeepers and hotel proprietors, the Roman Carnival would soon cease. Even in the Eternal City, the spirit of commercial utilitarianism has penetrated, and will end by abolishing a festival which it has already condemned as ridiculous. And not only in Rome is the Carnival decaying; it is moribund in every part of the Peninsula, and indeed of the Catholic world. The number of religious holidays grows less, too. Business cannot be interrupted nowadays, when it has passed from the locality to the whole world. France, Italy, Spain, Austria, and other Catholic countries are bound by the telegraph, the Stock Exchange, and the ten thousand strands of trade, to do as Britain and America do, or take the disastrous consequences of negligence.

In the United States, where business is more developed than in England, where it is the occupation of a whole people, holidays of a formal kind are fewer than elsewhere. On the fourth of July the nation rejoices universally in the anniversary of its independence; on the first of June it commemorates its fallen heroes, who gave their lives to maintain the Union. Whatever further relaxations are indulged in are according to the taste and financial capabilities of individuals. This, indeed, is the distinction between modern and ancient times. Formerly, the people amused themselves *en masse*, and at stated periods. Nowadays, individuals take their pleasures when and where and how they please. Superficially, the inhabitants of the United States seem to be immersed in almost incessant toil. Fundamentally regarded, they are the greatest holiday-makers of the age. Rich and poor alike, when opportunity serves them, seek large and varied repose—not by hallooing in the streets, not by crowding into murderous congestions in some particular spot, but by dispersing over the whole planet.

This brings us to answer the question we started with: Is merriment declining? Fully and frankly, we say *No*. The quality of merriment has changed, but the quantity of it now diffused through the Caucasian family of man is greater than at any previous time. Gregarious merriment has given place to personal merriment. We do not laugh *en bloc*, as the Athenians did at the comedies of Aristophanes; but the audiences of a hundred theatres delight in the doings on board H.M.S. *Pinafore*. The merry tales which amused the idlers of the Forum and market-place are now read by millions in every place. Verbal drolleries emitted from London, New York, Melbourne, or Calcutta, are despatched in printed form to every part of the earth, and tickle the fancy of innumerable readers. Could the hurricane of laughter they provoke be concentrated, it would stun the ears of humanity more than the most stupendous clamours of the elements. Weak as the comic journals of Britain, America, and France may be at times, the quantity of real humour they create in a year is extraordinary. If we compare any good collection of *bons-mots* of the previous half-century with those appearing now, there is no disparagement of contemporary wit possible. Nor does the caricaturist's pencil lose its point. It is not so coarse as it was; but its tracings are quite as poignant to folly, sham, and pretence. The improved manners of the time are as marked in humorous literature and illustration as they are in other things; and this greater geniality is positive evidence that mankind is more wisely happy than it was. The greatest proof that amusement is desired, lies in the immense success that many of the comic periodicals have attained.

Humour partakes of the idiosyncrasy of the period, like other matters. We cannot find the fun which lay under the noses of our fathers. It has gone with the objects that produced it. The rollicking scenes of *Tom Jones* and *Roderick Random* have gone with the turbulent, sensual, and ignorant people who lived amid them. Squire Western has not a representative in the most stationary of the shires. Our fox-hunters are like men of another species. No surgeon's

mate could possibly meet with the adventures of Roderick, in our ironclads; nor is there probability of the existence of another Midshipman Easy, on board any ship in the fleet. Those who complain that Dickens has no successors, must address their grievance to history, which refuses to allow two epochs to be alike. Pickwick, the Wellers, and other worthies, belong to the age when steam was not. The amazing outbursts of enterprise which followed the invention of railways, flooded 'society' with a host of humbly-born plutocrats, whose financial dominion excited the wrath and the cynical jocularities of the privileged. But the *nouveaux riches* have multiplied to such a marvellous extent that to ridicule them would be absurd. The 'caste' spirit has evaporated to an immense extent; so that a speculative 'Jaumes,' instead of being despised for seeking to rise out of a menial to a higher position, is applauded. First Lords have abolished the ruffians and tyrants who caused the woes, comic and tragic, of Marryat's heroes; and commiseration has done much to annihilate the picturesque squalor in which Lever's grotesque peasants fooled and fretted away their lives. Our recent humorists have been social reformers, the most searching and effective of all that extraordinary legion of humanitarians which have made the nineteenth century so different from its predecessors.

Education, and the interfusion of town and country folks are fast erasing the quaint rurals whose psychological peculiarities were so wonderfully reproduced by George Eliot. Uncouth speech and archaic phraseology will erewhile be as rare in the village as in the city. Science is gradually destroying the superstitions which maintained romance in the country long after it had perished in the town.

As civilisation goes on reducing all classes to intellectual uniformity, amusements will necessarily change. But they will not fail. The appearance of a new school of humorists in America is evidence that laughter and smiles are not becoming obsolete. Preoccupied by the cyclopean labours of converting the wilderness into infinite cities, and eager for wealth beyond all other people, the Americans find time to enjoy the drolleries arising from the very gravity of their pursuits, and from the odd incidents arising out of the blending of many races into one people. German ponderosity and Hibernian flightiness are producing a novel sort of literature, as the two races mingle, and promise mankind incalculable entertainment when the American *genus homo* becomes more distinctive.

Considering the incessant activity of the time, the large demands made by science upon the attention of all but the lowest classes, and the serious problems arising from the profoundly modified condition of society, it would not be wonderful if fun and frolic were wholly eclipsed. We cannot be in two places at the same time; nor can we be under the influence of two moods. Joyousness depends upon favourable conditions, upon good health and kindly relations with men and things. When we find, therefore, that in spite of the rush and roar prevailing everywhere, in spite of remorseless egotisms, and of the endemic 'malady of thought,' that laughter innocent and hearty still ripples over the grim

ocean in which we swirl, we may well take courage, and believe that amusement is as much the appanage of man as labour.

But we also are legatees of the toils and tribulations of those who did in their day what we are doing now. The peace and security in which we live had to be fought for; the thousand instruments for winning food which cost us no invention, had to be pondered out by our fathers. We possess all the gains of the infinite labourers of the past, and among them the treasures of humour contained in the literatures of all peoples. Our sources of amusement are indeed inexhaustible, and our leisure abundant compared with that of former times. It is admitted that human nature is capable of indefinite improvement, and that our faculties expand with their exercise. Hence it follows that the joyous susceptibilities of our species may be expected to develop with the rest. And such we find to be the case. The higher races have the sense of humour much more acute than the lower. Savages rarely laugh. The incidents of their lives have little in them that is comical. Semi-civilised Mongolians cannot comprehend the frolicsome gaiety of the Western world. The Japanese are truly a merry race, but resemble our children rather than our youths in their amusements. Among ourselves, too, the modes and sources of humour are higher than they were. Obscenity and profanity do not evoke the laughter of our rustics, as they did even a few years ago. Idiots and mental weaklings do not furnish butts for rude jokers now. The base and the malignant may still find a ferocious pleasure in scoffing at the deformed and the odd-tempered; but the sympathies of the people are with the sufferers. Ill-natured wit is less relished than at any previous time; cruel amusements are ever growing wider asunder.

Amusements, like other things, are less violent than they were; people can enjoy fun without the strident roars of noisier times. It is not Laughter holding both his sides that relishes 'a good thing' most. We can digest a joke without any more symptoms of the process than a smile; and yet the assimilation of it into our mental being will be more complete than if we had gone through muscular paroxysms in 'getting it in.' No people enjoy the absurd more than the Americans; still they laugh less than the English. It is indeed possible to be merry in a quiet way, and that we are becoming. Our merriment is of a temperate kind, and therefore will last longer than the furious pleasures of earlier times.

A TRUE STORY OF THE OLD COACHING-DAYS.

MANY years ago, when a journey from Edinburgh to London was a matter of days instead of hours, I started to make it, for the first time in my life, in the stagecoach which I shall call the *Royal William*. I was travelling alone, inasmuch as I knew none of the other passengers; but the guard had been 'tipped' to look after me, and he did that as well and for as long as he could. It was about ten days before Christmas. I was going to pay my first visit to London, having left school 'for good' some months before. The prospect of the journey had been scarcely less delightful than that of London itself, and tedious

as it would be thought in these luxurious days, even by healthy young people such as I then was, I enjoyed it thoroughly—at least until more than half of it was over. There was snow in the air, but none on the ground, and our four 'spanking' horses took us along at ten miles an hour, including the stoppages.

All went well until we got to Yorkshire. We had for some hours been going through a snow-covered region, and our pace had consequently been somewhat diminished; but when we reached the wild moors of Yorkshire, the snow came down in blinding clouds, and darkness setting in, we lost our way. Between the drift and the darkness—for it was about five o'clock in the afternoon—we had managed to get off the high-road, and only discovered our mistake when, after much plunging and struggling on the part of the horses, and coaxing and swearing on that of the driver and guard, all of which was more exciting than agreeable, the wheels stuck fast in the snow, and the exhausted animals absolutely refused to go a step farther.

Where we were, we could not tell—it was even a matter of doubt if we were on a road at all. We could just dimly see the white moorland stretching away on every side. There were neither stars nor moon, and the pale rays from the coach-lamps, which shone coldly on the snow, extended no farther than the leaders' heads.

One passenger proposed that we should all crowd together inside the coach, then—necessity having no law—feast upon any edibles that happened to be in it, and finally try to sleep till morning. But, for several reasons, few of us cared for that plan, without first making another effort to get back to the high-road; so the guard took his horn, and two gentlemen a lantern, and they went off together to reconnoitre. In ten minutes they came back to say that they could not make anything of the situation; but that they had seen the lights of a house down in a hollow not far off, and were of the opinion that it would be better for us to try to reach it, rather than remain where we were all night. We all got out of the coach and started for the house, leaving guard and coachman behind, but promising to send them assistance when we reached our destination. The two gentlemen with the lantern guided us; and in about a quarter of an hour we reached the lodge-gates, after much parleying whereat, we were at length allowed to proceed to the house itself.

We were not astonished that the porter had been so unwilling to admit us when we discovered, as we soon did, that the house was already full of Christmas guests, most if not all of whom would be remaining over the night; for in the country in those days, flying visits were more or less impracticable in winter, and this was one of those isolated dwellings whose inmates might be kept prisoners for weeks at a time. But notwithstanding their crowd of guests, the master and mistress—whom I shall call Williams—received us very kindly, warmed us, fed us, and immediately sent off two of their own men-servants to assist the guard and driver to bring the horses to their stables.

Never were belated travellers more fortunate! Such an inundation of strangers must have been a serious inconvenience in a house already so full

of people; but Mr and Mrs Williams made us all at once feel at ease, and were very much distressed that they could only find sleeping accommodation for the ladies of our party; beds would be made up in the barns for the gentlemen, however, 'which would not,' they hoped, 'be found very uncomfortable.' The gentlemen of course were delighted with the idea, and declared their willingness to sleep anywhere—as 'indeed we ladies had also done.

So the evening passed on; and a very pleasant evening it was, with music and dancing—those dear old country-dances that one never sees nowadays, when old ladies and old gentlemen danced together and looked dignified, or heartily merry, and sometimes graceful. 'Also, it added greatly to my enjoyment when I discovered in the course of the evening that Mr and Mrs Williams were old and warm friends of my own father and mother. Although I had never before seen them, I had heard them spoken of by my parents, who would be delighted when they got news of their old friends in so unexpected a way. In these days of railway trains and penny-posts, one need never lose sight of one's friends; but things were different then, and I knew that my father and mother were not even aware whether the Williamses were still in this world.

The gentlemen passengers retired about eleven o'clock; but the rest of us sat chatting for nearly another hour. During this time, some remarks I accidentally overheard led me to the conclusion that we ladies were just one too many for the sleeping accommodation of the house, which was not a very large one, and that Mr Williams himself intended to go and sleep in a small cottage that had once been the bailiff's, but was now unoccupied. To turn our host out of his own house, seemed really barbarous, so I entreated him to let me go instead. At first he laughed at the idea as ridiculous; but when I showed him that I was in earnest, was not the least afraid, and indeed rather enjoyed the idea of such a finish up to an adventurous day, he gave in.

When all the other guests had retired, my new friends kept me a little longer at the drawing-room fire talking about my father and mother; then Mrs Williams wrapped me up and went to the hall-door with me. There I bade her good-night; and Mr Williams, with a lantern in his hand, led the way to the cottage, which stood about a hundred yards from the house, and consisted of two rooms opening into one another. Servants had been sent to prepare the place; and with bright fires in both rooms, it looked very snug; the occupants of the barns, I thought, might be less lonely, but could not be more comfortable. The rooms were very bare; but they were clean enough to all appearance, and there in the inner one lay my bed, white and inviting. There was a chair, and a washing-stand, and a small table with a looking-glass and four lighted candles on it. Candles were lit also in the other room; and my host advised me to keep them burning through the night, so that, should I awake, I might not find myself in the dark. A further supply lay on the table.

'Now,' said Mr Williams, when we had taken a look round, 'shall I not stay, and let you

go back to the house? I am sure it would be better—in fact, the only proper thing to do.'

But I would not recant, and declared that I did not anticipate things could have been made so comfortable; at which Mr Williams laughed, and, seeing that I was obdurate, yielded.

'Shall I lock you, in, then, or will you keep the key yourself?' he asked.

'Lock me in, please; it sounds more secure,' I replied.

'Ah,' he said with a smile, shaking his head at the last part of my answer, and looking ready to begin the argument all over again. 'But since you will be obstinate, I will come and let you out at half-past seven.' So saying, he bade me a kindly good-night, and went out, locking the door behind him.

The door between the two rooms stood open, the fire crackled cheerily, and the candles burned brightly. On the table stood a bag, which Mrs Williams had told me contained everything necessary to my comfort.

I undressed a little, took down my hair, and began to brush it. Suddenly I was startled by a peculiar sound, seemingly quite close to me. It was a gentle clink-clink, like a chain rattling. I held my brush suspended, and listened. Pooh! What a white face was that in the glass! It must be some dog kennelled near, and Mr Williams had not thought of telling me of it. Yet I could have declared that the sound was in the cottage—in the room where I was, even! But that of course was impossible. I drew a breath, very gently, and went on brushing my hair.

There!—it came again—clink-clank—this time louder than before, and seemingly so near my back, that I looked over my shoulder almost expecting to see something. But there was nothing visible. I turned my eyes to the other room. Nothing there either, that I could see; the candles' shadows, but no other—shadows. It was nonsense to tell myself that 'it might be imagination,' for I knew it was not. I wished that I had eyes in every part of my body, especially in my back, and I began to regret that I had willed to be a prisoner, instead of keeping the power of escape in my own hands.

All was quiet again, except that I almost fancied I heard the sound of breathing. Was it possible, I wondered, that I could hear the breathing of any creature outside the cottage? Impossible, surely; *this* must be imagination; it would be myself breathing! And when people were feeling nervous—I meant frightened—their senses were not always to be depended upon!

With these reflections, I tried to shake off my fears, and went on brushing my hair. But I had never noticed before what a noisy operation this was, my boots creaked so loudly at every motion. I made haste with as little noise as possible, twisted it up, and was ready to go into bed, when the sound came again—clink-clink-clank, quite distinctly. It startled me fearfully this time. I had really, I believe, been half-hoping that it *was* imagination; but there was no doubt now. Where the sounds came from, I could not before exactly tell; now, however, I felt certain that the cause of them was not farther off than against the outside of the cottage wall behind my bed. It might be a dog; but I could

not help feeling as afraid as if it were something very different.

I got into bed. Once warmly covered up, I did feel a little more secure; but my heart still kept thumping, and instead of trying to sleep, I strained my eyes to their widest, that they might take in every corner of the place at once. Some minutes passed, and I heard no sound but a coal gently sinking, and the breathing that must be my own—or imagination—then, suddenly, clink-clank, clink-clank, loud and fast, and the next moment a man crept slowly out from under my bed!

Now, indeed, my heart leaped into my mouth! Paralysed with terror, I just lay and gazed at him. He crept along the floor towards the fire, clanking as he went; then he stood up—a tall, slightly-made, youngish man, with a dark fierce face and brilliant eyes—and leaning forward, with his back to me, he spread out his hands to the blaze; awful hands to look at; long and thin and cruel-looking—like the claws of some monster, they seemed to me; and chains hung round each wrist, rattling slightly and glittering in the fire-light, as his eyes did also.

For some moments I lay and gazed at him, scarcely breathing, expecting every instant that he would turn his head and see me. He did not; but of course I dared not stay there. Yet I seemed spellbound to the spot; and it was with a great effort of will, but without any definite idea what to do, that I managed one desperate move. I slipped out of bed, and, with my eyes fixed on the man, glided swiftly to the door, into the other room, and into the corner that was most in the shade. Had he but turned his head half an inch as I passed, he must have seen me; but he kept his eyes on the fire with an awfully hungry look—and perhaps my motions were as noiseless as I wished them to be. Once I was into the corner, he could not see me without coming into the room. But he might do that any moment; and then? I stood still and rigid, listening. I could not now see him. A long long time it seemed that he stood in the same position, then the chains clanked loudly, and I heard him walking across the floor.

He must be coming now! I thought I would have died that moment. My heart seemed to stand still. But he did not come; he had gone towards the bed, for presently I heard it creak as he lay down on the top of it. Then, after some restless moving about and rattling of the chains, all was still. I could not tell whether he had fallen asleep or not; for I dared not move, lest he should be awake. There was nothing that I could sit on, and there I had to stand with my bare feet on the uncarpeted wooden floor, with no covering but my night-dress. It was fearfully cold. If only I had had some clothes on, I thought I should not have been quite so defenceless! Then horrible thoughts came and tortured me. Perhaps the man knew I was there quite well, though he might have been asleep at first, and was just keeping me in suspense till it was his pleasure to come and pounce on me with those awful chains and claw-like hands of his.

A long time passed in this way, and then once more my heart leaped into my mouth. I heard the man get up, walk to the fire, and put on some coals. He stood there a minute, then

walked to the table, which was exactly opposite my door, but not within range of my sight, snuffed each candle, paused again a full minute, hesitating, perhaps, then walked back to the bed and lay down.

Suspense is a terrible thing; and the cold was becoming every moment more intense. Sometimes my knees bent under me, and I slid down almost to the ground; then, alarmed to find myself in so unguarded a position, I would start up again, and try to stand straight and alert—as if my poor readiness would be of any avail when things came to the worst!

So the long hours passed. The man did not get up again, and I thought he must be asleep, for when at length the fire and the candles in both rooms went out almost simultaneously, he took no notice of it, but left us in darkness. For some hours it was a darkness that might be felt; but it did not add much to my terror, for it made me feel a little safer and farther away from him.

All this passed in what seemed years instead of hours; till at last my heart gave a great bound of hope, for there, through the window, which had neither blind nor shutter, I could see lights moving about over the snow in different directions. Then all the lights came together to the door, and some one tried to open it. Alas! it was locked and the key gone, as I knew. So, after another futile attempt to open it, the lights all moved slowly away. I was afraid to go forward to the window, lest the man should see me and the torch-bearers should not; I only moved along the wall so as to be opposite to it, and waved both hands in a silent frenzy. No one saw me, and soon all the lights had quite disappeared. This disappointment almost deprived me of all the strength I had left; but I was too thoroughly terrified to faint. I was in no hurry for any such luxury, and now every moment expected that the man, roused by the noise at the door, would get up and come into my room to examine it. However, time passed on, and he did not move, only now and then the chains rattled a little, as if he were turning in his sleep.

At last the total darkness began to give way; a faint grayness came stealing through the little window. The night was *not* going to last for ever! Slowly the grayness grew towards light, very slowly but unceasingly, and I could dimly see every object in the room—when at last I heard footsteps outside, then the key put in the lock, and—oh, how slowly!—turned. It was my deliverer.

All the terror of the past night and the joy of the present moment seemed now suddenly crushed together and pressed upon my head. I was mad for the time, I suppose. I waited till the door was open, then fled out into the snow. 'Don't go in there!' I said in a whisper like a shriek. 'Lock the door!'

'Good heavens!' Mr Williams exclaimed, obeying—and then he caught me up in his arms.—My hair had turned quite white.

But I did not discover that till many months afterwards, for, being ill, I had no need of a looking-glass. I learned then, too, for the first time, that my fellow-prisoner was a madman, who had escaped from an asylum some miles off.

Perishing with cold, he had crept into the cottage after the servants—who had left the key in the door—had finished their preparations, and so had not been discovered. He was a dangerous lunatic; so it was as well that I did not know that, for a madman is a greater terror to me than the most desperate of escaped convicts. The men with the torches had come in search of him.

Mr Williams ran with me to the house, and sent three men to the cottage. They were no more than in time, as the wretched man was escaping from one of the windows just as they came up, and they had a severe struggle with him before he was overpowered. The same morning he was restored to the asylum, where he died a few weeks afterwards, worn out with an access of madness.

Ever since that time I have lived in dread of going mad. Indeed, I do not think I am always quite so sane as other people. But I am an old woman now, and I think I shall be spared worse madness. I have written this in the hope of easing my mind a little; though I can never forget that night.

THE SEAMY SIDE OF HUMAN NATURE.

FROM a Return of Judicial Statistics for the year 1881, issued by the Home Secretary, it appears that there are no fewer than seventy-one thousand six hundred and thirty-seven known thieves and depredators in England and Wales. Of these, however, only thirty-nine thousand one hundred and sixty-one are in a position to carry on active operations, the rest being in convict or local prisons. These criminals are worse than drones in the social hive. They are the Ishmaelites of society, preying upon honest people when out of prison, and supported at the public expense when in. Without reckoning the value of property stolen and not recovered during the year, we find that the cost of police and prisons in 1881 in England and Wales was nearly four millions sterling, which has to be defrayed either by direct or indirect taxation.

The halcyon days of thieving—when bands of stout fellows lived a bold and free life under the greenwood tree, and balanced the despoiling of a fat abbot by the succouring of a distressed widow; or when bold moss-troopers, Scotts or Percies or Douglasses, conducted a doughty Border raid—are for ever gone. The average thief nowadays is a very mean-spirited creature indeed. Though he has plenty of low cunning, he is not a many-sided man. He generally has but one particular 'lay,' and after serving a term of imprisonment, returns to his old haunts and habits. A 'cracksman' or housebreaker does not commit paltry shop-door thefts, while a pickpocket seldom figures in a charge of robbery by violence. Some thieves are notorious for thefts from children. Others have their peculiar vocation in snatching greatcoats from unguarded lobbies, or appropriating stray door-mats. The detective knows this, and conducts his inquiries accordingly. This officer is the abhorrence of the professional thief. The uniformed constable can be watched as he lounges leisurely along; but the detective working silently in plain clothes, often pounces on the thief when least expected.

The popular delusion that a detective was an almost supernatural being who could find out dark and mysterious crimes as if by magic, and who always turned up in the nick of time, has now nearly gone. By a fortunate chance, an officer may occasionally stumble on the thing he is looking for; but success is generally the result of patient, laborious, and often disagreeable or dangerous work. He must be cool and wary, for he has to deal with all sorts of persons. While apparently noticing nothing, he examines everything with an observant eye. Much of the information given him is utterly worthless, some of it being purposely calculated to mislead; but from such he often draws conclusions of the very opposite character to those intended by the informer. Local knowledge, and a thorough understanding of the nature and habits of each criminal in his district, are of the greatest assistance to a detective officer.

In a number of cases, however, common-sense is the best safeguard of the public against imposition. Some swindles are of such a nature that the victims choose rather to pocket their chagrin and suffer the loss in silence, than be dragged into a court to give evidence, or have their names appear in the public prints. We shall briefly describe some of these swindles, as, notwithstanding the warnings so often given in the newspapers, the imposition still goes on, and complaints by victims of the first two species have lately come under our notice.

There is the swindling Loan Company, with its commodious chambers in a good locality, and a large brass plate on the door. A speciously worded advertisement informs the needy that money on personal security can be borrowed at a moderate rate of interest. There is a delightful haziness about the paragraph, suggestive of long credit and a disinterested and philanthropic lender. The embarrassed tradesman or struggling young professional man, ashamed to let his friends know how the shoe pinches him, thinks this is the thing for him, and writes for particulars. He receives a circular showing the Company's terms, and containing a list of questions to be answered, and also containing a demand for an advance fee, varying in amount from half a guinea to two guineas. If sent, the advance fee is invariably retained; while in many cases a curt intimation is sent that the Company decline to entertain the application. When a loan is granted, a high rate of interest is charged, and the first year's interest is deducted from the loan; while the borrower is obliged to grant a bond over his house, furniture, or stock-in-trade. On these, if there is the slightest failure in giving them their pound of flesh, the Company generally foreclose at the most inconvenient time for the borrower. If a man's business is in such a state that a temporary loan can help him, and his character is good, he will seldom be at a loss for somebody who knows him to give him a friendly lift. If this is not the case, it is far better that he should give up the business, pocket his pride, and start journeyman again, than, by getting into the hands of harpies, ruin his prospects for life.

There are various mock-auctions in every large town. A decoy at the door invites the unwary passenger to walk in, as the sale, or,

as he unconsciously informs you, the 'sell,' is just going on. When an outsider does go in, a number of confederates, got up in various characters—from the clergyman in rusty black, to the countrywoman with her basket on her arm—carry on the sale briskly, and articles are rapidly sold at very low prices. If the visitor is not wary and sensible, he is sure to bid, and may possibly find himself, before he leaves, the purchaser of an antiquated old sofa, a set of rickety chairs, or a Brummagem dinner service, at double their value.

Another dodge is generally tried on retired military or naval officers. The swindler sends a letter recalling some reminiscence of mutual service in an army corps, or on board a man-of-war, a number of years ago. He mentions his vivid recollection of these happy days, and hints that he has not been over-fortunate in worldly affairs. He has been security for a friend, who has failed to meet the bill which he himself has had to pay. The last instalment is nearly due, and he is still eight or ten pounds short, while the consequences will be serious if the money is not forthcoming. Can he presume so far upon the memory of old times as to ask a small loan to tide him over the difficulty? This type of swindler possesses more than an average education, and his information regarding the antecedents of his intended dupe is curiously accurate. It is probably gathered from some old tar or discharged soldier, many of whom are extremely garrulous regarding their favourite officers or old masters.

An ingenious fraud has lately been practised in London. A tall well-dressed man, apparently a City merchant on his way home from business, is seen talking on the street to a man in workman's dress who carries a basket and some tools. The 'merchant' accosts some well-dressed passenger, and tells him the 'mechanic's' tale of want of employment and family distress. He adds that he has satisfied himself of the truth of the story, and is about to give a trifle; will the gentleman join in giving a small sum to relieve deserving necessity? The apparent respectability of the voucher often succeeds where a common begging petition would fail, and the person accosted generally gives something. A gentleman who had given a small sum saw both swindlers issue in company from a public-house some time after. Of course, on seeing him they decamped.

A clever dodge has lately come to light, which shows how thoroughly the swindler understood those on whom he was to operate, and forms a curious commentary on the relations between servants and tradesmen. A man having the appearance of a gentleman's servant called on several tradesmen in a fashionable part of London, asking them to come to a certain house for orders for different classes of goods, at the same time throwing out a suggestion that a small gratuity for himself would be acceptable, and might not be lost by the tradesman in a distribution of further orders. In a number of instances, small sums were given; but when the shopmen attended at the place named, they found their services were not required, and that the small fees had flowed into the pocket of some clever rascal.

Swindling, though extremely annoying to the victim, often presents a comical side to the

onlooker. That our Yankee cousins are go-ahead in their rascality, as in all else, the following story will show. We all know the usefulness of an ulster in covering a rusty coat or a ragged pair of trousers, but few would have the ingenuity to make the ulster the means of supplying food, raiment, and money. A clever rogue having equipped himself in a large ulster of fashionable make, and provided himself with the indispensable handbag, entered a Chicago hotel pretty late at night. Mentioning that he had just arrived in the city, and was to leave early next morning for New York, he took a room for the night and went to bed. Early next morning, the new guest's bell was rung violently. The servant who answered it found him highly excited. His room, he said, had been entered during the night, and his only pair of trousers, containing his purse, fifteen and a quarter dollars, and a through-ticket for New York, had been stolen. The landlord was called up. The guest stamped on the floor, and used language anything but canonical. What could the landlord do? It would be in the highest degree unfortunate if his house got the reputation of being conducted in such a way that a man's trousers were not safe in his bedroom. What he and nearly a dozen subsequent landlords did was to provide a pair of new trousers, replace or lend the missing dollars—the guest did not care which—buy a ticket for some place or other, apologise, and decline payment for entertainment provided. Plying his lucrative game in various localities, the happy inventor had crelong plenty of dollars, many pairs of trousers, and railway tickets in every direction. But one landlord who had heard confidentially about the missing trousers from a puzzled brother in trade, angrily declared that his guest had brought no trousers with him, and instead of apologising and supplying money and pants, he coated his lodger's nether limbs with tar and feathers and turned him out in that condition.

Another specimen is too good to be willingly lost, for in this case the rogue was more actuated by a 'plaguy drouth' than by any criminal intent. Several 'Paisley bodies' had had a prolonged drinking-bout. Their money was done, and their credit exhausted, for the host had trusted as far as he dared; but their throats were as dry as ever. A shilling had been screwed by one out of an unwilling acquaintance; but alas! it would not go far among the lot. A bright idea struck one of the party. 'Give it to me,' said he, 'and I will double it.' It was accordingly handed over; and the 'crony' forthwith repaired to the nearest pawnshop and offered the shilling in pledge. 'Mine uncle' grinned, and thinking it some drunken wager, he laughingly offered tenpence. This was immediately accepted, and a pawn-ticket given, marked, at the pledger's request, 'A piece of silver-plate.' The pledger now returned to the public-house. His companions were at first rather dubious of the wisdom of his procedure, but were soon undeceived. He ordered some ale, and while paying the landlord, remarked to his companions on the shabbiness of the pawnbroker. The words 'Piece of plate' made the host prick up his ears. He made some inquiry, was shown the pawn-ticket, and told that an old heirloom had been sacrificed. The

innkeeper knew they were no thieves; and the upshot was that he purchased the ticket for another shilling's-worth of ale, to be immediately supplied. The rascals had the ale consumed and were off, before the publican, going to lift his 'plate' from pawn, found he had been bit.

Time and space would fail us to mention the various swindles in the shape of sham agencies, foreign lotteries, and deceptive advertisements of all kinds that are continually being forced on the notice of a gullible public. If the ingenuity now being wasted by rogues in cheating people were employed in some useful occupation, it could hardly fail of being successful; and the most likely way to induce them to take an honest course is by the public turning a deaf ear to the voice of the charmer and refusing to be imposed on.

NOTES ON CONTINENTAL TRAVEL.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

We quitted the *Point du Jour* with a pleasant impression of our brief sojourn at Montbard. The next day's halt was at Sens; and now our journey was drawing to a close, and we expected to reach Paris at night. Before doing so, however, we were destined to a second adventure. Some of our party not having seen the palace at Fontainebleau, it was arranged that we should make a detour and visit it on our way. When, late in the afternoon we reached the place, we found the whole town on the alert. The king (Louis-Philippe) was expected. He was coming, accompanied by the whole court; so that to see the palace was out of the question. 'And your reaching Paris to-night,' added the innkeeper, 'is equally impossible. Every horse on the road has been engaged for His Majesty, who always travels with a large retinue. I have excellent accommodation at your service, a well-served cuisine, the best beds. Fontainebleau is a charming sojourn, and'—

The entrance of the postillion cut short our host's loquacity. He confirmed the statement of the latter as to the improbability of being able to get horses; but added, that if we were willing to take chance and go on another *poste*, his horses would be rested and refreshed in a couple of hours, and could take us on. We accepted his offer, despite the remonstrances and grumbings of the landlord, and having ordered dinner, sallied out for a ramble while it was in preparation.

At the end of the next stage, some diligence horses were fortunately to be had; but on reaching Penthievre, we came to a full stop; not a quadruped was procurable for love or money. The entire population of the little town was in the street, eagerly looking out for the royal cortège, which was every moment expected to pass through. We had nothing for it but to await patiently that event, and then remain until some of the horses which had brought Louis-Philippe were sufficiently rested to proceed with us. The posthouse was a miserable-looking place, dirty and uninviting, so that the ladies of the party preferred staying in the carriage; the maid following the example of her mistresses, and

remaining in her seat on the rumble behind, a proceeding which, as we shall see, nearly cost her her life.

Nothing could be more amusing than the scene around us. A French crowd is always entertaining, but this was especially so, from the state of intense excitement of every man, woman, and child. Young and old, all were talking, gesticulating, giving their opinion, laying down the law. The king was of course the grand topic, the absorbing object of interest. How soon he would probably arrive, where he was at that precise moment, the conjectured number of his carriages, the incidents and reminiscences of former passings-through—all were debated, canvassed, commented on, with nods, shrugs, grimaces, and contortions such as a Frenchman alone is capable of. The postillions and their horses added not a little to the animation of the scene. The latter, which were all gray, without a single exception, were fastened up against a wall opposite the posthouse, to be in readiness at a moment's warning. They were fidgety animals, tossing their heads and pawing the ground with impatience.

The French postillion—an individual now almost extinct—was as peculiar and marked among his countrymen, and in appearance as different from them as the sturdy *poissardes* of Boulogne and Dieppe are unlike their sister citizens whose business is unconnected with deep waters. Tall, heavy, and strongly built, one would have imagined him ill calculated for his calling, and in a country, too, where diminutive men predominate. The huge French postillion was often gruff and taciturn—another contrast to the natives in general; given, too, to grumbling at the end of his stage; but that is, I believe, a characteristic of the driving fraternity all over the world. He was generally good-looking; and his costume—the glazed round hat with its smart cockade, blue jacket with crimson facings, yellow leather breeches, and enormous jack-boots—set off to advantage his stalwart figure.

We were drawn up quite close to the posthouse, to be out of the way when the cortège arrived, the pole of our carriage almost touching the wall of the building. Soon after taking up this position, a little old man with a basket of cakes on his arm came up to us and asked us to buy some. He was a lean, shrivelled, little creature, with a huge pair of earrings, and a brown face like a walnut. Very neat in his person; his linen jacket and apron, with the cloth that covered his basket, were as white as snow. We did not mind him at first, but he returned often to the charge.

'Buy my cakes, ladies,' he said; 'they are excellent. First quality flour, best of butter, and such sugar and fruit! Plenty of spice too, and no stint of eggs. They melt in the mouth. Poor Marie taught me to make them—Marie, you know! My little daughter makes them too; but I never allow her to come out and sell them. She is too young and too pretty; not so pretty, though, as Marie! Buy my cakes, my excellent cakes.'

To please the poor little man, and get rid of his importunities, we invested in some of his manufactures. They did not quite come up to his description of them, but were highly appreciated by the children to whom they were

distributed when his back was turned. He continued to patronise us, and to hover round the carriage, coming back from time to time with tidings and conjectures about the great event in expectation. There was something very peculiar in his look—a wild unsettled gleam in his eyes, and his movements were restless and abrupt. He talked perpetually, running on in a rambling incoherent way, often to himself when no one was paying attention to him. A woman who had seen him talking to us, shook her head, and said: 'Ah, poor little Jeannot! there he goes with his cakes. A worthy creature; but all wrong here, you understand,' she added, tapping her forehead; 'he was never the same since he lost his wife.'

The subject of her remarks returning to us at this moment, prevented our asking any questions. He was soon on his old theme, 'poor Marie.' It was not difficult to draw his little story from him; he told it unconnectedly, by fits and starts, and may be thus translated:

'Marie was very pretty, and she was good, too—the best girl in the village. We loved each other from childhood, ah, how dearly! and we always settled to be married some day. Marie's father and mother gave their consent on condition that we should have between us a certain sum beforehand to begin our little *ménage*. We were too happy at the prospect of being united to mind any conditions, however hard; so we set to work both of us to try and increase our little store. It was no easy task. I had an old blind mother to support out of my earnings; and though Marie made cakes, and had such a winning way with her that she sold twice as much as any one else, still the purse filled slowly. Time went on, however, and we met with various pieces of good fortune. My Marie was so industrious and so clever; everything prospered with her, and with me, for her sake. We grew rich at last, so rich that the sum was nearly made up. How happy we were! and twice as fond of each other as ever. But before the year was out, ah, what a blow came! The conscription took place—I was drawn for a soldier!

'What is to become of us now, Marie?' I cried. 'We are lost!'

'She threw her arms round my neck, and wept as if her heart would break. Then suddenly starting up, she ran into her own little room, and bringing out her purse, pressed it into my hand. "There," she sobbed; "take that, Jeannot. You have more; we can buy a substitute."

'But our marriage—our marriage, Marie!' and I wrung my hands in despair.

'Well, *mon ami*, it must only be put off. We must go to work again and get more money. We are both so young, Jeannot, so very young!'

'There was no help for it. I was bought off. It took more than half our funds; and I was very down-hearted at having to begin afresh. Marie had much more courage. The year passed on, and brought joy at its close. An old uncle, a grocer at Dijon, died and left me a small legacy. Marie became mine.

'What a nice cottage we had, and how prettily it was furnished! How proud I was of my little wife, my own darling Marie! She was so good to my poor blind mother, who lived with us, and loved her dearly. Every morning she took out

her cakes to sell, and customers increased fast. Soon, however, she began to stay more at home, and instead of her pastry, she used to work at tiny caps and pinafores; and when strangers came in, she hid them away shyly and blushed like a rose. I sold wood, which I bought *en gros* round the country; and it was a profitable trade. Ah, how happy we were!

'There was a great sale of trees in a forest beyond Fontainebleau, and I started off to attend it and get bargains. I promised my dear little wife to be back in a few days. She did not like me to be long away from her just then; and as for me, I could not bear to have her out of my sight. I had only been two days at the place, when they came to tell me that a boy from Penthievre had come and wanted to see me. I flew to meet him.

"Joy, joy!" he exclaimed; "you have a charming little daughter!"

"And Marie?" I cried.

"She sent me off to tell you the news and to beg you would not delay your return."

'Delay indeed! The leagues seemed to lengthen before me on my road back, so great was my impatience to get home. At last I reached my own door. I pushed it open; I pressed on towards Marie's room, when a woman came out against me.

"Stop!" she said; "I have brought you the infant. Won't you look at your child?"

"Ah, it is a nice little thing," I said, kissing it; "but I want to see Marie. Let me pass."

"No, no—not yet. Wait a minute, there's a good man. She can't see you just now; she can't indeed."

"Not see her own Jeannot?"

"No, I tell you.—Don't push by me; you will disturb her. She is not so well—she is asleep—she!"

'I freed myself, and rushed in. O mon Dieu! Marie!—that marble face—the flowers—those white draperies—the crucifix on her breast—the crowds in the room—my old blind mother sobbing at the bedside, her apron thrown over her face—what did it all mean? Marie, Marie! won't you speak to me? Cold—silent—still! My head turned round, my sight swam; I ran out of the house!—

'Father!' cried a young girl from the crowd, running up to the little cakeman and pulling him by the sleeve, 'the king is coming! See, every one is preparing. They are getting out the horses. Come away, come away!'

There was indeed a great stir. The people, chattering, clamouring, and jostling, separated to the right and left to leave a free passage. The postillions pulled off their blouses, and gave a hasty glance over their finery. But no one came; it was a false alarm.

Another tedious hour passed away. It grew very cold, and so dark that the poor little cakeman's white garments could no longer be distinguished from the dusky mass as he flitted restlessly about. At length a distant sound was heard. It grew louder. 'Le roi! le roi!' passed in hoarse, awed murmurs from mouth to mouth. A sudden silence fell upon the crowd. The king's courier galloped up, and in an instant all was ready, the horses out, the postillions at their posts.

Another moment, and the long train of carriages came dashing in at full gallop—royalty always travels fast. The halt was of short duration. In less time than I have taken to describe it, the horses were changed, the lamps lit all along the line of carriages, flashing up one after another into sudden brilliancy; and the glittering cortege continued its rapid progress.

From the carriage window we looked after the dazzling cavalcade, and watched it disappearing into the darkness. Suddenly a thundering sound was heard approaching; and then came a violent crash. Our carriage was dashed forwards against the posthouse—the pole and forepart shattered by the concussion. There was a noise behind of furious struggling and plunging of horses—a feeling as if the rumble and roof of the vehicle were coming crashing in over our heads—a confusion of shrieks, oaths, and exclamations outside; while high over all the din, the piercing screams of our luckless abigail sounded in our ears.

Stunned and utterly bewildered, it was some minutes before we could make out what had happened. The first object that met our eyes on recovering from the shock was our poor maid being carried into the posthouse.

'Be calm, Mesdames,' exclaimed the voice of little Jeannot, who was foremost of a sympathising crowd gathered round us; 'she is not hurt, heaven be praised! only very much frightened. One of the horses is dead. Look at him, poor beast, lying stretched behind your carriage. *Ciel!* how he plunged. If Mademoiselle had not climbed up on the roof, it would have been all over with her. The driver is terribly injured. They have taken him into the house, only just alive.'

It now appeared that at the moment the royal cavalcade left Penthievre, the carriage of the Duc de Beauvon was proceeding from his château in the neighbourhood, along the road to the town, with the lamps unlit. The mania for English horses was just then at its height among the young French nobility; and the week before, the Duc de Beauvon had purchased a pair of magnificent English thoroughbreds for I know not how many thousand francs. These spirited animals were now drawing the carriage, which was luckily empty. The king's courier, who was galloping considerably in front, came in the darkness into collision with the horses. They took fright; and when the train of carriages, glittering with lights and going full speed, passed them, became unmanageable, and set off at a furious pace. They followed madly along until they dashed up against our devoted carriage. The shock may be imagined! The rumble was flattened in; one of the Duke's horses, a splendid gray, striking his head with violence against the iron and fracturing his skull. The poor animal in his dying struggles leaped so high that had not the maid, with great presence of mind, scrambled up on the roof, as Jeannot described, his forefeet would have surely struck her. As it was, her escape was almost miraculous.

The Duc de Beauvon was soon on the spot. He came attended by three or four English grooms, and their lamentations over the 'gallant gray' were grievous. As for us, we were soon surrounded by all the blacksmiths of Penthievre. After a noisy consultation, they decided that by their

united efforts it would be possible to patch up our dilapidated equipage so as to enable us to proceed on our journey.

Before leaving Penthievre, we learned that the Duke's coachman, though seriously hurt, was likely to recover. The courier who had been the innocent cause of the night's disaster was the man immortalised by the pencil of Horace Vernet. It was he who, having met with a mischance while on duty with the king, was bled by the hands of his royal master. The incident is the subject of a painting in the gallery at Versailles. On this occasion, fortunately, his horse was the only sufferer.

How different was the scene of our next rencontre with Louis-Philippe! In his own palace, the lordly Tuileries, radiant with lights, and brilliant with gorgeous uniforms and sparkling diamonds, it took place. It was the 'reception' night; and here, attended by his family and courtiers, His Majesty made the round of the salons, receiving the homage of the company, ranged along for the purpose of being presented; for, unlike the ceremonial at our own court, where the sovereign stands to receive the obeisance of those defiling before 'the presence,' here at the Tuileries it was royalty that moved, the subjects that remained stationary. Our party was at a short distance from the doors, and thus some little time elapsed before the royal personages reached us in their progress down the room. First came the king, his shrewd clever face beaming with frank good-nature; and after him the queen, tall and fragile, with silver hair and careworn looks. Then followed the handsome, graceful Duc d'Orleans, with his Duchess, full of German *bonhomie* and the sensible expression that atoned for lack of beauty. How serene she looked, that happy young wife, all unconscious of what was before her—of the day, so near, when Paris was convulsed to its centre by the tidings of the carriage accident in the Bois de Boulogne that made her a widow! Well it is for us all that the future is shrouded from our eyes; and how especially well for the family of Louis-Philippe that they could not foresee the trials and reverses that were in after years to come. The Duchesse de Nemours, Princesse Clementine, and the three brothers De Nemours, D'Annale, and Montpensier, came next. They were each attended by their households, and the same ceremony observed as in the case of the king and queen. Our names were asked by the lady or gentleman in waiting, who repeating it, presented us. All the royal family, except the Duc d'Orleans, spoke a few gracious words to each in succession as we were introduced. The Duke's aim just then was to gain popularity and to ingratiate himself with his countrymen, and with that view, his courtesies towards the English were scant. Louis-Philippe, on the contrary, treated them with marked attention.

Three days after the reception came our invitations to the court ball. A magnificent fête it was, and most conspicuous was the talent for producing effect, so peculiar to the French, in all its arrangements and decorations. The Countess of G—, one of the ladies of the bedchamber to our own Queen, was the chaperon of our party. She was at once recognised, and led up to the benches occupied by the foreign

ambassadors and the ladies-in-waiting of the French court, and thus we had the good fortune of being seated quite close to the royal family.

The supper-room that night looked like fairyland. It was the theatre of the palace fitted up for the purpose—the stage and pit being laid out with tables, and each box forming a little separate refreshment-room. Flowers, mirrors, statues, draperies, lights, ornaments—all were combined with exquisite effect; and what made the scene strange in our eyes was, that none but ladies were present. When the signal for supper was given, our cavaliers separated from their partners and drew back, forming a lane through which the many-coloured procession—a kaleidoscope of silks and satins and velvets, flowers and feathers and gleaming jewels—moved towards the theatre.

There the effect was curious; such an assemblage of womankind, the footmen, in their gorgeous state liveries, who waited upon the fair company, being the only individuals of the opposite sex to be seen. It was a new experience to find one's self on a festive occasion making one of such a congregation of ladies. We are used to the idea of bodies of men gathered together—at public dinners and the like; but an exclusively feminine assembly was certainly a novelty. Before leaving the fairy-like theatre, we turned to take a long look at it. The departing procession—those moving wreaths of figures of every hue and tint all branching off in different ways to gain the outlets to the doors—looked like the intricate mazes of some fantastic ballet.

When the tables were re-decked, the signal for the gentlemen's supper was given. Shortly after this, the royal party retired. Departures followed each other in due succession; and soon the brilliant Tuileries were left to silence and repose.

THE MARRIED WOMEN'S PROPERTY ACT (1882).

WHILE the attention of the public was taken up with the disturbances in Ireland and in Egypt, there was passed very quietly through both our legislative assemblies, in the ordinary session of 1882, an Act of Parliament which is destined to exert a considerable influence on the social and domestic life of this country. The short title of this Act is given above; its provisions will apply to all parts of the United Kingdom except Scotland, and it will come into force on the first of January 1883. Twenty or thirty years ago, such an Act would have been considered revolutionary; a man who had dared to advocate the views that will thus shortly become law would have been represented as a social firebrand, as an enemy to marriage, as throwing an apple of discord between husband and wife, as a disturber of the peace and the harmony of family life. Nothing of the kind, however, has occurred; Lord Selborne's Act has been accepted without any angry debate, and has been passed in a comparatively tranquil spirit.

The Married Women's Property Act (1882) is not a long or an unusually technical document; and seeing that it will affect half the families in the kingdom, we recommend the public

to buy the Act and study it for themselves. Excepting a few legal phrases here and there in the Act, the ordinary reader will be able to arrive at the meaning of this new law, which is a measure very much in favour of married women who have separate property. It does not give them power over the property of their husbands; but it does give them—what they have not had in this country before—absolute power over their own property. Under the new Act, a married woman with money (south of the Border) will be able to keep it, invest it, spend it, save it, and dispose of it by will, exactly the same as if she had remained single. Her husband will have no power to touch it or to interfere with it in any way; nor will his consent or signature in any case be necessary for its management or disposal. A wife who had consols standing in her own name before her marriage, will continue to hold them as her separate property, without settlements, and without the approval of her husband, just the same as if she were a man. If a husband and wife live apart, and the husband appropriates any of his wife's property—as is frequently the case now; for under such circumstances many a husband thinks he has a perfect right to take what belongs to his wife—it will be considered stealing, and she will be able to prosecute him as she would any other criminal who stole her property. The provisions of the Act also apply, not only to women who marry after the first of January 1883, but to all women who were married before the said date, as it has regard also to all property to which they may become entitled subsequent to the first of January 1883.

It is an Act that perhaps will affect the lower and middle classes more than it will affect the Upper Ten Thousand. For working-men and for the general trading community, it has a special interest and importance. In thousands of English homes at present, for example, the hard-working wife earns the living, sometimes bringing up a large family of children, while the husband spends his time in idleness, and in addition, not unfrequently demands money from his wife to waste on strong drink. This is a grievous wrong to a married woman, for which, as the law now stands, she can obtain no redress. In the future, all this will be altered, or at any rate if a wife submits to such treatment it will be her own fault, not the fault of the law. Her remedy will be to leave her husband. If he annoy his wife or take any money from her when they are living apart, she can protect herself by taking criminal proceedings against him.

It has been said that married women themselves, by various ways and means, will defeat the object of the new Act. In some cases, doubtless, they may do so; but we do not think that this will happen generally. Women, it would seem, are often stone-blind to the frailties or even the vices of the men whom they love; for they sometimes allow their husbands to coax or coerce them out of their property without protest or complaint. But will this be so in the future? We think not. Is not this spaniel-like submission in some measure owing to the fact that English wives know that the law of the land affords them little or no protection as regards their own money? Legally, they know that they

are nonentities; they know that their individuality is merged and lost in the individuality of their husbands. But when the law is altered, we believe that, as a general rule, married women will avail themselves of its provisions, and that they will not now, as in the past, so tamely acquiesce in being plundered of their earnings and property.

Furthermore, we have an impression that the new Act will have a very salutary effect on those husbands who, too indolent to work themselves, pillage the savings of their wives and abuse them into the bargain. To such men, more especially in large towns, the law is their only standard of right and wrong; when higher motives fail, their conduct is always influenced by the enactments on the statute-book. Indeed, speaking generally, we may say that if the law be not a reflection of public opinion, it invariably affects public opinion in this country. Now, a married woman separated from her husband is never safe without a divorce, which poor people have not the means to obtain. The husband can claim the earnings or wages of his wife as his own property; he knows that legally his wife's money belongs to him. But this will not be so under the new Act. He may coax money from his wife in the future, of course; but he cannot take it as a right; he must be content to accept it as a loan or as a gift. This, to drunken, cruel, or slothful husbands, will be quite a new experience, an experience which will be sure to have its effect on their conduct. Should they, in order to get possession of the earnings of their wives, resort to violence, then the law will grasp them with a vigorous hand. For wives with bad husbands, we regard the new Act as an unmixed blessing; and on the whole, we think it is favourable to society generally. In well-ordered homes, its probable effect will not be great; it will simply modify the marriage relationship, giving wives a more pronounced individuality of character and position.

The great principle which this Act seems to embody and enforce is, that husbands and wives may have separate as well as joint interests. Not until 1870 was this principle recognised by the English law. In that year, and again in 1874, measures were passed adopting what we may call this new social truth; and the Act of 1882 goes much further in the same direction, consolidating, amending, indeed to a great extent repealing the Acts of 1870 and 1874. Henceforth, no husband will be able to say to his wife: 'What is yours, is mine.'

Doubtless there are persons who will regard the present Act as too sweeping in its character. One of its provisions is, that a married woman may enter into contracts; that is, become a trustee, executrix, or administratrix, without the consent of her husband; a doctrine almost sufficient to make Sir William Blackstone turn in his grave. In some parts of America there is in operation the 'Cup and Saucer Act,' so called because it was said by the opponents of the measure, when it was first agitated, that if it became law, a husband would not be allowed to use his wife's teacups. That Act, however, appears to work well; and we see no strong reasons why the Married Women's Property Act should not work well in this country. To

married women it brings responsibilities as well as advantages. A wife with separate property will have to support her husband, children, and grandchildren, should they become chargeable to any union or parish; and if she carries on a trade apart from her husband, she will be subject to the bankruptcy laws. A wife who lends money to her husband for business purposes, will only have a poor chance of getting a dividend in case of his bankruptcy; for the claims of all the other creditors must be satisfied before hers. To the extent of her separate property, a married woman will be liable for all the debts she may have contracted prior to her marriage. For debts contracted after marriage by a wife having money of her own, the husband will not be liable unless she has acted as his agent. The Act provides that a married woman can sue or be sued for money independently of her husband; and as a wife can take criminal proceedings against her husband, so in like manner, when the circumstances are reversed, the husband can take criminal proceedings against his wife. The precise effect of the law as regards both married and unmarried people, remains yet to be seen; but in any case, the Act will have its uses, and will certainly remove some of the grievances under which married women have undoubtedly suffered in the past.

THE OLD CLAYMORE.

It is a matter of history how, after the battle of Culloden, the victorious soldiers ravaged the Highlands and ill-treated the inhabitants. For a long time afterwards, under the pretence of disarming them, the Highlanders were hunted and shot down like wild beasts, their habitations were burned, and their cattle and gear carried off. The record of these crimes forms such a tale of ruin and brutality, that one can scarcely believe such events have occurred in our own country within the last hundred and fifty years. Nevertheless, it was so.

Not long ago, an incident occurred to me, when on a visit to a minister in Glen Isla, which told forcibly how deep the memories of that troubled time had sunk into the hearts of the people, and how even now the anger could flash from the eyes of old men, and the blood run warm in their veins, when recalling their own reminiscences. We had returned from a day's fishing, had stowed away our rods and reels, and sat talking about the beauties of the Glen—its grand heather-covered mountains lit up by the setting sun, while the music of the rushing Isla sounded in our ears as it danced over its pebbly bed, or dashed against the big boulders which obstructed its course. Our conversation reverted to the inhabitants of the Glen; and my reverend friend informed me that a little way up there lived an old Highlander who could not be much less than ninety years old, and whose memory was still good; and that now and then, under certain circumstances, the old man would warm up and tell his tales of the old troubled days in his father's time, when Glen Isla and many another Highland valley was laid waste by a bloodthirsty soldiery.

In the cool of the evening, we strolled up to the old man's dwelling. It was an ancient cottage, situated a little way back from the road. The light played with a thousand tints among the mosses of the thickly thatched roof, and over it a thin curl of blue smoke hung lazily in the evening air. A few gnarled hawthorn trees sheltered the cottage from the blasts which swept down the mountain-sides; a patch of ground sloping down towards the river was devoted to the cultivation of cabbages, potatoes, &c.; while in front, the little garden was one blaze of flowers. High up, on the brow of the hill which formed the background, two or three goats in a semi-wild state were feeding, and stood out in bold relief against the evening sky. A little way down the road, the river Isla was arched over by an old bridge. Altogether, the spot breathed of quiet, peace, and content; and one could hardly fancy that the cruel sounds of war had ever been heard near so tranquil a spot.

As we approached the cottage, we were confronted by a boy of about ten years of age—such a little man! with neck, arms, and legs bare, and as brown as a nut; his dark hair innocent of brush and comb; and his eyes like those of an eagle—keen, piercing, determined, and intelligent. As he recognised the minister, his expression relaxed into a half-bashful smile, but quickly reverted into a somewhat distrustful look as he fixed his eye upon me, the stranger.

'Well, Alick, my man, is your grandfather in?' asked my friend.

'Ay, sir; he's ben the house,' he answered. 'Will ye please to step in?—Grandfather, here's the minister frae the maise asking for ye.'

As we entered, the old man rose with difficulty from his seat to welcome us. He pulled off his bonnet to the minister, who kindly shook hands with him. His figure was thin and bent, but wiry even now. In his younger days, he must have stood at least six feet; and his strong bony frame showed that at one time he had been a man of great strength. His face was furrowed with wrinkles, and his head was covered with a crop of snow-white hair. His eyes were gray, and the glance he directed at me was keen and proud. In a shaky voice, he asked us to sit down.

'Well, Alistair,' said the minister, 'and how are you? You're looking well. This fine warm weather agrees with you.'

'Thank ye, sir. I'm doing fine; but I'm getting auld, and I'm thinking my time must be near at hand.'

'You're quite right, Alistair, to think of what must come to us all some day or other; and you know we must all grow old in our turn, if God spares us. You, too, were young and hearty once, when your father was old and gray.'

'Deed, and that I was, sir; but it's langsyne—langsyne!'

'This, Alistair, is an old friend of mine,' said the minister, again turning to me, 'whom I have brought to shake hands with you.'

A kindlier look than I had yet seen filled his eyes as the old man bade me welcome.

'It's a long time, Alistair,' said my friend, 'since your father was laid to rest beside your mother and his two brothers in the old kirkyard; but you remember you have often told me that

his life was a more troubled one than yours has ever been; and indeed I have often wondered that he lived to such a good old age, for his stone says he was ninety-five when he fell asleep.

The mention of his father's troubled life evidently affected him, and I could see the light gathering in the old man's eyes.

'Father had a bad time o't, minister. But I maunna say too much before strangers.'

'You need not be afraid, Alister; my friend can keep what he hears to himself, when necessary.'

'Much need, sir—much need. An idle word has cost many a man his life before now.'

My friend motioned me to keep quiet, for the old man was evidently beginning to waken up, and the cleverly directed questions were drawing him out gradually.

'And so your father was ninety-five. Well, Alister, that is a good bit more than the allotted time of most men.'

'Deed, sir, it is that; and I whiles think it was fear that kept him living so long.'

'Fear, Alister! How do you make that out? I thought your father knew nothing about fear!'

'Fear, sir!' said the old man with a flash of fire kindling in his eyes—'fear, sir! My father never knew fear; nor his father before him, nor any of his bairns. It was no the ordinary fear—it was fear that the dragoons should come again, *and him not there to kill them*—that was the fear that kept father livin'!'

The fire was ablaze now; the old man's blood was running warm, and his pulse beating quicker. It was a conflict between his undaunted Highland spirit and his years—a conflict in which old age for the time being was vanquished. The fountains of his memory were opened, and the old man's tongue was loosened.

He told us how his father had been 'out in the '45'—how he had fought at Culloden in the 'good cause'—how he had been defeated—and how, as a fugitive, his father, with his own hand, had slain his pursuers; and at length, wounded and weary, he had reached the cottage where we now were. He told us how the vengeance-dealing soldiers and dragoons had followed him up, and how two of his brothers had been murdered in cold blood on the 'gowan brae' at the back of the house; and how his father had to hide in a cave away among the hills—a cave into which he could only crawl backwards, and where his only sustenance for months was a skinful of cold porridge, which his little daughter managed to convey from time to time to the neighbourhood of his hiding-place, choosing a different path each time she went, so as to avoid detection. At length, he told us, the search was given up—the soldiers were withdrawn; and more dead than alive, his father struggled back, to find his home made desolate, his kinsfolk slain, and starvation staring him in the face! Years passed away; but the poor people lived in constant dread of a return of the cruel soldiers; and one day many years afterwards, a detachment of dragoons was seen coming along the road towards the bridge. 'My father saw them comin'; and single-handed he went forth to meet them. He had put on his kilt, the wearing of which had been forbidden, and took his claymore with him. When the dragoons came to the bridge, my father drew his

sword, and said: 'You shall not cross the bridge, I tell you. Come down from your horses one by one, and I will fight with you. Or come down, if you dare, two at a time, and I will fight with you. But you shall not cross the bridge!'
My father stood there with his drawn claymore; and the dragoons were feared; *they laughed a laugh of fear*, and then they rode away again down the road; and my father stood there waitin'; but they never came back. Then my father came back and put away his claymore.'

Here the old man paused. Rising from his seat, he crept slowly to the door of the cottage, which he opened, and looked cautiously up and down the road. He then bolted the door of the room, and making a sign inculcating silence, he stood erect, and stretched his withered arm up to the rafters beneath the roof. From this hiding-place he pulled forth an old claymore, hacked and stained. 'This,' he said, holding out the weapon with trembling hand at arm's-length—'this is my father's claymore. With this he fought at Culloden; and this he has plugged into the heart of many of the bloodthirsty loons who desolated our land; and this is the claymore which frightened away the dragoons from the bridge, and would have killed every one of them, if they had dared to cross!'

The old man ceased speaking. He still stood tall and erect, with his snow-white locks falling on his shoulders, and the claymore trembling in his hand. His fiery spirit, which had sustained him during the time he was recalling the scenes of his youth, was yielding to his age; one more effort he made, and managed to put back the old claymore under the rafters; but his tough old frame was exhausted, and he sank back in his arm-chair by the fireside.

THE ART OF GOOD LIVING.

It is not in the newest work that one always finds the greatest interest, and a small octavo picked up at a bookstall has afforded us more entertainment than we should probably have found in the latest addition to Mudie's well-stocked shelves. The stall-keeper had evidently formed a hasty judgment of the book, based on the two most prominent words of the title-page, since he had carelessly thrown it into a basket with a miscellaneous array of others, attaching a label, 'Theological Works, one shilling each!' Taking up the book, curiosity was excited by noting that the volume was 'dedicated to the Right Worshipful the Court of Aldermen,' and that the author was described as 'Fellow of the Beef-steak Club, and an Honorary Member of several Foreign Picnics.' Curious to see what such a writer could find to say on theology, especially to such patrons, we purchased the volume and bore it home for careful perusal. Further examination showed that the author offered his book to the aforesaid Worshipful Court 'as a slight testimony of admiration for the capaciousness of their stomachs as well as of their understandings, and for the solidity of their heads as well as of their principles.' After this, we were not unprepared for the racy morsels that awaited us in the volume itself, of which the full title is, '*Essays: Moral, Philosophical, and*

Stomachical, on the Important Science of Good Living. By Launcelot Sturgeon, Esq. London: Whittaker, 1822.

The author starts by affirming that 'a stomach which is proof against all trials is the greatest of all blessings;' and declares it would be easy to demonstrate that it exercises an extended influence over the destinies of life. Epicurism is the result of 'that choicest gift of heaven, a refined and discriminating taste;' while gluttony is a mere effort of the appetite. To assist the uninitiated in forming a refined taste, seems to be the author's aim; and in a succession of chapters he lays down what he terms 'moral maxims and reflections,' all calculated to tend in that direction. Many reasons might be assigned for dining late; but one is sufficient: that, trivial concerns being dismissed, 'all our thoughts may be concentrated on our plate, and our undivided attention bestowed on what we are eating.' No one should hurry over a good dinner, and we are amazed to learn that 'five hours are a reasonable time to remain at table;' while the author is careful to remark that 'a well-bred man never looks at his watch in company.' He who keeps dinner waiting commits an irreparable injury, and such men should be looked upon as the common enemies of society. A bad dinner admits of no palliative, for one may as well be starved as poisoned, and he who invites you to 'take pot-luck,' must bear you some latent injury. 'Beware of such perfidious friends;' and to give more forcible expression to his indignant feelings, Mr Sturgeon suggests a new reading of Horace—

This man is vile; here, Roman! fix your mark.
His sole is black!

Only one offence is worse, and that is, 'to interrupt a man in the exercise of his jaws; therefore, never make an observation that requires an answer to any one while he is eating.'

The following paragraph must be quoted entire: 'When constrained to speak, abridge all superfluous words as a waste of valuable time; thus, if you wish to take wine with any one, instead of making a formal request to that effect, just bend the body quietly, and merely say: "Honour of some wine?" and if the same broken sentence be addressed to you, make no reply, but gently bob your head and fill your glass. But if either want of appetite or want of sense should lead you into a warm discussion during dinner, don't gesticulate with your knife in your hand, as if you were preparing to cut your antagonist's throat.'

The author is careful to advise the reader to avoid being seated near any large joint, 'unless you choose to incur the risk of being forced to waste your most precious moments in carving for others instead of for yourself.' Still, if one's untoward fate should place him behind a joint, a turkey, or a goose, no mistaken ideas of politeness should induce him to part with all the choice bits before he helps himself. 'Rise above such prejudices,' is the sage advice, 'of which weak minds are alone dupes; and turn a deaf ear to every request for any particular part on which you may have set your own inclination. We remember,' proceeds our author, 'to have dined, some years ago, with a country corporation, a

very prominent member of which was placed opposite to a noble haunch of venison, which, as may easily be supposed, was in universal request. He carved it with an alacrity and disposed of it with a degree of good-humour that was truly magnanimous; until a sleek, red-faced gentleman in a bob-wig, at the other end of the table, sent his plate a second time for another slice of fat; to whom our friend, eyeing him with some disdain, replied: "Another slice of fat, indeed! No, sir! There is but one slice left that is worth eating, and you cannot be so unconscionable as to expect it." Whereupon, he very composedly helped himself to what remained. His conduct was very generally applauded; and for our own part, we conceived the highest opinion of his judgment, and have ever since held him in the greatest respect.'

Passing reluctantly by many things about invitations to dinner—which, we are told, should always be penned in the morning, fasting—we scan hastily several chapters, and glean titbits here and there. The 'moral qualities of the stomach' are dilated upon, and the author affirms that 'the greatest defect in the constitution is a bad stomach. If the stomach be unsound, the heart which is lodged in it must be corrupted. It therefore follows,' continues our facetious gastronome, 'that all abstemious people are persons of bad character.' This leads to a chapter on 'The Philosophy of the Stomach,' which opens with a learned argument in support of the proposition that a certain well-known proverb should read, 'Eat to live, and live to eat;' the writer contending that designing persons, by substituting *not* for *and*, have destroyed the meaning and the whole value of the axiom. Such persons, he adds, are only envious reformers, who, having nothing to eat themselves, would persuade us to stint our own precious stomachs, in order to ruin the revenue, and so deprive cabinet ministers of their dinners; whereas the supreme object of every good citizen should be to multiply dinners by every means in his power. The great purposes of digestion are thus amusingly described: 'Not only is it wholly destructive of all rational enjoyment to swallow down one's meat without taking proper time to comment upon its merits and expatiate upon the happiness it procures us—or, in other words, to chew it with measure and reflection, and turn it as often as a minister does a new measure of finance before he can make it palatable—but on this trituration depends not alone the ineffable pleasure to be derived from expressing and compounding the juices of the viands and the flavour of the sauces, but the important object also of their undisturbed repose during the process of digestion.'

As few of those who are old enough to appreciate the pleasures of the table possess their masticators unworn by the edge of time and service, our author finds it hard to lay down any fixed rule on this subject; but affirms, as the result of a long series of experiments, that a mouthful of solid meat requires thirty-two bites of a perfect set of teeth to prepare it for deglutition. Assuming that these requisites have been secured, the author says that all one requires besides is repose, and gravely recommends the following as an opiate before retiring to bed: 'Take equal parts of brandy and rum, each a large

wine-glassful, half a glass of arrack, and the same quantity of curaçoa. To these add the juice of two small limes, and the rind—peeled thin—of one, with *quant. suff.* of refined sugar to render the whole palatable. Then pour in double the quantity of strong decoction of gunpowder tea, boiling hot, with two glasses of warm calf's-foot jelly. Stir well together, and swallow instantler.' To this he naively adds: 'If it fail of the desired effect, it can only be because either your conscience or your stomach is overloaded.'

Mr Sturgeon then proceeds to argue in favour of an improved system of education, by means of which children should, instead of reading Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, be instructed in those of Mrs Glasse, and proceed through a regular course of 'culinary classics.' He would have geography taught by associating Shrewsbury and Banbury with their cakes; the Isle of Wight with its cracknels, Kent with its cherries, Norfolk with its biffins, and Sussex with its dumplings. In the same spirit he would have travellers give their attention to matters of real utility, and carry culinary rather than astronomical instruments into unexplored regions. Instead of planetary, they should be required to take alimentary observations, to visit markets instead of libraries, and hold consultations with cooks instead of disputing with academicians.

These are a few of the entertaining morsels which, in the aggregate, make up a savoury dish of satire; and we can well imagine how many a bon-vivant of the last generation laughed at, even while he approved, these precepts on the art of good living.

MUMMY-FLOWERS.

In an interesting article which appeared in a recent number of the *Academy*, Miss Amelia B. Edwards describes some curious additions to the Boolak Museum of Cairo. Several of the royal mummies discovered last year at Deir-el-Bahari were, it will be remembered, found garlanded with flowers, those flowers being for the most part in wonderful preservation. M. Arthur Rhoné, in a recent letter to *Le Temps*, has described the extremely curious way in which these garlands are woven. They consist of the petals and sepals of various flowers, detached from their stems, and inclosed each in a folded leaf of either the Egyptian willow (*Salix salsa*) or the *Mimusops Kummel Bruce*. The floral ornaments thus devised were then arranged in rows—the points being all set one way—and connected by means of a thread of date-leaf fibre woven in a kind of chain-stitch. The whole resembles a coarse 'edging' of vegetable lace-work. Among the flowers thus preserved are the bright blue blossoms of the *Delphinium orientalis*, or larkspur; the blue lotus, or *Nymphaea carulea*; the white of *Nymphaea lotus*, with pink-tipped sepals; the blossoms of the *Sesbania Egyptiaca*; and the orange-hued flower of the *Carthamus tinctorius*, or safflower, so largely employed as a dye by the ancient inhabitants of the Nile valley. The dried fruit, as well as the dried yellow blossom, of the *Acacia Nilotica* is likewise present; and mention is also made of the blossom of a species of water-melon now extinct. The foregoing are all interwoven in

the garlands in which the mummy of Amenhotep I. was elaborately swathed. With others of the royal mummies were found fine detached specimens of both kinds of lotus, the blue and the white, with stems, blossoms, and seed-pods complete. Still more interesting is it to learn that upon the mummy of the priest Nessohi, maternal grandfather of the King Pinotem II. (twenty-first dynasty), there was found a specimen of the lichen known to botanists as the *Parmelia furfuracea*. This plant is indigenous to the islands of the Greek Archipelago, whence it must have been brought to Egypt at or before the period of the Her-Hor Dynasty (1100 or 1200 B.C.). Under the Arabic name of 'Kheba,' it is sold by the native druggists in Cairo to this day.

These frail relics of many a vanished spring have been arranged for the Boolak Museum with exquisite skill by that eminent traveller and botanist Dr Schweinfurth. Classified, mounted, and, so to say, illustrated by modern examples of the same flowers and plants, they fill eleven cases—a collection absolutely unique, and likely ever to remain so. The hues of these old-world flowers are said to be as brilliant as those of their modern prototypes; and, but for the labels which show them to be three thousand years apart, no ordinary observer could distinguish between those which were buried with the Pharaohs and those which were gathered and dried only a few months ago.

THE SONG OF THE HEART.

BLITHELY sings the young heart, and cheerily shines the sun;

'Tis spring o' the year, 'tis early morn, and life is but begun.

The day is bright, the heart is light,

And all the future years

Stretch forth as fair, with never a care,

Not clouds, nor tears.

Boldly sings the young heart, but scorchingly shines the sun;

'Tis the summer now, 'tis mid-day heat, the work of life is begun.

But Hope runs high, while the steadfast eye,

Fixed on the goal of Fame,

Heeds not the glare, for he who will dare,

Must win a name.

Cheerily sings the old heart, while slowly sets the sun;

'Tis autumn chill, 'tis eventide, and rest is now begun.

Brave was the heart that did its part,

And ever upheld the right:

Now sets the sun, the work is done;

Now comes the night.

Hushed now is the tired heart, and set now is the sun;

'Tis winter-time, the stars gleam out, the new life is begun.

Calm is the sleep, and long and deep,

But bright will the waking be;

The Cross has been borne, the Crown will be worn.

Through all Eternity.

MARY J. MURCHIE.

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NORWAY UNDER THE SNOW.

BY A NORWEGIAN.

HAVE you ever been to Norway in the winter?—You have not! Well, do you know what seventy degrees under freezing-point means?—Not exactly! I am glad you qualify the negation. You mean to say you have read in travellers' accounts of Siberian and American colds, of negative degrees of temperature, when horses perish and birds drop dead? I have read of those too, but never experienced them; either it must be that our Norwegian degrees are 'smaller' than others, or else we have in Norway a different 'draught,' as we should say, in the air. However that may be, we have every year such a temperature, and it is then that we Norwegians enjoy ourselves. Let me endeavour to sketch a winter-day in Norway when the thermometer is seventy degrees below freezing-point.

You go to bed overnight warm and comfortable, your last recollection of existence being hot punch, bright eyes, and a roaring logfire in the stove of your bedroom; you dream of summer, of balmy air, of walks in the dusk of a northern summer's evening with the girl you love, of the scent of hay, and the fragrance of mountain herbs, and you are rudely awakened from your ethereal existence by sharp detonating sounds. But if you know the sound, you know also that it is merely the herald of tremendous frost. You hear the old oak staircase crack; you hear a splitting noise in the frame of the window, and your bedpost seems to have got gout in its legs; but sleep on! it is only the 'natural susceptibility' of wood to cold. Day breaks, and you are awakened by an irritating sensation about your moustaches, and you find that these have actually fastened on to the coverlet and are white with frost; but only keep well under the feather-bed of soft down of the eiderfowl from the Lofoden Islands, and you will find you are after all, in spite of external appearances, on excellent terms with yourself.

A rap at the door, and enters, in the fashion of the country, a pretty blue-eyed Norwegian maid, who cheerfully asks how you have slept, and tells you that 'it is the coldest night we have had this winter.' She brings with her a cup of excellent coffee and the necessaries for a morning's ablution, as the tub has no temptation to-day; but what seems, however, to appeal stronger to your imagination, and act on your tenderest feelings of gratitude towards the damsel, is the fagot-wood and logs she carries, which, soon ablaze in the capacious stove, send a thrill of comfort to the core of your heart. You hasten up and look at the thermometer by the window: it stands between sixty and sixty-five degrees below freezing-point; you rub your hands with delight at the idea; it has been seventy degrees in the night. Now it is really cold!

We gather at breakfast in the commodious dining-room of the house, where a blazing logfire sends its cheering influence to the farthest end of the hall, and we admire the fanciful play of the winter sun's rays on the Brazilian flora of the ice-covered windows. We talk and chaff over the breakfast, discuss last night's dance, and lay plans for the enjoyment of the short day of the North. Never did you seem more inclined to see your friends; you hesitate between asking them all to come in the afternoon, or going to a dance at some neighbouring *gaard*, where there is a gathering; and as there are young folks of the company, the latter is decided on.

But let us go outside. You sally forth, dressed 'to the white of your eyes' in furs; and it is with a pleasant sensation of importance that you hear the *knirken*, as we say in Norway, under your heels as you walk on the crisp snow. Everything has a frosty and bright appearance, only the poor sparrow perched on the stack of corn provided for his wants (a Norse custom), chirps sadly; while the wily magpie under the eaves looks like an old philosopher, and tries hard to appear to have not the least knowledge of where the spring chickens, the eggs, and the cherries, and all the other good things have gone

to, which have so mysteriously disappeared from under the eagle eye of the goodwife during the days of summer. But in yonder birch, silvery with the hoar-frost, there is life and merriment! A flock of capercaillies have settled there in the early morn, and while the proud cock swaggers about in peacock-like fashion, boasting of his lovely tail, which glistens in the sun's rays with all the colours of the rainbow, his *inamorata* the hen affects quite an air of unconscious *naïveté* as she winds through the filigree branches, so marvellously illustrative of the disposition of many a representative of the fair sex. You look at the scene, and you love all creation; your gun is forgotten; the picture is too pleasing. Well, perhaps the destructive propensities may be too strong for you; you rush for it, tear the cover off, but in an instant drop it with an exclamation. The barrel is like a red-hot poker thrust between your fingers; the skin of your palm is gone through the contact with iron; and the magpie yonder, who has been watching you from under his wing all the while, suddenly shakes himself into life, and takes his slow departure with a malicious shriek.

Now comes the great event of the day, lunch, or rather dinner; and by the time the coffee and cigars have been consumed, in Norse fashion, with the ladies, the stars are already twinkling from the dark-blue northern sky. We hear the stamping and neighing of the horses as the sleighs are being brought round to the hall-door. You finish your cigar—it is too cold to smoke out of doors—and get into your furcoat, made from the fell of a Norwegian wolf; topboots lined with soft sheepskin; fur gloves; and to crown it all, a bear-skin cap drawn over your ears; and you feel fit for a drive to the North Pole.

You see that the ladies and children in the roomy family sleigh are well wrapped up in bearskin and foot-bags; but your interest is concentrated more on your own 'fare,' the girl from whose eyes you last night in the dance drunk those sweet but painful draughts of uncertain love, who now again trusts herself to your guiding arm, and this time to curb the capricious temper of a Norwegian sleigh-trotter. Carefully you embalm her in the light *spids slede*, or point-sleigh; you examine the wiry shafts and the harness with great care, stroke the arching neck of the animal with an encouraging word, and take your seat on the perch behind. 'Let him go, Gustaf!' And you are off along the hard trodden road with the speed of an avalanche, whilst the frosty air whistles around you, and makes the blood for a moment tingle in your cheeks, and you feel, through the rapid motion, a delight and internal exuberance of spirits, which is equally shared by the fair companion before you, as you speed through the glistening snow. How you bless the inventor of that vehicle, whose genius has created this pleasant little gondola of the snow for your individual benefit, in which you may be so near the object of your affection, watch every play of her capricious nature in her shadowed eyes, and inhale that sweet perfume so delicious and intoxicating to every

lover. Yes, how many tales of true love have not been told in a Norwegian point-sleigh, and treasured for ever by the fair listener!

And what a scene, what an impressive atom of Nature's creation you gaze on. High above you is the vaulted arch of the deep-blue heavens, the colour of which you will only see near the Polar Circle, and which is closely studded by innumerable silvery stars. There is the merry Polar star right above you, round which the 'Great Bear' walks his nightly beat, followed in solemn procession by the valiant Orion, who lifts his glistening glaive against the frontlet of the defiant Bull; while lo! just above the crowns of the pine-trees in the forest yonder, a brilliant star arises, a visitor from a milder clime, not always seen in the northern sky, the Dog-star, the vigilant Sirius of the Greeks; and across the heavens is cast a broad ribbon shining with myriads of invisible worlds, the Milky-way, along which the valorous Scandinavian *Kjemper*, the gallant warriors of the Saga, rode to Walhalla, the portals of which you see encircled by the curved segment of the aurora-borealis, whose fiery rays erratically flood the heavens with a thousand colours and fantastic shapes of liquid flame. And around you is the scenery of a Norwegian landscape, with its hills and dales bementled in virgin snow, in which the distant mountains recline in bold relief on the dark background, which also invests the solemn pine-trees, under whose snow-laden crowns and boughs we are now sweeping with a mysticism which makes us ponder on the innumerable tales of the goblin and the brownie, in which old Norway abounds.

Speed on, speed on, my fleet *sleepner*, to where the lights are twinkling with a merry welcome from every window! In the spacious hall, adorned with the tropics of the chase, the bear-head and the elk-antlers, we receive a hearty welcome, and the customary draught from the loving-cup, which nobody must refuse. Whilst the ladies arrange their slightly ruffled feathers, we take a stroll through the festive rooms, thronged with a merry crowd. Here is a room reserved for card-players, where the silent demeanour and sombre mien of the company indicate that large stakes are at issue; and another, where you may hear stories of money made and money misspent—of fortunes made in a day by forest-buying and forest-selling, and squandered as quickly; tales of hunting and sport, of loving and wooing, and where the rafters ring with the merriment and laughter of the proud Norwegian peasant, who knows of no aristocracy by blood, no inherited distinction, but who nevertheless can boast of a descent of a thousand years from the kings and jarls of ancient Scandinavia. And let us not forget a peep into the supper-room. The long *sal*, as it is termed in Norwegian, with an immense table draped in snow-white cloth, and covered with ornaments and innumerable dishes and removes, on which the 'pride of every good housewife is centred, is certainly a sight worth seeing; and here is neither forgotten the *dram og öl*, nor the *smörgåas*, with which the Norseman always opens the dinner campaign.

But let us hasten to the ballroom, where dancing under the fragrant pine-boughs with

the wax-candles entwined, is in full swing, where you will find as finely a turned ankle and as white a shoulder as in any ballroom in Paris or London. There is winter and hard frost without; but the dancing goes on uninter-ruptedly within, and the young blood shoots quicker through the veins by the contrast; and the dancing lasts till day breaks, when the faint rays of the chilly winter sun drive you off to sleep and sweet dreams.

Such is Norway under the snow! A life in the very centre of death, the vigorous Scandi-navian nature is roused to its highest point of vitality through the rigidity of the Arctic winter.

THE INGENIOUS SMUGGLERS.

A TALE OF SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

THE following curious stories, illustrating the clever devices adopted by smugglers nearly a century since to conceal their operations from the officers of the Revenue, were related by a physician, long since deceased, who for many years had carried on an extensive practice on the southern coast of England.

The doctor was quite a young man when he succeeded to his father's practice about the year 1810, and settled in the old family house, situated less than a mile from the sea-coast. His practice included a large island, which from its peculiar position could only be approached over a long range of dreary and very dangerous sands, pass-able at low-water only, but completely covered at high tides.

At the period above mentioned, smuggling was a regularly recognised business all round the English coasts, but especially those which lay near France. The island in question was then but thinly populated by four or five farmers and their labourers, who were born smugglers to a man. But although the doctor had con-stantly heard of these people, he had seen nothing of them personally, his education having kept him much from home. He soon, however, had an opportunity of making their close acquaint-ance in a manner perhaps more romantic than agreeable.

The doctor having had occasion to visit, pro-fessionally, the wife of one of the farmers, named Sims, who was expecting to add to the 'olive branches' round the family table, was leisurely proceeding late at night to the cottage, near the shore, where he usually left his horse, when, on turning the corner of a wall, he was suddenly seized by four men, one of whom held a lantern to his face, whilst a second presented an enormous horse-pistol at his head.

'A stranger!' exclaimed the lantern-holder. 'A revenue informer!' said a second. 'A pre-ventative spy!' cried a third.

The doctor instantly realising his position, frankly replied: 'You are quite mistaken, gentle-men. I am neither one nor the other. My name is Stavely—Dr Stavely—of Slaperton. I have just been attending Mrs Sims, and I am now—'

'My missus!' exclaimed the fourth man; and catching up the lantern, held it to the doctor's

face. At once recognising him, Sims held out his great broad hand, saying: 'Sure enough, and so it is.—I humbly beg your pardon, doctor. Had we known it was you, we should not have handled you so roughly. But you know, sir, our trade's a risky one, and we have to look out precious sharp sometimes for strangers and informers.' Then adding, after a pause: 'I need hardly ask you, sir, to keep quiet as to what you have seen.'

The doctor readily assured them all that their secret was perfectly safe in his custody; when Sims, instantly producing a large pocket-flask, filled out some brandy in the cup, saying: 'We must wet the bargain, doctor, with a sip all round;' and presented the cup to the doctor.

It contained the finest French brandy, and which, it is to be feared, had never passed His Majesty's Customs, nor had been profaned by the touch of the odious 'pre-ventative' man. The spirit was so potent that the doctor could take but a mere sip. He was not a little amazed, however, to see the large metal cup completely drained by each of the men in turn, as they drank 'Health and long life to the young doctor,' whose frank and open manner had apparently quite won their hearts. All four accompanied him to the cottage, and saw him safely mounted for his lonely ride home over the sands.

Two days after this, the doctor was again one evening in attendance on Mrs Sims, and finding his visit would probably be prolonged, he returned down-stairs and took his seat in the 'keeping-room,' a large and comfortable apartment, but having the front-door of the house opening into it direct, without an intervening hall or passage, an arrangement common enough in old-fashioned farmhouses. Two windows looked out to the front; and the commodious fireplace on one side was flanked by large cushioned elbow-chairs, inviting rest and repose. A door at the inner side of the room opened into a sort of washhouse or scullery, with one very small barred window, but having no door or any sort of outlet opening to the outside.

The doctor seated himself by the fire; and having partaken of a substantial tea, to which was added a flask of French *eau-de-vie*—without which accompaniment, by-the-by, nothing ever seemed to be done in this enlightened region—he took up a copy of *Gulliver's Travels*, and com-posed himself very comfortably in one of the easy-chairs by the hospitable blaze. Whether it was the warmth of the fire or of the *eau-de-vie*, or the influence of the voracious adventures of Mr Lemuel Gulliver, it is impossible to say, but the doctor dropped off to sleep, and slept soundly till between eleven and twelve, when he was aware, without looking up, of the house-door opening and voices whispering together, and then heard Sims say: 'It's all safe; I see it's only the doctor.' Two men then crossed the room, stepping lightly, and apparently carrying heavy burdens each, and disappeared into the scullery at the back, shortly afterwards followed by Sims himself. 'Some smuggling job, of course, and they are going to deposit the tubs in the scullery,' thought the doctor, intending to have a yarn with Sims when he came out.

The doctor having waited a very considerable time, and all being profoundly silent, his surprise

was naturally excited as to what these three men could possibly be about in the little scullery to conduct their proceedings with such extraordinary silence. After another spell of waiting, the doctor's curiosity quite overcame his discretion; he could stand it no longer; he must see for himself; and taking up a candle, he pushed open the door and entered the scullery. It was empty! The doctor's astonishment was unbounded. Not a sign of Sims or his two men! Where had they gone? What on earth had become of them? 'Ah! a secret door, of course, opening into the yard;' and then, with the candle, he made a close and exact scrutiny of the walls. It was a small place, about ten feet square, built against the house. Its three walls were substantial red brick, without the slightest sign or mark indicating any aperture but the small square window, which, as already stated, was crossed by an iron bar; and the roof was ordinary timber and tiles. The place contained nothing at all but a sort of rough table or dresser on one side, two washing-tubs, an old tool-chest, and a few other odds and ends. Each of these underwent the closest scrutiny by the young doctor. He opened the chest; but it was empty. The wash-tubs also were empty.

The doctor was perfectly staggered. Utterly perplexed and bewildered, he returned to his chair, closing the door after him, and set himself to think how, and by what piece of ingenuity, this singular feat had been accomplished, when he received a message from the nurse to attend his patient up-stairs. A few minutes afterwards, the front-door was closed, and he heard the sound of footsteps leaving the house, which showed him plainly that as the men went 'somewhere' through the scullery, they could, of course, return from 'somewhere' by the same mysterious route. Anyway it was a curious mystery, and the doctor resolved that he would ferret it out somehow sooner or later.

After he had paid his visit, he again returned to his comfortable chair, and found a well-appointed supper ready laid. In a few minutes the scullery door quietly opened, and, to the great astonishment of the doctor, Sims entered from within, all smiles and *bonhomie*, begging the doctor at once to be seated and partake of supper.

He made anxious inquiries about his wife, to which the doctor was able to return reassuring answers. Some desultory talk followed, after which the doctor, taking advantage of a brief pause, said bluntly: 'Oh, I say, Sims, where did you and your two men get to when you went into the scullery this evening? You all disappeared in some marvellous sort of way; but as there is neither chimney, nor window, nor second door, I can't conceive how you all managed it.'

'Oh, well, sir,' replied Sims, a broad grin on his good-tempered face, 'you saw us all go in, and you saw me come out. The other two came out whilst you were up-stairs. What more would you have?'

'Ay, ay,' said the doctor; 'that's all very well. But where were you all between whiles? Not a soul was in the place, for I looked it all round carefully.' The doctor perceived by his evasive replies that Sims evidently did not wish to tell

the secret; and so, after a little thrusting and parrying on both sides, the doctor wisely gave it up, resolving to bide his time, but being quite determined to find the trick out; for trick there evidently was, and a clever one too.

Supper was barely ended when the doctor was again called up-stairs, and in a short time had the pleasure of announcing to Sims the happy arrival of another 'olive branch'—the eighth—to grace and strengthen the family tree. Nor was he suffered to depart until the auspicious event had been celebrated in sundry bumpers of French brandy.

Two days after this, the doctor was again in attendance on his patient; but before going into the house, he closely and carefully examined the walls of the mysterious scullery outside; but found nothing but plain hard brick, with not the slightest mark or sign of an aperture of any sort; and the iron bar at the window was firm and rigid.

After seeing his patient, he returned to the parlour to lunch. The door of the scullery was wide open, and the sun was shining brightly in. The doctor took another and still more careful survey, this time by broad daylight, but found nothing at all to elucidate the mystery. Everything was exactly as he had left it. 'Unaccountable,' muttered the doctor, 'wholly, entirely unaccountable!'

Having despatched his lunch, the doctor was leaning back in his chair, his thoughts occupied entirely with this veritable 'mysterious chamber,' and his eyes fixed upon the old tool-chest, which was in full view through the open door. In the profound silence which reigned around, the doctor thought he heard a slight noise, apparently proceeding from the chest. A thought suddenly struck him; he stepped lightly from his chair and stood aside, but keeping his eye on the chest. What was his astonishment to see the lid very slowly rising, and presently the broad, good-natured, red face of Sims appear on the edge, gradually followed by the rest of that worthy's portly person! Sims stepped out on to the floor, closed the lid, and turning round, was somewhat disconcerted to see the doctor standing full grin in the doorway.

'So I have unearthed the badger, have I?' said he, extending his hand to Sims, which the other grasped warmly.

'Ay, ay, doctor,' replied Sims; 'I'm done this time, sure-ly. But I know I have nothing to fear from you, sir.'

The doctor assured him that his secret was perfectly safe with him and always would be; when he was agreeably surprised by Sims proposing that, as he had found out part of the secret, he might as well know all, and therefore asked him if he would like to see what he pleasantly called the 'warehouse.' The doctor readily assenting, Sims closed and bolted the scullery door inside; and then raising the lid of the old chest, pressed in what in appearance was simply one of the six screws which secured one of the hinges, by which a catch beneath the bottom of the chest was released. The bottom was then lifted, and below appeared a square trap-door with an iron ring. Pulling this up, a ladder was seen secured upright, to the side of the shaft, which the doctor at once perceived had

been originally a well. The doctor was directed to descend, followed by Sims, who carefully closed the lid of the chest, then the false bottom, and lastly the trap-door, securing the last by a bolt. After descending many feet, the doctor found himself on firm ground; and Sims, feeling about, drew from a recess some candles and a tinder-box—there were no lucifers in 1810—and having lighted two of the candles, handed one to the doctor; and taking the other himself, led the way through a low narrow passage about five or six feet long, till it opened into a chamber twelve feet square and about seven or eight feet high. In this chamber were carefully stowed a number of 'tubs' of French brandy; small bales containing French cambrics, laces, silks, and such like; baskets holding so many bottles of pure Schiedam, and a variety of other things of foreign make which would always command a ready sale in the smugglers' market. The place felt dry and warm, ventilation being carried on through a pipe passing upwards to the roof of the house above, and having the appearance outside, of an ordinary rain-water pipe.

'There,' said Sims, 'that's our "warehouse," sir; and that's our present stock, which I expect we shall part with before the week is out.'

'Ay; but how do you manage *that*? That's just the trick of your trade I can't understand.'

'Oh, nothing easier, when you have all your arrangements made out. Up London-way there's a rich firm in Houndsditch who are always ready to pay cash down—and a good price too, mind you—for any foreign goods sent to them. All we've got to do is to see the goods safely into the hands of their agent at Bradston up yonder [meaning the market-town near]. Well, he counts up the goods and pays us the price down. After that, all further responsibility rests on Tommy Sutton, who'

'What!' exclaimed the doctor; 'Tommy Sutton, did you say? Not the tax collector, surely?'

Sims nodded, with a broad grin. 'He collects the revenue with one hand, and cleverly cheats them, like winkin', with the other.—Ah!' said Mr Sims, relapsing into a highly moral strain, 'I fear, sir, it's a wicked world!' And turning to a recess in the wall, sought to relieve his troubled mind with the spirituous panacea so popular on all and every occasion in these parts.

The smuggler then, without the slightest hesitation, in reply to the doctor's inquiries, proceeded to relate that, on taking the farm some years before, he had in his employment a wonderfully intelligent and clever fellow about twenty-eight or thirty, who called himself 'John Smith.' He had evidently been well and carefully educated. He wrote a fine hand with great facility, was a good accountant, a fair draughtsman, and an admirable mechanic. He played the violin too, and sang very well. But he never could by any chance be got to speak of his antecedents, where he came from, or where his friends lived. Besides this—what was certainly very singular in those days—he was a 'total abstainer,' and never smoked. He entered with hearty gusto into the smuggling business, evidently appreciating that far more than farm-work; and many a time his quick intelligence and ready wit had succeeded in pull-

ing through a serious scrape, or devised means to carry out some difficult or hazardous job. Sims then went on to relate how Smith had called his attention to a dry well in the yard close behind the house, which was covered over, but not filled up. Smith had carefully examined it, and found it dry, clean, well built, and about twenty feet deep. He immediately proposed—for his intelligence saw a good opportunity—to construct a chamber at the bottom of this well as a secret 'warehouse' for smuggled goods, using the well as a shaft for entry and exit; first, however, suggesting the erection of a supposed scullery against the back of the house, so as to cover the well and conceal their operations. Accordingly, with the help of two trusty friends, the work was at last completed, but only after a vast amount of toil and labour day and night, which was necessarily increased by the difficulty of keeping their proceedings quiet. An upright ladder was fixed against the side of the well, and a square hinged trap-door covered the mouth of the shaft. But it at once became evident to Smith's quick perception that this trap-door, unless effectually and permanently concealed in some way or other, might lead to awkward discoveries. What was to be done? Here Smith's ingenuity again came to the rescue; he proposed to utilise a large old tool-chest that belonged to Sims, and carried out the brilliant idea entirely himself. The bottom was carefully hinged underneath, and shut to with a catch, which was released when pressed upon by a stout wire passing downwards through the side of the chest, and attached at its upper end to what appeared to be merely one of the hinge screws. The whole was so carefully and neatly executed as to defy the closest inspection.

'Well,' said the doctor, when they emerged into daylight, 'I must confess the whole contrivance is most ingenious, and I congratulate you on having so clever an assistant.'

'Ah! but that's just it,' said Sims, ruefully scratching his head. 'Smith's gone, worse luck—gone as mysteriously as he came. One night about two years ago we had had a sharp brush with three pre-ventative men, one of whom suddenly recognised Smith, and called him by the name of Tom Walsh. But in the row and confusion, Tom Walsh *alias* John Smith disappeared, and has never been seen in these parts since. But,' continued Sims, 'I read in the paper some four months back, that a London man, about thirty-five years old, calling himself James Collins, but whose real name was said to be Thomas Walsh, was hanged at York for fraud and forgery, and it was stated at the trial that he was implicated in more than one burglary and murder. Now, whether this was our clever ingenious friend Jack Smith or not, of course I can't pretend to say; but the name and the age agree exactly; and it is clear that there was some mystery about him, which he took precious good care to keep to himself.' Then, after a pause, he added: 'Ah! we missed his ready thought and handy cheerful ways very much. We shan't come across another like him in a hurry, I can tell you. Why, it was he who planned and carried out so cleverly Jemmy Bellamy's "warehouse;" and a smart trick it is too, and one not likely to be discovered.'

'Jemmy Bellamy!' exclaimed the doctor; 'why, does he too carry on the old trade?'

'Does he? Why, we all do,' said Sims with a knowing wink. 'How do you suppose that old Phil Boddgkin managed to retire with thirty thousand pounds? You don't suppose all that was made out of farming, do you, though some fools pretend to believe it?'

'By-the-by, Jemmy Bellamy's a patient of mine just now for injured shoulder, which he got going to market last week; and so I'—

'Going to market, ho, ho, ho! Landing some tubs, you mean, which he was doing, one pitch-dark night, when he got that fall on the beach,' grinned Sims. 'When he goes to Bradston market, Tommy Sutton's his best customer.'

'Ah!' said the doctor, 'I see; that's the game, is it? Well, I'll certainly ask him to let me see his warehouse, as you have yours, the very next opportunity.'

Two days after this, the doctor was again at Sims' farm, where he found a pressing invitation from Jemmy Bellamy to go at once to his house, in the centre of the island. Now, this Bellamy—or 'Big Jemmy' as he was always called—was quite a character in his way. He was of enormous bulk and stature, standing quite six feet six inches, and remarkable for his kindness of heart and unruffled good temper, which nothing ever seemed to put out—no, not even the inconvenient and irregular curiosity of the 'pre-wentative man.' He possessed an immense visage, in which the colours of the setting-sun predominated; and his stupendous nose, shaded rich purple, stood out with artistic boldness from the blooming, highly-coloured field surrounding it. But his great point was his extraordinary capacity for imbibing all and any kind of strong drink, which was so utterly marvellous, that it was with difficulty the doctor—when professionally examining him—could be made to comprehend it. French brandy, or Dutch Schiedam, the commonest English gin, or the worst British rum, or whisky from Ireland or Scotland, were all the same to Jemmy; in the most incredible quantities they all went down his capacious maw like water, and produced almost as little effect; whilst as to common beer, he consumed it by the gallon.

The doctor was warmly welcomed by 'Big Jemmy;' and after his shoulder had been duly examined, he offered at once to show the doctor his 'warehouse,' as he understood he wished to see it. Accordingly, he led the way to the stable, and going to the stall farthest from the door, laid hold of what appeared to be a common ring-bolt for securing horses; and unscrewing this, the manger and the upright board beneath it were released, and swung outwards on hinges like a door, and disclosed a second door inside. On opening this, a flight of steps were seen just beyond; and these led straight down into a chamber about twelve feet square and seven or eight feet high; ventilation being cleverly contrived, as in the other case, by a pipe leading up the side of an outhouse above, to which it apparently belonged. The 'warehouse' was now empty, as its late contents had been recently cleared.

'All this was Smith's work too, I believe?' asked the doctor.

'Yes,' replied Jemmy; 'entirely. He proposed it first, then planned it, and carried it out afterwards, doing all the mechanical and carpenter's work with his own hands. Ah! he was a clever chap, he was; too clever by half to live! You've heard, I suppose, of the manner of his death at York?' The doctor nodded; and Jemmy continued: 'It was a sad end, anyhow, for so clever and pleasant a young fellow to come to. All along of bad company, I greatly fear,' added Mr James Bellamy, in a highly moral and deprecatory tone.

As the doctor was evidently greatly interested in these very original 'warehouses,' Bellamy proposed to take him to another farm nearer the coast, belonging to a man named Straker, who had another 'mysterious chamber,' very cleverly contrived. The doctor and his colossal friend were most kindly welcomed by Straker, who readily consented to admit the doctor to his secret. Adjoining the stable was a long narrow harness-room, built up against a rough bank about sixteen or eighteen feet high. The farther end of this room was lined with deals, and running across it was a row of stout wooden pegs, whereon bridles, hats, coats, &c. were hung. Bolting the door—a wise precaution—Straker unscrewed the last peg, below which appeared a brass stud or button. Pressing this—just as in the other cases—a catch was released, and the deal lining moved on a hinge like a door, disclosing a second one behind it, which led direct into a small chamber cut in the bank at the rear, filled nearly to the roof with goods all ready for removal to the smugglers' market in the usual way.

On re-entering the stable, Straker showed the doctor two or three trusses of hay, and informed him that the interior of each had been removed and replaced by tin cases filled with cambric, laces, and such-like articles, which could be closely packed away. The doctor was also shown several pumpkins and large vegetable marrows which were carefully cultivated for the express purpose of being hollowed out, and receiving tin cases for the transport of smaller articles which could be stowed away inside; and even turnips were often employed in the same curious way; for such very ordinary commodities as these would, of course, easily pass unsuspected in a common market-cart going to market on the usual Saturdays.

The doctor was a universal favourite wherever he went, and he soon became involuntarily the confidant of all the smugglers round about; but, to his honour be it recorded, he never divulged a single secret that had been confided to him; nor was he ever heard even to allude to the question of smuggling during his residence and practice; and it was not till nearly forty years afterwards, when he had retired from the profession and was residing in London, and when all those connected with the 'warehouses' were either dead or had left the neighbourhood, that he related the cases forming the subject of this paper. Many and curious were the smuggling anecdotes the doctor was in the habit of relating in his latter years, and of the wonderful ingenuity displayed in constructing these secret 'warehouses' on the island, as those we have here referred to were by no means the only ones.

Some, indeed, are said to remain unto this day ; but as the entrances have been built up, their existence is wholly unknown to the present occupiers of the adjoining houses.

SIX WEEKS IN SICILY.

Now that war and its consequences have for the present rendered Egypt undesirable as a wintering-ground for those in search of health, or the larger and ever-increasing luxurious class who seek to avoid the cold and bad weather we experience for so many months in the year, there must be many invalids and friends of invalids casting about in their minds with anxious solicitude the query : 'Where shall we go?' If a few weeks of our pleasant experience in the spring of 1881 encourage any to try Sicily, we believe they will not regret following our steps.

Anything more beautiful it is impossible to imagine than the entrance to the lovely Bay of Palermo, guarded on one side by the massive Monte Pellegrino, and on the other by Monte Navarino ; while the city, bathed in perpetual sunshine, and laved by the calm waters of the Mediterranean, lies at the mouth of the rich and fertile plain, the Conca d'Oro (Shell of Gold) ; so named, we conclude, from the golden fruit which bulks so largely in the exports of Palermo, whose plain is simply a thicket of many square miles of orange and lemon gardens, stretching up to an encircling amphitheatre of hills, some of which tower to the height of five thousand feet—altogether completing a picture from which any artist might well have drawn as a subject for The Plains of Heaven. For invalids, Palermo is rapidly becoming a favourite winter resort, the temperature between night and day being subject to less variation there than in almost any other known place.

The city itself is beautifully clean. The hotels are comfortable and well managed, if a little expensive—from twelve to twenty francs per day according to rooms chosen, or rather, we should say, according to arrangements made before allowing your luggage to be removed from the cab. A note here may not be amiss to travellers—namely, that we always found ourselves in a more independent and better position for making a bargain when in a carriage or cab, instead of the hotel omnibus, which meets you at the station, where, once entered, you are apt to be considered bagged game. The best hotels scout the word *pension* ; but all are amenable to an *arrangement*, especially in the case of a family, as we were—or to a stay of some days or weeks. Every one who knows what travelling in Italy means, still more in Sicily, knows how necessary this is, if you wish to avoid the unpleasant companionship of a fretted spirit, a heavy heart, and a light purse.

The Ragusa family hold both the *Trinacria* and the *Hôtel de Palmes*. We, however, were recommended to the *Hôtel de France*, and were very comfortable, and illness supervening to one of our party, were most kindly and liberally dealt with by the manager or *directeur*.

The fertility of the land and its value in the neighbourhood of Palermo, may best be realised when one learns that an acre of lemon-trees in

favourable seasons yields a return of about seventy pounds sterling ; nevertheless, oranges are freely bought at a penny a dozen—oranges which have had the misfortune of spoiling all our subsequent enjoyment of imported fruit.

The vegetation is altogether striking, the Botanical Gardens furnishing an avenue of date and other palms, with fine specimens of bamboo, cane, and other Eastern and Southern trees ; while beautiful ornamental fountains and tanks foster an abundant bloom of lilies of the Nile, and a profusion of tresses of maidenhair and other delicate ferns. Some of the creeping plants are lovely beyond description. The exquisite *Bougainvillea*, with their brilliant blossom-like foliage, were literally masses of bloom and colour. Imagine, if you can, three or four feet in depth of solid bloom, of the richest softest mauve, or the brightest shade of coral, festooning an arch or balcony to the height of twenty or thirty feet ! Our visit was in March and April.

The private gardens of some of the more wealthy inhabitants are thrown open to strangers and visitors ; and a great pleasure we had in visiting the grounds of the beautiful Belmonte, which climb the Pellegrino, where every now and then a rocky seat invites you to rest on your way to the little temple higher on the hill. Here the best view is to be obtained of the magnificent prospect at your feet ; or you can gaze and wonder at the magnificent specimens of aloes and prickly-pear which in some places dot, in others clothe the rocky banks around you, every crevice of the rock being filled with the bright pink star of the *Saponaria Calabrica*, which also creeps down into the meadows beneath, shedding a rosy glowing haze on the feeding-ground of a flock of wild scrambling picturesque goats. What at home would have been carefully nurtured, petted, and coaxed as individual plants, are here treated as denizens of the shrubbery. Geraniums formed a hedge of four feet in width, and of equal height. It was very evident that a good understanding exists between Nature and the gardener, he not interfering with, but only humouring her in her sweet wilful ways.

Before quitting the subject of vegetation, we must not forget to speak of the truly picturesque olive-trees which line some of the roads in the outskirts of Palermo. We had been almost ashamed to acknowledge to ourselves a feeling of disappointment on our first introduction to this classic tree. The silver-lined foliage, thin, and wanting in mass and impressiveness—whatever great authorities like Mr Ruskin may say—did not come up to our expectations and ideas. Some of these aged olives are veterans that can trace back their infancy to the times of the Saracens, some eleven hundred years ago, and seem to be gifted with an almost supernatural vitality. Their stems, gnarled and knotted, were bereft of everything but the bark, and this in many cases, while frayed and fretted into an open interwoven lacework, yet served as the channel for conveying life and sap to a crown of young fresh fruit-bearing branches.

To an artist's eye, the Eastern character of much of the architecture cannot fail to be deeply interesting. Even so late as the time of the Normans, it was customary to employ Arabian architects and artists for the building and decora-

tion of their sacred edifices. The barbaric gorgeousness of the rich mosaics of the cathedral, and still more so of the church attached to the ancient royal palace, is very striking, where massive silver lamps—weighing two or three hundredweight—suspended from the storied ceiling, rich in Bible scenes, throw the dim religious light upon walls dazzling with gold mosaic—the whole interior is of this gold ground—and brilliant with pictures of sacred story. When these mosaics are on a large scale, and viewed at a correct distance, it is marvellous how capable they are of producing pictures of both force and beauty; as witness the head of our Saviour in the tribune of the latter-named church.

The many changes of race and nation that have dominated in Sicily, have stamped its people with strange and striking variety. Handsome Moorish faces—living Murillos meeting you at every corner, specially handsome in the case of young boys and children—abounding side by side with the softer Norman type of blue eyes and blond hair; while now and then the straight nose and eyebrow of the Greek tell of the strong hold each race has maintained. We should, however, be disposed to think the Eastern element the most indelible.

We were struck by the numbers of well-dressed young men lounging about in street and caffè with a lamentably idle listless air; but an ingenuous youth threw light upon the subject by reminding us that Palermo is the seat of a university!

The Oriental love of show is strongly marked by the numbers of elegant equipages that grace the fashionable drive between the town and La Favorita, a royal Bourbon palace at the base of Monte Pellegrino, and built in the rather unclassical form of a Chinese pagoda. Unlike the *solid* ideas of the proverbial Scot, who no sooner gets his head above water than he makes for land, the first ambition of a Palermian on feeling himself begin to float, is to sport a carriage; his second, to own a box at the theatre; his third, to have a dinner other than herbs—that is, salad and macaroni; and his fourth, to own a private and *particular* burying-ground.

A drive to the Cathedral and Monastery of Monreale, an early rich ecclesiastical settlement about five or six miles from Palermo, planted high on the crest of a hill, makes a charming excursion. The marble cloisters, containing above two hundred exquisitely formed small marble pillars, each one differing from another, but forming a complete whole of matchless beauty, though now, alas! stripped of its mosaic coating, testify to the wealth of these early supporters of Christianity.

Another interesting excursion, though of a different sort of interest, was to Piano dei Greci, an early Albanian colony, whose inhabitants as a body are understood to hold rather loose and heretical views on the binding nature of some of the commandments—the tenth and eighth in particular. The little town stands at the height of above two thousand feet from the level of the ocean, in a sea of hills, or rather mountains; the access to it being by a long winding, yet beautifully constructed road, the increasing altitude of which afforded scope for sudden and unlooked-for gusts of cold sweeping winds, almost as merci-

less and cutting as the Edinburgh east winds, so graphically immortalised by Sydney Smith, and so painfully felt by many a more tender pair of lungs since the days of the witty divine.

The cold was so intense, that the weaker but more numerous section of our party threatened to strike work, and incite the driver to turn his horses' heads back to the sunny plains of Palermo. The mutiny was, however, quelled by the *chef de voyage*, and on and on we went, till at last we found ourselves in the rough steep street of the little ancient town.

It was evident they were not much in the habit of receiving visitors from the outside world, as on our turning in to a little caffè for some refreshment, we were presently followed, and the doors and windows besieged, by a crowd of forty or fifty men, who gradually filled the place, taking up their position at every available point of view, back-benches, back-doors, and back-stairs, and whose coal-black eyes peered at us—with a somewhat alarming and insatiable look of wild curiosity—from out of high-peaked Mephistopheles-like hoods, surmounting the short wide brown cloak of the district. On our way back, we were much struck, in the loneliest part of the wild hill-road, by coming upon a shrine of the Virgin cut and incased in the rock, and lighted for the night by the pious thieves of Piano dei Greci.

When about half-way on our journey, we confess to have experienced a certain amount of trepidation at the wild-looking figures, sometimes one, sometimes two, and sometimes three or four, fierce, reckless-looking men, mounted on horses or mules, with long blue cloaks, high peaked hats with a jaunty feather, their belts invariably displaying a brace of pistols. These men seemed the very impersonation of our ideas of a real brigand; and our fears were not soothed, but on the contrary somewhat heightened, by the convenient-looking caves recurring ever and again in the limestone rock. The numerous *carabinieri*, however, stationed at very frequent intervals were reassuring, especially as we saw them taking note of our number, &c.

Some of the villages through which we passed gave us a peep into far-back Italian, or rather Sicilian rural life. It seemed to be universal washing-day—a wholesome if unpleasant day; and as nothing reveals more of the habits as well as the resources of the poor than a family wash—that is, when rich enough to indulge in that luxury—we were much interested in the display of linen hanging from bamboo canes—or, to speak more correctly, from the dried stalks of the Indian corn, which grows freely here—stretched in a neighbourly fashion from window to window across the narrow rocky street of eight or ten feet in width, whose sole attempt at paving had been accomplished by the roll of winter-torrents. The display was on the whole very creditable, if we except the large number of brilliant red and yellow wadded counterpanes, handsome in themselves, but so large that we fear they told tales of serving as a wholesale family covering.

Concerning the fashion of sepulture, we were very much interested, first, by a visit to the Capuchin Monastery, where, in a long, low-

vaulted crypt, the deceased monks to the number of many hundreds are in a (half)-preserved state ranged in a standing position along the walls, dressed in their black robe, with a rope as girdle. It was a ghastly spectacle.

But if the uncoffined monks were a weird sight, a thousand times more so were the ranges of the dead fashionables of Palermo, who, laid in glazed coffins tier upon tier till nearly reaching the roof, were, with their gay unseemly dresses, fully exposed to view; and a strange parody on Dress and Death it was to see young girls arrayed in mocking silk and tarlatane of the gayest hues, with gilt or silvered coronets crowning the glossy skull, the bony fingers filled with faded tinsel flowers. A photograph taken in life and health was generally attached to each coffin, giving name and age, and date of death.

It is customary for the friends of the deceased to visit the place on All-Saints' Day, and in some cases even to renew the dress of the skeletons. We were glad, however, to hear that the municipal government had passed a resolution that no further internments should be permitted in this manner, which is alike unseemly and unhealthy, as a sharp diphtheritic attack, supervening next day to one of our party, proved. A loss it will be to 'the church,' who claimed large sums for the privilege of laying the dead in this holy place—the numbers amounting to many thousand bodies.

We could not help contrasting this Tomb of Fashion with the beauty and quiet of the exquisitely situated new burying-ground lying at the foot of Monte Pellegrino, close to the shore, where the Mediterranean waves beat a lulling cadence, and where the sleepers are laid, faces eastward, as if waiting, almost watching to catch the first streak of the great Easter dawn.

THE OLD CURLER AND HIS WIFE.

It may be safely said that no outdoor game possesses greater attraction for its votaries or is more keenly enjoyed than Curling. It may be that this is partly owing to the uncertainty of ice lasting long enough to satiate the eagerness of the players of the Roaring Game;* or it may be in as great a measure due to the exhilarating nature of a pastime that unites all classes of people in a bond of fraternity for the time-being.

Played on a sheet of ice with large round stones, which are hurled or slid from one end of the rink to the other, the game demands much skill on the part of those who strive to become proficient; and especially of those who, like our 'Old Curler,' endeavour to carry off the much-coveted rink medal. In many places the stones are kept in a small house by the side of the pond or loch, so as to be handy when required. Some curling-stones weigh as much as forty pounds and upwards. Each curler is provided with a besom or broom (cove) for brushing and smoothing away snow and other obstacles to the progress of the stones. Crampits, or spiked shoes for gripping the ice, are now rarely used.

* Under this title, in No. 942, will be found explanation of many of the terms used in curling, and some hints as to playing the game.

The enthusiasm of curlers frequently increases with age, and sometimes induces them to go to the ice when discretion, or the pleadings of anxious friends, would warn them to remain at home. The wilfulness of an old Scottish curler of humble rank, as set against the solicitude of his 'guidwife,' is in a measure depicted in the following lines, which, with all the compliments of the season, and wishing our curling friends many a hearty game, we respectfully offer to our readers.

'Twas winter's deepest heart. The invading frost
Had breathed his chilliest breath o'er rippling
lakes,
And changed their laughing looks to glassy stare,
Their dimpling faces into mirrors bright
And keen, o'er which did glide, like phantom
forms,
The graceful skaters on their polished steel.

The morning sun low glinting in the lift
Had touched the hills with faint and struggling
beam,
Then mounting with red glare, was chasing swift
The hoary mists from all the hollows deep,
And smiting with his rays each rime-clad spray.
The trees stood clothed in splendour, scarce
surpassed
By summer's green; while every glistening prism,
On drooping grass-blade, shone like pearl of sea,
Or gem of Indian mine.

In cot retired,
Debate was keenly held, of moment great
To those concerned; whereof the tenor runs.

Quoth the guidman to the guidwife:
'This is the Medal day;
Tho' could's the wind, the ice is keen,
So I'll gang to the play.'

Quoth the guidwife, wi' coaxin' word:
'You winna gang a fit, man.
If you are wise, take my advice,
And by the ingle sit, man.' (fireside)

'I've played before in caulder days,
When glass stood down at zero;
Gi'e me my crampits and my broom—
I'll play like an auld hero.'

'But ye maun mind that was langsyne;
When you were young and yauld, man; (strong)
But now you're stiff, your blude is thin—
And ye have turned auld, man.'

'With frost like this, and ice so keen,
Tho' auld, I yet feel young;
Sae bring my bonnet and my plaid,
Guidwife, and haud your tongue.'

'All night you graned wi' rheumatics, (groaned)
And sair, sair, did you wheeze, man;
The cauld would nip your marrow-banes;
Your very blude would freeze, man.'

'You've ruled me lang enough, guidwife;
Henpecked nae mair I'll be;
I'll hae my will—my broom and cramps,
And to the loch I'll gae.'

'What! to the ice, in sic a day?
If you daur cross the floor, man,
I'll hide the cramps, I'll burn the cove, (broom)
And double-bar the door, man.'

At hame sits the auld man, baith dumpit and dounce,
As the guidwife, contented now, redd's up the house.

But the cow she maun milk, and the hens she maun feed,

As the guidman reminds her, and bids her make speed.

Forth she goes; when the sly loon jumps up in a trice,

And with bonnet and plaid, slips away to the ice,
Where wi' laughin' and daffin', wi' mirth and wi' glee,

He's welcomed by all, as they stand round the tee.

No sides are formed, for each to-day
Must single-handed join the play,
And on his judgment good rely:
The test is skill of hand and eye.

Each curler looked with keen-set eye,
And played with steady hand;
But surest aye the old man aimed,
The deftest of the band.

He played the draw, he played the guard,
The outwick and the in,
He struck, he raised, he chapp'd and chipp'd,
He wick'd and curled in.*

His points ran up; he far outstripped
The curlers young and auld;
He won the Medal—then trudged hame
Through driftin' snaw and cauld.

For oft, as happens in our northern clime,
Bright morning's promise glowed till mid-day's prime,

Then shaded o'er with banks of threat'ning cloud,
While gusty swirls of wind blew keen and loud,
And blacker gloomed the thickly gathering storm,
As nature frowned and darkened. In like form
The wifely heart. In part, with petulance,
But more with deep anxiety, her glance
Went out along the dark and drifting path,
Till his return, when out she broke in wrath:

'You doited, donner't, daft auld carle,
In you I've nae mair faith;
Fling bye your plaid—tak' aff your shoon;
This day will be your death.
You now may grane—you now may cough
Like ony croupit wean; (child)
Nae mair blame me, nor this auld house,
But blame the curling stane.'

'Atweel, guidwife, I played ye a plisk (trick)
When I set aff the day;
But the sun was shinin' clear i' the lift,
An' keen was I to play,
I winna say but what ye're richt,
And that I'm sair to blame;
But see, guidwife—haud out your hand—
I've brocht the Medal hame!'

Ah, well the patient husband knew her ways,
And all the goodness of her heart; and so
With gentle word and kindly look, he soothed
The ruffled feelings of the passing hour;
He marked with joy the flash of happiness
That glowed in her at mention of success.
Tho' for a time she sought to mask her pride
With grumbling words and feigned discontent,
Yet up at length the feelings of her heart

* In curling phraseology, these are 'points,' on the comparatively successful achievement of which the prize depends.

Must well, and so they issued forth in words
Revealing all the wifely warmth that burned
A sacred flame, to cherish, light, and cheer
The old man's days. All frown had passed away
From off her brows, when thus she smiling spoke:

'Be blessings on your steady hand,
And on your auld gray pow, man;
And blessings on the curling stanes,
And on your guid broom-cowe, man.
I'm proud you have the Medal won
Upon the loch this day, man;
Sae far awa', frae 'tween us twa,
Let strife for ever stay, man.'

The truce was ratified; with calm content,
Beside the lightsome hearth, they fondly talked.
With kindling face and glowing eye, he played
His games anew, while she her knitting plied.
With joyous heart, to him she listened as
He counted o'er his hard-won victories.
They talked of days of yore; re-lived again
That gladsome hour, when she, with maiden eye,
First watched him play, and her inspiring look
New-nerved his youthful hand and fired his heart
With flame of kindling love. They talked of days
Gone by, when round the hearth the children played
Their mimic games with mimic curling stones;
Or toddling ran, to carry daddy's broom;
But now, all men and maidens grown, their hearts
Went with them, as they fought the sterner strife
Of life's great battles in their varied spheres,
Yet ever and anon came back to cheer
The dear old cot they fondly called their home,
And hear again their father's curling feats.
But as the night grew wilder, with strong gusts
And roar, that told of death and suffering,
A wider sweep their kindly feelings took;
Their hearts of pity turned to those on sea,
Or lonely moor, o'ertaken by the storm;
Then with calm faith commended all to Him
Who cares for all—and slept the sleep of peace.

BOOK GOSSIP.

AMONG the dark things to be associated with the year 1882 is the death of Dr John Brown. Who does not know *Rab and his Friends*? And who, if the author of *Rab* was not known to him or her, does not wish to have known him? Gentle, kind, sympathetic, humorous—not with the humour of flippancy, but of good sense and wise insight—beloved of children, and with the inspiration of child-nature deep in his own heart, Dr Brown was one whom it was an education to know, and is almost an act of piety to remember. It is therefore with an interest that has as much of pathos as of pleasure in it, that we now receive another booklet of his papers, hitherto unpublished in this country. It is a slight thing of two dozen pages, entitled *Something about a Well, with more of Our Dogs* (Edinburgh: David Douglas), but it has within it not a little which shows the genial author at his best.

The opening paper, on the little well among the hills, is marked by the beauties of style which characterised almost everything that came from Dr Brown's pen; and his fine eye for natural effects—the eye of a painter transfused with that of a poet—is here delightfully exemplified. Again, in the papers that follow on 'Our Dogs,' his sketch of Peter, his account of the death of that old favourite Dick, and the life and adventures

of a terrible fellow called Bob, are exquisitely drawn—truthful and, to use a favourite phrase of his own, 'to the quick.' Here is one of his dog-anecdotes (we cannot think of tampering further with what the reader must read for himself): 'I have a notion that dogs have humour, and are perceptive of a joke. In the North, a shepherd having sold his sheep at a market, was asked by the buyer to lend him his dog to take them home. "By a' manner o' means tak Birkie, and when ye're dune wi' him just play so"—making a movement with his arm—"and he'll be hame in a jiffy." Birkie was so clever and useful and gay that the borrower coveted him; and on getting to his farm shut him up, intending to keep him. Birkie escaped during the night, and took the entire hirsle (flock) back to his own master!'

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One of the most beautiful gift-books of the season is a volume from the pen of Dr Andrew Wilson, entitled *Wild Animals and Birds: Their Havens and Habits* (London: Cassell, Petter, Galpin, & Co.). It is written in the free and graceful style which characterises all Dr Wilson's productions, though the subject is dealt with rather from the point of view of the artist, than from that of the naturalist. The anecdotes given of gorillas, lions, tigers, and other of the more formidable mammals, are mingled with stories of the less ferocious *feræ naturæ*—foxes, polecats, and the like, down to the comparatively innocent hares and rabbits. Birds are similarly treated, the subjects ranging from the eagle to the wood-pigeon.

The book is splendidly embellished, the woodcuts being among the finest which the art of the graver can produce. The various animals introduced into the pictures (drawn by Wolf and others) are represented as if among their natural surroundings, from the jaguar crouching amid the luxuriant tangle and underwood of a tropical forest, to the eagle that nurses its callow-brood high up on the dizzy crag, alone with the winds and the stars. Between its pleasing gossip of wild animals and bird-life, and the beauty and suggestiveness of its pictorial illustrations, the book cannot possibly fail of being a success.

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Scotland has been from time to time well supplied with gazetteers. The first book of this description was projected more than half a century since by Dr William Chambers, who, assisted by his brother Robert, produced in 1832 *The Gazetteer of Scotland*, a thick octavo volume of upwards of one thousand pages. The book was full of original matter, most of which had been gleaned by the elder of the two brothers laboriously tramping the country in search of the requisite information. Books of a similar nature had also been published by the two literary brothers previous to this time—*The Book of Scotland*, by William Chambers, and *The Picture of Scotland*, by Robert Chambers.

To the works on Scottish topography thus originated, others on the same lines have succeeded; one of the latest in this class being *The Gazetteer of Scotland*, by the Rev. John M. Wilson (Edinburgh: W. & A. K. Johnston).

Those who have occasion frequently to consult books of reference upon matters of technical or geographical detail, are aware how satisfactory it is to find a book which gives you what you want in few words, and without necessitating your wading through pages of generalities till you discover what you are in search of. Mr Wilson's *Gazetteer*, though confined within the boards of one conveniently sized octavo volume, is yet extensive enough to embrace every town and village of any importance in Scotland, briefly described, and its topographical position defined. In a book such as this, it is impossible to escape errors of a certain kind; but these are not such in this case as to render the book an unsafe guide. The figures of the population are taken from the recent census returns; and the usual information contained in this class of book, such as that referring to public works, public buildings, churches, schools, is briefly and concisely given. The natural features and historical associations of the several localities also receive passing allusion.

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A very valuable series of historical handbooks is presently being issued by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, called the Early Britain series. The distinctive qualities of this series apparently are, that the volumes should not be bulky, that each should embrace one aspect of the general subject, and that that aspect should be placed before the reader by a scholar of special and comprehensive knowledge in the particular branch of history under consideration. Of this series, two volumes have been issued. The first is entitled *Anglo-Saxon Britain*, by Grant Allen, B.A., and gives a brief sketch of Britain under the early English conquerors, rather from the social than from the political point of view. 'The principal object throughout,' says the author, 'has been to estimate the importance of those elements in modern British life which are chiefly due to purely English or Low-Dutch influences.' Mr Allen writes in a forcible style, and has a good eye for picturesque effects; hence a matter of dry history which might seem to some readers unattractive, and even repellent, becomes pleasant to peruse and of easy comprehension.

The other volume that has been issued of this series is *Celtic Britain*, by Professor Rhys. It has not quite the same charm of style as renders Mr Allen's work attractive; but on the other hand it more than makes this up to the historical student by the amount of fresh and interesting information which the author has been able to offer in connection with the very dark and difficult subject of Celtic origins. One interesting item has reference to the coins in use among the early Britons. It has generally been assumed, on the authority of Julius Cæsar, that no money was current in Britain in his time, but only bronze or pieces of iron of a fixed weight to supply its place. The passage in Cæsar's work in which this is stated is, however, according to Professor Rhys, hopelessly corrupt, and the manuscripts differ greatly, some of them ascribing to the Britons the use of coins of gold, and some of bronze. British coins have, however, been found, and,

according to the greatest authority on the subject, the inhabitants of the south of Britain must have begun to coin gold pieces from a hundred to a hundred and fifty years before the time of Julius Cæsar's invasion. This of itself is an interesting point to determine in the progress of civilisation among the early Britons.

CHRISTMAS ART PRODUCTIONS.

We have received from Messrs S. Hildesheimer & Co., fine art publishers, London, a box of Christmas and New Year Cards in rare and beautiful designs. These designs are the result of a prize competition originated by the above firm of publishers, and in connection with which prizes were awarded to the amount of two thousand pounds. It is interesting to note that the highest prizes—ranging from the first (a hundred and fifty pounds) to the fifth (twenty-five pounds)—were all won by ladies, showing that the successful cultivation of art for such designs as those referred to is well within the range of useful female accomplishments. The designs have been exquisitely copied by the chromo-lithograph process, and many of the Cards are deserving of permanent preservation.

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE account which Mr Colquhoun lately read before the Royal Geographical Society of his explorations in the South China Borderlands was full of interest, chiefly because there have been previously only three European expeditions which covered the same ground. We no longer wonder at this, when we hear what an antipathy the natives show towards foreigners. In the provinces of Kwang-tung and Kwang-si there were marked signs of this animosity, for the people mobbed the travellers and hooted at them with cries of Fanqui-to (Foreign devil). But the feelings of the people towards strangers can best be estimated from the fact that no missionaries of any sect whatever have yet dared to settle in this part of the country, although some have done so in the provinces to the north.

One most interesting portion of Mr Colquhoun's paper dealt with the Opium question, about which we have heard so much within recent years. He declares that the use of the drug has a most injurious effect upon the Chinese, but that the aborigines drink a rice spirit, and do not touch opium. He does not see how the opium consumption can be stopped; for although the government issue edicts against its cultivation and exportation, the poppy is often to be seen growing under the shadow of official courts, and it is not uncommon to see mandarins lying in their sedan-chairs in a state of stupor from the drug. Mr Colquhoun believes that if the exportation of opium from our Indian possessions were to cease immediately, its consumption in China would not be permanently checked, for a larger area of country would be devoted to its cultivation.

The Council of the Geographical Society have completed all arrangements for the forthcoming expedition to Africa; and Mr Thomson, after staying some months at Zanzibar, getting ready

his goods and staff, will probably start on his dangerous mission in the early spring. The expedition is purely geographical, and its direction is towards the east and north-east of Lake Victoria Nyanza. But it is more than probable that a skilled naturalist will accompany it. Mr Thomson's task is no easy one, a great portion of the country to be traversed being of the most desolate description, where no provisions can be had, and where even water is scarce. Added to these discomforts is the fear of bands of roving Masai, whose lawless doings have scattered peaceably disposed tribes, and stopped cultivation. The expenses of the expedition are estimated at two thousand pounds, which will be defrayed by the Geographical Society.

Mr Muybridge's famous photographs of animals in motion seem to have given a great impetus to the contrivance of simple apparatus for exhibiting such pictures in series, so that they can be brought quickly before the sight one after the other, giving the impression of actual movement. The French popular scientific paper *La Nature* gives a description of one of these little machines, which can be used by the help of an ordinary lamp-light. It has two lenses, the duty of one being to throw the image of a background—magic-lantern fashion—on to a screen; whilst the other lens is devoted to the photographs of the moving figure. In this way a very natural result can be brought about. The apparatus referred to is by M. Reynaud, and he calls it the Praxinoscope, a name, by-the-by, borrowed from a contrivance of a somewhat similar character introduced in this country many years ago.

At the recent Photographic Exhibition in London, there was exhibited a new form of lamp for taking portraits at night. Everybody knows what a wonderful light can be obtained by burning a few inches of magnesium wire. In this lamp the same medium is employed, but instead of being consumed in the ordinary way, it is burnt in an atmosphere of pure oxygen. The light given is sufficiently intense to allow of a picture being taken in a fraction of a second.

Mr Fletcher of Warrington—whose gas-stoves and other labour-savers have been already noticed in these pages—records that the various Electric Light Companies are exceedingly good customers for gas. Most of these Companies have been supplied by him with gas apparatus, and some to a very large extent. The gas Companies have certainly not taken advantage of the more brilliant light dealt in by their rivals. But an exception must be named in the Amsterdam Gas Company, whose various offices, engine-room, &c., are lighted by incandescent electric globes, the motive-power for driving the dynamo-machine for feeding them being furnished by a gas-engine. Whether the Company intends this installation as a trial of the strength of its rival, or whether the supply of the electric light is going to be undertaken conjointly with gas, we do not know; but in either case our Dutch friends have exhibited an intelligent interest for the welfare of their shareholders.

Those who have never looked through a telescope, and have merely heard of sun-spots as mysterious visitants which seem to have a curious

influence on harvests, vintages, climatic conditions generally, and even upon commercial panics, have had an opportunity of seeing a remarkably large one with their unaided vision. During a recent fog in the Metropolis, this huge spot could be plainly seen on the red disk whose rays tried to pierce the mist, and was so prominent that it could not escape the notice of the most casual observer. Mr F. Brodie, F.R.A.S., describes this spot as seen through a powerful telescope. He says that it is not only unusually large, but is making very rapid transformations of shape, which are of exceeding interest.

It has been the fond dream of many a musician that if he could only dot down, or get somebody else to dot down for him, the outpourings of his genius as he lays his hands upon the keys and breaks forth into melody, he would be on the road to fame and fortune. The literary man has his scribe, and even the busy solicitor or merchant has his shorthand writer to whom he can dictate letters which only require his signature to make them complete. But hitherto the musician has had no such advantage; his crotchets, quavers, and semiquavers have had to be spelt out upon the stave, with the aggravating feeling of ideas flowing faster than the power to give them permanence. The pianist need now no longer despair. After innumerable attempts in past times to construct an apparatus which would print off characters representing any piece played on its keyboard, one has at last been devised which is successful. Its outward form is that of an ordinary cottage pianoforte, but hidden underneath the keys is a cylinder covered with paper. Upon this paper, certain little nibs attached to the under-side of the keys make their mark, after being supplied by mechanical means with suitable ink. This transcribed harmony can afterwards be readily translated into the ordinary musical notation, a task which is said to be sufficiently simple to be undertaken by a person of ordinary intelligence.

Certain telephonic experiments at Havre have proved so promising in their results, that it has been proposed to establish a regular system between that city and the various vessels at anchor in the roads. For this purpose a pontoon structure, which will form the floating terminus of this curious system of maritime communication, will be placed at some distance from the land, and neighbouring vessels will send their messages to it. There are many places on our own coasts where a similar arrangement would be of immense service.

Fireproof paper is being made from a mixture of vegetable fibre, asbestos, borax, and alum, in certain definite proportions; while an ink, also indestructible by fire, for writing upon it, is of the usual constituents, with the addition of graphite. Another novelty from the paper-mills is a luminous and waterproof cardboard, presumably intended for night advertising. The luminosity is produced by the same means as that in Balmain's luminous paint; and the cardboard owes its waterproof quality to the employment in its manufacture of bichromate of potash and gelatine. These two agents when combined become insoluble after exposure to light. With such a self-illuminating substance, there is now no reason why the names of streets and the num-

bers of houses should not be as distinct by night as by day. We observe that the Town Council of Edinburgh have resolved to make an experiment in this direction with a number of streets within the city, in order to ascertain practically what benefits may be derived after dark by street names and house numbers being rendered luminous.

It may be mentioned also that the fire-resisting properties of asbestos may be communicated to ordinary paint. Paint, mixed with asbestos liquid, is, we understand, largely used in America for several purposes, such as coating wood exposed to heat. Three coats will render wood fire-proof, and it is found especially serviceable in hot climates, where wooden houses are general, to serve as a preventative against fire and as a non-conductor to keep the house cool.

M. Lacroix, a Paris chemist, has introduced a new form of pencil, which will prove useful to those engaged in painting on glass or china. Resembling the ordinary cedar pencil in outward appearance, the lead is represented by a coloured mixture of a vitrifiable nature. By drawing on roughened glass or upon unglazed porcelain with this crayon, the material can afterwards be exposed to the heat of a muffle or crucible, with the result that the lines of colour are burnt in and rendered permanent.

The *New York Herald* correspondent of the party who went in search of the crew of the ill-fated *Jeanette* has made some interesting notes relative to the inhabitants of Northern Siberia. Among other items, he mentions that they have wonderfully beautiful teeth, even old men of sixty and seventy years possessing natural sets of pearly whiteness. Indeed, they are altogether free from the dental suffering and decay which seem inseparable from high civilisation. He attributes this immunity from a very distressing form of ailment principally to the simple food which these people indulge in, particularly the fermented sour-milk, which is such a powerful anti-scorbutic; and also to the curious practice which prevails among them of chewing after every meal the resin from a species of fir-tree, for the purpose of clearing their teeth from adherent particles of food.

We hear so much about the transmission of energy by electrical means, that we are apt to lose sight of the fact that other natural forces can be employed in a like manner. The energy of the hydraulic ram we well know can be transmitted by piping made specially to withstand the pressure of the water, but hitherto air has not been so much used as it might be for such a purpose. In Paris, however, a system of transmitting energy by means of air is about to be tried, and as the plan seems to be a promising one, we shall look forward with interest to its development.

With respect to our recent remarks regarding the unsatisfactory official reports on the artificial hay-drying machine trials at Reading, Mr Streeter, of Sackville Place Farm, Buxted, Kent, who has been using Gibb's exhaust-fan, has kindly given us some particulars of his experience. On one day the hay from a field of twelve acres was carried, carted, and stacked, the rain being so incessant that the men employed were all wet through. The temperature of the resulting stack after a short time rose to one hundred and eighty

degrees; the fan was then set to work and quickly reduced it to eighty degrees. This rise, and reduction of temperature by the fan, went on for three weeks, when the hay was dry and in first-rate condition. A field of clover and two or three stacks of oats were treated in the same way, which under ordinary conditions would have been quite spoiled. Mr Streeter speaks very highly of the action of the little machine, the cost of which is only twelve pounds.

Professor Graham Bell, the father of Telephony, lately read a paper before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, on the electrical experiments which were made with a view to discover the whereabouts of the bullet in President Garfield's body. He pointed out that the induction balance, in conjunction with a telephone, would indicate by a peculiar spluttering sound the presence of a leaden bullet five inches away from it. In the case of the wounded President, this peculiar noise became evident when the instrument passed over a particular region; but, curiously enough, this did not indicate the position of the assassin's bullet, but was produced by a steel spring in the mattress under the patient's bed. The apparatus has been much improved, and now Professor Bell is of opinion that the exact position of a bullet in any part of the human body can be noted without the least difficulty.

Sir John Lubbock, whose industry is scarcely excelled by the bees, he studies so carefully, has submitted to the Linnean Society some further observations referring to those insects. These observations relate more especially to their appreciation of sound, with a view to determine whether there is any real value in the popular idea that bees are influenced when swarming by the sound of clanging kettles, &c. Since the time of Aristotle, this notion has prevailed, and although experienced apiarists have little faith in it, Sir John Lubbock, without committing himself to any decided opinion, believes that the insects may hear overtones of sounds which are beyond our range of hearing. In his experiments, he trained bees to come for honey to a musical-box which was kept going for several hours a day for a fortnight. It was placed during the time on a lawn close to a window; afterwards it was removed to the house, and, while still playing, was placed out of sight, although only a few yards from where it formerly stood. The bees failed to find it; but they readily came to it for the honey, when shown to them; proving that so far as regards sounds audible to us, they exhibit little appreciation of them.

Some years ago, Mr Douglas Galton, F.R.S., contrived a whistle the note of which could be altered at will until a pitch was reached quite inaudible by any human ear. But that a sound really existed was proved by the effect on a sensitive flame, whenever this apparently dumb whistle was blown in its vicinity. By this instrument it might be possible to determine whether Sir John Lubbock's surmise regarding the bees' appreciation of overtones is correct. It is just possible that there may not be sounds pervading all nature, which, though inaudible to mankind, delight the more humble denizens of the globe.

A new signalling experiment has been made

in Paris by M. Mangin, a member of the Académie d'Aérostation. He filled a small balloon with pure hydrogen, which is lighter, and therefore has greater ascending powers than ordinary coal-gas, and hung in its centre, in the midst of the gas, a Swan incandescent lamp. The balloon, which was made of a translucent material, was well illuminated, and could be seen from some distance. Moreover, by interrupting the current in connection with the lamp, the Morse alphabet could be easily spelt out in the form of long and short flashes. This experiment is, we fancy, more remarkable for its ingenuity than for its practical value. The double wire for carrying and returning the current must be of a certain thickness, and its weight would of course limit the altitude of the machine.

A recent Report by M. Girard, director of the municipal laboratory of Paris, shows that the art of adulteration is carried on there with great skill—indeed we may look upon it as a fine art and a scientific pursuit combined. Currant jelly, without a particle of currant juice in it, is manufactured from a kind of sea-weed, coloured with fuchsine, and flavoured with a mixture of acetic ether, tartaric and other acids. Other favourite compounds supposed to be produced from natural fruits, have their flavours made up from still more doubtful chemical combinations. Flour is largely adulterated with mineral agents, sometimes of a poisonous nature, plaster of Paris and sulphate of baryta being common; and the staff of life itself when thus injured is often insufficiently baked, so that its weight may be increased.

According to the *Vienna Agricultural Gazette*, it has recently been discovered that meerschaum pipes of excellent quality, susceptible of the highest polish, and even more readily colourable than the genuine *spuma di mare*, may be made of potatoes. The familiar tuber, it seems, is well qualified to compete with the substance known to commerce as 'meerschaum clay.' Its latent virtues in this direction are developed by the following treatment. Having been carefully peeled, and its 'eyes' extracted, the potato is boiled uninterruptedly for thirty-six hours in a mixture of sulphuric acid and water, after which it must be squeezed in a press until every drop of natural or acquired moisture is extracted from it. The residuum of this simple process is a hard block of delicate creamy white hue, every whit as suitable for the manufacture of ornamental and artistically executed pipe-heads as the finest clay. The potato, moreover, dealt with in the manner above described, promises to prove a formidable rival to the elephant's tusk. As potatoes are plentiful all over the world, and are likely to remain so, whilst elephants are, comparatively speaking, rarities, mankind at large may be fairly congratulated upon the discovery of a substitute for ivory which can be produced in unlimited quantities and at an almost nominal cost, taking into consideration the difference of price between a pound of potatoes and a pound of elephant's tusk.

From official returns, it appears that in India, during 1881, no fewer than 18,670 human beings were killed by snakes, and 2759 by 'wild animals'; whilst 43,609 head of cattle were in like manner destroyed. As a set-off to this terrible loss, we learn that 254,968 snakes and 15,274 'wild

animals' were destroyed, and upwards of ten thousand pounds paid by the Indian government for their destruction? In a country such as India, where deadly snakes abound, and where the natives are in the habit of going with bare feet and limbs, the annual sacrifice of human life must continue to be more or less appalling.

A method of curing herring and other kinds of fish has been introduced by Mr George Leach, of Hull. Mr Leach's plan consists in the application of machinery to the curing of fish, and particularly to the 'bloatering' of herrings, in place of the slow and otherwise unsatisfactory processes by manual labour. The mechanism employed is contained in three towers or chambers, rising to a height of twenty-four feet, through which the fish, either spitted or placed back downward on wirework grills, are passed, and undergo successively the process of drying, smoking, and cooling. Mr Leach estimates that such an establishment would be able to bloat seventy-one barrels, or forty-seven thousand herrings, or cure six and a half tons, or eighteen thousand six hundred finnan haddocks, every ten hours; and that two hundred and fifteen thousand sprats, carried on creeper nets, instead of spits or grills, could be dealt with in the same time; also, that by his system a barrel of herring—equal to six hundred fish—can be bloated at a cost of sixpence, as against one shilling and ninepence, the present cost.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A WONDERFUL TIMBER REGION.

QUOTING from *The Colonies and India*, we learn that in the Far West, in a lovely country which once belonged to England, but was afterwards ceded to the United States, there grows the finest body of timber in the world. Fir and pine, and oak and cedar, of unsurpassed quality and practically unlimited in quantity, clothe the mountains, overhang the rivers, and shadow the plains of the Puget Sound district in Washington Territory. On a moderate estimate it is calculated that this region will yield the enormous and unimaginable quantity of one hundred and sixty thousand million feet of valuable timber. The trees attain a remarkable development both of height and beauty. The yellow fir is frequently found growing to a height of two hundred and fifty feet; the white cedar to one hundred feet, with a girth of over sixty feet; the white oak to seventy feet in height; whilst ordinary sized specimens of the sugar-pine yield from six to eight thousand feet of lumber each. For long after its discovery, this marvellous store of timber remained undisturbed, its primeval quietness unbroken by the sound of the woodman's axe. But in 1851 a saw-mill was built on Puget Sound, and thenceforward continually increasing inroads were made upon the forest, until to-day no fewer than fifteen such mills are at work upon it. The largest of these has a cutting capacity of two hundred thousand feet per diem. During the year 1881 the export of lumber from Puget Sound amounted to nearly one hundred and seventy-four million one hundred and seventy-six thousand seven hundred feet, valued at nearly two million dollars; and

it is calculated that since the establishment of the first saw-mill about two thousand five hundred million feet have been cut. Yet in spite of this great tax upon them, we are told that the forest remains for the most part in virgin condition, except for a short distance from the banks of the streams and estuaries.

AN AMERICAN CONFIDENCE TRICK.

Much has been said and written about the simplicity on land of poor Jack-tar. Now, let me relate a true story, in which I, second-mate of the *Ocean Queen*—we will say—played a conspicuous part.

We had had a tough passage from the Cape, got stranded, and hove-to once or twice; then came heavy seas and high winds that bore us out of our course; hence all hands were glad enough when we got into port, New York City. It was the first time I had set foot in Yankee-land, so perhaps it is a bit excusable if my first impression was a curious and lasting one. The boatswain—a very good fellow, open-hearted as any of his kind—and myself were walking down one of the principal thoroughfares of the city, when our glances at one and the same time alighted upon a kid glove lying in the street. One of us—I forget which—picked it up, and with an ejaculation—from both—discovered a lady's gold ring set with stones fixed in one of the fingers. In the flush of astonishment at our good luck, before even we had decided upon what to do, a gentleman tapped us on the shoulder and in a few words informed us that he had been an eye-witness of the discovery, and could, if we so desired, give us information respecting its value and best method of its most profitable disposal, he having been, he said, 'at one time in the trade.'

We listened, and were willing to consent to the new-comer's taking one-third the profit in exchange for the 'valuable information.' Hereupon, the latter, stating as his reason his having business that called him up-country that very day, unanimously proposed to sacrifice his share for, 'Say, five pounds down; an' I guess it's no bad bargain ye're makin',' he added with all good temper and much good-will; then commencing to give evidence of his knowledge and past experience 'in the trade,' by drawing attention to the eighteen carat gold, the purity of the 'first-water' stones, &c.

Five pounds down! We were flush of coin, and inclined to be more than generous. My mate was ready at once to agree to the arrangement; but for myself I felt a sudden uneasiness, a faint sort of suspicion, and when called upon for my consent, expressed my disinclination. The boatswain grew somewhat warm; but I was determined and obdurate. I would not assent. Rather would I have nothing whatever to do with it, I said. Very well, then; he would. The bargain was struck. The money passed hands. The stranger smilingly bade us good-day, wishing us many pleasant voyages and many more such strokes of luck, and was gone; leaving my mate and self, the former minus five pounds of his hard earnings, but in possession of an old kid glove, a piece of Brummagem jewellery, worth—as he afterwards learnt to his sad experience—sixpence, and a mind full to distraction of 'valuable information!'

A NEW TORPEDO BOAT.

The latest engine of torpedo-warfare, and one that is not unlikely to entirely supersede our English torpedo-boats, is Nordenfeldt's new submarine boat, which was recently launched at Harlswick in Sweden. This terrible adjunct of our modern destructive warfare is fitted with engines indicating one hundred horse-power, and will, it is said, easily attain a speed of fifteen miles an hour above, and thirteen miles below, the surface of the water. The vessel is sunk to the required depth by the admission of water into tanks; but it is only intended to be submerged to the depth of a foot or so when about to attack an enemy's ship. When the work of destruction is complete, the boat re-emerges from the water by the operation of special automatic machinery. The hull itself, which is constructed of Swedish steel, of a minimum thickness of half an inch, is of the cigar pattern, and is only with difficulty visible even when floating on the surface. The length is sixty-four feet, and the diameter about eight, the engine-room being seven and a half feet in height; and the gross weight of the whole vessel when fully manned and equipped is sixty tons. A sort of glass bell-shaped helmet rises from the centre of the boat, and into this the captain puts his head when under water, thus commanding an all-round view and enabling him to direct the general movements of the craft. In case of accidents, the hull is divided into water-tight compartments; and extra pumping-machinery is provided, to be used in the event of any portion of the automatic apparatus failing to raise the vessel to the surface. The crew consists of three men, and the armament of four torpedoes, two being of the 'fish' pattern, and two of the ordinary spar or pole species. Against such an insidious foe as this Nordenfeldt boat, it is obvious that the ordinary wire-netting for the defence of ironclads from the hitherto employed torpedo-boats, will be useless; and unless further means of defence are now provided, warfare with our present huge vessels promises more than ever to become a thing of the past.

OIL ON THE WATER.

On the 4th of December, Captain Brice, one of the inspectors of the Board of Trade, was in Aberdeen, watching experiments for the purpose of rendering the passage of vessels over the bar safe in stormy weather, by pumping oil upon the water. A heavy south-westerly gale was blowing. Just before the experiments commenced, the ship *Canoid* of Peterhead had a narrow escape, while making for the harbour entrance. Since experiments were first made, some alterations have been effected in the pipes, adding greatly to the efficiency of the system. Seal-oil was used. After the pumps had been

at work twenty minutes, the crested waves, which were dashing with great fury against the piers, became greatly assuaged, and the entrance was rendered safe. The experiments were considered successful.

NEW GUARD-RAIL FOR FISHING-BOATS AND OTHER VESSELS.

There can be no doubt that the low gunwales of our fishing-boats, whilst affording the greatest facilities for working their nets, are at the same time a fruitful source of danger in stormy weather. It has lately been sought to remedy this defect by various devices, the great points to be aimed at being the construction of a movable guard-rail of sufficient height, and strength to afford protection, and yet of such a character as to admit of being raised and lowered, in whole or in part, with ease and rapidity. A new guard-rail, with this object, has been designed by Mr John Gunn, of Golspie. The rail is hinged and folding, and lies in a groove along the gunwale when not in actual use, and is then so entirely out of the way as not in the slightest degree to embarrass the working of the nets. The rail may be used in sections. It consists of a row of standards about two feet in height and about two feet apart, with a continuous top-rail. The cost of fitting a first-class boat—say of forty feet keel—with the safety-rail will, we understand, be from ten to twelve pounds.

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